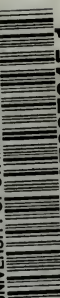


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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THE VISITATION.

(Pagliuolo—Vatican Gallery.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Stewards of Gold.

BY S. M. R.

THE flush of the rose on your breast,
The red of the rose in your hair,
From the hearts of the poor have been pressed,—
The stain of the blood is still there.

The gems that like raindrops of light
Around your fair neck are aglow,
Are the tears of the poor that at night
In silence and misery flow.

The languorous music that throbs,
As color and fragrance are wed,
Holds the cadence of children's low sobs,
In desperate hunger for bread.

Your senses are stayed with the wine
That lulls you to slumber in ease;
But the toil that hath nurtured the vine,
Must savor with sorrow the lees.

O rich, who are stewards of gold,
Remember the truth while you may:
When you die, all your poor hands will hold
Is what you have given away!

Light from the Liturgy.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IT does seem a puzzle, but let me state it. Hebron stands on the sunny slope of one of the Judean hills. On that sunny slope was a residence, with the lands, vineyards, and groves, of a priest of the tribe of Levi. In Palestine, these places had been appointed by God, and allotted to each individual of the priestly race by that holy minister of His at whose voice

the sun stood, "nor moved toward Gabaon, neither did the moon approach the valley of Ajalon." The lands and homes of the priests were free from tithes and taxes; and since the lands of the laity were inalienable, by much stricter title were the others. These possessions descended from priestly father to priestly son, improved and made memorable by the passing generations.

That home and those lands in Hebron had been in possession of a priestly family for fifteen hundred years. The present possessor was aged, his wife perhaps still more so; both were "just," and perhaps again the wife still more so. They had had no child, and it was looked upon in Palestine as a curse from God that a woman should not bring forth children to her husband. To this priest, who had spent "his days in holiness and justice," an angel appeared. And the priest's wife conceived in her old age.

Six months from that date, the same angel was sent to a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man named Joseph, and the Virgin's name was Mary. The angel told her of the divine message he had brought from heaven, and immediately added that "she who was called barren is now six months with child."

Directly the Virgin, now herself a mother, rose and passed in haste into the hill-country of Juda, to that beautiful slope of Hebron. Here she was met by that aged, child-bearing mother, she the child-bearing Virgin. On no spot

SCOLASTICAT

Des Peres de Ste. Croix.

of earth, from creation to judgment, has there ever been, or shall there ever be, gathered such sanctity at the one and the same moment. "There was in the days of Herod, the King of Judea, a certain priest named Zachary, . . . and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name Elizabeth. And they were both just before God, walking in all the laws and commandments of the Lord without blame." And his wife Elizabeth was bearing a son, and many were to rejoice at his birth. "For he shall be great before the Lord, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb."* That is three of the group; and Jesus was there, and Mary, the miraculous Mother of Jesus. "Ask of the days of old, that have been before thy time, from the day that God created man on the earth, and from one end of heaven to the other end thereof, if ever there happened the like thing, or it hath been known at any time."†

Now, here is my puzzle. I open the Missal at the Feast of the Visitation; and I do not read, either in what is "Common" of the Mass or in what is "Proper," anything about Zachary, Elizabeth, or John, with the exception of a word to which I shall allude. I did not expect to find anything especial in the "Common" of the Mass,—that portion of the Mass which is common to all the feasts in the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and which of necessity is unvarying. But the "Proper" of the Mass, which is always engaged upon, and which ever varies with, the feast of the day, I thought (when opening the Missal) ought to have some, and that no slight, reference to Zachary and Elizabeth and John. The Introit has none; the proper prayer has none; the Epistle none; the Gradual none; the Gospel just a sentence or two; the Offertory none; the Secret

and Post-Communion prayers none.

If I were an enemy to the Church, and filled with "the gall of dragons and the venom of asps," I should pounce upon this as an instance of that extreme *Mariæ-latria** with which the Church is charged, pushing all aside where Mary is concerned; and in this case setting aside Zachary, "a priest of the course of Abia," a man just before God, and walking in all His commandments, and who was filled with the Holy Ghost; setting aside Elizabeth, who also on that occasion "was filled with the Holy Ghost"; setting aside John, whose birth was just then, and of whom our Divine Lord said, 'Greater was not born of woman'; and men said, "What a one shall this child be, think you? For the hand of the Lord is with him."

You are going to explain it? You say that for a week (i. e., during the octave of the Feast of the Nativity of St. John) the Church has been celebrating all the heavenly wonders—and they were indeed many—that accompanied the conception and birth of the holy Precursor. Mary came to the house of Elizabeth in "the sixth month," and remained to the ninth,—until after the birth, and, as is likely, till after the circumcision on the eighth day, when the infant received the name John. "And his mother said, Not so, but he shall be called John. . . . And his father, demanding a writing-table,

* *Mariæ-latria*, or Mariolatry, means divine worship offered to the Blessed Mother. *Latria* is the technical term for the highest form of worship—that of adoration, which is offered to God alone. Now, if we Catholics offered that form of worship to the Virgin Mother of God, we should be guilty, really and truly, of idolatry. It would be adoring a *strange god*—i. e., Holy Mary. *Dulia* is the technical term for the veneration shown to the saints; and as we honor Holy Mary beyond all the other saints, since God Himself so much honored her, we call the veneration we show to her *Hyperdulia*,—that is, a veneration over and above that shown to the saints.

* St. Luke, i.

† Deut., iv, 32.

wrote, saying, John is his name. And they all wondered."

The Feast of the Visitation fits marvellously into this ending of miracles. The miracles seem to be consummated on the octave; Mary comes into prominence next day. For three months she was "as the dove hid in the clefts of the rocks, in the hollow places of the walls"; but on the Visitation the Church cries: "Show me thy face, O my beloved! let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely."* And thus, having done reverence for eight days to Zachary, Elizabeth, and John, it now turns exclusively to Mary. That view, I confess, greatly pleases and largely convinces me; but I am far better satisfied by what I find in the works of St. Francis of Sales. Let me cull one or two extracts.

"The great St. Augustine says charity obliges us to love our bodies properly.... In good truth, a Christian is to love his body as the living image of our Saviour incarnate, as having issued from the same stock,...especially after we have received His adorable body in the divine sacrament of the Eucharist. But as to the Blessed Virgin—with what devotion must she have loved her virginal body, not only because it was a sweet, pure body, obedient to divine love, but also because it was the living source of our Saviour's body! For which cause when she placed her angelic body in the repose of sleep, 'Rest now,' would she say, 'O Tabernacle of Alliance, and refresh thyself from thy weariness by this sweet tranquillity.' But if ever she dreamed, as did the ancient Joseph, of her greatness yet to come—that is, when in heaven she should be clothed with the sun, crowned with stars, and have the moon beneath her feet—the sun being her Son's glory, the stars all the benedictions of the saints, and the moon

the whole universe,—O Theotime, who could imagine the immensity of her delights?

"But mark, I pray you, that I do not say, nor do I mean to say, that this privileged soul of the Mother of God was deprived of reason in her sleep. Many are of opinion that Solomon, in that beautiful dream in which he demanded and received the gift of his incomparable wisdom, had the full use of his reason; but how much more probability is there that the Mother of the 'True Solomon' had the full use of reason in her sleep,—that is to say, as Solomon himself makes her say, that *her heart watched while she slept!*"*

Let me make yet another extract; for the one I have given only leads toward the conclusion, the one I am about to give seals it:

"In the holy exercise of the love of God, we mount from step to step by the creatures which we invite to praise God, passing from the insensible to the reasonable and intellectual; and from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, in which we rise through the angels and saints, till above them all we have found the most sacred Virgin, who in a matchless manner praises and magnifies the Divinity more highly, holily and delightfully than all creatures together can ever do.

"He who on a morning having heard, for a good space of time, the sweet chanting in the neighboring woods of finches, linnets, goldfinches, and such like birds, should in the end hear a master nightingale, which, in perfect melody, filled the air and ear with its admirable voice, would doubtless prefer this one woodland singer before all the flock of the others.... Thus, Theotime, among all the choirs of men and all the choirs of angels, is the most sacred Virgin's clear voice heard above all the rest, giving more praise to God than do all the other creatures."†

* Cant., ii.

* "Love of God," Book iii, 8. † Ibid., Book v, 2.

I pass over the fact that St. Francis of Sales is not one of the saints who have been charged (like, for instance, St. Liguori) with *Mariæ-latria*. The Church, in her ritual and ceremonial, does only what everyone of her canonized children has individually expressed and declared. "Among all the choirs of men and all the choirs of angels, the most sacred Virgin's clear voice is heard above all the rest, *giving more praise to God than do all the other creatures.*"

My puzzle was a puzzle no more, once I read that. I had no longer a moment's difficulty in understanding how the Church, on the Feast of the Visitation, leaves out Zachary, the priest holy and just; leaves out Elizabeth, miraculously conceiving in her old age, and prophesying under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; leaves out John, sanctified in his mother's womb, and who was great before the Lord; and thinks only of Mary. For as a man who, "listening in the woods to the song of the finch and the linnet and the thrush, hears all at once a master nightingale," forgets all and listens to this one woodland singer alone, so the Church forgets Zachary and Elizabeth and John, and thinks of the Blessed Mary alone.

And, filled with admiration, it cries out in the Introit: "Hail, Holy Mother, who, striving [for our weal], didst conceive and bring forth the King that rules over earth and heaven forever and forever! My heart [saith she] hath brought forth a good Word.* I speak my works to the Lord. Glory be to the Father," etc.

Prayer.—To Thy servants grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the gift of heavenly grace; that we to whom the birth from the Virgin was the beginning of salvation, may, on the solemnity of her visit, receive a blessed abundance of heavenly peace. Through Christ, etc.

* If this be read "Word" ("And the Word was made Flesh"), we see at once how striking and appropriate it becomes.

The Epistle is taken from the Canticles (ii, 8–14). "Behold, He cometh on the mountain-tops, overleaping the hills,"—typifying the desire of the Divine Lord hastening from heaven into His Mother's womb, and miraculously setting aside all difficulties (meant by the mountain-tops and hills), in order that He might redeem us.

Gradual.—Blessed and venerable, O Virgin Mary, art thou, who, without touch or stain, didst become the Mother of the Saviour! O Virgin Mother of that God whom the world can not contain, thou didst contain Him in thy sacred womb, and there was He made Man. Alleluia, alleluia! Oh, happy art thou, Holy Virgin Mary, and worthy of all praise, because out of thee hath arisen the Sun of Justice, Christ our Lord.

The Gospel is taken from St. Luke (i, 39–47). "At that time Mary, rising up, went in haste into the hill-country into a city of Juda [Hebron]; and, entering into the house of Zachary, saluted Elizabeth," etc.

Offertory.—Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, who didst bear [within thee] the omnipotent Creator of all. Thou didst give birth to Him who made thee, and all the time didst miraculously remain a maiden.

Secret.—May the Sacred Humanity of Thy only-begotten Son help us, O Lord; that, so putting off our sins in the solemnity of this Feast of the Visitation, that same Jesus Christ who in His birth did not stain or affect the pure virginity of His mother, may render the offering we make to Thee on this day agreeable in Thy sight. Who livest, etc.

Communion.—Blessed is the womb of the Virgin Mary, that bore the adorable Son of the Eternal Father.

Post-Communion.—Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that the heavenly sacraments of this annual celebration which we have received, be to us safety in this world and security for the world to come. Through Christ our Lord.

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

A VALLICITA DE LA TAZA (The Little Valley of the Cup), so called from its peculiar shape, was in old California days the property of Don Antonio de Mortara, a cattle king whose flocks were numbered by the thousands, as were also his broad acres, comprising not only the entire valley, but many of the foothills enclosing and separating it from the lofty, magnificent Sierra which formed its majestic background. But the wealth of Don Antonio and his children had long since been divested from the family; though Vallecita yet remained in the possession of his last living descendant, Arturo de Mortara, to whom its ownership was naught but a reminder of past riches, now forever vanished.

On a cool evening in October Mortara and his wife sat on the threshold of the old half-ruined adobe house which had once been the hospitable dwelling of the Mortaras, but which now sheltered themselves and their three little children. And a precarious shelter it was when the heavy winter rains dashed through the broken roof, from which the tiles had fallen one by one.

They were still young, Arturo Mortara and his wife; but they were also very poor. He was of the pure Spanish type, tall, well built, and handsome; she, petite and pretty, with Indian blood in her veins, which accounted for the very dark though clear skin, and heavy black hair hanging in two long braids down her back almost to her knees. Some of the Mortaras were still well-to-do, and there had been a great commotion in the family when Arturo had married Erolinda Yscatan, a servant at the halfway house between Rosario and San Miguel.

But they had done nothing toward the betterment of their kinsman's fortunes in the past, and he was but little concerned at their objections to his marriage. He had asked nothing of them, and they had offered him nothing. It was from strangers he had obtained the money which, by mortgaging his already involved acres to their full value, had enabled him to purchase a new stock of cattle, whose increase he felt certain would make him if not rich, at least comfortably well off in a very short time. For there had been eleven dry years at Vallecita, and eleven wet years were now due.

Alas! when they came it was with an overplus of water which ruined crops, destroyed plantations of trees, and sent dead cattle down the overflowing river by tens and twenties, till Arturo saw himself utterly ruined, without any means of retrieving his broken fortunes. And now it was October; another wet season was predicted; and the wiseacres, shaking their heads, betook themselves to their pipes and mescal, determined not to sow what the winter storms would certainly destroy.

They sat side by side in silence,—the man with his head in his hands; the woman leaning back, her arms folded tightly across her bosom, her eyes uplifted, with a hard look in their dusky depths which would have grieved her husband could he see it and know its meaning. Until now, Erolinda had been a faithful and uncomplaining helpmate to her husband, though her marriage had in no sense fulfilled her expectations. Despite his well-known poverty, she had believed that an alliance with one of the Mortaras must, in some inexplicable way, lift her into a higher sphere than that in which she had hitherto dwelt; for Erolinda had her ambitions, and one of these was to travel eventually to the splendid city of San Francisco, of which she had heard

many wonderful stories from those who had some time sojourned within its portals. She was fond of company and amusement, but her life had been a lonely one since Arturo had brought her to the old adobe house in the valley; and, though she had proved a good mother to her children, of whom there were now three, neither they nor her husband compensated for what she had felt she would achieve in becoming his wife.

Arturo would have been greatly surprised had he known that the soul of the little woman beside him was a miniature furnace of discontent, fanned at length almost into a fury of revolt, as the Ultima Thule she had pictured vanished entirely into the dim distance, as the hard grip of poverty clutched at the very mainsprings of her life.

"How quietly the children sleep!" he said at last, lifting his head and laying his hand on his wife's knee as he spoke.

"Yes," she replied. "They play so hard all day that they are very tired when night comes."

"And you, Erolinda?" he continued. "Are you not very tired also?"

"I? No," she answered, with a bitter intonation in her voice which her husband, simple man, did not observe. "I am very strong, you know, Arturo. I am seldom tired."

"You are a brave woman, Linda," said Arturo. "You never complain."

"I wish I had been a man!" she rejoined.

"Yes, you would have made a splendid man,—you are so active, so full of resources, so evenly balanced. What should I do without you, Linda?"

The woman moved a little away from him, displacing his hand.

"You are good, Arturo," she said. "But you are very easily discouraged. *You* are too gentle."

"Perhaps," he answered. "But so I was born."

"And too proud," she continued.

"In your place I would write to Don Carlos Mortara and ask him—"

"Never!" he interrupted, slapping his hands together impatiently. "Never shall I beg from any man—kinsman or stranger."

"But it would not be begging, Arturo: it would only be a loan. What is two hundred and fifty dollars to him? With one hundred you could pay the interest to the Ortegas, with another buy some sheep, which cost nothing in feed, and with the other fifty we could provide everything necessary for the winter. See, my feet are on the ground!"

He did not glance at the torn shoe she extended. Instead he turned away.

"Erolinda," he replied, "you can not think that I do not know how you and the little ones are suffering for many things. Heart of my heart, I could kill myself for thinking of it. But to borrow money that I have no means of repaying, and from so hard-hearted a man as Don Carlos,—no! I will die first."

"What will you do, then?"

"I can do nothing."

"Must we die?"

"Perhaps."

"I and the children?"

He did not answer, but once more buried his head in his hands.

"They are paying good wages at the new railroad," he said after a while.

"What work?"

"Digging and hauling."

"Dig you could not, and you have no team."

"To dig I could try. I have thought of it."

"Listen, Arturo," she said, coming closer to him again, and leaning her head on his shoulder. "I have a plan. It would help for a little while at least; and if the winter is good, who knows what may happen? But first you must promise me to buy some sheep and cattle."

"With what, Linda?" he asked, im-

patiently. "I thought we had finished that a few moments ago."

"With some money that I may be able to give you."

"Where will you get it?"

"I am going to tell you. You remember the English ladies who spent a summer at the Inn of La Media about seven or eight years ago? You thought one of them pretty, and I was a little jealous."

"Yes, I remember. She had yellow hair and very white skin, and her mother was with her."

"Yes: Mrs. Rollinson and her daughter. They were very kind to me; they wanted me to go to San Francisco with them."

"Yes, and you would have gone and perhaps have been much better for it to-day, if I had not come between. But what does that avail now?"

"I have had a letter from them."

"When? How? Linda, you have not been asking them to lend us money?"

"No, but I thought that—that—if perhaps they had not forgotten, and still wanted me, I could go for a while, and earn some money—to help you."

"But, Erolinda, the children? What would become of them?"

"Juanita is five. She is very helpful. Diego is no trouble. And the baby—"

"Would you leave that little five-months-old baby, Linda? He would die without you."

"There is Tia Maria's cow, Arturo. And Tia Maria herself would come over once or twice a week."

"What an idea! You talk as though you were really going."

"I am, if you will let me."

"You kept the letter from me all day till now! Who brought it?"

"Manuel Garcia, while you were over at the corral."

"Come into the house. Let me read it. What do they say?" continued Arturo, rising.

"Ay de mi," answered his wife. "I

dropped it into the fire when I was cooking the frijoles. But I can tell you what was in it."

"What, then?"

"It came just when it was the proper time, Arturo; and so I take it as a special favor from God. The Señorita Rollinson has been married now four years, and two children have died for want of proper nursing. Arturo, for me there is something waiting. I told them of our little family, and how old was the baby; and she wrote that if I would come and nurse for her the boy that is three months old, she would pay me fifty dollars a month for a year,—for a year, Arturo! What do you think of that?"

"It is a good offer," he said, after a moment. "But, Linda, can you do it?"

"If you do not forbid me, I will do it. Think of the money, Arturo! And they will pay my passage coming and going. And a year soon passes. And who knows but what, once there, something may also be found for you?"

"Put that away from you, Linda. I shall not go there. I am a ranchero: I know nothing of city life. But if you are willing to go, it will be a help,—yes. And if you have the courage to leave your children, I can not forbid you. But they are so young, Linda!"

"Yes, yes, I know," she said quickly, in a tremulous voice,—tremulous, her husband thought, from sorrow at leaving them; but in reality with joy at the unexpected success of her plan.

Two years at the government Indian school, and two of service at the Inn of La Media, had served to make Erolinda dissatisfied with the conditions of her life before her marriage with Arturo Mortara; and subsequent events had increased this discontent and revolt against the inevitable accompaniments of poverty and misfortune. Her whole existence, the daily routine of labor, the care of her children, the lack of nourishing food to which she

had been accustomed at the Inn, the absence of contact with people from the world beyond the foothills of Vallicita, the loneliness of ranch life, the melancholy of her husband,—all had become unendurable to her. Therefore, when the idea of writing to her former friends at La Media had presented itself she had eagerly grasped it, losing no time in putting it into execution.

In fact, shortly after the birth of her last child she had seriously considered the probability of obtaining a situation as nurse in "The City," as the metropolis of California is called by the less fortunate rancheros who are condemned to dwell at a distance from its fascinations and allurements. But at that time their affairs had not reached their lowest ebb, and she dared not broach the subject to Arturo. Of late, however, things had been going from bad to worse, and everything was now in favor of her project; even her husband from whom she had feared opposition had been negative in that respect, and the heart of Erolinda began to throb joyfully in her bosom.

"Let us go in," said Arturo, rising,—
"let us go in to the children."

Something in his tone touched the soul of her who a moment before had been feeling elated at the prospect of a temporary release from the sordid conditions of her present existence. She had been, as far as her limited nature had permitted, a good wife and mother. Her husband's clothing was always neat and well mended, her little ones clean and well cared for,—something that could not be said of every wife in the neighborhood. But, like a bird struggling for liberty in a cage where it had been condemned to dwell but could not be forced to sing, she had reconciled herself to the performance of duties which were irksome, her eyes ever fixed on a rainbow of glittering promise afar in the distant horizon.

(To be continued.)

The Vesper Thrush.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHEN drowsy afternoon at length grows old,
And purple shades of eventide grow long,
Then from the woods that flame with sunset gold
There comes a sudden burst of song!

What silvery floods of rapture and delight!
What strains victorious of triumph rare!
As though the singer saw beyond the night,
Helios rise in Eastern air!

Oh, soul of mine, when shades of age come on,
And nothing in life's twilight world seems clear,
How sweet to see beyond the night the Dawn,
And greet Death with a song of cheer!

Le Grand Corneille.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

THE seventeenth century gave many great men to France,—men of learning and of genius; men whose piety was as undisputed as their talents; men of whom the world is justly proud, and of whom it may indeed be truly said that their "distant footsteps echo down the corridors of time" even after hundreds of years have rolled by, their fame seeming to glow but brighter with the lapse of ages. Foremost among these was Pierre Corneille, often called Le Grand Corneille to distinguish him from his celebrated, though less gifted, younger brother Thomas.

When questioned, in his extreme old age, regarding the great men of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, Boileau, who was certainly the best verse critic of his day, is said to have promptly answered:

"I know of only three—Corneille, Molière, and myself."

"And how about Racine?" he was asked.

"He was an extremely clever man, whom I taught, with great difficulty, to write verses," was the modest reply.

The First Napoleon, as is well known, had considerable dramatic ability, but appears to have been but little sensitive to "the concord of sweet sounds." It was a favorite saying of his that the "Comédie Française" was the glory of France, and the Opéra its folly. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Pierre Corneille. "If he were living now," the Emperor said on one occasion, "I would make him a prince." It is doubtful, however, if the great poet would have accepted the honor; for, although he was eventually ennobled, he never used the prefix "De" to which he was entitled, but always signed himself "Pierre Corneille."

Three hundred years ago—on June 6, 1606—the future author of the "Cid" was born at Rouen, in the Rue de la Pie. He was educated by the Jesuits of Rouen, to whom, he himself tells us, he owed all his fame, and to whom, when at the zenith of his glory, he dedicated more than one of his writings, in the most affectionate and grateful terms. Take, for instance, the ode to his former professor of rhetoric, the concluding lines of which run:

Et comme je te dois ma gloire sur la terre,
Puiss-je te devoir un jour celle des cieux!

At school he was chiefly distinguished for the ease and elegance with which he wrote Latin verses. His father, also christened Pierre, was a barrister, and held the post of *Maître des Eaux et Forêts* as well. He destined his son for the legal profession, and obtained a dispensation which allowed him to become a member of the bar four years earlier than was the custom of the time. In 1624, accordingly, Pierre took the oaths. He proved, however, an indifferent speaker. He wrote admirably, but when it came to expressing himself verbally he was confused, brusque and awkward. These defects stood in the way of his success at the bar, even as later on they contributed to make him unpopular in society. Besides, the law

had no attractions for him, and he soon relinquished it for the more congenial occupation of the pen.

His first play, "Mélite," which appeared in 1629, was said, by his nephew Fontenelle, to have been inspired by personal experiences. It met with immediate success. In 1634 he was charged with the composition of a Latin elegy in honor of Richelieu, on the occasion of the Cardinal's visiting Rome. This led to his presentation to the illustrious prelate, and to his being enrolled among the "five poets" whose decidedly lucrative, if not very dignified, duties consisted chiefly in putting the Cardinal's ideas into dramatic form. No one could have been less fitted for such a task than Corneille, and he soon withdrew from the poetic "five." Not, however, before he had incurred the severe displeasure of his patron by taking it upon himself to alter the third act of "Les Thuilleries."

The "Cid," that "most epoch-making play," was acted in 1635. It was dedicated to Madame Cambalet, who used her influence, later on, to bring about a reconciliation between the author and Richelieu. Her efforts were successful, and Corneille subsequently produced and dedicated "Horace" to the Cardinal, who, now completely mollified, allowed the poet five hundred crowns a year.

The "Cid" proved a veritable literary triumph for Corneille. Its success was unexampled, and his name was on every tongue. The spiteful attacks of Mairet and others in no way altered the popular verdict in its favor, and "As beautiful as the 'Cid'" passed into a proverb in Paris.

A religious vein runs through most of Corneille's work, and his ardent faith certainly dictated the choice of such subjects as "Polyeucte" and "Théodore." His plays "L'Agésilas" and "L'Attila" were probably the least successful of all

his writings, and inspired Boileau with the cruel quatrain:

Après l'Agésilas
Hélas!
Après l'Attila
Holà!

But if Boileau was quick to condemn shortcomings, he was equally ready to praise merit; and, cutting as his famous quatrain is, it was not the outcome of jealousy or any other paltry motive. The same can not be said of Voltaire's more or less unfavorable criticism of Corneille. It springs so obviously from his own hatred of the Church, and venomous antagonism to the Jesuits, whom Corneille loved and revered, that it is not worthy of the consideration of any fair-minded person. It is true that La Harpe and Vauvenargues do not seem to have appreciated Corneille. But La Harpe's critical standard has long since been rejected by all competent judges, and it is now admitted that Vauvenargues knew but little about poetry.

Corneille is recognized to-day as the greatest writer that even France ever produced, and, as has been said, "perhaps the only one who, up to our own time, can take rank with the Dantes and Shakespeares of other countries." Still, it must be admitted that his work is of unequal merit. Molière used to say of him: "My friend Corneille has a familiar who inspires him with the finest verses in the world. But sometimes the familiar leaves him to shift for himself, and then he fares very badly."

It has been further said that, though Corneille could imagine admirable situations, and write immortal verses, he could not labor, with the patient docility of Racine, at strictly proportioning the action of a tragedy, and maintaining a uniform rate of interest in the course of the plot and of excellence in the fashion of verse. As a matter of fact, his facility for versification was not to be compared to that

of his brother Thomas, as the following amusing anecdote goes far to prove.

The brothers married two sisters, Pierre becoming the husband of Marie Lampérière; and Thomas, of her younger sister, Marguerite. They had practically the same home both at Rouen and Paris, a trapdoor uniting the two households. When at a loss for a rhyme Pierre would lift up the trap, pop out his head, and shout imploringly to Thomas: "*Sans-souci, une rime!*" When the obliging Thomas had shouted back the desired word, the trap would close again above the vanishing head of Pierre.

But the deficiencies that are apparent in some of the writings of Corneille only make the brilliancy of his masterpieces the more evident, even as the diamond sparkles brightest in dim surroundings. As has been truly observed, "A poet should be judged by his best work, and the best work of Corneille was second to none."

Having read the Latin verses of Pope Alexander VII., the reflections upon death contained in them so deeply moved Corneille that, to use his own words, he began to think seriously of how he must one day appear before God and render an account of his talents. He did not consider that he had done enough for his Creator when he helped to purge the theatre of the license only too characteristic of the drama of the day. He wished to devote his genius to some work whose sole end would be the service of God and the edification of his neighbor. "It is this," he adds, "that makes me select 'The Imitation of Christ,' which, by the simplicity of its style, closes the door to the finest ornaments of poetry; and, far from augmenting my reputation, will only take away from it."

He was well aware of his weakness for praise, and undertook the rendering of "The Imitation" into French verse, as an act of mortification, and as a

sacrifice of his genius at the foot of the Cross. "It is not without confusion," he says, "that I feel within myself a mind so fruitful for the things of this world, and so sterile for those of God. Perhaps He has wished it to be so, in order that I may have all the more reason to humiliate myself before Him, and crush this vanity, so natural to those who mix in literature and who have achieved a profitable success." All of which shows that, while Corneille the man was subject to human weaknesses, Corneille the Christian knew how to rise above them. Alluding to this trait, so characteristic of Corneille, Racine the younger wrote:

Couronné par les mains d'Auguste et d'Emilie
A coté d'À Kempis Corneille s'humilie.

"L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ" was dedicated to Pope Alexander, and occupied the poet during five years. The first book appeared in 1651. The Queen of France, having read it, expressed herself delighted, and asked Corneille to hasten with the second part. In their approbation of it, the Doctors of the Faculty of Sacred Theology at Paris said that the original had honored the language of every nation, but that it was reserved for Corneille to make it heard in that of poetry. One quotation must suffice for an example of the verses that were said to have done more for the French language than any single pen ever did before:

Regarde avec quel front tu pourras comparaître
Devant le tribunal de ton souverain maître,
Devant ce juste juge à qui rien n'est caché,
Qui jusque dans ton cœur sait lire ton péché,
Qu'aucun don n'éblouit, qu'aucune erreur n'abuse,
Que ne surprend jamais l'adresse d'une excuse,
Qui rend à tous justice et pèse au même poids
Ce que font les bergers et ce que font les rois.

The success of "L'Imitation" was a great surprise to Corneille, who thought not of earthly gain in connection with it. "But," as he naïvely observes, "God was not ungrateful; for 'The Imitation of Christ' has brought me more money than any of my plays."

And money was no small consideration to Corneille, who lived in days when it was almost impossible for an author to exist by his pen alone.

The "Louanges de la Sainte Vierge" was another of Corneille's purely religious compositions. As its name implies, it was a translation of St. Bonaventure's "Praises of the Blessed Virgin." The lines that follow have been particularly admired:

Rose sans flétrissure et sans aucune épine,
Rose incomparable en fraîcheur,
Rose salutaire au pécheur,
Rose enfin toute belle et tout à fait divine,
La grâce dont jadis la prodigalité
Versa tous ses trésors sur ta fécondité
N'a fait et ne fera jamais rien de semblable.

From Easter, 1652, to Easter, 1653, Corneille acted as churchwarden to his native parish; and there is still preserved in the archives of Saint-Sauveur a report in which he renders an account of his stewardship there. It consists of thirty-two pages, and is written entirely in the poet's own hand. At Saint-Sauveur's is also kept a black velvet pall that was given by Corneille for use at the funerals of the members of his family, and of the family servants. He frequented the sacraments regularly, and during the last thirty-three years of his life recited the Breviary daily.

At the suggestion of Colbert and others, Corneille was pensioned in 1660. The pension was, however, subsequently withdrawn, and the poet fell into sore straits. He lived for ten years after the appearance of "Suréna"; but wrote little of importance during that period, except some beautiful verses, composed in 1674, in which he thanked Louis the Fourteenth for ordering the revival of his plays.

In 1684 his health broke down completely. Boileau complimented him upon his genius, but he only answered: "I am surfeited with glory, and famished for want of money." Boileau went to the King and generously offered

to relinquish his own pension, if there was not money enough for Corneille. This offer touched Louis, as well it might, and he sent two hundred pistoles to the sick poet. But the money arrived too late to be of use. Corneille died two days afterward, and was buried in the Church of St. Roch.

His grave remained without a monument till 1821. Nor can one be said to mark it even now; for the marble medallion of the poet on one of the walls states only that he is buried in St. Roch. During the Revolution the vaults were opened and the bones of the dead scattered right and left, in the search for plunder. They were subsequently reinterred, but, in most instances, could not be classified. Among the unidentified remains, somewhere beneath the hallowed pavements of St. Roch, lie the ashes of the great Corneille.

The poet had six children—four sons and two daughters. His sons, like himself, were educated by the Jesuits, and one of them became a priest. Another entered the army, and his descendants are said to be the only representatives of the Corneille family now living. One of his daughters entered a Dominican convent, and her sister Marie was twice married. Through her second marriage, with M. de Farçay, she became the ancestress of Charlotte Corday.

The ceremony of the unveiling of the statue to Pierre Corneille, erected on the Place du Panthéon, was held on the 27th of May last, when all Paris flocked to do honor to the memory of the devout Catholic and incomparable writer, whose genius was fostered by the Church he loved and served so well, and in whose imperishable fame every Frenchman glories.

THE Old Testament is full of shadow, the New Testament is perfect day; the former is like starlight, the latter like bright sunshine.—*Père Didon*.

A Tangle of Circumstances.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

I.

MY brother Paul and I were the last of the Colernes of Laynham. Our father, the sixth Earl of Laynham, died when Paul was eighteen; our mother and five of our brothers and sisters had been summoned long before by Death, the insatiable.

Paul's enjoyment of the family title and estates had been hitherto tempered by the receipt of an exceedingly small yearly revenue, consequent upon inherited family burdens; and at twenty-two he was unmarried, and taking life rather seriously. As to marriage, it seemed at that time that he had set aside the idea for good, and it was this fact that gave me my greatest anxiety in life.

My own state was not likely to change. A constitutional lameness, added to my comparative poverty, had spared me, so far, from any offer of marriage, and at thirty-six I had every prospect of remaining Sara Colerne to the end of my days.

Our joint trouble came to us in this wise. A young girl of good family, bright, pretty, charming, and in every way a desirable match for Paul, came on a long visit to some friends in our neighborhood. Eve Delaval was an orphan with no near relatives, and had a considerable fortune of her own. Paul, a somewhat difficult youth to please, was at once captivated. Eve was in like manner attracted, by him, and the result was an engagement between them, to my great joy and the satisfaction of every one who knew them.

But there was one necessary factor to their happy union which had been strangely overlooked. Eve, like the friends with whom she was staying,

was a fervent Catholic. I had become a convert a few years before, and it was this that led to the intimacy which had grown up between us and the Fenhams, and which had resulted in Paul's engagement. But, unfortunately, Paul was—in name at least—a Protestant. In reality, though always a good and upright fellow, he had, to my sorrow, very little, if any, religious belief. The beautiful Gothic chapel kept up by the Fenhams attracted him far more—while Eve worshiped there at least—than our little Protestant church at Laynham, which, for example's sake, he was accustomed to attend from time to time. Thus it came about that Eve, knowing me to be a Catholic, and seeing Paul in my company at Sunday Mass week after week, took for granted that we were all one in faith. But the awakening came when arrangements had to be made for the marriage; and Eve, learning the truth at last, in spite of the distress it cost her, resolutely refused to marry an unbeliever. The Fenhams, less unbending in principle, would have persuaded her to take Paul, trusting in his ultimate enlightenment; but this she would never consent to. So, to the sorrow of us all, the engagement was broken off.

To Paul the disappointment was intense. But the climax of his sufferings was reached a few months later, when Eve's forthcoming marriage to a young Catholic baronet was announced in the public journals. All prospect of happiness in life seemed from that day to have been destroyed within him. The high-spirited, lovable, handsome brother, of whom I had always been so proud, became moody, silent, and cold. Nothing interested him; his beloved sport was utterly neglected,—neither rod nor gun had power to charm; a dense gloom enveloped him.

"I can not bear this strain any longer!" he exclaimed one day. "You will oppose it, I know,—but the only

thing for me is to go to the front with Kerr."

His closest friend, Stephen Kerr, was on the eve of starting for South Africa at the head of a yeomanry corps, in the raising of which Paul had shown an interest. It was at the time when the whole country had taken the war-fever, and the flower of the nation was rushing off to combat the Boer.

"I shall certainly never favor such a project!" I cried in dismay. "It would be rash in the extreme for you, the last of the Colernes, to risk death and the extinction of our name, as you must do in such a case."

"All are not likely to be shot down," he said obstinately. "Thousands will come back unharmed."

"Thousands will never come back at all! Think of the families we know who are already mourning for some one dear to them! Many more, of whom we know nothing, must be overwhelmed at this moment with a like sorrow. No, I can not let you go. You have a sacred duty to preserve your life; to do as you propose would be utter madness."

"I've lost everything I care for except you," he said with unwonted tenderness. "I shall have to die some day; and in any case I may die before you. Who knows?"

"That is possible. Thousands of young fellows die who never see a battlefield; that I grant. Should death come to you unsought, as it did to all our dear ones, I should bow to the divine will, I hope. But you have no right to court death. You have no right to tempt Providence by rushing into imminent danger. And surely some consideration is due to me, even if *you* value your life so cheaply."

"You are the one motive that holds me back. The trouble I might cause you is the only argument of any weight against my going."

I could well understand how ardently

he longed to get away from himself; yet the means he proposed terrified me. Every day the newspapers contained long lists of dead and dying. Paul was bent upon courting a like fate; for no soldier can count upon immunity from the danger which ever hangs over him when on the field of battle; and Paul, sick at heart, and disgusted with life's bitterness, would be impatient of precautions. My heart was torn with the dread of losing him forever. Not only did I grudge the sacrifice of the hope of our family, but still more the risk of a life so dear to me. The disparity in our ages had changed the character of my love for him; it was as a mother, rather than an elder sister, that I had cherished him since his mother was taken from him in early boyhood.

And yet I could not help seeing that the absolute change of life which his departure would involve—the unfamiliar hardships, the unwonted occupations, strange surroundings, unknown faces—promised a relief otherwise impossible. The very nearness of constant danger would tend to lift him up above mere selfish interests. He was young and he was impressionable; and, though his recent cruel disappointment must needs leave its traces upon his after-life, it might well be that so thorough a break with the past as this project involved would enable Time, the universal healer, to work an effectual cure.

Reflecting thus, I resolved to oppose no longer.

"I have had an anxious time, Paul," I said, a few days later. "My mind has been torn by fears and doubts on your behalf, but I have conquered them at last. I have come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as too much solicitude in a matter of this kind. After all, we can, none of us, reckon with certainty upon even one more hour of life. I will not try to keep you at home against your will. Go, if

you wish, with Stephen Kerr; and may God have you in His holy keeping!"

"Many thanks, Sally dear!" he said, as he brightened up. "I know what a wrench it means for you. But peace comes through war, and I look to this war to bring peace to me."

In less than a week from that day he was upon the ocean.

II.

Laynham was but a small country village, and posts were erratic. No newspaper ever made its appearance until late in the morning, when it was eagerly pounced upon for the latest war news. I never scanned the list of casualties without a sinking at heart, for dread of what tidings it might have for me. Yet I never failed to read it.

About a month after Paul's arrival at the seat of war, I opened the paper as usual. My eye caught at once the bold headlines: "Important Engagement. Boers Swept Back. Heavy British Losses."

Swiftly I glanced down the long list of names in the dreaded column. The very one I shrank from encountering seemed to leap out from the page to meet my gaze. There it stood, blazoned, as it seemed to me, in bolder type than all the rest—"Laynham."

The letters burned themselves into my brain. What tidings had they to tell of him who was dearer to me than all the world besides? I pulled myself together, and tried to fix my eyes steadily upon the announcement. There, under the heading "Killed in Action," I saw the name "Lieut. the Earl of Laynham."

I can recall nothing of what followed. The room whirled round with me; then a dark curtain fell and cut off all sense of life. Long afterward I learned that the servants had discovered me lying unconscious, the fatal newspaper still firmly grasped in my hand. The shock brought on a long and dangerous illness.

As to subsequent events, my memory

can not help me. I am able to recall dimly a period of hideous nightmare, in which the forms of Paul and Eve Delaval are ever prominent. Over all there seems to hang the sense of some vague, overpowering calamity from which I strive in vain to free myself. Then come more darkness and oblivion, to be followed by renewed nightmare; while all the time I writhe in a furnace of intolerable heat, from which there is no escape.

Then I am conscious of a cooler period, and of occasional gleams of brightness, glimpses of objects which seem familiar, and the sound of well-known voices. At length comes a more complete awakening, and I know that I am in my own room, and that some one (I can not distinguish who) is seated by my bed. The scent of violets is often wafted toward me, though whence it comes I know not, nor do I try to discover.

At last, on one memorable day, I open my eyes in full consciousness. I realize that I am weak and helpless; that the silent woman in the fresh, bright dress, who lifts me up so dexterously, yet withal so tenderly, is a nurse; and that Mrs. Fenham, a bunch of violets in the bosom of her dress, is standing by the bed.

I try to speak, but the nurse puts her finger on her lips and says in a quiet voice:

"No talking yet! You must rest and grow strong."

Days of convalescence followed, during which strength returned rapidly. Pleasant days they were too, and singularly free from care. Probably it came from the very nature of my illness that the past troubled me not at all. The oppressive burden of undefined woe, which had weighed me down when the fever was at its height, had been lifted with the return of consciousness. I knew that Paul was absent, but, somehow, the thought caused me no anxiety.

All details of the events of the past few months had slipped from my memory, and I was too weak as yet to try to recall them, or even to wish to do so.

One day, as I awoke from my afternoon sleep, I caught sight of another figure standing in the light of the window, close by Mrs. Fenham who was sitting there. I had just time to recognize Eve Delaval when the figure swiftly glided from the room. As Mrs. Fenham made no allusion to Eve, I began to persuade myself that the circumstance was but a lingering trace of my fever, and mere illusion. Nevertheless, it woke up in my memory faint visions of a past in which Eve had been connected with some trouble.

Next morning, when I woke, it was with full consciousness of my overwhelming loss. Paul had been taken from me, and my life stretched out before me drear and lonely. Tears flowed abundantly, as the bitterness of my grief made itself felt. Something like hatred for the girl who had been the cause of my bereavement rose up in my heart. But I prayed desperately against it, and grace conquered. I was still weeping quietly when a light footfall sounded outside, and I opened my eyes to see Eve standing by my bedside. My heart went out in a cry of pain.

"O Eve, how could you send him to meet his death,—my Paul, my only brother?"

Tears started to her eyes too, but a smile broke out on her face.

"Dear Lady Sara," she cried, "Paul is not dead! He is alive and well, and is coming back to you and to me."

III.

The astounding news which Eve had so suddenly revealed, far from having any ill effect, proved a most efficacious tonic. True, the nurse, who had come upon us immediately after the disclosure, had been horrified to find us both

in tears and pouring forth mutual apologies, and had banished Eve from the room with little ceremony; but, in the end, she found it more prudent to yield to my earnest entreaties for a thorough explanation. So Eve was recalled, and Mrs. Fenham came too, and all that they had to tell gave joy to my heart.

It appeared that a telegram had arrived from Paul on the very day I had been taken ill; it was intended to correct the error in the newspapers regarding his death. As soon as possible after this a letter followed, explaining how the mistake had occurred. Owing to my unconscious state at the time, it had been impossible to communicate any particulars to me; although our lawyer, who had been appealed to, advised Mrs. Fenham, who had hurried from London at the first intimation of my illness, to open both telegram and letter.

"Let me see what Paul says!" I cried impatiently, as soon as all this had been explained to me. "I want to know all particulars. It will do me good, Nurse,"—for that authority began to look doubtful of the consequences.

My petition was granted, and the documents were produced. Eagerly I opened the little brown envelope.

"Not killed. Slightly wounded.

"PAUL."

Such was the reassuring message which had flashed across seas and continents for my relief.

The letter was still more precious to me. It ran thus:

DEAREST SALLY:—My wire will have set your mind at rest, I hope. Some stupid newspaper man, misled by a false rumor, which had originated in a certain resemblance in face and figure between me and another of our fellows, put my name in his list and wired off his message at once. He discovered his blunder very shortly after, and corrected it in the second edition of his paper.

Had I got hold of him, he would have had a lively time; for I was in despair on your account when I heard what had happened.

I did not want to frighten you, but I was rather badly hit; and am still in hospital, though getting on famously. It is strange that I am thrown almost entirely among Catholics here. The fellow in the next bed is one. He knows heaps of our friends, and is a very jolly companion. The nurse is also a Catholic. The Catholic chaplain, who comes to visit my neighbor, is a great chum of mine, and we have had many a chat together. He was interested in hearing that I had a "Roman" sister.

I suppose I am booked here for another month or so, but after that I expect to be sent home. So keep up your spirits, old lady, till we meet. I can almost hear you congratulating me upon my immunity from stray shots in the meantime.

Your ever loving

PAUL

"What splendid news,—what heavenly news!" was all I could say, and I repeated it many times. So Paul was alive and well, and coming back to me. "Thank God,—thank God a thousand times!" sang my grateful heart.

"How grand it would be if he got the grace to become a Catholic himself!" I said later to Mrs. Fenham. "I have prayed for it daily."

She smiled mysteriously.

An hour or two after, she paid me another visit.

"You bore your good news so well," she said, "that nurse has given me leave to enlighten you still further. Your brother wrote to me, thanking me for coming to take care of you, and at the same time gave me news that astonished though it delighted me. Can you guess it?"

"Can it be that he has received the grace of faith?" I cried in amazement.

"Tell me—do not keep me in suspense."

"He is a Catholic already," she gleefully answered.

Besides the explanations she was able to afford, she had been keeping, until I seemed well enough to be permitted to open it, another letter to me from Paul. Its contents are too sacred to divulge. One thing alone gave me cause for regret. Had Eve been less hasty, Paul's happiness would have been perfect. But, after all—as I summed up when talking over matters with my dear friend,—one can not expect life to be a path of roses.

Mrs. Fenham received my confidence with less gravity than it deserved.

"My dear Sara," she answered, laughingly, "has it never puzzled you that Eve should venture to accompany me here, considering all that had happened?"

Light began to break in upon me.

Eve's words recurred to my mind: "He is alive and well, and is coming back to you and to *me*."

"Is she reconciled with Paul? Can it be possible?"

"It is an accomplished fact," was her prompt reply.

"But what about her marriage with Sir James Stanmer? It was publicly announced as already arranged."

"And just as truly as that your brother was dead."

Then she proceeded to tell me that there had never been any engagement between Eve and the gentleman in question. The girl's guardian—a distant cousin, with whom she had lived from childhood—had set his heart upon the match, as soon as the engagement with Paul had come to an end; having always disliked the prospect of a Protestant husband for Eve. He was suffering from a dangerous illness, which had since carried him off; and Eve, by the advice of his doctor, had never expressed openly to him her refusal to meet his wishes with regard to Sir

James. The old man had therefore jumped at conclusions, and had made a public announcement of the expected marriage. But both Eve and Sir James at once took steps to contradict the rumor. Paul's angry disappointment at the news had made him taboo newspapers for a time; thus the contradiction had never reached us through that channel, and our friends naturally kept silent on so delicate a subject.

"Your brother heard the real state of things from his new friend in the hospital," she said in conclusion. "He lost no time in telling Eve of his approaching reception into the Church, as you might expect; and they are now in correspondence once more."

So my sacrifice had met with an abundant reward. Not only had my brother been spared to me in spite of ever-present danger, but other blessings—seemingly unattainable—had been granted by means of that very renunciation.

No wonder that the days flew by with the speed of lightning, while, in company with Mrs. Fenham and Eve—both dear to me now as sisters,—I awaited tidings of my "warrior's return."

Strength came back rapidly, after all the good news I had received of late. So true is it that peace of mind and joy of heart make for renewed health, from the very delight of living which is their natural outcome. And peace and joy were mine to the full. Daily, almost hourly, through my happy heart rang again and again, like the haunting burden of some well-loved song, the joyful refrain: "My boy is coming back to me,—back from the gates of the grave!"

EACH individual man and woman is called on to be Christ's co-worker in the great fight against evil,—the great struggle for righteousness, peace, and joy.—*Edna Lyall.*

Our Catholics and Our Country.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

ON the fourth day of July, 1776, the Continental Congress of Philadelphia made a declaration of Catholic truth to the world in the words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights;... that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men." "Glittering generalities," John C. Calhoun called them when they threatened Slavery. Then Abraham Lincoln tested their effectiveness by the cruel arbitrament of war; and in the midst of the struggle he declared with the vision of a seer that "this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"Christianity," says Archbishop Spalding, "was a religion which solaced and raised up the poor, taught those in power to bear their honors meekly, and to remember that all Christians are equal before God, with whom 'there is no exception of persons.' The Church founded by Christ has ever been guided by these principles. She has always proclaimed the truth that all mankind were born alike, children of wrath, and by baptism became equally children of God... The prince and the beggar kneel side by side in her temples... The pew system, which establishes distinctions in churches, is a modern invention unknown to Catholic times and countries... The analogy of these principles with those embodied in our Declaration of Independence must be manifest to every reflecting mind."*

Archbishop Hughes writes that "there

have been teachers of other religions [than the Catholic] who have maintained that kingly power comes directly from God under the name of divine right. We have a remarkable instance of this doctrine in the contest between King James the First and Cardinal Bellarmine. Cardinal Bellarmine, ... who wrote immediately under the eyes of the Pope, taught in the name of the Church that all power in government is for the benefit of the community; that originally it comes from God, and is by the people delegated to those whom they appoint as their civil rulers. King James criticised his writings severely on this point, and contended that kingly power came directly from God to the consecrated monarch. His Majesty was replied to by Suarez, a learned Jesuit, who vindicated the doctrine of Bellarmine."*

Brownson's Review, January, 1859, summarizes Catholic teaching, saying: "The Catholic faith first taught the equality and fraternity of the human race as children of the same father.... The Church has always taught that government is a trust for the people. Nor have Catholics ever been backward in supporting these American principles in war or maintaining them in peace."

We may well be proud of the dash and zeal with which Catholics pushed forward the cause of American freedom. The two Carrolls, priest and layman, toiling through the snows of Canada to welcome the Canadians to the Republic of the Continental Congress; "saucy" Jack Barry speeding his ships over the ocean waves in support of American liberty; John Fitzgerald†

* Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Vol. II., page 74. New York: Lawrence Kehoe. 1865.

† It seems impossible to overestimate the value to American liberty of the success of Colonel John Fitzgerald and his compatriots in crushing out the Conway conspiracy to deprive General Washington of the command of the Continental Army, and place General Gates at the head. Had the cabal succeeded there would have been no Yorktown, no surrender of commission at Annapolis. Every American shudders at the dark possibilities.

* "Miscellanea," by M. J. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Louisville. Page 133. Webb, Gill & Levering, Louisville, Ky. 1855.

defiantly intervening to protect the name and fame of George Washington from the conspirators of the Conway cabal,—these are names that shine as stars of the first magnitude in the constellation of American glory. Lafayette, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Steuben, and their compatriots from beyond the ocean, were the offerings of Catholic people abroad to the cause of America.

Well, indeed, since Independence was won, have the Catholic citizens of the Republic borne, with honor to themselves and profit to their country, all the high burdens which the people have placed on their shoulders. Catholics, as the years rolled by, have been faithful companions of Marshall and Adams, of Clay and Crawford, of Jackson and Wise, of Lincoln and Lee, and the thousand other Americans who have discharged public duties in lofty stations. Gaston and Taney have been as able as the ablest of their associates in an incorruptible judiciary; Mallory and White have adorned the Senate; while scores of Catholics have been useful members of the House of Representatives.

Rivalling Livingston's Paris treaty acquiring Louisiana, Trist, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, acquired another empire for the nation. Dennis Mulvahill, Mayor of Bridgeport, and Mark Fagan, Mayor of Jersey City, elevated from among the toilers to the highest office of their communities, have, by their simple hold on Catholic morality, become beacons before whose limpid light the shadows of chicane and graft have fled away. Charles J. Bonaparte, of imperial race, direct and honest as Mulvahill and Fagan, yet on loftier heights, is leading the people toward the highest plane of political life.

The war with Spain, in which purblind heresy and bigotry made strong efforts to lead our national feeling into enmity against Catholics, was turned, in the Providence of God, into a signal

triumph of the Church, and a yet wider expansion of genuine Catholicity. Our brothers whose sea-washed bodies are confined in the *Maine* were in death the witnesses of our Americanism. Father Chadwick's priestly courage made Havana harbor tell the world how priest and flock are one in duty and in faith. Well it was that on the 22d of February last the Knights of Columbus decorated with the Sign of Faith and the emblems of American glory the sunken ship that is the water-locked cemetery of so many brave Catholics.

At the advent of the 4th of July, 1906, when the undying truth that underlies American freedom is proclaimed everywhere and seems part of daylight itself, it is surely meet to recall some of the exemplars that in the one hundred and thirty years past have shown the American Catholic spirit, which has faithfully followed the teachings of the Sage of Carrollton; and we may adopt his words when, in 1820, he signed his name to a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, and added this supplemental declaration:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, He has conferred on our beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under the circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, adopted by Congress on July 4, 1776, which I originally subscribed on August 2, 1776, and of which I am the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important doctrine as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them; and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON."

Princess Beatrice of England.

THE mother of the new Queen of Spain has been lately the subject of much newspaper comment, in which she has been either praised or blamed according to the views of the writer on the matter of Princess Ena's conversion. Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and Ireland, youngest and best beloved of Queen Victoria's daughters, has enjoyed the particular esteem of the English people for her many good qualities and remarkable intellectual powers. She possesses rare executive ability, and no undertaking which secured her protection has proved a failure,—less through the monetary aid which she freely extends than through the clever administration for which she is noted. Her personal activity in benevolent schemes surpasses that of any other member of the House of England, so devoted to charitable work.

The transition of Princess Ena from the Anglican to the Catholic faith was all the easier as she and her mother were devout Anglicans, who leaned to High Church views, and liked to call themselves "English Catholics." While this claim can not be admitted, it is significative of a tendency in the right direction, a desire to belong to the Universal Church of Christ. The rumor that Princess Beatrice is likely to follow her daughter's example has not been authoritatively contradicted, and we may therefore continue to hope that her conversion will ultimately take place.

In her youth this devoted daughter was averse to marriage because of the separation from her mother which it implied. But she married—rather late in life—a Prince who loved her well enough to adopt her nationality and share her home. As constant companion to the Queen, she divided her cares, and many important decisions were attrib-

uted to her influence. In the declining years of that estimable sovereign, who had always relied on the counsel of those nearest to her as that of her best friends, Princess Beatrice played a most important rôle. It was in those years that her brother, then Prince of Wales, learned to turn to her on occasions of difficulty, and to weigh her opinions with respect, even while not at all times sharing them. Princess Beatrice inherited her father's sound judgment, tolerant spirit, and far-seeing prudence. Queen Victoria loved to recall many traits of resemblance to Prince Albert in their youngest child.

The death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, from fever contracted in a voyage to South Africa, made Princess Beatrice a widow when Princess Ena, their only daughter, was nine years old. Henceforward her life was more than ever devoted to filial and maternal cares. Together with her four children, she took up her abode definitely with Queen Victoria, accompanying her from Windsor to Balmoral, or from Buckingham Palace to Osborne; watching over her health, assisting her in all her duties, and lightening her burdens with a tender solicitude that never failed.

The friendship which ripened with the years between Queen Victoria and the ex-Empress of the French was shared by Princess Beatrice. The Empress stood sponsor for Princess Ena, and has taken the liveliest interest in her from childhood. There is no doubt that she was indirectly instrumental in her conversion, and views with deep gratification her accession to the throne of Spain. The character and disposition of the young convert, however, are mainly to be attributed to the good mother who so carefully trained and moulded them. The influence of Princess Beatrice indeed is productive of nought but good.

B. H.

Thoughts for All Seasons Quaintly
Expressed.

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THERE is a something about our oldtime books of devotion and spiritual reading which differentiates them from most modern productions. It is not the mere quaintness or the delicious flavor of the antique: the old devotional books give one the impression that the composers of them were truly prayerful, while the spiritual treatises afford abundant proof of having been written by persons well versed in the things of God, men with whom prayer and meditation were fixed habits. In all these forgotten books, occasional phrases are naturally to be found which are more consonant with mediæval simplicity than with modern refinement. Even in Caxton's "Lives of the Saints" there are numerous passages calculated to shock those who regard the letter rather than the spirit. But in constant evidence are the most sterling piety and the deepest consciousness of the vital truths of Christian life.

We have been reading for the third or fourth time a comparatively unknown treatise of Blessed Thomas More on "The Four Last Things," transcribed from the black letter type of Rastell's edition of 1557, by D. O'Connor, and published in the Paternoster Series. As the editor remarks, this treatise, unfortunately "unfynished," possesses for us a twofold interest: it illustrates the holy martyr's general tone of mind even from his early years, and it remains as a lofty example of pre-Reformation books of devotion. A few passages taken almost at random will give the reader some idea of the charm of this precious little book:

Now tell me then, if thou wert going out of an house, whether art thou going out only when thy foot is on the uttermost inch of the threshold, thy body half out of the door, or else when thou beginnest to set the first foot forward to go out,

in what place of the house soever ye stand when ye buskle [bustle] forward? I would say that ye be going out of the house from the first foot ye set forward to go forth. No man will think other, as I suppose, but all is one reason in going hence and coming hither. Now, if one were coming hither to this town, he were not only coming hither while he were entering in at the gate, but all the way also from whence he came hitherward. Nor in likewise in going hence from this town, a man is not only going from this town while he hath his body in the gate going outward, but also while he setteth his foot out of his host's house to go forward. And therefore if a man met him by the way, far yet within the town, and asked him whither he were going, he should truly answer that he were going out of the town, all [although] were the town so long that he had ten miles to go ere he came at the gate....

Now, if this be thus, as me seemeth that reason proveth, a man is always dying from afore his birth; and every hour of our age, as it passeth by, cutteth his own length out of our life, and maketh it shorter by so much, and our death so much the nearer. Which measuring of time and minishing of life, with approaching toward death, is nothing else but, from our beginning to our ending, one continual dying; so that wake we, sleep we, eat we, drink we, mourn we, sing we, in what wise soever live we, all the same while die we. So that we never ought to look toward Death as a thing far off; considering that although he made no haste toward us, yet we never cease ourselves to make haste toward him.

Now, if thou thinkest this reason but a sophistical subtlety, and thinkest while thou art a young man thou mayest for all this think thy death far off—that is, to wit, as far as thou hast by likelihood of nature many years to live,—then will I put thee an homely example, not very pleasant, but nathless very true and very fit for the matter.

If there were two, both condemned to death, both carried out at once toward execution, of which two the one were sure that the place of his execution were within one mile, the other twenty miles off—yea, an hundred, an ye will,—he that were in the cart to be carried a hundred miles would not take much more pleasure than his fellow in the length of his way, notwithstanding that it were a hundred times as long as his fellow's, and that he had thereby a hundred times as long to live, being sure and out of all question to die at the end.

Reckon me now yourself a young man... twenty years of age if ye will. Let there be another ninety. Both must ye die, both be ye in the cart carrying forward. His gallows and

death standeth within ten mile at the farthest, and yours within eighty. I see not why ye should reckon much less of your death than he, though your way be longer, since ye be sure ye shall never cease riding till ye come at it. And this is true, although ye were sure that the place of your execution stood so far beyond his.

But what if there were to the place of your execution two ways, of which the one were fourscore mile farther about than your fellow's, the other nearer by five mile than his; and when ye were put in the cart ye had warning of both, and though ye were shewed that it were likely that ye should be carried the longer way, yet it might hap ye should go the shorter, and whether ye were carried the one or the other ye should never know till ye come to the place; I trow ye could not in this case make much longer of your life than of your fellow's.

Now, in this case are we all; for Our Lord hath not indented [made a contract] with us of the time. He hath appointed what we may not pass, but not how soon we shall go, nor where, nor in what wise. And therefore if thou wilt consider how little cause thou hast to reckon thy death so far off by reason of thy youth, reckon how many as young as thou have been slain in the selfsame ways in which thou ridest, how many have been drowned in the selfsame waters in which thou rowest. And thus shalt thou well see that thou hast no cause to look upon thy death as a thing far off, but a thing undoubtedly nigh thee and ever walking with thee. By which—not a false imagination, but a very true contemplation—thou shalt behold him and advise him such as he is, and thereby take occasion to flee vain pleasures of the flesh that keep out the very [true] pleasures of the soul.

Having read and reread the little book from which these paragraphs are quoted, we can testify to its attraction not only for those who would realize to themselves the faith of their forefathers, but for folklorists, lovers of the picturesque, and all who delight in the quaint and tender beauty of the old order. Whatever be his creed, every reader of "The Four Last Things" will admire the author's ready wit, genial humor, and knowledge of the human heart. A portable volume, inexpensively published, it should find its way into the hands of thousands who would be benefited by—at least interested in—its perusal.

Notes and Remarks.

The conversion of pagan tribes to Christianity is not so difficult a work as most people suppose. In the religion of the most savage people something is always to be found upon which a good beginning may be made. For example, the Euahlayi, an aboriginal tribe of Australia, believe in a supernatural, though anthropomorphic, being named Byamee, corresponding to the Great Spirit of our American Indians. Kindliness toward the old and the sick is strictly inculcated as a command of Byamee, to whom all breaches of his laws are reported at a man's death, and he is judged accordingly. Even babies are taught lessons of honesty, generosity, and kindness. As soon as they are able to crawl, their mothers croon to them:

Give to all, baby;

Kind be;

Do not steal;

Do not touch what to another belongs.

Recently published reports of ethnological researches among the Zuñi Indians of North America, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, present a detailed description of all the ceremonies connected with the various forms of worship traditional with this tribe. Ethical teachings are constantly inculcated. In their arid land rain is the prime object of prayer. A Zuñi must be truthful ("speak with one tongue") in order to have his prayers accepted by the gods. He must be gentle and kind; for the gods hate those whose lips speak with harshness, as well as those whose hearts are full of guile. The morning prayer is uttered out of doors, looking toward the rising sun. The rain priesthood consists of fourteen men who do no secular work, having as their special duty to fast and pray for rain.

It is plain that only those possessing

superior intelligence and a genuine love for humanity may hope to lead pagan tribes from darkness to light; and it is a fact, whether or not it be admitted, that savages often live in closer obedience to the laws of their religion than we do to those of Christianity.

A question put to us privately may be answered here for the benefit of others besides our correspondent. "Does the Church allow the offering of Masses for the souls of non-Catholics?" Assuredly—private Masses. This doubt was submitted to the Holy See some years ago by a priest of the diocese of Cleveland, and settled by an affirmative answer, as above. The Church is incomparably more broad than many of her members seem to have any idea of, and the uncovenanted mercies of God are of course past understanding. It should never be forgotten that innumerable non-Catholics are in the position of one who has been defrauded of an inheritance and perhaps never had a suspicion of his deprivation. It is easy to believe that at the hour of death, in some mysterious way, there is restoration,—a triumph of divine justice and a victory of divine love.

Reviewing a collection of the peasant songs of Russia, collected and transcribed from phonograms and published by the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, a writer in the *Athenæum* asks: "Does the ordinary Englishman, who looks supinely on whilst English agriculture is declining and the laborer is leaving the land, ever think what his country is losing? And if he does know the value of what we are losing, does he ever try to understand the underlying cause?" The real reason for the depopulation of English villages, according to this writer, is that the joyousness of English country life is fled and dead. "Old-fashioned village sports have gone;

and the most truly national possession of all, our folk-music, has become a fugitive thing, ashamed to hear itself. It is dying as fast as it can die. It is not to escape the toil of labor on the land that the laborer flies to the town: it is to escape the tedium of the long, cheerless winter nights, with no song, no brightness, no society anywhere. The fatal allurements of the town over the mind of the agricultural laborer is not the chance of employment, but the glare of the lights outside the music-hall.... Folk-song, which was the main-spring of the joyousness of the life of peasant England in the past, has been killed by two rival but very different forces. The Methodist revival made the country dweller a hymn-droner. The conquering genius of Handel made the English singer a Handel devotee, as he is in the north of England to this day. Between them they killed folk-song; and when they had done that, they had broken the subtle chord of sympathy which held together the peasant life of England; and so to-day we can neither keep the laborer on the land nor attract him back to it."

Many persons will probably consider all this a little extravagant, and contend that other things have contributed more to the depopulation of English villages than the decadence of folk-song; however, all must agree that interest in a people's song is not merely, or even in the first place, a scientific interest. First and foremost it is a national interest.

The tercentenary of the birth of Corneille, an interesting sketch of whom will be found elsewhere in the present number of THE AVE MARIA, has evoked a chorus of eulogy which a good many outside of France are likely to consider somewhat exaggerated. M. Blemont, president of the Society of French Poets, does not hesitate to assert that "Greece, Rome, England, Germany—none of them

has produced the peer of Corneille." "If we may dare to say what we think," writes M. Victor Cousin, "no ancient poet has equalled Corneille in the simple greatness of soul shown by his works. Shakespeare is superior to Corneille in the extent and fertility of his dramatic genius. Yet if Corneille has less imagination, he has more soul. Less versatile, he is much more profound. He has not so many figures on his stage, but those who are there are the most superb the world knows."

The tribute, however, which is by far the most honorable to the character as well as the genius of the great French poet, as it must be the most gratifying to his surviving descendants, is this, from the address of a distinguished member of the French Academy, M. Emile Faguet: "Corneille represents the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. 'To surpass oneself' by rising above all the baseness and pettiness that are in human nature,—that is the creed he has given to mankind. He appeals unceasingly to man to allow his conscience to guide him. His name is almost synonymous with heroism. His work is the most glorious faith that can be given to the souls of the youth of France."

Let us hope that the spirit of Corneille may become more evident in the youth and the manhood of France than present-day occurrences would indicate is now the case.

At a recent banquet, the new Coadjutor-Archbishop of Boston took occasion to make a decidedly interesting profession of civic or political faith, some articles of which we must make room for:

I believe that no mere profession of faith is sufficient for the election of any man to public office.—I believe, consequently, that no man who simply calls himself a Catholic, should have, from that claim alone, a right to public office.—I believe that some men call themselves Catholics at election time who have practically little right to that title.—I believe that such men bring

little honor to the Catholic name.—I believe that the Church is often held unjustly responsible for the public action of such men.—I believe that every Catholic man placed in office by the people should be held responsible for the good name and reputation of the religion which he professes.—I believe that it is the duty of Catholic men in public office to conquer antipathy by honesty and patience; by strict loyalty to Catholic principle, and by the frank courage of their honest convictions.—I believe that we have many such men, that their influence is becoming more and more felt, and that they will ultimately prove by their actions and lives that honest, clean politics is not only possible, but will soon be the only kind possible among us.

As will be seen from the foregoing extracts, Mgr. O'Connell's address was a thoroughly practical and timely utterance, deserving the widest publicity.

The popularity of Fogazzaro, which reached its climax among European non-Catholics when his novel "Il Santo" was condemned by the Congregation of the Index, has dwindled away with surprising rapidity since this distinguished Italian author has (like a practical, common-sense Catholic) submitted to the Congregation's decree. Protestants, in this country as elsewhere, have been accustomed to speak and write not a little nonsense on the subject of the Index. In the last analysis, its action is a matter of discipline, and is logically every bit as justifiable as is a father's forbidding his child to read immoral books, a municipality's forbidding the public placarding of indecent posters, or the federal government's forbidding the transmission through the mails of obscene literature. One Italian publicist, Solone Monti, has become somewhat exasperated by the silly ineptitudes recently published against the Congregation of the Index, and in the *Rassegna Nazionale* he castigates its incompetent critics. Among other pithy paragraphs, his article contains these, which are translated for the *Literary Digest*:

The Index is necessary to the ecclesiastical authorities as a means of discipline. Every

temporal and secular government finds it necessary to publish a certain number of enactments in order to let the citizens know what they ought and what they ought not to do. The Church, which represents moral and spiritual authority, has the right to safeguard the souls of her subjects from everything that might lead, send, or seduce them into error. The principle of this is incontestable, and its application is not to be challenged....

This Church of Rome is a vast mine in whose depths are piled up blocks of precious metal. From time to time a torrent of mud breaks into it and forms a pool, which engulfs these treasures. There are moments when faith wavers, when men's minds are tortured with doubt, when discipline is relaxed. The mire creeps into every passage, pollutes and swells its tide, and smears all with its slime. But danger makes the miners active. Their former toil has worn them out; but the imminence of ruin rouses them, strengthens, heartens, and impassions them. The work of generations is needed before the blocks are raised on the sweating shoulders of the miners and set above the dark pool,—set in the light of the sun, where they shall sparkle more brightly and blaze with greater splendor than before.

Referring to Benedict XIV.'s Constitution as to the Index, Signor Monti says further:

These directions are written by a Pope, and should be borne in mind by certain scribblers, of whom it would be hard to say whether they are more ignorant or rascally. To the eyes of these men, nothing is good excepting what they find in themselves. They possess a creed in which is comprised all the justice, all the goodness, all the piety, all the pity, all the knowledge, the philosophy, the truth, to be found on earth. They have absorbed the oxygen of the universe, and outside of them is nothing but nitrogen and carbonic acid. And so they go circling from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, abusing and defaming the passers-by. They assault them, they play and direct them, to find in them the malignant plague-spot, that they may point it out to the world; and when the evil thing is undiscoverable they pretend that they can discern it.

If the ability to read were required as a qualification for citizenship in this country, a large number of native Americans would forfeit the right to vote. Our representatives did well, therefore, to reject the proposed educa-

tional test in the Immigration Bill. As an influential newspaper wisely observes: "Physical strength, freedom from disease, industry, ambition, and a decent record,—these are the qualifications that should be required of immigrants."

There has recently been made in Brazil a discovery of special interest—that of a church dedicated to the Divine Heart in 1585, more than a century before the revelations made to Blessed Margaret Mary. Thanks to the efforts of the scholarly Jesuit missionary, Father Franciosi, the archives of the ecclesiastical district of Itapemirim have yielded up a document, of which this is a copy:

The church built in 1677 by the founder, Francisco Gil de Arango, and dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, served as parish church of Cuapary until the close of 1878. At that epoch it had fallen into such a state of dilapidation that the president of the province ordered it demolished entirely. At the same time he named a commission charged with the restoration of the church belonging to the old Jesuit monastery, which church had been built and consecrated to the Sacred Heart in 1585 by the Venerable Padre Anchieta.

Accordingly, what is probably the first church in the world ever dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is now being used as the parish church of a modest town in South America.

Many Roman Catholics have been received into the Church this year. Bishop Nelson received eight persons on his visitation at Brushton and one at Lake Placid in May.—*The Albany Church Record (Protestant Episcopal)*.

How ludicrous things like this would be if they did not have a sad and solemn side! Think of any one's abandoning in mid-ocean the Bark of Peter for the rickety raft constructed by Henry VIII., and the rafters exulting over such madness! This is said with the sincerest pity for the layfolk of the Protestant Episcopal sect, the good faith of any of whom we do not for a moment question. As for the clergy—well, it is

hard to understand how any Protestant minister, with the abundant present-day opportunities for enlightenment, can pen words like those above quoted without qualms of conscience, at least a misgiving that in doing so he is incurring the guilt of something worse than folly.

One of the many subjects about which science has not a great deal to say, and which—whether because of or in spite of that fact—exercise not a little fascination over intellectual people, is telepathy, or the direct communication of one mind with another otherwise than in ordinary and recognized ways. To the *Ecclesiastical Record* for June the Rev. Patrick Sheridan contributes a paper which discusses the subject, under the title “A Study in Thought-Transference.” The following excerpts therefrom will indicate the author’s view of the matter:

That thought can be, and is, transmitted from one individual mind to another independently altogether of the will of the individuals concerned, and without any visible expression or apparent means of communication, is a phenomenon which comes within the everyday experience of us all. You may term it personal magnetism, odic forces (*à la* Baron Reichenbach), hypnotism, electric wave motion, or any other name you please; but it seems to be an indisputable fact that between temperaments which have the requisite difference of potential—which are, so to speak, in perfect tune with one another—there will frequently exist a conduction or radiation of impressions through the nerve centres by which thought is transmitted from one to another.

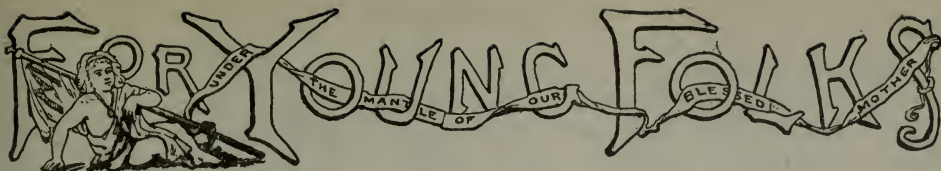
We often wonder, for example, by what a singular coincidence somebody of whom we have been thinking or speaking suddenly presents himself to our view. The coincidence has found expression in a very familiar proverb. But is it not more than a coincidence? Is it not something more than mere accident or chance that conveys the impression of this particular individual figure to the brain? . . . Again, many of us will have been surprised occasionally to hear a friend express an idea which at that particular moment had occurred to our mind, and in the very exact terms in which we ourselves intended to give it expression; or it may be the fragment of a song or the snatch

of a musical air which has been running in our minds, to which we give no conscious expression, but which is instantly taken up by some one who doubtless has come within the radiating field of our magnetic influence.

In such cases, therefore, as that of which we speak, the cause would seem to be nothing more or less than the immediate, though invisible, presence of this particular individual within the magnetic field of thought radiation. It is, so to speak, a sort of Siamese twin arrangement between living minds. His presence near us causes a transmission of the wave motion of thought, which sets in operation this subconscious faculty of ours, and induces, so to speak, a magnetic current which is conducted to the brain, but which is received only by a temperament of suitable reciprocal polarity.

There is a very large territory to be explored by those whose labors lie in the domain of psychical research; and while in the matter of contemporary spiritism, or spiritualism, it can scarcely be doubted that, besides fraud and trickery, there is occasionally genuine diabolism, it is extremely probable that angels, good and bad, are sometimes credited with operations which fuller knowledge will teach us are purely natural.

A model colony for lepers has been established on Culion, one of the small islands of the Philippines; and our government proposes gradually to segregate there all the lepers in the archipelago. Their number is estimated at 4000, of whom 600 have already been deported to the new lazaretto. Like “mournful Molokai,” Culion will have its Father Damien in the person of Padre Valles, who has volunteered to devote himself to the victims of what Stevenson called “the living death.” Several Sisters also have consecrated their lives to the attempt to relieve the condition of the lepers. There has been no protest against our government’s acceptance of Padre Valles’ services; and, for obvious reasons, it is unlikely that Protestant missionaries from the United States will interfere with his apostolate.



In Holidays.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

SING a song of summer weather!

School is over altogether,

And the whole blest day is playtime, clear from morning until night:

Troops of boys with glee o'erbrimming,

Bent on boating, fishing, swimming,

Skip along the dusty highway, shouting loud in sheer delight.

There a crowd of baseball-players—

Champions and record-slayers—

Uniforms all spruce and natty, hie them eager to the park;

Yet they know they needn't worry,—

There's no call for rush or hurry:

Lot's of time the game to finish, even should it last till dark.

Here a group invade the greenwood;

Surely such a pretty scene would

Mollify the harshest teacher ever frowned upon misrule!

See their bulky picnic-basket;

'Tis a precious jewel-casket

Filled with gems of pies and goodies, cakes and fruit and jellies cool.

Up each morning bright and early,

While unnumbered dewdrops pearly

Glitter on the slender grass-blades far and wide o'er hill and vale,—

All the day's a constant bustle,

Tiring out each youthful muscle,

Till the twinkling stars of even all too soon their sports curtail.

Sing a song of glad vacation!

Sound it over all the nation

Till it sets the very breezes singing, too, with all their might.

Summer's made for boys' enjoyment;

Play's the only right employment;

So, you books and pens and paper, everywhere, get out of sight!

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.—THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

MARTINO'S birthday arrived. It was the Feast of Pentecost, and there was Mass at Tesora.

Afterward the two families set out for Clearwater's ranch, in a large wagon drawn by four horses. Clearwater had borrowed the wagon and horses from a neighbor, and drove the guests over himself. Louis sat on the seat beside him. The baby, the guest of honor, was in extraordinarily high spirits, as though he knew something unusual was happening. Clearwater insisted on putting him between Louis and himself, taking him from the arms of Natalia, who was loath to trust him to the two young men.

"You will let him fall out and be hurt," she said. "And those are wild horses."

"No indeed, Natalia," said Louis. "They are good horses, but not wild; and Ralph knows how to drive. I will keep my arm around the baby all the time."

"If you can hold him, then you do better than I can," said the old woman. "He is always jumping out of my arms. You will not leave Natalia, baby?" she continued, addressing the child.

"Good Natalia!" murmured the child, patting her cheek, but extending his arms to Louis.

"Very well, then; you may take him, if he wishes to go," said Natalia. "But the Señora Vladych will see that I have objected, if anything happens."

But nothing happened. Everybody was in good humor. A slight shower

the night before had laid the dust. The birds were twittering in the bushes; meadow larks by the hundred were chirping their sweet, unfinished notes from the grass. The sun filtered like gold through the overhanging branches of the trees that lined the road on either side. Acres of yellow mustard flowers waved all about them. The clear, sharp fragrance of the honey sage filled all the air.

When they arrived at Clearwater's house, they found Conchita waiting on the porch, arrayed in a green skirt and light blue waist, with a brilliant red and white kerchief tied under her chin; a huge white apron trimmed with two ruffles enveloped her ample proportions.

"How fine you look, Conchita!" exclaimed Natalia, who, in sober gown of grey, surveyed her friend disapprovingly.

"Yes, am I not?" replied Conchita, with a broad smile, giving an extra turn to her kerchief. "My daughter Dolores bought me these and made them."

"They look like her choice," answered Natalia; "though the fit is not bad. You are so stout, Conchita, that it is hard to give you a good shape."

"Yes," said Conchita, smilingly,—the others had gone into the house. "You see, Natalia, the Señor Ralph gave me five dollars for new clothes, that I might be worthy to wait upon the guests to-day. Was he not good?"

"Very good," said Natalia, heartily.

More than once she herself had been the recipient of Clearwater's bounty, as a locked box in her top bureau drawer could bear witness. It contained an incongruous collection of feminine finery, such as Natalia would never have worn even in her early youth, but which she gratefully accepted from the Englishman, for whom she was always making little cakes and *postelles*, as she knew his table could not be of the choicest.

"He is very good; we all know that," said Natalia. "But you are too old to be dressed like a peacock, Conchita."

"Like a peacock!" repeated the old woman, clasping her wrinkled hands together, while her face beamed with smiles. "Ah, that is the most beautiful thing in all the world, Natalia!" she said. "When I was little, and my mother sent me sometimes to the old Señora with a message, or some clothes she had been washing, I loved to watch the peacock. It is dead now, Natalia?"

"Long since. Some one poisoned it, no doubt for its horrible voice."

"Yes, the voice was not pleasant. But the tail,—O the beautiful colors!"

"Dolores has not much sense to dress her old mother like that," said Natalia.

For a moment Conchita did not answer. Then, as a vision of her hard-worked daughter laboriously sewing on her new garments appeared to her fancy, she laid her hand on Natalia's arm, saying with great solemnity:

"Natalia, Dolores wanted to buy me a black dress with a dark blue blouse, but I—I wanted this. All my life long I have wanted such a costume—many colors—bright colors."

"Ah, *Dios te guarde!*" exclaimed Natalia, pityingly. "Thou art but a child, and wilt always be. Come, let us see how far advanced is the dinner."

Louis, Rose, and Natalia arranged the table, decorating Martino's high chair, which they had brought with them, with ropes of bright colored flowers. Ralph had bought him a pretty plate, cup and saucer, also a little silver knife, fork, spoon, and napkin ring, which they placed beside the gay flowered china. The table was loaded with good things; the dessert—ice-cream and delicious cakes—had been brought from Tesora, where they had a railroad café and confectionery.

It was well, perhaps, that the hero of the fiesta, little Martino, was so enraptured with his birthday gifts that he cared nothing for the viands before him. If he had been allowed to indulge in them, he should certainly

have become ill, as he was a child whose food had always been carefully selected by his prudent mother. But the drive and subsequent excitement had made him sleepy. Even while his father fed him dainty morsels of ice-cream from his new spoon, Martino's head began to nod, and before they had reached the nuts, raisins and coffee, the child fell asleep in his high chair. Manuela took him in her arms and was about to lay him on the lounge when Clearwater said:

"Put him on my bed, Mrs. Vladych. He will be more quiet there, and can sleep longer."

The bed was close to the low window, which was heavily screened by vines. There was another window opposite; and Manuela tried to close the one near the couch, but found it impossible to do so without disturbing the vines.

"Chuck them away, Mrs. Vladych," said Ralph. "You can just see by their rank growth how a bachelor lives. That window has not been closed for more than a year, rain or shine."

"I don't think the rain can come in very often," said Manuela. "We always sleep with our windows open. I don't want to tear away those pretty vines. Martino will not take cold here. I can put a pillow between his head and the window."

Covering the child up carefully, they left him, and returned through the kitchen, the only way of reaching the bedroom from the sitting-room.

"Listen for the baby, Natalia!" said Manuela. "He is likely to sleep a good while, for he is tired."

"We will hear him if he stirs," said Natalia. "When we have eaten, and washed the dishes, we will sit there on the little porch."

After the table had been cleared away, Ralph produced a large box filled with curios which he had collected from time to time in the various places he had visited during his travels. After

they had examined and admired them, he touched a spring in the bottom of the box, and revealed another. Taking it out, he opened it. It contained what seemed to be pebbles.

"What do you think these are, Rose?" he asked.

"Little stones," promptly said Rose.

"What kind of stones?"

"Oh, just pebbles!"

"Well, you are mistaken. They are opals, pearls, and—diamonds."

"You are joking!" replied Louis.

"Not at all. These four are Mexican opals. When polished, they are wonderfully beautiful."

"We have seen them," said Manuela.

"They are, as you say, very beautiful."

"And these are Mexican pearls," said Clearwater. "They are not so valuable as others, especially the Ceylon pearls; but they are rather pretty when highly polished. And this," he went on, holding up what looked to be a piece of gum-arabic,— "this is an uncut diamond."

"Is it valuable?" asked Florian.

"I suppose it is. I got it in Burmah, and also some rubies, which I disposed of once when hard up."

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Rose.

"Have it set in a pin—what you call a stick-pin—for my mother, if I ever see her again," said Clearwater.

"You can not destroy a diamond, can you?" inquired Rose.

"Oh, yes! In the proper temperature, it will burn like a piece of charcoal. I once knew a lady who feared she was going to die. She had many valuable diamonds. She believed that her husband would marry again, and wanted him to promise that he would not. But he declined to do so. 'No other woman shall ever wear these diamonds,' she said, and the next day went to a jeweller's and had them taken out of their settings. Her husband was a scientist, and had a laboratory. She

burned the diamonds in his retort, and then triumphantly announced the fact."

"And what was the sequel?"

"The woman got well, but her diamonds were gone forever."

"Served her right," said Louis. "I have heard that in the island of Ceylon nearly every known gem may be found."

"That is true," said Ralph; "but every known gem has been discovered in the United States. You have heard, of course, that they are finding most exquisite gems in the mountains of San Diego county, not more than seventy-five miles from here. I myself have a strong notion of going there to prospect some day."

"Is that a sweet-pea seed?" asked Rose, taking up a small black substance from the bottom of the box.

"No: that is a black diamond, so hard that it can not be polished. And here is an uncut sapphire."

"It looks like a piece of alum," said Louis.

"Can any one tell me what the carat is?" asked Clearwater.

"It is a vegetable used for soup," replied Rose. "I thought everybody knew that."

"My carat is spelled differently," said Ralph, spelling the word. "It is used to estimate the weight of gems, and is a grain of Indian wheat."

"Something interesting to remember," observed Louis.

Thus the afternoon wore away. It had been late when dinner was finished.

"How long Martino sleeps!" said Manuela at last, getting up from her rocking-chair.

At that moment Natalia burst into the room.

"The baby is gone!" she screamed.

Everyone rushed toward the bedroom. The pillow still bore the indentation of Martino's little head, but the vines had been rudely torn from the window. The baby was gone!

(To be continued.)

An Insect Farmer.

The instincts of some insects, as well as of larger animals, are very similar to reasoning processes. There is, for instance, a species of agricultural ant, living on the semi-arid plains of Texas, that cultivates plots of grass about its dwelling. On these spaces, about ten or fifteen feet in diameter, only one kind of grass is allowed to grow; and some entomologists maintain that the seeds of this grass are planted by the ants themselves. Roads are laid out, radiating from the ant-hill across the plain, and all shoots of undesirable plants are quickly nibbled off as fast as they appear among the crops. When harvest time arrives, and the seeds of their protected grass are ripe, the ants collect the seeds and carry them along the radiating highways to the store-house in the hill.

These insect farmers occasionally appear in colonies large enough to do considerable damage to the grain fields of the Texan agriculturists, who do not admire their wonderful economy and activity.

Dedicated to Our Lady.

There is in the British Museum a manuscript which transcribes a leaflet circulated among Catholics in the time of James I. "That England is Our Ladie's Dowry" is its title; and it describes a picture in the Church of St. Thomas, at Rome, which represents St. Edmund kneeling and offering the globe or map of England to the Blessed Virgin, saying:

Dos tua, Virgo pia;

Hæc est, quare rege, Maria.

This would be before 946 A. D. King Edgar also is said to have dedicated his kingdom to Our Lady, sending the charter from Glastonbury to Pope John XIII., in 965.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Edward Fitzgerald's translation of "Calderon's Plays" forms a new volume of the Macmillan Co.'s popular Eversley Series.

—A popular edition of "The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker," by his son-in-law, is among the announcements of John Lane. The Vicar of Morwenstow, it will be remembered, was received into the Church during his last illness.

—Another important work by Dom Gasquet is now going through the press—"Parish Life in Mediæval England." We learn that the publication of the Acton Letters has been postponed until September.

—One of the most important publications of the London Catholic Truth Society is Père Lagrange's "Historical Method and the Old Testament," translated by the Rev. E. Myer. A new and revised edition of this work, with a subject index, has been issued.

—A new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, entitled "The Dream and the Business," is announced by T. Fisher Unwin. A new edition of "Divorce," by Paul Bourget, has been issued by the same publisher. This powerful novel has a strong claim to recognition.

—It would gratify those who read as well as those who write for THE AVE MARIA to see how much of the contents finds its way into foreign languages. Only last week we received a bundle of papers from Syria, all of which contained extracts from these pages in Arabic. The translator is Mr. Khaled Kablan Khaled; and, judging from his letters, he is no less distinguished for literary style than for indefatigability.

—At the recent sale in Boston of the William S. Appleton and the Roberts Harper libraries, a "Book of Hours," bound in 1514 by Clovis Eve, brought \$530, while Samuel Mather's "The Figures and Types of the Old Testament"—a work alluding to "the superstitious vanity of the Popish musick in the service of God"—brought only \$4.50. Verily, we are advancing in true culture, remarks the *Pilot*. Yes, surely though slowly. "The Following of Christ" was once prohibited by the Legislature of Massachusetts on account of its monkish origin. A copy of the suppressed edition was offered for sale some years ago by an antiquarian bookseller of the Hub.

—A somewhat bulky and imposing paper-covered volume of four hundred and fifty pages comes to us from the Henry Phipps Institute of Philadelphia. It is the second annual report of the Institute, which was established two or three

years ago "for the study, treatment, and prevention of tuberculosis." Much of the matter of this book will, of course, interest only those conversant with medical science; but occasional pages will be appreciated—or at least understood—by the lay reader as well. We have perused with considerable interest, for example, page 444, containing thirty-one rules for the patients of the Institute; and have been particularly impressed with two points in connection therewith. One is that fourteen of the rules concern spit and spitting; the other, that the Anglo-Saxon "spit" is used throughout in preference to "saliva," "spume," or "expectoration."

—A book recently published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge should be of interest to Catholic readers. We refer to "Rex Regum. A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ from the Time of the Apostles to the Present Day," by the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, K. B., F. S. A., president of the Royal Society of British Artists. The same society announces a new and revised edition, with considerable additions by the author, of "Christian Worship: Its Origin and Evolution. A Study of the Latin Liturgy up to the Time of Charlemagne," by Monsignore Duchesne: translated by M. L. McClure from the third edition of "Les Origines du Culte Chrétien."

—"A Legacy of Lectures and Verses," by the Rev. Hugh L. Magevney, is a handsome volume of some three hundred and thirty pages, well printed on excellent paper. It contains five popular lectures, twelve others specifically "on the Church," and two dozen lyrics of varying spirit and merit. We are told in the author's preface that nothing in the book was originally written with a view to publication, a fact which must not be taken as evidence that much of the material was not well worth publishing. One statement in this same preface pleases us more than the most eloquent period we have met with in the lectures, or the most melodious line we have found in the verses. Father Magevney speaks of "the long affliction with which God has been pleased to bless me." As illustrating the spirit of the author, that particular way of phrasing his thought will go far toward convincing the prospective reader that these lectures and lyrics are distinctly worth while. The book is published by the author, and bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati.

—It is pleasant to learn that *P. T. O.*, the new penny paper, founded last month by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has met with extraordinary success.

Mr. O'Connor's friends and admirers are legion, and they have rallied to his support with superb enthusiasm. A paragraph of the new journal's salutatory shows how well deserving it is of general patronage. Mr. O'Connor writes:

The reader will look in vain for any ill-natured word, for any petty gossip, for any scandal in these pages. The editors of newspapers, among other painful experiences, are sometimes made to realize how much malice there is in the world; and a newspaper office, if the conductors of it only wish to have it so, can easily be transformed, as in Venice, into a Lion's Mouth, into which denunciations will be freely poured, especially by the anonymous calumniator and the backbiter. . . . No; even though the journalist knows something of the seamy side of an event or of some individual, it is his business to hold his tongue. The vast power which print—especially print that is largely read—has, must impose a corresponding responsibility; and if any journalist be well punished for the propagation of the malicious falsehood, or even of unnecessary and painful truth, about individuals, he deserves, in my opinion, all he gets. I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody. One can be graphic, and even personal, without being either offensive or unkind.

All the news that's fit to print—a great deal of it isn't—is a good motto for a newspaper. Mr. O'Connor realizes the responsibility of the press as well as its power. Would that this could be said of all newspaper men.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.
- "Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 68 cts., net.
- "The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann; S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
- "Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.
- "The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.
- "The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

- "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.
- "A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.
- "Pilgrim Walks in Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.
- "Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.
- "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick." Most Rev. Dr. Healy. \$4.50, net.
- "The Menace of Privilege." Henry George, Jr. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.25.
- "The Bitter Cry of the Children." John Spargo. \$1.50, net.
- "Not a Judgment." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "Tom Losely: Boy." Father Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Boys." 50 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Girls." 50 cts.
- "Prayer." Abbé Bolo. \$1.25, net.
- "A Ridingdale Year." Father Bearnse, S. J. \$1.85.
- "A Garland of Violets." 60 cts.
- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." \$1.50, net.
- "Lenten Readings." 75 cts., net.
- "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL. D., F. S. A." Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. \$5.
- "Letters from the Beloved City." Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. 50 cts., net.
- "God and Human Suffering." Joseph Egger, S. J. 30 cts., net.
- "De Torrente." Rev. F. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. 25 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Edward Riddell, of the diocese of Middlesbrough; and Very Rev. Thomas Gunn, archdiocese of Dubuque.

Sister M. Mildred, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Tritchler, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Mark Medin, Butte City, Mont.; Nora G. Cahill, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. H. Strittmatter, Weimar, Texas; Mr. Thomas Kane, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Joanna Haeffling, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Waggaman, Washington, D. C.; Miss Ellen Dineen, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. David Carten, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Elizabeth McGarry, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. N. Kessler, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. J. W. Clarke and Mr. Daniel Kelly, Birmingham, Ala.; Mr. John Hauvaert, South Bend, Ind.; and Mr. George Von Sick, Sandusky, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Mother of Mercy.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

MOTHER, when I shall stand on that dread day
In heaven's court before the Mercy Throne—
Poor, weak and sinful, full of fear, alone,—
Oh, come to me and show thy potent sway!
Turn to thy Blessed Son and, pleading, say:
"This earth-child poor is mine, my very own;
Oft have I heard her cries; long have I known
How dark and stormy was the homeward way."

And, with my hand securely held in thine,
I shall not fear the Majesty Divine;
Ah, well I know the mother-love must win!
He'll hear thy voice and will forgive the sin.
And in my Judge, my eyes shall only see
A little Child upon His Mother's knee.

Dr. Johnson at His Prayers.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

MR. BIRRELL, writing his happily conceived and happily worded preface to a new edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations,"* was engaged upon a more congenial task, one would suppose, than the hopeless attempt to frame an Education Bill, or, as it might more truly be described, "a Bill for the Extinction of all but Nonconformist Religious Teaching in Schools," which should bring about a settlement of the religious difficulty in the matter of education.

"Religion to Dr. Johnson," says Mr. Birrell, "was an awful thing. He never learned to take his ease on Zion. In the tavern, indeed, he could stretch out his legs and hold his own, and far more than his own, with all comers; but in church or in the grim solitude of his chamber he knelt in self-abasement, with fear and trembling. . . . His constant prayer was to be loosed from the chain of his sin: 'Though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sin, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us.' Johnson has been blamed for the timidity of his piety by more confident spirits, but who can doubt its representative character? 'Samuel Johnson in the era of Voltaire,' purifying and fortifying his soul, and holding real communion with the Highest, 'in the Church of St. Clement Danes,' was to Carlyle a thing to be looked at 'with pity, admiration, and awe.'" And again: "What with untutored enthusiasm on the one hand, a somewhat heartless scepticism on the other, and the mid-channel full of the downright irreligion of the Warburtonian school, Dr. Johnson's trembling piety and utter sincerity is a true haven of refuge."

Poor Johnson! Reading his prayers and meditations, his heartfelt expressions of sorrow for oft-broken resolutions, his fervent vows of amendment growing more and more self-distrustful as time went on and sad experience proved his weakness,—one recognizes much, very much, that was truly and

* London: Elliot Stock.

instinctively Catholic about his religious sentiments; and one asks: What might this truly pious man have been had he enjoyed the advantage of wise spiritual direction; of the strengthening grace of the Sacrament of Penance, with its ever-ready healing of the past and hopeful promise for the future; of the tender affectionateness of the devotion to the Blessed Mother, with the serene confidence that even the greatest sinner may have toward her if only he wills to do better; of the strong and passionate personal devotion to our loving Lord and Master, which is the peculiar glory of the true Catholic; and last, but not least, the great stay and defence of the Christian life—the frequent reception of the true body and blood of Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar?

We may well believe that Dr. Johnson received grace from God; for he was undoubtedly a man of good will and, so far as we can judge, of good faith. One can not but see, however, in the records which he himself has left us of his religious life, a great want—the absence of that joy in religion which any Catholic child may know; a predominance of fear; not enough of the sentiment *sursum corda*. Nevertheless, we may surely hope that God, of whose merciful election the mysteries are to us unknown, accepted the good will and the good faith of one who was so full of reverence and sincere piety.

Johnson was a truly loyal son of the Established Church, in which he was brought up. The formularies of that religious communion are a compromise, unsatisfactory as compromises in the matter of faith must ever be. "A strange attempt to mingle Catholicism and Protestantism" must be the verdict of any one who studies them from the Catholic point of view. There the two elements remain side by side, refusing, like oil and water, to mix. The result has been, and always must be, the

existence of parties in the Establishment. Some will attach themselves to those remnants of Catholicity which are left to them in certain parts of their liturgy, such as the Communion Service (in parts), the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, various rubrics which retain, or may be fancied to retain, a flavor of the old Faith; others will embrace the out-and-out Protestantism for which they can find justification in articles, homilies, "Black Rubrics," and so on; while a third party will see inconsistency in this, and will take advantage of, and make their proudest boast—the wonderful comprehensiveness of Anglicanism.

It is plain from Dr. Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," and from various conversations recorded by Boswell and others, that his sympathies were altogether with such Catholic tendencies as were left in the State religion. He was a Protestant, of course, as his church was essentially Protestant; nor would he have denied this. But he clung to the Catholic principles that were left, and to reminiscences of Catholic faith and practice. He was a steadfast and strenuous supporter of the principle of church authority both in teaching and discipline, and of the episcopacy as the right form of church government.

"I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London," writes Boswell; "and, being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland. Johnson: 'Why, no, sir. If he has no objection, you can have none.'—Boswell: 'So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?'—Johnson: 'No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.'—Boswell: 'You are joking.'—Johnson: 'No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish.'—Boswell: 'How so, sir?'—Johnson: 'Why, sir, the

Presbyterians have no church, no Apostolical ordination.'—Boswell: 'And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?'—Johnson: 'Why, sir, as it was an Apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it.'"

Johnson's reception of the Communion, in which he most sincerely believed his church to offer him a great means of grace, was both reverent and fervent, and preceded by careful preparation. He would have no trifling with the great dogmas of Christianity as he held them. Everyone will remember the sharp reproof administered by him to a gentleman who ventured to question whether it would be wrong in a magistrate to tolerate those who preach against the doctrine of the Trinity. "Johnson was highly offended, and said: 'I wonder, sir, how a gentleman of your piety can introduce this subject in a mixed company.'" The reason he gave was that "permitting men to preach any opinion contrary to the doctrine of the Established Church tends, in a certain degree, to lessen the authority of the church, and consequently to lessen the influence of religion." For Johnson, then, the principle was indubitable, that true religion is bound up with a visible teaching church.

Boswell tells us that Johnson's own orthodox belief in the sacred mystery of the Trinity is evinced beyond doubt by the following passage in his private devotions: "O Lord, hear my prayer, for Jesus Christ's sake; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, *three Persons and one God*, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen."

Looking up this passage in Boswell's "Life," I noticed another which serves to illustrate Johnson's sympathy with Catholics and their religion. "Boswell: 'Pray, Mr. Ditty, how does Dr. Leland's History of Ireland sell?'—Johnson (bursting forth with a generous indignation): 'The Irish are in

a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. *There is no instance even in the ten persecutions* of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above board; to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was a monstrous injustice." Again: "I here suggested," says Boswell, "something favorable of the Roman Catholics. Toplady: 'Does not their invocation of saints suppose omnipresence in the saints?'—Johnson: 'No, sir: it supposes only pluripresence; and when spirits are divested of matter, it seems probable that they should see with more extent than in an embodied state. There is, therefore, no approach to an invasion of any of the divine attributes in the invocation of saints.'" However, he thought it presumptuous. "I see no command for it, and therefore think it safer not to practise it."

Rarer then than now—and now they are none too plentiful—were men who would take the trouble to gain a dispassionate and fair view of the tenets of a religion which was, on the whole, strange to them. Johnson's downright sincerity, one of his chief characteristics, forbade him to take the common opinion about Catholicism. He was not, indeed, invariably correct in the explanations of Catholic doctrines and practices which were sometimes elicited from him in conversation; but he fully recognized that, for a religion which commanded the adhesion of millions of the human race, and reckoned amongst its adherents the best and noblest in every age, there must be some foundation other than mere superstition or the clever imposture of a greedy priesthood. That foundation, when occasion arose, he honestly, and often successfully, tried to discover.

"How few people," says a recent

writer,* "ever think of Johnson as a profoundly religious man! Yet such he was. And religion influenced his daily life and thought in a remarkable degree.... He had very clear and decided views on the great dogmas of the Christian Church. And it is equally clear from his habits of personal devotion that what the old divines used to call 'the root of the matter' was in him." Again: "That he enumerates his failures...with painful penitence and sorrow, only emphasizes the sincerity and genuineness of his religion. In some religious circles of the day, the revival of Evangelicalism and the rise of Methodism had led to formalism and precision of dress, and to a corresponding outcry against elegance and fashion. 'To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress,' Macaulay says, 'Johnson replied with admirable sense and spirit: "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who can not get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one."'"

The prayers which Dr. Johnson has left in writing are composed after the liturgical style. In general structure they closely resemble the "collects" of the Book of Common Prayer, which are themselves, in many instances, translations from the Latin Missal and Breviary. Whole phrases from these prayers occur frequently in the Doctor's private devotions. The grand prayers of the Liturgy, so compendious, so complete, so orthodox in doctrine, and suited so completely to every want of men and of the Church, are amongst the remnants of Catholicity which the Prayer Book has retained. They evidently appealed very strongly to Johnson; and the circumstance that

he has imitated their style, together with his own powers as a composer of dignified English, gives to his prayers a stateliness, an elevation of thought, and a freedom from anything tending to extravagance, looseness, or unreality, well worthy of imitation by those who write prayers for general or public use.

As an example of his accommodation of liturgical prayers to his own needs, the following collect may be here given: "Almighty God, who seest that I have no power of myself to help myself, keep me both outwardly in my body, and inwardly in my soul; that I may be defended from all adversities that may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul. Through Jesus Christ our Lord." The collect itself is an adaptation of the Missal prayer for the second Sunday in Lent, and is an admirable example of the liturgical style.

It is time now to give some examples of Johnson's devotional compositions; and I will begin with a prayer written for his birthday, September 18 (New Style), 1738. The opening sentences are taken from a form of thanksgiving in the Book of Common Prayer:

"O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Father of all mercies, I, Thine unworthy servant, do give Thee most humble thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to me. I bless Thee for my creation, preservation, and redemption; for the knowledge of Thy Son Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and the hope of glory. In the days of childhood and youth, in the midst of weakness, blindness, and danger, Thou hast protected me; amidst afflictions of mind, body, and estate, Thou hast supported me; and amidst vanity and wickedness Thou hast spared me. Grant, O merciful Father, that I may have a lively sense of Thy mercies. Create in me a contrite heart, that I may worthily lament my

* Introduction to Dr. Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations."

sins and acknowledge my wickedness, and obtain remission and forgiveness, through the satisfaction of Jesus Christ. And, O Lord, enable me to redeem the time which I have spent in sloth, vanity, and wickedness; to make use of Thy gifts to the honor of Thy name; to lead a new life in Thy faith, tear and love; and, finally, to obtain everlasting life. Grant this, O Lord, for the merits and through the mediation of our most holy and blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, three Persons and one God, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen."

To this is appended the note: "This is the first solemn prayer of which I have a copy. Whether I composed any before this, I question."

In the years 1744 and 1745, Johnson, says the editor of the "Prayers and Meditations," "was not only living in poverty, but in close friendship and intercourse with the notorious Richard Savage. Perhaps from these combined causes, his life was irregular, and not without reproach. There is humble and penitent acknowledgment of this in the prayer. It is clear also, from its last sentence, that at this period Johnson did not believe in purgatory, or the intermediate state. *That faith came to him subsequently, as it has come to many others, in the hour of his most poignant sorrow.*"

The words referred to hardly, perhaps, justify the statement that Johnson, at the time he penned them, did not believe in any intermediate state; but the expressions of the modern editor are noticeable, bearing witness as they do to the growing recognition that the Catholic doctrine is the only reasonable one. Noticeable also are his words in the "Introduction," on the "religious side of Dr. Johnson's character."

"If this [belief in a middle state] must be reckoned as a superstition,

then, as Strahan observes, it is of all superstitions, 'the least unamiable and most incident to a good mind.' But is it a superstition? Without giving adhesion to the . . . development of the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory, many Christian people of to-day have been graciously [sic] led to believe in the probability of an intermediate state. So many of our loved ones die, of whom it may be said, as was said of Rob Roy, that they were 'ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning.' Indeed, who, even of the best among us, will affirm that he is prepared by a life of saintly consecration to enter at once the heaven of the pure in heart, who alone can see God? Anyway, there are some thousands of stricken hearts in Britain to-day to whom the growing belief in an intermediate state has brought the comfort of God. It is a message of living and loving hope in the dreary waste of life's bereavements. Surely the least we can do is to let the great hope bide!"

These are striking, almost startling words to hear from a Protestant minister; but the consolatory force of the doctrine of a place of purification is certainly making its way more and more, and that not only in High Anglican circles.

But to come to the pathetic prayer which suggested those remarks. It bears the date January 1, 1744, and runs thus:

"Almighty and everlasting God, in whose hands are life and death, by whose will all things were created, and by whose providence they are sustained, I return Thee thanks that Thou hast given me life, and that Thou hast continued it to this time; that Thou hast hitherto forborne to snatch me away in the midst of sin and folly, and hast permitted me still to enjoy the means of grace, and vouchsafed to call me yet again to repentance. Grant, O merciful Lord, that Thy call may not be vain,

that my life may not be continued to increase my guilt, and that Thy gracious forbearance may not harden my heart in wickedness. Let me remember, O my God, that, as days and years pass over me, I approach nearer to the grave, where there is no repentance; and grant that, by the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit, I may so pass through this life that I may obtain life everlasting, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

The following is a prayer for help in completing the Dictionary:

"O God, who hast hitherto supported me, enable me to proceed in this labor, and in the whole task of my present state; that when I shall render up, at the last day, an account of the talent committed to me, I may receive pardon, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Amongst the most pathetic of Johnson's prayers are those in which he makes reference to his never-forgotten and dear wife. No one can withhold admiration for the sentiments expressed so beautifully in this prayer for Easter Day, before Communion,—a prayer which, he tells us, he repeated sometimes at church:

"O Lord, who givest the grace of repentance, and hearest the prayers of the penitent, grant that, by true contrition, I may obtain forgiveness of all the sins committed, and of all duties neglected, in my union with the wife whom Thou hast taken from me; for the neglect of joint devotion, patient exhortation, and mild instruction. And, O Lord, who canst change evil to good, grant that the loss of my wife may so mortify all inordinate affections within me that I may henceforth please Thee by holiness of life.

"And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful for me, I commend to Thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to

eternal happiness. All this I beg for Jesus Christ's sake, whose death I am now about to commemorate. To whom ... Amen."

Johnson frequently made such resolutions as seemed to him necessary for the amendment of his life. In 1755 he wrote in his journal, Boswell tells us, the following scheme of life for Sunday:

"Having lived, not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires:— i. To rise early; and, in order to do it, to go to sleep early on Saturday. ii. To use some extraordinary [extra] devotion in the morning. iii. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week; and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it. iv. To read the Scriptures methodically, with such helps as are at hand. v. To go to church twice. vi. To read books of divinity, either speculative or practical. vii. To instruct my family. viii. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week."

Various similar lists of resolutions, as well as pathetic reviews of his past conduct, were put down by Johnson from time to time. For instance, in the year 1773: "Having offered my prayers to God, I will now review the last year. Of the spring and summer, I remember that I was able in those seasons to examine and improve my Dictionary, and was seldom withheld from the work but by my own unwillingness. Of my nights I have no distinct remembrance, but believe that, as in many foregoing years, they were painful and restless. O God, grant that I may not mispend or lose the time which Thou shalt yet allow me! For Jesus Christ's sake, have mercy upon me!"

Again, on another occasion: "My general resolution, to which I humbly implore the help of God, is to methodize

my life, to resist sloth. I hope from this time to keep a journal."

And, in the same year: "This day I found this book with the resolutions, some of which I had forgotten. . . . Of the time past since these resolutions were made, I can give no very laudable account. . . . The other day, looking over old papers, I perceived a resolution 'to rise early' always occurring. I think I was^{as} ashamed, or grieved, to find how long and how often I had resolved, what yet, except for about one half year, I have never done. My nights are now such as give me no quiet rest. Whether I have not lived resolving till the possibility of performance is past, I know not. *God help me! I will yet try.*"

In September of this year he wrote:

"The last year is added to those of which little use has been made. . . . My hope (for resolution I dare no longer call it) is to divide my time regularly, and to keep such a journal of my time as may give me comfort in reviewing it. But when I consider my age [he was now sixty-four] and the broken state of my body, I have great reason to fear lest death should lay hold upon me while I am yet only designing to live. But I have yet hope."

Amongst certain undated resolutions are the following:

"I profess my faith in Jesus. I declare my resolution to obey Him. I implore, in the highest act of worship [Holy Communion], grace to keep these resolutions. I hope to rise to a new life this day."

I will end these extracts with the last recorded prayer of Dr. Johnson, composed 'previous to his receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, on Sunday, December 5, 1784.' He died on the 13th following:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ,

our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in His merits and Thy mercy. Enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy on me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by Thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakness and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

Boswell depicts the touching scenes of Johnson's last days. Having asked his friend and physician, Dr. Brocklesby, to tell him plainly whether or no there was hope of his life, and receiving the answer that he could not recover "without a miracle," he replied: "Then I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render my soul to God unclouded." This he did, in peace and resignation, full of hope above all in the "propitiatory sacrifice" of Jesus Christ.

There is so much evidence in his prayers, and in his conduct at the last, of true piety, humble self-accusation and compunction, that we may hope that this great man, with all his faults, and with all his ignorance—great as it was—of so much that any Catholic child knows, was yet faithful to the light that was in him, and is to be reckoned, therefore, amongst those men of good will and in good faith who belong to the "soul" of the Church Catholic, with whom they had not the joy of being in visible communion.


It takes generous people longer to recover from a fit of anger against themselves than against their neighbors.

—Marion Crawford.

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

II.—THE DEPARTURE.

 N the large room which served as sleeping place for the little family, a light was burning in a tumbler of olive oil, before a quaint image of the Blessed Virgin—Our Lady of Good Hope,—a relic of old Spanish days, highly valued by Mortara, who had learned his morning and night prayers at its feet when a child at his mother's knee. Made of hard wood, delicately carved, clothed in stiff garments of brocaded silk, the image would have presented a grotesque appearance to American eyes; but to the dwellers in the old adobe homestead it was the most beautiful—indeed the *only* beautiful—thing within its walls.

The cradle of the baby was placed immediately beneath this household shrine. Toward it both parents now turned as with one accord, and knelt beside the child. Presently a tear fell upon the dark curling hair of the little one. It was from the eyes of the mother.

"He is so pretty, is he not, Arturo?" she whispered.

"Ah, yes, so pretty! Can you leave him, Erolinda? Do not go! We may do something yet."

"No, Arturo," she replied, shrinking away from him when he fain would have taken her hand. "Do not try to persuade me: I must go. It is for the best." And so she believed.

"But for a whole year, Linda! And then—he is so little!"

"But think of the end!"

"Yes, it is a good deal of money. And they will be kind to you."

She did not reply, but, from the movement of her lips, he saw that she was saying her night prayers. They were short, his were longer. After he had concluded, he went about mechanically

replacing things in the room. By the time he had finished, his wife was asleep. He did not undress, but sat for a long time with his arms on the table, his head pillowed upon them. The baby stirred: he went to the cradle and rocked it several times, but the mother slept on. After a while he got up and lifted the window curtain. The moon was setting, the dawn very near; but it suddenly grew darker, and the stars, piercing the gloom, shone like jewels in the vault above. Then, leaning his head upon the broad window-sill, Arturo slept. There his wife found him when, fresh and bright as the morning, she wakened to the cry of her babe.

"Why have you not been in bed, Arturo?" she asked, shaking him into consciousness.

"I was sad and wakeful," he said. "And I wanted to think."

"Do not think now," she rejoined. "Let us be brave and cheerful while we are still together."

"How long before—" he hesitated.

"Until I can get an answer, with the money for the journey,—nearly a week maybe. But this morning, if you can, it would be better to go with a letter, lest there should be too great delay."

"Yes, I will go," he said. "And now I must feed the horse."

The sun was rising as he opened the door and went out into the cool morning air. The children were all awake now. Juanita, the five-year-old girl, dressed her brother, while rocking the baby's cradle with one foot. Erolinda prepared the breakfast, and while her husband sipped his coffee wrote the letter he was about to mail at La Media. The children, seeing their father preoccupied, were silent. When Erolinda had finished, she gave him the letter, unsealed. He opened it and read mechanically.

"It's a pity," he said bitterly, as he refolded it, "that we are so poor as not

to be able to pay your way to the city."

"But they proposed it," observed his wife.

"Yes, I know it," he rejoined. "And it is only right, of course, that they should do it. But it would have pleased me better if we had the money in hand for your present needs."

"You must not worry for that," said Erolinda, who could not understand his exaggerated independence. "It is well that we have it to depend on. And in a very little while, Arturo, you shall receive perhaps several months' wages from me."

"Yes, yes, but do not speak of it now," he said, hastily catching up his hat and taking his departure. In a few moments she saw him gallop past the house on his way to La Media and the post office.

When he returned he seemed in somewhat improved spirits. Erolinda began her preparations for the journey. Tia Maria, who lived at no great distance, was visited, and promised to do all she could in helping to care for the children. She was a nurse, and often in demand among the families of the rancheros during illness.

"But you know, Señora Mortara, that I may sometimes be away for weeks at a time," she said; "and then what will they do—the little ones and their father?"

"Oh, they can manage! They must," replied Erolinda. "Juanita is so clever, you would be surprised. And Arturo is as good about the house as a woman. And the time will pass quickly, Tia Maria. You will see,—before you know it I shall be home again. It is not as though I were never coming back. How many men have had to care for their children when the mother dies!"

"Not for long," answered Tia Maria, promptly,—“not for very long, Señora Erolinda. Either they marry again very soon, or they distribute the little ones among the neighbors, who are, God be

praised, always willing to help a man in such a strait."

"Well, if I should die—as I may,—Arturo can do the same," said Erolinda, with great calmness. "Though who would be willing to come into such a poor house as ours is to-day, I could not imagine. Poor Arturo! He is too high-minded, besides. He would never ask any other woman to share his poverty."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old woman. "You are young,—you see only as far as your nose. You make things to turn out in your mind as you wish them. God forbid that you should die! But if you *should*, poor as Don Arturo may be at present, there are those who would jump at the chance of marrying him, even with the three children to mind, and the ruined adobe for a dwelling. He is gentle and well-born; and, handsome as he is, he would have neither to look long nor far, Señora Erolinda. There is one girl that I think of this moment who would marry him if he had not even as much as a roof over his head."

"You mean Teresita Palomar," said Erolinda, with an upward curl of the lip. "She would be the very last, Tia Maria,—the very last that he would think of."

"And why? I do mean Teresita, as you say. Was it not a toss between you in the beginning?" queried Tia Maria, unabashed; for deep in the hearts of the old neighbors of Mortara, as Erolinda well knew, rested the conviction that he had lowered himself by his marriage, and few of them had that respect for the woman of his choice which they would have cherished had they considered her his equal.

"If so, why, then, did he not take her instead of me?" answered Erolinda, with a supercilious smile that was not lost on her hearer.

"She is like a dove, that little Teresita," said Tia Maria; "yet proud

too. No one finds her unless he goes to look for her."

"You mean, then, that I was bold, Tia Maria."

"No, I do not mean that; but you can not deny that you were not one to remain behind the curtain when anything was going on."

"Arturo sought me,—everyone knows it. He could have had Teresita,—everyone knows that too, in spite of her timid ways. Did she not almost break her heart about him at first, when we were married?"

"Not that I ever heard," replied Tia Maria, dryly. "But why talk about what God grant may never come to pass? For you are his wife, Erolinda; and may you be long spared to him and your children! Still, I think it is a serious thing you have undertaken to do, yet a brave thing. I will do all I can for them while you are away—when I am not elsewhere."

"Do, and I will bring you a soft, fine black manta to wear to church on Sundays, Tia Maria," said Erolinda, good-humoredly.

The old woman laughed.

"Many a good turn has Don Arturo done me, and you also, since you came," she made answer. "I was not thinking of pay. However, the manta will not be unwelcome; for my old one is green from years and bad weather. Ah, how often has it not accompanied me across the hills, under the broiling sun and the wintry rains, at the call of the silvery-voiced bells of Santa Margarita! I never could resist them,—never."

"And I seldom hearken to them," said Erolinda, carelessly. "But, as you know, I am always busy; and, then, there were the children. And Arturo hardly ever misses,—that is enough for all, Tia Maria. But now I will bid you good-day, and perhaps good-bye; for to-morrow there will be much to be done. And you will be sure never to forget the milk for the baby? And you

need not trouble to iron the clothes: they need only to be clean."

"I will remember, and God guide and guard you till you come to your home again!" said Tia Maria, lifting her eyes to Heaven as the Señora Mortara stepped over the threshold.

When Erolinda returned home, she found her husband awaiting her.

"Juan Carrero has been here," said Arturo. "He tells me the time of departure of the stage has been changed because of the train. Instead of ten o'clock, the stage leaves La Media now at eight. We must be on hand very early, the day after to-morrow."

"Very well," she responded. "At what time?"

"Perhaps three o'clock,—while it is still dark."

"It does not matter."

"You will be very tired when it is all over. You must go to-morrow to say good-bye to your father and mother."

"No," she replied indifferently. "I shall not bid them good-bye. What is the use? I shall be back soon; and, besides, they do not care."

Arturo said nothing. He could not deny that the parents of his wife had never shown much affection for her.

"I have just said good-bye to Tia Maria and given her all directions. She will be kind, Arturo. She will come every day, when she can. Now that we must start earlier, it will be better perhaps to go and ask her to come to-morrow and stay all night, so that she may be with the children while you are away."

"Shall I go now?" asked Mortara, turning to the door.

"Yes, before it is dark," said his wife.

When he had gone she called the little girl to her.

"Come here, my Juanita," she said,—
"come here. Mamma wants to tell you something."

The child came forward, nestling close to her.

"You know that mamma is going away for a while?"

"Yes," answered the child, who had heard nothing else for several days.

"Very well. You must be good, and take care of papa and Diego and Luciano till I come."

"You are coming again, mamma?"

"To be sure. It will not be long. I go to get money to buy some new clothes for you all. I will bring them with me when I come."

"In the winter, mamma?"

"No, my child. Winter will pass, and spring, and summer, and then perhaps winter again, before I can return to my little ones."

"That will be long," sighed the child. "But I will be very good, and take care of them."

"And you will not forget me?"

"I could not, mamma."

"Nor let the others forget me?"

"No, mamma. I am so—so—sorry that you must go away."

The child was sobbing. Her mother pressed her closely. Then her husband came in.

"Tia Maria will be here," he said, without observing the pathetic little scene.

The morning of Erolinda's departure was foggy and gloomy. When Juan Carrero came to the door with his wagon, the little household was not yet astir. But the husband and wife were soon ready, silently making their preparations, and swallowing a hurried meal prepared by Tia Maria. The children slept on. When the time came to leave them, Erolinda went from one little bed to the other, imprinting a kiss on each soft cheek. She lingered over the baby, then went back to Juanita and whispered in her ear:

"Do not let them forget me, Nita."

The child sprang up, clasped her arms about her mother's neck and sobbed:

"Mamma, do not go!"

Arturo drew her away.

"It is time," he said. "Nita, do not wake the others. Come, Linda," he repeated. "It is time."

In a moment they were seated in the wagon. Tia Maria stood in the doorway, holding a candle. Then was heard the patter of little bare feet, and Nita came running out.

"Mamma," she cried, "I will never forget you, and I will show baby and Diego your picture every day!"

Once more the mother clasped the child in her arms, and hid her face on her husband's shoulder as they rode forth into the misty morning. It was a silent journey. They had barely time to catch the stage.

"You will write often, Linda?" asked Arturo, as he clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, yes!" she replied. "And you?"

"Very often," he answered.

The stage driver was holding the door open.

"Hurry!" he said. "All aboard!"

Another clasp of the hand, and Arturo saw her no more. Then, mounting silently beside his compassionate neighbor, he returned to his desolate home.

(To be continued.)

To One Blind from Birth.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THE Lord hath laid His hand on thee; 'tis well.
'Tis not for thee to question or rebel.
He shut the doors of light before the day
Shone on thy infant face in purest ray.

In childish toys and games thou hadst no part,
Yet still His mercy warmed thy baby heart;
And later, when thy body grew in size,
Only the good came to thy spirit's eyes.

And other things be in this world of ours
Besides the singing birds and blooming flowers.
Sin leaves its trace, and crime unfolds to view
A hideous pageant which is spared to you.

And this thy comfort, then: when endless night
On earth shall lift before God's summons bright,
When thou art called to thy appointed place,
Thy first glad sight will be the Master's face.

Flowers of the Altar.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IT was once my privilege to have as an intimate friend a woman of French descent who was above all things *Catholic* in its deepest, truest sense. She was a good wife, a good mother, but first and foremost a good daughter of St. Peter; a bright, helpful woman, who, like Pippa, said: "God's in His heaven,—all's right with the world."

On her drawing-room mantelshelf was a somewhat remarkable group (I may not call it an ornament). It consisted of a coral rosary, a wreath of orange blossoms, and a rough stone. All were grouped under a glass shade, and each had its story. The orange blossoms had been attached to my friend's bridal veil, the rosary had been blessed by Pope Leo, and the stone had come from the newly-made grave of the first-born who had died away from home.

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From a mantelpiece in a room I ken looks down the sweet and smiling face of Blessed Julie Billiart, the foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, one of the recently beatified; and as I look at it, my thoughts revert to those Flowers of the Altar called nuns,—flowers which bloom in desert places, on the snow fields of Alaska, on sun-beaten African velds, and in crowded city slums.

Women who have given themselves to God are coeval with Christianity. Greet Priscilla and Aquila,—who does not know the classic greeting! Who does not picture the house of Priscilla, blessed and hallowed by the presence of the Prince of the Apostles! Who does not know that these Vestals of Jesus, as well as priests and confessors numberless, have pressed forward for the

martyr's crown! Agnes, Catherine, Julia, Perpetua,—they look down upon us from frescoed walls, from altar-pieces, and say: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor;...and come, follow Me,"—as the Master said it centuries ago. That is to say, give your best, the cream of your life, to Jesus Christ. This is the counsel of perfection.

Some there are who will be familiar with that beautiful picture—Paula, Eustochium, and St. Jerome in the desert. The devout matron and the Vestal daughter have sought refuge far from the haunts of men. They stand under palm trees, around them desert sand, on their faces the peace of God. Here these ministering women are contemplatives, as is the saint in his cave with the couchant lion near; but there have always been hundreds of nuns who merit the title of women of action, who have ministered to the wounded and dying on battlefields, as Blessed Julie and her companions did at Waterloo; who have nursed the world-forsaken in hovels; have gone into miserable houses wherein the mother perhaps lay sick, have tidied them, turned them into "homes"; cooked the breadwinner's dinner, made the *pot à feu* boil, as did the Assumptionists in Paris before the State tried to exalt the Tricolor above the Cross, and (let me not forget this) have led the little pilgrims heavenward.

Sometimes—yea, very often—Flowers of the Altar are also angels of succor; they step into the breach and save some tempted soul under a rain of fire, as did two Sisters of whom I recently read in the Australian *Southern Cross*. These Marian lilies passed a young Englishman, a non-Catholic, who, on the verge of despair, thought of drowning himself. Something in the look of the holy women arrested his intention. He followed them, had an interview with the Mother Superior,

was helped and saved. "Turn thine eyes of mercy toward us," is the Catholic invocation to the Queen of Vestals; and her daughters, too, turn their pitying eyes upon that world from which they keep themselves unspotted.

I know a small convent in a certain rich English city—a city which is sometimes styled by the press "The New Klondyke,"—and the little community does "a world of good. For there is room for it in the flourishing town, which is *not* like Paradise, inasmuch as pain, poverty, sin, death, enter into it. The nuns have a flourishing school; they go into the lanes and alleys, nurse the sick, hold the torch of Faith all over the town. One of these Benedictine religious is distinguished by the name of Little Sister, a sobriquet which explains itself. She is Sister Marie Aloysia, and literally gave all she had to follow Jesus; a bright, dark-eyed little body, joyous in the best, the old sense of the word,—the sense in which St. Paul would have us "rejoice in the Lord always."

Little Sister generally finds the way out of a dilemma. When the statue of Our Lady accidentally lost a right hand, on the eve of a festival, *she* quickly repaired the loss by filling a white kid glove with sawdust and affixing it to the beloved statue. And when a boarder with limited means wanted new frocks, and so forth, it was Little Sister who went to the draper's and bought remnants for the child. Again it was Sœur Marie Aloysia who filled old Biddy's big pocket with "cake for the childer" at the annual feast; and did many other kindly, tactful deeds, too numerous to mention.

"I'm all alone in the world now," said a poor Irishwoman, a worker in a Birmingham factory, to a Sister of Mercy. "Not while I live," was the quick response. "I will be a mother to

you." And that good nun mothered the forlorn one in hail, rain, snow and shine.

Picture earth without these Flowers of the Altar,—what a vacuum there would be! Think for a moment of their usefulness! Here are a few of the works of mercy, spiritual and corporal, in which they engage. They pray for the dead, as Helpers of the Holy Souls. Not in vain do these waiting ones say, "Have pity on me, you, my friends!" for the silver cord of prayer is let down into the deeps, and by it purged souls are raised nearer to the beatific vision. They teach the young and the ignorant the blessed truths of the Catholic Faith. As daughters of Regina Apostolorum, these black-robed, white-robed, gray-robed, brown-robed, and purple-robed women are apostles. They console the afflicted, harbor the harborless, feed the hungry, visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and perpetually adore Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Catholic families esteem themselves happy when a daughter elects to become a Flower of the Altar. How often have I heard, 'I hope my Jane, my Katie, or my Gertie, will enter religion,' from a devout Catholic parent, who regarded this giving a child to Christ as placing a lambkin in a guarded fold, to whom the words,

Better a child in God's great House
Than a king of all the earth,

were literally true, and not mere poetic license!

Some there are who wonder when and why the call to follow Him is given. 'I wonder,' says the non-Catholic, 'why that clever So-and-so became a nun? I've actually seen her going round to hotels for broken food with a go-cart; and she might have been Mrs. So-and-so, a leader in society.' The speaker does not know, does not even guess, that the Sister of whom she is speaking heard an interior voice—the

voice of One who speaketh and no man gainsayeth,—and obeyed.

In a certain famous art gallery is a fine Limoges enamel representing the childhood of Mary Virgin. Our Blessed Lady is seated on the knee of the fair, benignant St. Anne; and into the room in which they are seated comes a train of little palm-bearing pilgrims,—happy little pilgrims, who, having reached the Immaculate, have gained a foretaste of heaven. Now, the brides of Christ lead pilgrims along the heavenward path. And we all want heaven, as the author of "The Pilgrimage to Cologne" remarks in a letter to his brother Max. Heine and his brother have just lost a dear young niece, and the former is consoling the latter. "For, dear Max, it is certain that there is a heaven. I see it, since I have so great need of it because of the sorrows of earth."

Let us picture the world without nuns. The great cities have no figures in white cornettes and black veils moving up and down on their way to visit Rizpah, console Rachel, and bind the wounds of Lazarus. No gentle women teach the children in Alaskan log-houses or under tropic palms. The world is wider, lonelier without them. We want more nuns; for they are the lilies of the Church, and the Catholic Church is the salt of the world. She, as the Magna Mater, is ready to fold all God's children in her arms; to her there is no "yellow peril," no "magpie menace," no Black Terror. She is truth, she is love, she is the gate of salvation.

I am going to relate a simple little incident which impressed me much. Catholics do not need to be reminded that all sorts and conditions of men worship God in *their* temples, and I think that I rarely if ever saw this fact more strongly emphasized than quite recently at High Mass. Beside me knelt Lazarus, that saddest sight of all,—Lazarus aged, in torn and seedy black;

and the voice which sang the responses was that of an educated man. Who could say what had planted his feet on the down grade! And let us bear in mind that it is not *always* the righteous who flourish as the green bay tree. In the seat just before me were a typical mother and daughter,—the former, just a comely, well-dressed matron; the latter, a tiny, golden-haired, blue-eyed child of four in a blue Puritan bonnet. My heart was full of pity for my forlorn neighbor. I found myself wishing for Rothschild's or Rockefeller's wealth, but had to be content to do the little I could do.

As the solemn sounds of the *Agnus Dei* floated through the church, the little child, who had several times given me a friendly smile, placed a worn half-penny on the ledge of the pew in front of her. It was evident that the coin was her all, and equally certain that she wanted me to know the fact. All at once she took the worn copper, laid it on her pink palm, and turned to me, looking at the same time at Lazarus, old, forlorn, aweary. She was a small, a *very* small, daughter of Peter,—for the knee had bent at the end of the pew, the chubby finger made the Sacred Sign; but she knew how to be merciful. And I found myself wondering if, in the years to be, she would say, "Accept me as Thy bride, sweet Jesu! Help me to help Thy poor." For it is written, "Blessed are the merciful"; and surely to follow Christ whithersoever He goeth is blessed. The poet tells us:

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand
that rules the world.

May I not add that the hand that holds the crucifix is the hand that *helps* the world?

Photographed on the plate of Memory are many nuns I have known. There is "Little Sister," of whom I have already written; Sœur Marie Marguerite, in purple robe and white veil,

pace up and down under the elms of the old London garden; Mother Elizabeth, of St. Benedict's, white and black, and others too numerous to name. We have loved each other, their prayers have followed me, their unseen hands have bound up many a wound. Flowers of the Altar,—happy are those families who give a lily to Mary, a veiled Samaritan to the needy world.

The Jewel of the World.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

DANCING upon one foot, gyrating, snapping his fingers in the air, he vociferated at the top of his lungs, yet in tones so pleasant and mellifluous as to rob them of all harshness:

"Och, Nora mavourneen, I bid you the top of the morning!"

He was brought to a standstill by the hand and the voice of a stranger,—a dark, slender man, with the air and manner of a man of fashion.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here, and whom are you addressing?"

Denis Burke stopped and scratched his head. It was a handsome head, covered with russet hair; and it was a handsome face which looked up into the countenance of the stranger.

"To whom are you making those frantic exclamations?" the latter asked again. "Bidding somebody the top of the morning and behaving like a top yourself!"

"Why, your Honor," responded Denis, somewhat sheepishly, "it's myself has just got back from England, where I was working this while back. And, getting the best of good news, I came home late last night and straight here this morning to tell Nora."

The stranger's interest and curiosity were aroused. Wearied, jaded as he

was, the air of this beautiful if desolate country had awakened in him new thoughts and aspirations. Here was a whole story told in a few sentences. Nora, it was easy to conjecture, was the lad's sweetheart, to whom he was eager to impart some piece of good fortune. But she certainly did not inhabit this charming, picturesque old house, which the Honorable Myles Dacre had rented for the season.

"My dear fellow," he replied to Denis' explanation, "I am very sorry indeed to check the flow of your spirits by the announcement that there is no Nora here. I have only men-servants in my establishment."

"Your establishment!" repeated the other, in unaffected astonishment. "And where's the young mistress, then?"

"She is certainly not here," said the stranger; "and I can't even imagine to whom you refer."

"Och, then, it's easy seeing you're a stranger. And a stranger," he added in an audible aside, "you're like to remain if you go at that gait—when you don't know who I mean."

Myles laughed, in his careless fashion, at the other's exact repetition of his words. But Denis went on:

"Well, then, sir, it's sorry for you I am, if you're living here on the spot and don't know the young mistress. She's the jewel of the world, with eyes like those lakes over yonder, a tongue soft and palavering, and a smile that would just steal the heart out of you, like the fairies the old people used to be telling about."

"I should think," said the Honorable Myles, "that Nora might be a bit jealous if she heard that panegyric."

Denis, conjecturing the meaning of the big word, said to himself:

"What kind of a creature is he at all, at all?" The comical side of the matter suddenly appealing to him, he went off into a peal of merriment, after which he remarked:

"Sure, your Honor, Miss Kathleen's a grand, fine lady. She belongs to the real old stock. Nora's her own maid, and worships the very ground she treads upon."

"Really!" exclaimed Myles; while Denis pursued the delectable topic.

"And it's the kind heart and the liberal hand she has for God's poor, so that there isn't the man, woman or child in the country-side that doesn't love her."

Myles Dacre felt curiously interested. He had enjoyed excessively his stay in this out-of-the-way place, whither he had come to escape the big world of London,—the world of clubs and politics, of fashion and of society. Still there were times when he felt the need of some "heart to echo it near." It would not have been altogether disagreeable to introduce upon the scene a charming girl to whom some of the romance of this region might attach.

The Honorable Myles was not generally considered romantic by those who had the privilege of his acquaintance; but there are unexpected depths in almost every heart, some glimmer of possibilities before the most jaded eyes, some dreams which survive early youth. The conventional belles of the young man's circle had not, so far, discovered or reached those depths. He had enjoyed their society in a careless sort of way, which had left him quite heart-whole to come away and enjoy the outdoor delights of this ideal country. He did not even mind the frequent showers, or the soft mists which arose at morn from the sea-girt coast.

There was something in Denis' description of this girl, allowing even for the hyperbole of a faithful and attached Celtic dependent, which marked her out as being of another stamp from those beauties he had known all his life, and who had stirred

him as little as "a painted boat upon a painted ocean."

"Oh, I wonder where they're gone at all, at all?" Denis said, arousing himself from his reverie. "I come over here the first thing in the morning to the old house, and your Honor says it's *your* establishment."

The tone in which these words were pronounced was distinctly comical, for all its distress.

"Oh, you'll find out easily enough!" suggested Myles, good-naturedly.

"Of course I'll find out from the first gossoon I meet," replied Denis. "But it's the news I wanted to tell them."

"I suppose I mustn't ask what the news is?" Myles inquired.

"Indeed, then, you may; for it's been in the papers beyond there. I'm a rich man now, they tell me."

He heaved a half sigh, as if the vision of wealth and its responsibilities weighed upon him. Then he went on:

"An uncle of mine, Phil Brady by name, made a fortune in mines out there in the Western States of America, and he died the other day and left me everything he had. And what about that," he added, "only that Nora and I were too poor to get married. We've been waiting this long while back, and now I'll get his reverence at the church yonder to call the banns next Sunday."

The smile that overspread his face was good to see, and Myles felt impelled to say:

"Why, by Jove, your news is good, and I'm awfully glad to hear it!"

"There's one thing troubling me, though," dissented Denis; "and it's just this. If only Nora and I could keep what we want—it isn't much—and give the rest of Phil Brady's money to the young mistress."

He spoke with such evident sincerity and good feeling that the Englishman, deeply touched, could not help marvelling.

"What does she like of Nora and me want with all that money?" Denis went on. "And the young mistress—"

"She is not," asked Myles,— "not in need of money?"

Denis drew himself up:

"Not she, sir! She has money enough and to spare. It isn't that at all, at all. But it's the thought of Nora and me having so much more than Miss Kathleen that bothers me."

Myles regarded the other with ever growing interest. This delicacy of feeling was something that he could appreciate.

"Well," he said, "it isn't many men that would grumble at such a windfall as yours."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I'm not grumbling. I'm thankful to the good God that sent us the money, and it's the young mistress herself will be overjoyed. And now I must be going to find Nora."

After he had gone, Myles Dacre stood leaning over the gate which divided the property from the roadside, and looking about him at the exquisite scene,—the hills clear blue in the early morning light, the grass such a green as in all his travels he had never seen anywhere but in this isle of enchantment, the buds and blossoms bursting into rare loveliness, and the breath of the salt sea coming upward like a benediction.

As he lingered, awaiting the call to early breakfast—for he had arisen at what he himself called an unearthly hour,—he heard the chapel bell ring for Mass. It occurred to him that he ought to go. He was a Catholic,—not, as he said himself, 'half so good a one as he ought to be'; in any case, there was room for improvement. And the atmosphere of his present home was conducive to devotion.

While he pondered, a young girl came suddenly into sight from behind a curve in the road, making a picture between the hedgerows and the blossoming trees

above; a slender, erect figure, full of grace and distinction. As Myles looked, he immediately thought:

"I wonder if this would be the 'jewel of the world'?"

She walked with a quick alertness which was yet indescribably graceful. The face, which Myles did not at first notice, so much was he struck by the poise and movement of the body, was small, delicate, high-bred, with eyes which instantly recalled Denis' description—"like those lakes yonder." It struck the critical observer that there was a curious completeness about the girl, and that not one detail of her appearance would he have wished to see changed. Her costume he scarcely noticed—he was not an adept in feminine attire,—any more than that it seemed smartly put on, and was precisely suitable to the occasion.

The bell gave another imperious summons from the quaint belfry, which had the appearance of being too big for the building. He took his hat and proceeded thither. The girl had already entered, and was kneeling before the altar, with a simple, unaffected devotion, dainty and sweet as the other flowers offered to the living God.

When Mass was finished, Myles sought a pretext for lingering outside the door, entering into an animated conversation with a neighboring farmer about the crops. Miss Kathleen, presently coming forth, was hailed with affectionate greetings and surrounded by an admiring group. She summoned to her side a pretty and fresh-looking girl whom she addressed as Nora, and together the two walked away. Myles, still engaged by the farmer, and unwilling to follow too closely upon the girls' footsteps, wondered when and where they should meet the enamored Denis with his budget of phenomenally good news.

It was curious with what persistency those three people wove themselves into

Myles' thoughts during the whole of that day,—Denis and Nora, to whom such bewildering good fortune had fallen; and the young mistress, who had looked so like a princess, standing amongst her neighbors and dependents, her face, bright and animated, more charming even than in repose.

II.

Myles Dacre's surroundings were distinctly favorable to a love affair,—the delightful scenery, the picturesque old house wherein his days were spent, the sense of isolation which weighed upon his spirits, the enchantment of the very air he breathed, coupled with the fact that here almost at his door was a very pearl of a woman, a "jewel" indeed, in an exquisite setting. His imagination once at work, his interest, his curiosity centred upon this one object, it is not surprising that his heart soon entered into the contest with a vigor which surprised him.

He presently discovered that "Miss Kathleen" inhabited a rose-embowered cottage, at some distance up the road, during his own occupancy of the "old house"; and it became his practice to pass this dwelling as frequently as possible, with a studiously indifferent or very much preoccupied air. The young lady, however, whom he had encountered once or twice, was distinctly unapproachable; and there was no one about who, by an introduction, could with any propriety bridge over the awkward gap to a conventional acquaintance. The difficulty was an impetus rather than a bar to the young man's admiration, and he spent much of his time in casting about for a solution of the problem.

He had an occasional meeting with Denis, who was accompanied once or twice by Nora. The latter dropped him a curtsy, and smilingly and with downcast eyes listened to his congratulations upon the good fortune which had come to the pair and the happy

event which was to follow. He could not very well ask or obtain from these humble acquaintances an introduction to their idolized young mistress. He would have been gratified, indeed, to hear the account of himself which Nora conveyed to Miss Kathleen, and which was enthusiastically seconded by Denis; but he had not even this knowledge to console him in his disconsolate waiting.

One lovely moonlight night he took his way past the cottage, fondly hoping that its mistress might come forth. She did not, but she began to sing. He knew it must be she, because no other youthful womankind inhabited the dwelling save Nora, and the voice was the voice of a lady. He stationed himself where he could hear to the greatest advantage the song, which was a simple Irish ballad:

Oh, Dermot ashore, between waking and sleeping,
I heard your dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was
keeping,

Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne them
away.

Myles went home that evening with the 'pulse of his heart' very seriously disturbed. The pathos, the sentiment, the tenderness of that song appealed to him strangely, and the deep tones of a contralto voice sounded in his ears persistently. A vague jealousy tormented him lest there should be "some other fellow" for whom the singer was pouring out this melody. He went to bed with the firm resolve of making some desperate attempt to become acquainted with Miss Kathleen, of whose very surname he was ignorant.

He told himself—what his inner consciousness refused to believe—that half an hour's conversation with the girl might act as a douche upon the warmth of his infatuation. She might prove commonplace, insipid, affected,—any of those things he hated in her sex. If not, his doom was sealed, and he was

as much at her tender mercies as any fish which wriggled upon the hooks wherewith he had so liberally provided himself on coming to Ireland. Dacre's attendants, by the way, were rather amazed at his late indifference to fish and game alike.

He made a careful morning toilet and went forth for a walk.

Unseen Fate walketh, too, very often; and it overtook him, in the shape of Denis rushing along without a hat, and calling at the top of his voice:

"Sure there's been an accident, you know; and it's kilt entirely I'm afeard she is!"

"Who?" cried Myles.

"The young mistress herself."

Dacre, without more ado, began to run at such speed that Denis had some trouble in keeping pace with him.

"Where was the accident,—what was it?" he inquired, breathlessly.

"A good bit up the road, sir; and all because of those outlandish machines. Mr. Bernard arrived in one yesterday—bad luck to it for a motor-car, or whatsoever they call it!—and there it is, stuck fast in a ditch, and Miss Kathleen kilt entirely."

"Mr. Bernard," thought Myles,—
"Dermot!"

He involuntarily slackened his pace, until the thought of the girl's danger, and of some assistance which he might lend, urged him forward again. The two arrived upon the scene, and Myles could not help feeling somewhat foolish when he perceived the young girl standing, apparently unhurt and unmoved, beside a motor which was undoubtedly stuck fast in a ditch. He took off his hat and inquired, as soon as he had recovered his breath:

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Kathleen looked at him—a direct, honest glance from the blue eyes, which were more beautiful than ever in meeting his own,—while she answered:

"I dare say you can indeed. There

are very few about here who know anything of motors."

He liked her voice. It completed the completeness. He almost wished at that moment that Dermot had been killed. Certainly he was nowhere visible. Presently, however, another voice came from under the automobile:

"Halloa! who's that?"

And a figure emerged, dirty,—it was dishevelled, grimy. After an astonished glance, the figure cried:

"Dacre, old fellow, what in the name of fortune brought you here?"

Myles had recognized simultaneously one of his own set at Oxford, a good-looking, attractive man, whom he now greeted with a sensation which was far from pleasurable. It was he, perhaps, who had inspired those impassioned strains.

The latter, quite unconscious of the malevolent sentiments of his whilom friend, continued to talk effusively. Suddenly recollecting himself, he cried, turning toward Kathleen:

"By the way, Dacre, let me introduce you to my sister, who is a neighbor of yours, living with my aunt at the cottage."

"Mr. Dacre is also my tenant," said the girl, holding out her hand with a charming smile. "You know I told you I had rented 'The Grange' to an Englishman."

Myles Dacre's malevolence vanished in an instant. He went to work with a will to help his friend. By their united exertions, the motor was presently repaired, but not so the damage which had been done to Myles' heart.

III.

The sequel to this tale may be very briefly told. Denis and his sweetheart were married, and settled down in a pretty house of their own choosing, more in accordance with their modest aspirations than with the amount of the late Phil Brady's wealth.

One lovely moonlight evening, Denis, coming homeward along the flower-scented, hedge-bordered road, brought another piece of news to Nora,—namely, that he was sure there was going to be another wedding very shortly down at the chapel. When Nora inquired as to the grounds for this belief, Denis answered:

"I saw his Honor and Miss Kathleen walking about together out beyond there, looking at each other very soft and tender like; and what do you think, mavourneen, I heard him call her but his own, his very own, 'jewel of the world'!"

Told of Cardinal Bonaparte.

IN the days when Lucien Bonaparte, afterward prince and cardinal, was not yet a priest, he prepared himself for his sacred calling by the practice of works of mercy, and daily in Rome visited the poor, the sick, and those detained in prison. St. Michael's Prison, where political offenders were kept, was his favorite field of operation; for he felt that there, especially, were embittered hearts from which it would be comparatively easy to remove hatred, and misled men who could be brought back to the right road.

On the eve of the opening of the month of May, one year, he presented to the prisoners a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, and requested leave to attend their May devotions. He assured them that the Mother of God would reward their good will and abridge the term of their captivity. Throughout the month, accordingly, the prince read for them every evening an article on some mystery of the Blessed Virgin's life, and afterward they recited the Beads together.

At the close of the month, on the eve of his departure for France, Prince Lucien bade good-bye to his captive

friends, and, incidentally, inquired how long they had still to remain imprisoned. "I," said a young man, "have still eighteen months to serve."—"As for me," said a black-bearded prisoner, with a broad forehead and a piercing eye—one of the most pious assistants at the May devotions,—“I may never get out. I have eighteen years yet to serve.”

"Well, hope on and don't despair," observed Prince Lucien, encouragingly. "The Madonna is very, very good; and you have prayed faithfully."

A few months later, a stranger presented himself at the prince's residence in Paris with a beautiful piece of mosaic work, a souvenir from the Roman prisoners. It was the man with the black beard. Pius IX. had graciously liberated all the inmates of St. Michael's Prison.

The Light Beneficent.

COMMENTING on the Gospel text, "Or what woman having ten groats, if she lose one groat, doth not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it?" (St. Luke, xv, 8), Mgr. Scotti says that Christ represents Himself under the character of a woman, both to show the honor in which He holds the "devout female sex," and also to express His maternal affection and solicitude. Our soul, represented by a piece of money on which was stamped the image of the King, was lost, and He lighted a candle,—that is, He became incarnate, putting the light of His divinity into the clay of the flesh which He assumed; for, as St. Gregory the Great observes, as a candle is light in a vessel, so the true light is the divinity in the vessel of human flesh.

The parable of the lost groat presents the rule of Christian conduct. We must "light the candle,"—that is, keep

the Divine Law, make it the guide of our life, and ever let the light of good example shine before our fellow-men. The effect of a single golden deed is incalculable.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

"It is not only when the Bridegroom comes that we need to have our lamp lighted," says a modern writer. "We need it all along the road, for others as well as ourselves; we must even adapt it to the necessities of the way, by changing the color of its light. When we want a strong, bright flame to keep our feet straight amid the ruts and snares and muddy waters that abound at every turn, we must pour in the oil of faith; when our hearts are heavy, and our courage flagging, we must use the oil of hope to cheer them and chase away despondency; but we must be chiefly prodigal of the rich and salutary oil of charity, for the light it sends forth is often more helpful to others than to ourselves. Sometimes, when we fancy our lamp is so low as hardly to show the ground under our own feet, it is shedding, thanks to this marvellous oil of charity, a heavenly radiance on some weary wayfarer beside us; luminous as a star and soft as moonlight, it rejoices the hearts of all on whom we turn its roseate glow. Another rare quality of this incomparable oil is that it is wont to shine its brightest when we ourselves are sick at heart, and when it costs us a hard effort to pour in the oil, and set the wick in order. We do not realize this, but we can believe it by recalling the effect of a word or act of kindness shown to us in some well-remembered hour by one who was in sorrow, and who, we knew, set aside his own grief to enter into ours."

WORK as though you were to live forever. Live as though you were to die to-morrow.—*St. Louis to his Son.*

Notes and Remarks.

The *Catholic News* quotes the following paragraph from the *Methodist*, with the remark that for similar expressions Catholics have often been branded as enemies of the Republic:

In our judgment, the denominational schools of the land, as compared with the purely State schools, are, on moral grounds, incomparably the safest. Our State institutions, as a general thing, are the hotbeds of infidelity not less than of vice. We have said, and we thoroughly believe, that our church should spend \$10,000,000 in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why? Because we believe that this system is the American one and the only safe one.

It is an exaggeration to refer to our State institutions of learning as "hotbeds of infidelity not less than of vice." But if they were, there is no reason why they should remain such. Good Methodist money contributes to their maintenance. We venture to predict that long before the brethren have expended ten million dollars on denominational schools they will be thoroughly persuaded that the State should come to their assistance, and oppose all who think otherwise.

Notable among Commencement Day orations, as they are still called, was the address of the Hon. Curtis Guild, Governor of Massachusetts, to the graduates of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. As yet we have seen only a newspaper report of this address; but, if the following paragraphs may be taken as representative, it deserves publication as a pamphlet, and a wide dissemination:

The atheist in public life, recognizing no responsibility to a higher power in his own life, can not properly respect his responsibility, his duty even, to other men or to his country. Centred in self, despairing of a future, despising the past, why should he improve the present?

We can not all agree in our religious convictions, but only to the man of some religious convictions is it given to see that to-day is not

eternity; that, whether we will or not, the course of civilization is to go upward and onward. To us, here and now, is given the privilege of seeking how to share in that glorious destiny,—how best to serve our country; how best to serve our fellowmen; and in serving them how best to serve ourselves, in the great divine uplift that is not of yesterday nor of to-day nor of to-morrow, but through the centuries of centuries.

It has long been the custom of the governors of Massachusetts to make an address at the commencement exercises of Holy Cross College. The presence on such occasions of a man like Gov. Guild adds immeasurably to their interest and importance.

A goodly number of the "unco guid" critics of Catholic nations will resent this paragraph clipped from a recent issue of the London *Daily Chronicle*:

The Roman Catholic Church, which is usually supposed to be an accessory, has waged war upon bullfights,—a war in which she has been worsted. Popes have issued Bulls against this diversion, but these Papal Bulls have not made themselves heard in the clamor surrounding the bulls in the ring. It is the Papal Bulls that have got no quarter. A national habit becomes ingrained. When there was an attempt made to cross the border with the bullfights, and to localize them in the southern towns of France, the outcry was more effectual; and a Pastoral Letter, in which the Bishop of Nismes twenty years ago anathematized bullfights, and all who assisted at them, procured for him not merely praise in his own country, but a letter of thanks from all the bishops of Spain.

By the way, since some of the Brethren have proved (!) that Pius IX. was a Freemason, can not some others produce documentary evidence attesting the presence at every bullfight of a Spanish bishop who gives his blessing to the festive matador and signals when the bull is to be dispatched?

Discussing with the editor of the Paris *Temps* the recrudescence of anarchy recently in evidence, M. Moret, president of the Spanish Ministry, declared that the best thing to do would be to organize an agreement among the police

forces of all civilized States. "The anarchist is essentially nomadic and a cosmopolitan. It is the perpetual migrations of his class that render him both difficult to watch and dangerous. An anarchist passes over, for instance, from France to Spain, where he is unknown; and may there either propagate his doctrine or prepare some desperate criminal project without any supervision on the part of the officers of the law. The police of different countries should not only keep watch on their anarchists—as for the most part they do,—but should keep one another informed as to the movements, etc., of those anarchists of their own countries who are objects of merited suspicion."

We understand that negotiations looking toward an international supervision of these desperate enemies of society have already been entered upon, and it is to be hoped that the supervision will be both constant and thorough.

The multiplication and dissemination, generally by post, of unauthorized prayers, to which extraordinary promises or spurious indulgences are usually attached, has become a great abuse in English-speaking countries. We are glad to see a fresh denunciation of it by the Bishop of London, who, in a note to the clergy of his diocese, writes:

Our people should be protected from this evil practice. You will, therefore, let them understand that they who disseminate such prayers are doing wrong. They are disobeying the laws of the Church, which forbid any one to circulate prayers which have not received the express approbation of ecclesiastical authority. Furthermore, in the case of these prayers, owing to the conditions attached to them, still greater wrong is done by distinctly encouraging what savors of superstition. It would be well to advise those who have received, or who may receive, any copies of such prayers, to have them destroyed at once.

Fifty years, a comparatively brief period in the history of most countries, is a whole lifetime in the case of many

an institution in the northwestern portion of our republic. A particularly prosperous and energetic lifetime of such duration has been that of St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, whose Golden Jubilee has just been celebrated. The more than three hundred priests who took part in the joyous function were, with few exceptions, alumni of St. Francis'; and the common thought of all was well expressed by a visiting prelate, not an alumnus—Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul. "It is hard to realize at this time," he said, "what a gigantic enterprise it was in 1856 to start a seminary in this district. It showed true Apostolic genius, and there will forever live in the history of the Church the names of Henni, Salzmann, and Heiss. Those men were farseeing. The students of this seminary have been scattered all over the Northwest, and into every other corner of the country. It is a wonderful record for an institution so young; and it is yet young, for the whole Northwest is as yet only in its infancy."

The Church in America indeed owes much to the founders and conductors of St. Francis'; and the faithful of the whole country will join with its immediate friends in hoping, or rather praying, for its continued success.

An ordinance recently adopted by the board of aldermen of New York imposes a fine of from ten to one hundred dollars for any person who "in any manner exposes to the public view as an advertisement of any show, play or performance, any indecent print or any picture or cut tending to represent the doing of any criminal act tending to deprave the morals of individuals or shocking to the sense of decency, or tending to incite the mind to acts of immorality or crime, or to familiarize and accustom the minds of young persons with the same." The chief

of police is made the judge of morals regarding such posters.

"Why couldn't a similar ordinance be enacted everywhere?" asks the *Catholic Columbian-Record*. There is nothing to prevent it, nothing in the world. A suggestion to the proper authorities that such an ordinance be adopted, a little agitation on the part of a few reputable Catholic citizens, who will find any number of non-Catholics to co-operate, and the thing is done. That it is worth the doing there can be no question.

A peculiarly dangerous menace to the community, according to Frank Gaylord Cook, writing in the *North American Review* for July, is the lawyer who grasps and aims at wealth, prostituting his special knowledge, skill, position, and opportunities at the call of any capitalist or corporation, and for any service in his power, even to the evasion of the law and the defiance of the courts. The menace is general, as well as peculiarly dangerous. Evidence is abundant that there is need of the cultivation among lawyers of the high ideals that distinguish and dignify their profession. These ideals were well expressed by the late Senator Hoar in an address before the Yale Law School. He said:

If you will walk these high paths, you must abandon the pursuit of wealth as a principal or considerable object. Of course the lawyer must have his *quiddam honorarium*. He must have his ample library. He must provide for his wife and children a comfortable home, lay up something for old age, and start his children in life with a good education, and the stimulant of his own good example. That is pretty much all. I hope to see our profession everywhere return to its ancient and healthy abhorrence of everything that savors of speculation in justice. When you are once known to the people, not as masters of the law, but as traders and traffickers seeking your own gain, the virtue has gone out of you.

"The lawyer," remarks Mr. Cook, "is a sworn officer of the State and of

the courts; and his official character as such should be inculcated and emphasized to-day in legal education, in public sentiment, and in the attitude of the courts. If a lawyer be convicted of knowingly and wilfully advising or devising for an individual or a corporation a breach of the law or a defeat of legal process, not only should he be debarred from further practice, but he should also be punished as a principal with his client for the offence he may thus have advised or committed."

The Commencement season of 1906 has, as is usual with such periods, brought with it a plethora of wise words on educational matters, character-formation, economic truths, social tendencies, and professional ideals. We have read during the past few weeks many addresses which we should like to quote at length; and, among others, one by Father Walsh, D. C. L., superintendent of parochial schools in the archdiocese of Boston. As a specimen brick of the splendid oratorical edifice raised by this capable educationist at Lawrence, Massachusetts, we present these extracts:

In one word, why is the Christianity that required centuries of teaching and training and worship, to fashion the individual conscience, then the home, then the family, and thus invigorate the body politic and social,—why has all this been oozing out, been evaporating faster and faster from the minds and hearts of men?

Whatever other and secondary causes there may be—and both home and Church are in a measure responsible,—in the mind of a large and growing number of educational and religious leaders, the primary, ever-present, all-pervading and sufficient cause is the non-religious, falsely styled non-sectarian, schoolroom, where for five hours a day, on five days of the week, during forty weeks of the year, God and Our Lord, the Christian ideas of worship, of law, of prayer, of penance, and of immortality are shut out from the growing, plastic, tender minds and hearts of children, while they can enter and will enter by no other gate or temple.

Oh, if the Church had not kept and held firm that corner-stone of Massachusetts, if that golden inscription had not been written over

her schoolhouses, if that invigorating spirit had not been the sap and life of her system of education, to-day Christian civilization in any tangible, visible form would be a byword in our Commonwealth, and the ancestors of Puritan days would rise up to rebuke and denounce the unworthy sons who removed the corner-stone from the sacred edifice of school and college and university.

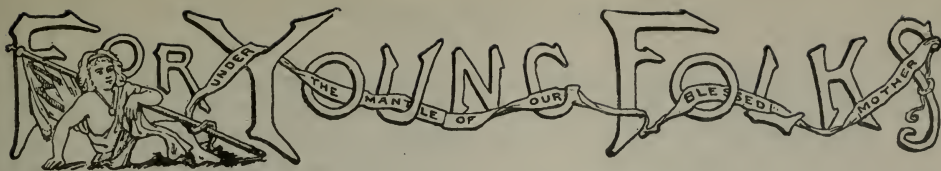
It is a matter for genuine rejoicing that the old Church *has* preserved the true ideal of education, and that the citizens of Massachusetts in ever-increasing numbers are admitting the wisdom of Catholicity in doctrinal as well as educational truths.

Speaking in Exeter Hall, London, recently, on "Problems of Life and Religion in America," Dr. Crothers, a Unitarian clergyman, is reported as saying:


America stands to-day as a horrible example of the results of secularism; and, though he [Dr. Crothers] might not tell it in Gath, he was quite willing frankly to confess that everyone of those results which the most ultra conservative churchmen imagined would follow in a country where there was perfect freedom in religion had actually come about in America. In New England there were country communities that had relapsed into paganism. That was a standing example of the futility of mere little sectarian communities. It was a place where there stood no one great Church, with sacred associations; only a few little meeting-houses scarcely attended by the people. One of the serious problems in America to-day was the growing paganism of the country communities. There was no religious teaching, sectarian or otherwise, in American schools; and people asked: "Are you not educating the new generation of men intellectually, without educating them morally,—making them keen, quick to achieve, and ambitious, but not giving them the guidance they need for true citizenship?"

There is nothing particularly new in the foregoing confession, if we except the personality of the penitent. Catholic editors have been for years, and are still, insisting on the dangers therein signalized; and among others of our fraternity, we are tempted to say to Dr. Crothers and others of *his* fraternity, Encore!

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Cobbler's Pet.

 F all birds that imitate the language of man, the starling is the one which does so most perfectly. "It can," says the naturalist Buffon, "learn to speak with equal fluency German, Greek, and Latin, as well as to pronounce consecutive phrases of considerable length. Its delicate throat adapts itself to all inflections and all accents." Apropos of the talent of this little bird, there is a story which illustrates its wonderful facility in the use of speech.

About fifty years ago, an old cobbler who was called Jacques had a little booth, or stall, on the corner of one of the principal streets of New Orleans. He had become the owner of a starling, which he cared for and trained to speak. In an old willow cage in front of the cobbler's stall, it hung, joyous and bright, a source of delight to its master, repeating incessantly whatever it heard from the passers-by.

"Where is Uncle Jacques?" customers would inquire of the bird when they halted at the shop.

"In the coffee-house at the corner," the bird would answer.

"How much do I owe here?" another would ask.

"Twenty cents," the bird would reply.

It soon grew so famous, not only in the neighborhood but outside of it, that the number of Jacques' patrons constantly increased, and his shop became a place of reunion for the simple but kindly gossips of the quarter.

On the floor above the cobbler's stall lived a retired cavalry captain, a soldier quite famous in his day, whose little daughter Flora, a child of ten, was

continually talking to the bird,—that is, whenever she could escape the vigilant care of her faithful nurse and only companion, Stella. So interested did she become in the starling that she at length began to wish it was her own, and begged her indulgent father to buy it for her. The captain, weary of her repeated importunities, stopped at the shop one morning and asked the cobbler what price he would take for his starling.

"For my starling!" exclaimed the cobbler. "No money could buy it from me; I would as soon sell my freedom, my life even. It is he who brings me most of my customers, making my shop a rendezvous for the neighborhood; it is to him I owe the good times that began with the coming of my dear bird. All the money you own, Captain, would not be enough to buy him."

"You hear that, Flora?" said the officer, turning to the child, who stood beside him. "This good man can not bring himself to part with his little companion, and I can not but commend his refusal."

Jacques returned to his work, more joyous than ever in the thought that his treasure had been coveted by so important a personage; and the bird, as though aware of what had occurred, began to cry out, in tones which could be heard all over the neighborhood:

"Good Jacques, good man! Good Jacques, brave man!"

A short time afterward the cobbler, having been informed by a servant of the captain that Flora was not at all satisfied with his decision, but still desired to have the bird for her own, bethought him of a plan to wean her affections from his beloved starling. The spot where he sat all day and

mended shoes was directly under a balcony where Flora spent a great deal of her time, and the cobbler by this means became acquainted with some peculiarities of the captain's daughter. She was a spoiled child, and made no scruple of scolding her devoted nurse on the slightest provocation. On one of these occasions Jacques whispered a few words into the ear of his clever companion, and presently the starling was heard repeating:

"Flora is naughty! Flora is naughty!"

Again, she had told her father a slight falsehood, an account of which the gossiping servant related to the cobbler; and the next morning when Flora made her appearance in front of the starling, the bird shrieked maliciously:

"Flora is a story-teller! Flora is a story-teller!"

That which Jacques had desired and foreseen soon took place. Flora's love for the bird was quickly turned to aversion. She began to complain of the starling, begging the old man to punish it for its insolence. In the midst of her complaint the bird hopped from its perch, stood on one leg on its master's shoulder, and, leaning forward till it almost touched the child's face, it cried:

"Flora is naughty! Flora tells lies!"

But the cobbler only laughed, which made her more angry than ever. She had no resource now but to complain to her father.

"It is a wicked bird!" she said. "Everyone in the neighborhood can hear what it says. You ought to do something about it, father."

"What can I do, child?" inquired the captain, amused at her chagrin. "The bird does not belong to me. Take no notice of what it says, and in a few days it will have learned something else, and forgotten all about you."

"It can never forget about me as long as it sees me every day. You ought to do something, papa."

But the captain, surprised and displeased at the ill temper and incipient vanity of his daughter, turned slowly away without another word, leaving her to her own reflections.

Some days after this he overheard a conversation between two of the servants, which opened his eyes still further. An old lady, a cousin of his dead wife, very kind-hearted and refined, but reduced in circumstances, had called to visit them during the absence of the captain. Miss Flora had received her with an indifference bordering on contempt, which so wounded the old lady that she left the house in tears. This circumstance was also related to Jacques, in the hearing of the bird. Meanwhile the captain, indignant and grieved at his daughter's conduct, was meditating upon some method by which he might teach her a salutary lesson, when the bird accomplished for him that which he was uncertain how to bring about.

One evening as they sat on the balcony, the cobbler, having closed his shop, came out to enjoy the air,—first hanging the bird-cage on the column where it usually shared his leisure. As soon as it heard the voice of the little girl above it, speaking to her father, it began to exclaim:

"Flora is naughty! Flora is cruel! Flora is unkind!"

"Do you hear it, papa?" the child exclaimed. "It is worse than ever. It seems to have a soul. It must be an evil spirit, though. I am afraid of it."

"It can not hurt you, my dear," the captain replied. "But, I ask you, does it not tell the truth? Are you not sometimes naughty? Have you not lately been very unkind?"

Flora had forgotten her recent conduct to her cousin Martha.

"I do not know what you mean, papa," she answered, almost crying. "I think it is you who are unkind, letting that horrid bird talk about me

in such a way. You do not love me or you would wring its neck—"

"Not for all the world,—not for all your money!" cackled the starling.

"How can you bear it, papa?" pleaded Flora, now almost in tears. "It is all the fault of that old cobbler, who hates me and teaches his bird to say dreadful things about me, because I wanted you to buy it."

"Flora is wicked! Flora is naughty!" came from the lower balcony. "Poor cousin Martha! Went away crying."

"What does this mean, my child?" inquired the captain, feeling that his opportunity had come. "What have you done to dear cousin Martha?"

The child burst into tears, and threw herself, trembling, into her father's arms, fully persuaded that the once loved but now hated starling was really an evil spirit, sent to reproach her for her numerous faults. She confessed them all, including her uncivil treatment of poor cousin Martha. Her father listened patiently.

"Papa," she said in conclusion, "I will try to be a better girl. Forgive me, and I will go to-morrow and ask cousin Martha to forgive me."

"Dear cousin Martha!" cried the bird. "Flora will be good, dear cousin Martha!"

Convinced that Flora had learned a useful and much needed lesson, the captain forgave her, and together they went next day to visit the neglected cousin, who was overjoyed to see them.

Flora kept her word. From that day forward the starling seemed to forget the obnoxious phrases which had so vexed its little neighbor. It was because its master had begun to teach it others, more welcome and pleasant to the ears of the little girl, who now, when she appeared on the balcony, or stood in front of the cage, heard only these agreeable sentences:

"Flora is good! Flora is lovely! Flora is charming!"

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.—WHERE IS MARTINO?

"O my God, my baby!" exclaimed Manuela, as she saw the empty bed.

"Do not be alarmed, dear," said Florian. "He has merely fallen out of the window. I will run around and get him."

"No, no!" cried his wife. "We should have heard him,—we should have heard him! His little body could never have pushed away those thick vines. Some one has taken him,—some one has taken him!"

"The child is not outside," whispered Natalia to the Señora. "I went first to look before telling you."

"Where is Conchita?" asked the Señora? "Go you, Natalia, through the garden, and let her take another route. The child has probably fallen out of the window, and perhaps, being half asleep, has wandered away, looking for his mother. You see, this is the other side of the house from where we were."

"No, no!" persisted the distracted mother. "The vines are too heavy, Señora. See for yourself. He could never, *never* have moved them. And the place is not so large but that he could have found us there when we were on the open piazza. O God help me!"

The two women sat on the bed, side by side,—the Señora with her arm around the younger woman, who rocked to and fro in her grief and despair. The Señora, as she lifted the broken vines from the front of the window, felt that no childish hand had wrenched them from their position. But she said, as she wished to believe:

"Mrs. Vladych, he may have wakened, knelt up in the bed and pushed with all his might against the vines, trying to get out."

"But see," answered Manuela, "the

window is at least three feet from the ground. If he had fallen out he would have cried, and we should have heard him. There were Conchita and Natalia on the porch of the kitchen; and there is a little path leading directly from the window, which he would have seen at once and gone toward the kitchen. In ten steps he would have seen the two women. Some one has taken him."

"But who would do such a thing?" asked the Señora, incredulously "And for what reason? You surely have no enemies, dear; there are no evil-minded persons about here."

"Perhaps the gypsies," said Manuela. "Oh, the gypsies must have taken my baby."

"But they are gone."

"Oh, no: they are here again! Mr. Clearwater says they are not far from this place."

"Ah!" cried the Señora. "Come, Alfredo!" she continued, hearing the voice of her son outside. "Have you found the boy?"

"No, mother, we have not found him. But do not fear, and tell his mother not to be alarmed. He has only strayed away, half asleep."

Manuela rushed from the bedroom at the sound of Alfredo's voice. The three men, with Rose and Louis, were on the piazza.

"The gypsies have taken the baby!" she cried. "They have stolen him. Oh, take me there,—take me to their camp! I must find my boy."

"Manuela, Manuela, I can not think so!" observed Florian. "The child has strayed to the road. He must have fallen out of the window. Let us be a little patient, and he will be found."

"Are you his father and ask me to be patient?" cried the poor mother. "Come, I will show you if he has fallen out of the window."

Once more she ran quickly around the side of the house, to the little room

where she had left Martino asleep, followed by the others. On either side of the window a small acacia tree was growing. The trunks were of the thickness of a man's arm. In front of the window, Mexican morning-glories had been planted,—the kind that bloom perpetually winter and summer. The vines had sought a foothold on these acacia trees, winding about the trunks and branches till they formed a screen across the window. At sight of the heavy mass of foliage that now lay on the ground, one could readily understand that no two-year-old child could have pushed it away. It had been torn entirely from its fastenings by a powerful hand.

Manuela lifted the foliage from the ground where it had been trampled down.

"Could my little Martino have done that?" she asked. "And see—there—and there—in the soft ground are the marks of feet! Are they the baby's feet? Oh, no, no! They are the bare feet of a man."

"You are right, my wife!" said Florian, in a voice choked with a suppressed sob. "They are the marks of a man's foot."

Clearwater stepped forward, knelt down, and began to examine the impressions on the ground.

"Come, Florian,—come with me!" cried Manuela again. "The gypsies have taken our baby. Let us go and find him, Florian,—let us go and—"

Her head sank heavily on her husband's shoulder, deep sobs burst from her anguished breast, and then, with a long-drawn sigh, she fell back fainting in her husband's arms.

"It is better so," said the Señora, as they laid Manuela on the sitting-room couch, and began to chafe her wrists and forehead. "When she comes to, I will give her one of Mr. Ralph's composing powders. A sleep will strengthen her, or make her forget at least for a

while. Go, all of you, Mr. Vladych, to the camp of the gypsies at once. If they have taken the boy, they will want to be on the road early in the morning. Leave Manuela with us. We will take care of her."

Reluctant, but, on the other hand, feeling that no time was to be lost, Florian went out again, convinced that the Señora's advice was best. Ralph, Alfredo and Louis were still standing near the window; Conchita, Natalia and Rose at a little distance.

"Mr. Vladych," said the Englishman, "I am sure that the footprints near the window are not those of a gypsy. The foot of a gypsy is long, slender, and highly arched; this footprint is broad, flat, and almost without an instep. It is the foot of a Negro."

"Of a Negro!" cried Florian. "That is still more terrible and it is almost incredible. I can hardly believe it."

"Natalia!" called the Englishman. "Will you be kind enough to come here and tell the story you told me about the Negro you saw one morning in the blackberry bushes?"

Natalia came forward and related what had occurred.

"But why did you keep it secret?" asked Florian when she had finished.

"We thought her mistaken," said Alfredo; "and did not wish to alarm you all, feeling that Louis and Rose at least might be frightened."

"And while I did not altogether believe it," said Clearwater, "I thought it might possibly be true, and felt it would be better not to make it public. I have been watching for that Negro, and am certain Natalia was not mistaken."

He then related his own experience near the gypsy camp.

"There can be no doubt," said Alfredo, "that the boy has been abducted. Probably the man is in league with these gypsies. We must go over to the camp at once."

"But what motive could Carisso have in stealing my child?" asked Florian, as he paced rapidly up and down the path. "It seems to me that, especially in view of what Louis did for him on the train, he should feel only gratitude toward us—for his sake at least."

"Some people have no gratitude," said Ralph. "They are beasts—no, I will not insult the beasts; for *they* feel gratitude. However, I do not think you need be afraid. We shall have no trouble in finding the boy. Shall we go?"

"Yes, but not together, at first," said Alfredo. "It would be better to keep at a distance from each other, so that they may not see us and suspect what we want."

"I can not think," said Louis, "that Carisso would take the baby to the gypsy camp. It seems to me he would know they would be suspected at once."

"Perhaps they are already on their way," said Florian.

"But they could be seized and all their things overhauled," replied Louis. "I do not believe the baby is there,—I wish I could."

Here Rose came forward, crying to break her heart.

"O Florian, Conchita says they will blacken his face and dye his hair, so that we could not know him; and they will give him something to make him sleep, so that he will not cry. Oh, our darling little baby! What—*what* shall we do?"

"Hush, hush, Rose!" said her brother, goaded to desperation by the possibility suggested, which he felt was not unlikely. "Let us be off," he continued, turning to the others. "Alfredo, have you a pistol?"

"No," answered Alfredo.

"I have two," said the Englishman.

"Are they loaded?"

"Yes, they are both loaded."

"Give me one," said Florian.

"No," answered Clearwater, firmly.

"I will carry them, Florian. We shall hardly need to use them; and, in this matter, my head is probably the cooler of the two."

"Go back to the house, Louis," said Florian, after they had started. "I do not think it is prudent to leave the women alone."

"Very well," replied Louis. "I suppose you are right, Florian." And he retraced his steps.

The boy was somewhat disappointed at not having been allowed to go, but felt pleased at having been thought old enough and brave enough to be a protector to the women.

The others did not go around by the road, but took a short cut toward the camp, arranging to screen themselves behind the bushes when they came within sight of it.

"Look here!" said Clearwater, after they had gone a few steps. "Do you see the new trail at the side? That has been made recently. Whoever took the boy, came this way, travelling *between* the bushes, so as not to be seen. Let us follow this path, if we can."

They went silently onward. The sun had just disappeared behind the distant mountain peak; in a few moments night would be upon them. They could see the white tents through the thick fringe of eucalyptus that bordered Clearwater's property.

"Ah!" cried Florian suddenly, as he picked up a little shoe. "It belonged to the baby."

"And here!" echoed Alfredo, as the mate of the shoe appeared lying on the trail before them.

"Heavens!" cried the father, gnashing his teeth together. "How I should like to burn that gypsy camp and—"

"Softly, softly, Florian!" said Clearwater. "What we all want now is prudence and cool heads."

Florian kissed the baby shoes, and hid them in his bosom.

(To be continued.)

Proving His Mettle.

During one of the religious persecutions to which the oldtime Christians of Japan were subjected, a Catholic father and mother were preparing themselves for their coming martyrdom. Talking the matter over with some Catholic neighbors, the mother remarked: "My husband and I hope with God's grace to have fortitude enough to suffer for our faith; but, alas! our little son! What will become of him? Will he have the courage to undergo the cruel torments of the persecutors?"

The boy, not yet in his teens, overheard the remark, but made no comment upon it. At the same time he quietly took up a poker and held it in the fire. When the end of the poker grew red-hot, he deliberately touched it to his hand, and did not even cry when it burned his tender flesh. Noticing his action, his terrified mother ran over to him, seized the poker, and asked the little fellow what he was thinking of. "I wanted to show you," was the reply, "that, with God's grace, I, too, will be brave enough to suffer martyrdom rather than give up my religion."

Delighted at this evidence of the child's heroism, the parents blessed God for their happiness. A few weeks later all three had the supreme joy of wearing the martyr's crown.

An Australian Riddle.

Riddles play a great part in the social life of the Euahlayi, an aboriginal tribe in Australia; and he who knows many is much sought after. Here is one, the answer to which of course is sleep: The strongest man can not stand against me. I can knock him down, yet I do not hurt him. He feels better for my having knocked him down. What am I?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A book about Brittany that is sure to have a host of readers is "The Land of Pardons," by Anatole la Braz, a translation of which, by Frances M. Gostling, is among Methuen & Co.'s new books. There are fifty illustrations, of which ten are in color.

—We are doubtful as to whether we could give praise to all the volumes of the Little Cousin Series; however, we feel confident in recommending "Our Little Spanish Cousin," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, the latest addition to the series. She was the publishers' choice of authors for this volume, her book for grown-up readers being so faithful a reproduction of Spanish daily life.

—The concluding volume of the American historical series projected by John Gilmary Shea, that is, "Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1684-87," appears in exceptionally handsome typographical form. Edited by Dr. Henry R. Stiles, and published by Joseph McDonough, the volume will be regarded by all students of early American history as a genuine boon.

—No. 1, Vol. I., of the *Coming Day* is the initial issue of a very creditable temperance bimonthly, published at Nashville, Tennessee. As its name implies, the magazine is the organ of optimistic workers in one of the great movements of the times, and the promise is made that the style of the publication will be "the reverse of vitriolic." An interesting paper in this first number is Father Cleary's "The Catholic Church and Temperance Work."

—The "Waste Not, Want Not Stories," retold by Clifton Johnson, and published by the American Book Co., is intended as a reader for the third grade. The collection includes nine stories from Maria Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant." Needless to say they are strictly moral tales; but the stories carry enough interest in themselves to justify a little preachment, and it is only fair to say that the lessons taught are suggested rather than emphasized.

—In a Berlin journal, the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Count Vay von Vaya has been recording his opinion of Americans in general and our President in particular. There are many good things in the Count's article, extracts from which appear in the *Literary Digest*; and, among others, this bit of appreciative criticism: "President Roosevelt's speeches are popular, not only among his own people but throughout the world; and this popularity they owe less to their rhetorical quality than to their real worth. It is quite certain that

the finest speeches are those which make men wiser, better, and nobler, just as it is a higher thing to be a good man than a famous man."

—We noticed some months ago the publication, in book form, of M. V. Groffier's papers in the *Missions Catholiques* on "Forgotten Heroes of Our [French] Colonial Epopee." The French Academy has recently "crowned" the work and awarded to the author as a prize 1000 francs. It is worth while mentioning that France's forty immortals are about the only distinguished men in that country who appear capable of rising superior to the sentiment of anti-Catholic bigotry. They keep on recognizing true worth and literary excellence even when these qualities appear in Catholic missionaries, Catholic Sisters, or, as in M. Groffier's case, Catholic editors.

—A remarkable career was that of Manuel Garcia, who died last week in London, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and one. He had been a singer and professor of singing for so many years that he was often confounded with his famous father, who bore the same Christian name. The son, besides being a great vocalist, was an author and the inventor of the laryngoscope. Madame Malibran, so celebrated in her day, and still living in Paris, is his sister. Signor Garcia was a commander of the Royal Victorian Order, and had received numerous other honors. By his death the musical world has lost its most interesting figure. *R. I. P.*

—Readers in search of an adequate history of liberty will be disappointed in the new work of Dr. Mackinnon. His materials are abundant, but the bad plan which he adopted prevented him from maintaining continuity of subject or idea. "The whole book," says a reviewer in the *Athenæum*, "strikes us as a work of hasty compilation. . . . The same want of a well-considered scheme is betrayed in the topics chosen for omission or detailed narrative. The existence of a 'Counter-Reformation' and the discussions at the Council of Trent pass without notice; Italy, admitted to a place in the first volume, is omitted (Machiavelli excepted) from the second, whilst the facts of Knox's biography are traced out with considerable circumstance." In concluding his review, this writer says: "We have read this history with a growing sense of disappointment, not so much on the ground of its failure to fulfil high pretensions—and to call a history of liberty inadequate would be the praise of the faintest of damns—as because it is obvious that had the writer been willing to use more care and restraint, he could have produced a better book; for he has zeal and

industry, a wide range of interest and knowledge, ambition and ability. His materials would have sufficed if he had mixed with his work of collection a larger measure of thought, and had realized that there is more dignity in resolved limitation than in a purposeless comprehensiveness."

—Pastors who contemplate the founding of a parish library, and others wishing to enlarge libraries already existing, will be interested in the catalogue of books in the parish library of St. Boniface Church, Philadelphia, Pa., compiled by the Rev. Father Beierschmidt, C. SS. R. Besides Catholic books in English and German, it includes a large number of non-Catholic authors' works which, on careful examination, have been found unobjectionable. As a new edition of this catalogue is now in preparation, Father Beierschmidt will be glad to be reminded of any other good book that is still in print in either language and is worthy of a place on his shelves. Following the rules governing St. Boniface Parish Library, we are glad to see the notice that "any one, Catholic or non-Catholic, may take books from the library, provided he observe the above rules, and, in case he be not known, bring a recommendation from some responsible person."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.
- "Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 68 cts., net.
- "The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
- "Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.
- "The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.
- "The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

- "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.
- "A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.
- "Pilgrim Walks in Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.
- "Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.
- "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick." Most Rev. Dr. Healy. \$4.50, net.
- "The Menace of Privilege." Henry George, Jr. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.25.
- "The Bitter Cry of the Children." John Spargo. \$1.50, net.
- "Not a Judgment." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "Tom Losely: Boy." Father Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Boys." 50 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Girls." 50 cts.
- "Prayer." Abbé Bolo. \$1.25, net.
- "A Ridingdale Year." Father Bearne, S. J. \$1.85.
- "A Garland of Violets." 60 cts.
- "Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." \$1.50, net.
- "Lenten Readings." 75 cts., net.
- "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL. D., F. S. A." Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. \$5.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Pius Hemler, of the diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. W. A. Becker, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Peter Prando, S. J.

Sister Ignace, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; Sister Mary Paul, Sisterhood of St. Joseph; and Sisters M. Genevieve and M. Scholastica, O.S.B.

Mr. Charles Wilt, of Great Falls, Mont.; Mrs. H. H. Bergin and Miss Bergin, Brighton, Mich.; Mr. Octave Ranger, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. J. D. Mulligan, Leadville, Colo.; Mr. E. A. Miller, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Lowry, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. M. Rink, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. O. J. Gillogly, Townsend, Mont.; Mr. J. P. Goff, Painesville, Ohio; Mr. Michael Conlon, San Francisco, Cal.; Esther Jordan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Kershaw, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary Hickey, Bradford, Ill.; Mrs. F. McOsker, Lowell, Mass.; and Mr. Joseph Buckley, Mystic, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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Friend Memory.

PRIDE called me and I followed her
Where bay and laurel gleamed;
Mine eyes beheld the treasures fair
Of which my heart had dreamed.

But as I reached to take the gifts
Held out by Pride to me,
I heard a low voice at my side,—
The voice of Memory.

With chastened heart I turned to go,
My dream was at an end;
Pride slipped away, while Memory
Walked with me as my friend. ***

The Salve Regina.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

PER *singulos dies, O pia, te salutamus!*" exclaims the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure, whose profound learning was equalled only by his fervent devotion. "Day by day, O sweet Virgin, we give thee greeting!" Yes; in very truth, throughout the length and breadth of Catholic Christendom, priest and people salute the ever-blessed Mother of God in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles. From parish church and quiet convent chapel, from many a monastic choir and stately cathedral, the songs of praise arise morning by morning, evening by evening, as the swift years come and go.

But amongst all the numerous forms of homage devised and offered by

loving hearts to our "deare Ladie," none perhaps is more familiar, or appeals more forcibly to every tone of mind, than the antiphon. "An antiphon, or anthem," Dr. Bridgett tells us, "derives its name from the custom of singing in alternate choirs; but the name is also given to certain short hymns, metrical or not, even when sung by one choir only."

The four antiphons of the Blessed Virgin found in our prayer-books after the Office of Compline are almost too well known to need mentioning here. They vary according to the different seasons of the Church's year, and begin respectively with the words, *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, *Ave Regina Cœlorum*, *Regina Cœli lætare*, and *Salve Regina*.

It is interesting to learn from reliable authorities that, though they were first introduced into the Roman Breviary in the year 1520, they had been used by the children of the "humble St. Francis" more than two centuries earlier. We also learn that "by a general chapter of the Benedictines, held at Northampton in 1444," antiphons in honor of Christ's Immaculate Mother were ordered to be sung at the end of Compline, "in order, before sleep, to implore the help of her by whom the serpent's head was crushed"; and it is quite evident that this was only the renewal or confirmation of a more ancient decree.

Considerably sooner than the date of its introduction into the Breviary, we find, the singing of the evening

antiphon of Our Lady had become a favorite and firmly rooted custom amongst our forefathers. It was practised by priests and people, even apart from the Office, many foundations being made and numerous guilds in all parts of England established for this purpose. Thus, in 1365, John Barnet, Bishop of Bath and Wells, gave a large sum to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, London, requiring them every day after Matins to sing "an antiphon to the Blessed Virgin Mary before Our Lady at the Pillar in the nave, commonly called Our Lady of Grace."

The Salve Guilds would appear to have been almost universal in England during the Ages of Faith; for Stow, when alluding to that most famous Guild of Our Ladye de Salve Regina, in the church of St. Magnus, near London Bridge, goes on to say that "most other churches had theirs."

It may be well, whilst speaking of this beautiful antiphon, the Salve Regina, to give a brief outline of its history. With regard to the authorship, there are many conflicting opinions; by some it is believed to have been written by St. John Damascene;* others assign it to Peter, Bishop of Compostella; others again, to Bernard, Archbishop of Toledo; and, lastly, it has been claimed as the work of Haimerus, or Aimard, Bishop of Puy. Father Thaddeus, a Franciscan writer who has made a careful study of the subject, tells us, however, that in all probability it was composed by a Benedictine monk of the monastery of Reichenau in Schwaben,—Hermannus, or Hermann, who lived in the eleventh century, and was surnamed "Contractus," on account of the contraction of his limbs. "He was of noble birth," adds his chronicler, "but even more illustrious for his learning and the holiness of his life."

It is strange to think how the words

of this humble servant of God have echoed down the avenues of time. Hundreds of years have passed since Hermannus, with his suffering, perhaps deformed, body and his ardent soul, lived unobtrusively in his quiet cloister, spending his days in prayer and praise and study. Yet the sweet canticle—the most celebrated of all those he is said to have composed in honor of the Mother of God—still rises from Catholic lips all the world over, still touches a responsive chord in human hearts as surely and unfailingly as in the ages that are gone.

Up to the minster arches, up to the skies star-strown,
Where planets in their marches have music of their own,

the pathetic cry ascends. It is the cry of countless exiles, weeping and mourning in this valley of tears; and often, indeed, must it have been uttered by the faithful monk Hermann, whose devotion to the Queen of Heaven inspired him to pen so exquisite and lasting a tribute of prayerful praise and pleading prayer.

There is a certain tradition connected with this, the best known, perchance, of all Our Lady's antiphons, which may not be so familiar to us as the words we so constantly repeat. It tells us that about the middle of the twelfth century, when that true soldier of Christ and fervent client of Mary, the great St. Bernard, was sent as Papal Nuncio to Spire, in Germany, an imposing procession of both clergy and laity met him at the city gates, "and, amidst the joyous pealing of the bells, conducted him with much solemnity to the stately cathedral." When crossing the threshold, he noticed "a venerable statue" of the Blessed Mother of God; and, on catching sight of it, he began to intone the Salve Regina. Presently, having reached the centre of the nave, and the antiphon being now completed with the words, "*Nobis post hoc*

* See St. Antoninus, *Summa Theol.*

exilium ostende," he threw himself on his knees and exclaimed, "*O clemens!*" He then rose, and, advancing a few steps farther, knelt again, saying, "*O pia!*" And, after an interval, kneeling for the third time, he cried, "*O dulcis Maria!*" or, "*O dulcis Virgo Maria!*"

We may mention in passing that the word *Virgo* seems to have been subsequently introduced; for in the works of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, and also in those attributed to St. Bernard, we find, "*O dulcis Maria*," instead of, "*O dulcis Virgo Maria*," as our prayer-books now render it.

The story goes on to say that scarcely had St. Bernard pronounced the last word of his triple invocation, when a voice, which the vast throng of worshipers believed to have emanated from the statue of Our Lady, exclaimed: "*Ave, Bernarde!*" And the multitude, greatly marvelling, and much moved to devotion thereby, "gave glory to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary." From that time forward, we are told, these memorable words of St. Bernard, "*O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary!*" were added to the antiphon.

It would appear, from evidence gleaned from ancient sources, that originally the word *Mater* was not found in the first sentence. As a matter of fact, it occurs in but few manuscripts prior to the fifteenth century. The Carthusian Breviary of 1563, and even that of 1587, still has *Salve, Regina Misericordiæ* (Hail, Queen of Mercy). Some of the books used before the pontificate of St. Pius V. contain the sentence, however, exactly as it stands at present—*Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ*. The second sentence also was not invariably expressed in the same form, as we shall see at once if we again refer to the mediæval manuscripts, where *vitæ dulcedo* (sweetness of our life) frequently occurs in place of *vita*, *dulcedo* (our life, our sweetness). It is interesting to note that the prayer,

"Almighty, Eternal God," which is recited after the Salve, and with which we are all so familiar, was composed by St. Ambrose.

The good old custom of singing or reciting this antiphon was confirmed by the Council of Trent in the following impressive terms: "Let us, banished children of Eve, who dwell in this vale of tears, assiduously invoke the Mother of Mercy, the Advocate of the faithful, asking her to pray for us, poor sinners; imploring her aid and assistance; for she is powerful with God, and most desirous to help us."

We shall notice, if we consult old English versions of the Salve Regina, that it developed into "a long song," owing to many quaintly and devoutly worded versicles and responses which followed the anthem itself. It seems that, in those days of faith, "outlawed sons of Eve" loved to linger over their petitions to the "Virgyn Modir of the Chirche," "everlasting gate of glorie," and ever-tender "Ladie of forgiveness."

Allusions to our Divine Lord's Cross and Passion are beautifully intermingled with pleadings to Mary. Thus, in an ancient English version of the Salve, dated about 1400, Our Lady is implored in a certain versicle to offer prayers (or, according to the spelling of the time, preieris) to her Son "fastened to the Cross, ful of woundis, and for us all scourged, with thornes prickid, given gal to drynke." Our Blessed Saviour is asked to loose us from our sins "for the love of His Modir"; and to lead us to "the Kyngdom of Clearness." Then once more Our Lady is thus invoked: "O merciful, O pitieous, O hooly, O meek, O seli [happy], O sweet Marie, hail!"

Though we have devoted considerable space to the Salve Regina and its history, it must not be supposed that other antiphons were not frequently and very generally sung. One, beginning with the words, *Nesciens Mater*, has completely disappeared from our

modern prayer-books; but we know, from the evidence of testamentary documents, how great a favorite it must have been during the Middle Ages; for bequests were constantly made in order that lights might be kept burning whilst it was sung. Indeed, the use of anthems became so universal that even the very street singers "appealed to Christian piety and charity by means of these popular hymns."

The custom of singing Our Lady's antiphons by those journeying on sea or land seems to have been very common among the English up to the time of the so-called Reformation; and, in this connection, it will readily be remembered that, according to Chaucer, these anthems were taught to children in the village schools. His picture, in the Prioress' Tale, of the "little school of Christian folk," was no doubt drawn from English life; though the scene, it is scarcely necessary to state, was laid in "a great city" in Asia. Amongst the children that "learned in that school to singen and to read" was a widow's son, "a little clergion [young clerk] seven year of age," who, wherever he saw the image of Christ's most blessed Mother, "as him was taught," would "kneel adown and pray *Ave Maria*, as he go'th by the way."

Then the story proceeds to tell how "this little child his little book learning, as he sat in the school at his primere, he Alma Redemptoris hearde sing as children learned their antiphonere." And, drawing nearer and yet more near, he listened attentively till he knew the first verse "all by rote." Not, however, understanding Latin, "for he so young and tender was of age," he implored one of his companions to translate the words into his own tongue. Thereupon this schoolfellow, "that elder was than he," told him that "the song was made in reverence of our blissful Lady free"; and the child eagerly exclaimed: "Now certes, I will do my diligence to

conne [know] it all ere Christemasse be went." He adds, moreover, that, though he should be "beaten thrice in an hour," yet he will learn it "Our Lady for to honour." Very soon "he song it wel and boldely, chanting it twice a day," as he went "schoolward and homeward," because, in the quaint and charming language of a bygone day, "on Christ's Mother set was all his entent."

This example alone is sufficient to prove how favorite a devotion were Our Lady's antiphons,—taught to the "little ones" as soon as they were capable of learning anything, loved and used by all. Indeed, the tale which Chaucer has put into the mouth of the Prioress is so faithful a picture of Catholic England during the fourteenth century that a reference to it can not be omitted from even the briefest history of the religious practices of that period.

As regards the music, it would appear to have often been very ornate; for we find that, in the noted abbey church of Evesham, "chaplains skilled in her antiphons" were appointed to Our Lady's altar. The statutes of the time furnish ample proof of the care with which this pious duty was carried out. We constantly come upon such sentences as the following: "They shall sing solemnly and to the *very best of their skill* an antiphon of the Blessed Virgin." "Our pleasure is that they do devoutly perform among themselves in the common hall, by *note*, an antiphon of the glorious Virgin." As a matter of fact, "the evening antiphon," says Dr. Bridgett, "seems to have occupied with our Catholic forefathers almost the same place that is now filled by the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament,—a form of devotion not then established."

We are not surprised to learn that when the storm of heresy broke over England, the singing of Our Lady's

antiphons became a penal offence; and it may here be mentioned that Sir Thomas More, in his confutation of Tyndall, remarks that "he [Tyndall] forbiddeth folk to pray to her [Christ's Holy Mother], and especially misliketh her devout anthem of *Salve Regina*."

But, though the familiar and dearly loved hymns and antiphons of Our Lady were no longer heard from the lips of trained choristers after each day's work was done, they strengthened "the hearts of confessors in filthy dungeons," and were chanted by martyrs amidst tortures the thought of which makes our spirits faint and quail.

We, however, live in times of religious freedom; and for that reason we ought to remind ourselves that the same faith is ours,—that faith for which our Catholic ancestors went so gladly to the scaffold and the stake; that faith which St. Paul tells us is "the victory that overcometh the world." And let us remember also that whilst we enjoy full liberty to practise what we believe, yet have we fallen upon days when more and more men question and doubt. Following phantom fires, they allow themselves to be led away by "will-o'-the-wisps" of modern thought and modern scepticism. Pride rules the will, and, sinking deeper and deeper into the morass, they find themselves eventually engulfed in a quagmire from which there seems small hope of escape.

It is an experience which may befall any one of us, either on account of our own carelessness in reading books avowedly inimical to faith, or owing to a certain bent of mind or character; or because, perchance, the thing we long for has been denied at the very moment of its expected attainment. Lost in the starless night of intellectual and spiritual desolation, with the infidel's cry, *Ubi est Deus tuus?* (Where is thy God?) ringing persistently in our ears, we know not how to retrace our steps; and then it is that we should

most strenuously implore our Mother's aid, crying aloud, with humility, confidence, and love: "*Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte!*"

If we ask aright, we shall not ask in vain; "because," says a fifteenth-century writer, "our merciful Lady is that Star that succoureth mankind in the troublous sea of this world, and bringeth her lovers to the haven of health."

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

III.—IN THE CITY.

EROLINDA had never been farther than La Media, on the route she was now travelling. Therefore while her husband, of an entirely different nature and temperament, was fighting with the loneliness that held him in its grasp, she, dashing the tears from her eyes, began to look all about her, watching her travelling companions, and listening to the various snatches of conversation which came to her above the rumbling of the stage. The travellers were all unknown to her, being for the most part tourists or hunters who had been spending some time in the mountains.

At their first stopping place, there entered a woman whom she knew slightly.

"Ah, Erolinda!" exclaimed the stout matron, an acquaintance of her family who had never vouchsafed her the dignity of "*Señora*,"—an omission which had made Erolinda detest her. But the sight of her at present was something of a diversion, and she made room beside her for the newcomer.

"Are you going to Santa Marta?" inquired the Señora Mortara, knowing her acquaintance had a daughter married there.

"Farther," answered her companion. "I am going to San Francisco."

"And I also," said Erolinda.

"You?" ejaculated the other in surprise. "And without your husband?"

"He remains with the children. I go to take a situation there."

"A situation! You are not leaving him, Erolinda?"

"For the present, yes. Things are bad with us, and I must earn some money."

Thereupon she explained the state of affairs to the Señora Arca, who in turn began to relate her own woes. Her husband and sons were worthless; she had become tired of supporting them, and would henceforth let them take care of themselves.

"It will teach them a lesson," she continued. "And if it does not, it will not be nearly so hard for me. Perhaps you do not know that years ago, before I married, I lived some time in 'the city' with my cousin, Colon Vidal, and there learned to make the best tamales that ever were cooked and eaten in California."

"I knew it," replied Erolinda. "I have heard my mother say that is where you learned to make those good tamales, Dolores. Shall you make them again when you are there?"

"That is what I go to do. The sons of Colon Vidal have many wagons there, and I can earn good money as I used to do. For me all will be well. For you also, I hope, Erolinda; though I am sorry to know that you are obliged to leave your young family. Still, time passes quickly, and you will soon be home again. I am glad that we travel together that far."

Erolinda said nothing, but inwardly resolved that the end of their journey would also see the end of their intimacy. She did not propose that such an inveterate gossip as Dolores Arca should keep watch upon her doings and report them to the neigh-

bors at Vallicitas. In a certain vague way, she already saw herself lifted to surroundings in which her whilom acquaintance would not be at home.

When the end of the stage drive was reached, and they found themselves in the railway station, Dolores bustled about as one familiar with that kind of travel, saying to her companion:

"Come quickly, take a place here in the car, or it will be crowded and you may not be able to sit down all the way."

"I have already my place taken," answered Erolinda. "I have a ticket for the sleeping car."

"Ah, you are to travel in style, then!" said Dolores. "Perhaps I shall not see you again."

"I do not know," replied Erolinda.

"And how will you get to your lady when we arrive?"

"I have the address of the hotel."

"Let me see it. Ah, that is a fine place! They must be very rich to live there."

"I think they are wealthy."

"You will be in good fortune," continued Dolores, already in her seat, leaning out of the window as she spoke. "Take good care of yourself, my dear. You are very pretty. No one would take you for a married woman and the mother of three children."

"I thank you!" rejoined Erolinda, haughtily. "I am able to do that as well as you or any of your family,"—remembering that the members of the tribe Arca had never been conspicuous for virtue in any form.

"You are welcome. It costs nothing," said the other tartly, shutting the window in Erolinda's face.

Not at all annoyed by this adventure, but quite pleased to have gotten rid of her travelling companion so easily, Erolinda found her own compartment, and settled her belongings there. The rest of the day passed quickly. After she

had partaken of her frugal luncheon, she spent the afternoon looking out of the windows at the swiftly flying houses, farms, and villages. She had never been on a railroad train before; everything was new and agreeable. Refreshed by a long night's sleep, she passed the next day in the same manner. People came and went,—well dressed for the most part, all intent on their various projects and occupations, but all interesting to the hopeful young traveller, who anticipated eagerly the novelty and delight she felt sure were awaiting her at her journey's end.

The night of the second day was approaching when she reached Oakland. Long rows of lights began to stretch out on either side, seeming like stars to her unaccustomed eyes; while the noises swelling like waves from the great city contained for her the most delightful possibilities.

"Are we there?" she inquired of the conductor as the cars rolled into the station.

"This is Oakland. You go to San Francisco," he rejoined. "We must cross the bay first."

When, the last stage of the journey accomplished, she descended from the train with the others, the conductor kindly put her in a cab and she was driven to the V— Hotel. Taking her valises, one in either hand, she entered the great corridor, lined on both sides with leather-covered seats, and looked confusedly about her. Everything was noise and bustle; people were crowding about the clerk's desk, registering; boys in uniform were rushing here and there, answering their respective bells.

With the patience common to her race, Erolinda waited, neither wondering that no one was looking out for her, nor fearful that she should be overlooked. At length there came a sudden lull; the crowd seemed to dissipate, the space between her and the desk was clear. She advanced to the broad

counter, behind which stood two men.

"What do you want?" asked the younger, rather gruffly as he surveyed her, evidently thinking she was in the wrong place.

"I come to the Señora Minturu, for her baby, Señor. I am the nurse."

"Minturu?" ejaculated the clerk. "Not here."

"I surely have not been mistaken," continued Erolinda, handing him the card with the address, which she had been holding in her hand.

"Yes, yes, that is all right!" said the second man, coming forward. "They were here, but they have gone—this morning."

"But where, Señor?" inquired the perplexed woman.

"To New York, thence to England," was the rejoinder. "There is a letter for you, and—by the way, what is your name?"

"Erolinda Mortara."

"Right, Madame,—all right! Here is the letter."

She took it from him, opening it with trembling fingers. From it she learned that the sudden death of Mr. Minturu's father had obliged them to return at once to England. They were sorry to disappoint her; could not wait on the chance of her accompanying them, though they would have desired it. Fifty dollars—a month's salary—was enclosed; also a return ticket to her home. That was all.

"Will you read this, Señor?" she inquired of the clerk.

"Yes, if you wish," he replied, taking the letter from her. When he had finished she asked:

"And now what shall I do?"

"Better go back to your home," said the older man. "They have treated you very well."

Erolinda looked around her. Beautifully dressed women were passing into the dining-room, beyond the corridor, where the band was already playing;

the scent of flowers was wafted through the open doorway of the brilliantly lighted room; the aroma of daintily cooked food greeted her nostrils; outside on the broad sidewalk crowds were passing to and fro. Her heart sank in her bosom. What! leave this beautiful place, these wonderful sights and sounds, this life, this joy, this animation, for the lonely rancho at Vallicitas, the dried-up arroyos, the acres of sagebrush, the ruinous adobe house, the sordid squalor of the past? Her heart rose. Armored with new determination and courage, she lifted her head as one who has made a final resolve.

"No, Señor," she said. "I came here to earn money, which I need. I shall not go back till I earn it. Is there any place for me in this house where I can work, where I can earn my bread?"

"You are a brave little girl," replied the older man. "And there may be something in this house for you to do. I have no doubt there is. Sit down a moment."

Summoning a bell boy, he bade him take "this young woman" to the housekeeper. Then, writing a few words on a slip of paper, he said:

"Give this to Mrs. Parker."

And so it came to pass that in the short space of half an hour Erolinda Mortara found herself clad in the striped seersucker gown and white cap and apron of a hotel chambermaid, her small belongings thrust under a narrow iron bed, not extraordinarily clean as to mattress and coverlets, in a long room, which she shared with twenty others, on the attic floor of the V— Hotel.

The castle she had built had fallen to ruin, but her sanguine nature had already recovered from the shock inflicted by the first disappointment. To be sure, her lines were not, for the present at least, to be cast in the pleasant places she had pictured in fancy since the reception of the welcome

letter in answer to her own inquiry. But she had a roof over her head, present employment, and liberty to change when she wished, youth, health, strength, and fifty dollars in her pocket.

Characteristically, she resolved not to let her husband know what had befallen, lest he should command her to return at once. The next morning she dispatched the fifty dollars by money order, and took up her duties with a light heart and willing hands.

Reticent by race and habit, she said nothing of her history to those with whom she was now associated. Somehow it had not seemed so much amiss to her that the wife of Arturo Mortara should be willing to pursue the avocation she had set out to follow. She knew that her husband would never have permitted it, and thought it best not to enlighten him. None of her companions had suspected that she was a married woman. She had given the name of Erolinda Mortara, and no one had questioned her. She felt, besides, that as a married woman she might not be as free to amuse herself as though she were a young girl.

Despite the inherent selfishness of her nature, she had many good qualities, and was innocent of evil to a greater extent than would have been possible if she had passed her life so far in the great city which now opened its arms to her. She had not calculated, moreover, that the freedom she wished to enjoy might also be productive of inconveniences and misapprehensions. She was pretty and attractive, had a naturally refined taste in dress, and a coquettish smile which meant less than it appeared to mean; a personality, in short, which could not fail to attract.

Before long Erolinda found herself the object of attentions from the masculine element among the servants, which at first made her somewhat uneasy. There is no woman more particular than a

virtuous Mexican woman, no one more exacting and jealous than a Mexican husband. But Erolinda soon began to reason that she was entirely unknown where she now was; that it would be for a short time only; that there could be nothing amiss in accepting the escort now and again, with her female companions, to one or other place of amusement. She felt that Arturo would not object, under the circumstances.

So it happened that before a month had passed she had become a universal favorite with her fellow-servants, male and female; and had begun to enjoy, in moderation, the pleasures which were accorded them during the intervals of labor. Although she thought often of her husband and children, she had very few homesick qualms; when they rose to the surface she stifled them and tried to be happy.

Once a week regularly she received a letter from her husband, to which she did not reply, excusing herself for her remissness with the plea that at the end of the month she would be sending money again, and would then write. But when that time came she had very little left to remit to Vallicitas. New clothing had been purchased,—ribbons and laces and flowery hats, which delighted her as they would a child. And thus her wages had been nearly all frittered away.

The next month the same thing occurred; and by this time she had begun to accuse her husband of a want of manliness in allowing her to leave her home in order to earn money for deficiencies which he should have been the one to supply. And, not having anything to send, she was ashamed to write.

(To be continued.)

No one can gain an indulgence while in a state of sin, and hence indulgences are not at any price profitable things to purchase.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Misnamed.

(*Rondel.*)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

SO oft is envy labelled zeal,
Like demon clad in angel-guise,
'Twere well our heart to scrutinize
Before we grant its strong appeal
To chide our neighbor for his weal;
Self-love may blind us, otherwise,
So oft is envy labelled zeal,
Like demon clad in angel-guise.

In strictures on our brothers leal,
In eagerness to criticise—
Though others' baseness we despise,—
We yet perchance our own reveal,
So oft is envy labelled zeal,
Like demon clad in angel-guise.

Some Catholic Irish Traits.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

AMID the demoralizing influence and license of a materialistic age—an age of undoubted moral and intellectual anarchy,—there is to be found one people at least whose constancy and attachment to the principles and ideals of their ancient creed and race are, one has no hesitation in saying, as unyielding and ardent to-day as at any period of their history. Without their being Puritanical, or, of course, exempt from the inevitable share of human frailties common, in a greater or lesser degree, to all mankind, reverence for religion, its ministers, teachings, and ceremonials, the sacredness of the family ties and marital relations, and fidelity to old forms and customs—their inherent spirituality and idealism,—mark the Irish as a race singularly individualistic.

The old order changeth not with them in things divine. Private judgment, despite the sophistries and contagion of a rationalistic literature and a free-

thinking, dividend-seeking press—the vicious teachings of the flood of alien publications with which the country is inundated,—private judgment must not for a moment be permitted to dare presume, question, or doubt in matters of faith and morals. Be it remembered, too, that these same people have gone through all the vicissitudes and perils of a great national and political upheaval,—that bloodless revolution, the great agrarian movement which, after five and twenty years of volcanic activity, is happily eventuating in beneficent peace and prosperity.

The Rosary, as the writer can personally vouch, may be heard nightly recited aloud by the assembled family; and there is the daily attendance at early Mass, and the regular frequenting of the sacraments by the members of the various confraternities and sodalities, which include, with comparatively few exceptions, the mass of the people in the towns and cities. A word of devotional praise or prayer invariably forms the response to, or is a part of, the expression of the ordinary salutations and conversations of the people; whether the language used be the English or, as employed more frequently in the rural parts, the Gaelic, from which tongue those colloquial aspirations are borrowed.

Dia duit! (God save you!) is the form and expression in the vernacular of an Irishman's "Good-morrow!" And *Dia's Muire duit a's Padraig!* (God and the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick save you kindly!) is his wholesome, whole-souled response in the same prayerful tongue. If fondly recalling the past, the pious formula "God be with the time" such and such a thing happened; or "God be with" a dear one far away; or, if dead, a reverent "Lord have mercy!" are scrupulously used and heard aloud.

When expressing admiration, God's blessing must always be invoked on

the person or thing spoken of; not to do so will lay one under suspicion as to the sincerity of one's appreciation. Indeed, in some circumstances, not to invoke, unwittingly or not, a blessing while bestowing praise will amount to an act of virtual hostility. For with the Irish a blessing is not the mere expression of a devout wish, but the actual bestowal of both a material and spiritual benefit. As the old Irish saying has it, anathema falls neither on sticks nor stones, so does not a blessing prove unprofitable. The material things of life can not be altogether divorced from the spiritual, and *vice versa*. To the Irish the spirit-world is as much a part of real, actual, palpable existence as the air they breathe and the soil on which they tread. With them,

Millions of creatures walk the earth
Unseen;

and God, is the Ruler of all and the Dispenser of every good.

Among no other people could the home-life be more pure or more strictly regulated. Honor and duty to parents, and deference to elders and to those in authority, are among the earliest and most firmly enforced of precepts. Submission and respect to superiors and the practice of good-manners are ever jealously taught and insisted on in an Irish household; as the sharp rebuke, sometimes to be heard, forcibly illustrates: "How dare you address your elders in that manner!" Or in this, exhibiting one or other of the parents or one of the older members of the family reproving, while at the same time prompting, the little defaulter for a lapse in the use of the regulated form of good manners: "Where are your manners, child?" And the shamefaced little *cailin* supplying the ellipsis, blushing replies, "Yes, *sir*,"—want of the title in little Ellie's previous answer being the breach of dutiful politeness, and the cause of the rebuke.

Little wonder that, under the restraining influence and formative teaching of such discipline, obedience and respect for constituted authority and deference for age should form some of the most conspicuous traits of Catholic Irish character. Indeed, it is daily proclaimed from the justice seats that the country is singularly exempt from crime. The judges of assize, the chairmen of quarter sessions, and the magistrates of the minor courts of law—no partisans, assuredly,—unite in pronouncing the country crimeless. Criminal statistics go farther, and, pointing the moral, prove with rigid accuracy the Irish to be the most law-abiding of all peoples. This truth has been attested and accentuated by the very force of honest conviction, by the public pronouncements of even successive Under-Secretaries—Unionist predecessors of the present one, the much-talked-of Sir Antony McDonnell, a Catholic and Home-Ruler,—and lord lieutenants or vice-regents of Ireland, as their official experience, even whilst admitting the harshness and injustice of some of the laws under which the people live, and the general arbitrariness of their administration.

Were it not for the operations of contemporary events in other Catholic countries, and the trend of thought prevailing in this sceptical age, it would be the merest commonplace to advert to the relations subsisting between the priesthood and people of Ireland. The devotion of the pastors for their flock and the reverence and esteem of the people for their pastors are as profound and invincible in this the dawn of a bright era as they have proved in the dark night of persecution. The sacerdotal office and the personality of the priests and that of the religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods are as revered and deferred to as could possibly be expected. And the *soggarths aroon* and the religious, needless to

add, repay with reciprocal devotion and regard the popular homage and affection.

In truth, and in fact, the clergy are the Irish people's guides, counsellors, and friends; and as such are regarded and looked up to by them alike in secular and spiritual matters. In large undertakings, whether of general or parochial interest, the priests are consulted by the people for guidance or patronage, or for both. Indeed, the success or failure of any public movement or project largely, if not wholly, depends on the attitude which the clergy, discharging the duties of their pastorate, assume toward it. In this connection, one may hear the query, "Were there any priests at the meeting?" Or the like significant remark, "Nearly all the clergymen of the parish were present."

One can not possibly conceive an Ireland without a venerated clergy, the bonds of unity and affection between priests and people are so closely linked. Deep and enduring esteem and devotion, mutually entertained, are inborn in the Catholic Irish character. Reverence for religion and all that pertains to it, if one may emphasize, is the most vitalizing influence of Irish life. With the race it is religion first. Hurt his religious susceptibilities, and an Irishman is instantly up in arms. The inviolability of faith and the holiness of the priestly office and character will be strenuously defended at all sacrifices. An Irish Celt is never so combative as when his religion is assailed, or the disinterested motives of the priesthood are questioned.

Nor, be it said, are these deep religious feelings and expressions of popular indignation the operations of minds enslaved by bigotry. Quite the contrary. If intimate acquaintance, wide practical experience, count for aught, one can unhesitatingly say that the Catholic Irish, religiously and politically, are

singularly free from bigotry. As a matter of fact, in a purely Catholic locality or district, among the most respected of the residents are the few Protestant families found living there. This is especially the case in the poorer quarters of Irish towns or other populous centres. Outside one little corner of the Green Isle, where Protestant ascendancy and militant Orangeism still, but happily with diminishing effect, prevail, sectarian animosity is practically unknown. In all other parts of the country, save in that little portion where Orangeism and Freemasonry have headquarters, Catholic and Protestant, priest and parson, are to be found on the same platform, working side by side and hand in hand. In this regard it is as literally true as it is poetically expressed by their native bard:

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

Although poorest of the poor, the peasantry of Ireland are wondrously charitable. It is no uncommon circumstance for them to share the last morsel with their fellows. Anything "in the name of God" is never asked for in vain, if at all possible; and what is given is always bestowed for His sake, and the repose of the souls of deceased relatives, and for those of the souls of the faithful departed in general. The divine injunction to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, they ever, sometimes at the greatest possible sacrifice to themselves, strenuously endeavor to fulfil. The beggar is never churlishly turned away from the door, nor the soothing word of sympathy withheld from the mourner. Where an alms is not possible, a deferential refusal is returned; while the pence of the poor rather than the pounds of the wealthy contribute to the maintenance and building of the churches, the schools,

and the various religious institutions throughout the land.

This mutual help and sympathy are exhibited in various ways. The majority, for instance, contribute weekly a penny or a halfpenny, as the case may be, to the local branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; while, in order to defray the expenses of a deceased neighbor who has died in necessitous circumstances, and so to provide against the stigma of a pauper burial—a thing most dreaded among the Irish poor,—a house-to-house collection is promptly made. The sick are constantly visited, and, in cases of absolute necessity, voluntarily nursed; and the dead are not forgotten in the kindly mourners' prayers, nor the bereaved ones denied the consolation of a full measure of genuine sympathy. The self-denial and charity of heart of these people in the dark hours of their fellows' distress are simply extraordinary. And it is all so natural and disinterested,—disinterested in that, all being poor, none can profit by pretence.

Nor is their resignation in the hour of trial less remarkable. In suffering and distress, no people could be more submissive to the divine will. Living, as they implicitly believe, under the immediate protection of Heaven, they look upon and receive every visitation as coming from the Author of all good and Dispenser of all justice. Even in the most tragical or calamitous circumstances, it is always with them, "God knows best, welcome be His holy will!" In every trouble or affliction, in sickness or death, trials or disappointments, this marvellous faith and resignation are made manifest. There is no rebelling against the divine ordinance of Heaven, wrung though the heart must be by the visitation. Rather do they plead to Heaven for strength the better to bear their sufferings, calling as they ever do upon the Mother of Sorrows for her

powerful aid to strengthen their petition.

A country in which there are no divorces must certainly be considered as distinctly unique; its inhabitants, to have attained the highest standard of civilization. Such a country Ireland is, such its Catholic people. Among them the idea of divorce is most repugnant. It is regarded as a gross transgression against the sacredness of the marriage vows and sanctity of the married state. Whatever betide, no divorce must be thought of or tolerated. That which has been joined by the Church can not be, dare not be, loosed or interfered with by the State. The holiness of a sacrament must not be profaned by the operations of any civil authority whatsoever. With the Catholic Irish, there can be no appeal from the ecclesiastical to the civil power. In matters of religion, faith and morals, in all circumstances and events, the Church, holy and infallible, is the august teacher and arbitrator. No incompatibilities, no suffering, cruelty, or outrage against the sanctity of the sacrament will urge or force the Catholic Irish to have recourse to the civil power for a dissolution of the marriage compact. Death alone can annul so holy a covenant.

As in this, so in numberless other practices do the domestic virtues of the faithful race conspicuously shine forth. Though poor in wealth, Erin sons and daughters are rich in virtue. Inflexible loyalty to faith, and rigid adherence to its principles amid every danger and temptation, have ever signalized them, and in all human probability ever shall. In the words of a distinguished French cleric, who himself must view with much distress and apprehension the religious defection of his own countrymen: "The Irish faith will depart only with the last Irishman."

No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic.—*Sir John Seeley.*

Miss Pace's Champion.

BY MARY CROSS.

MARTHA PACE, who at all times suffered from an insufficiency of clothing, and whose stock of coals was just now exhausted, looked through the window of the one small room she inhabited, at the dull street, down which a biting east wind was driving dust and leaves, and slightly shuddered. In years nearly sixty, in garments threadbare and much mended, with features thin and pinched, she looked just what she was, a woman to whom life was a hard struggle. She had seen better days, but death and reverses of fortune had brought her to her present condition of "private dressmaker"; which meant that she repaired gowns and made children's frocks for people who paid her less than they would have had to pay an inferior but more fashionable workwoman, and so called their employing her, "charity."

She had never been at quite so low an ebb as she now found herself. Hard times had come to her before, but she had pulled through them without any one's knowing of her trials; and she had never been in debt to the extent of a penny in her life. Lately, however, she had experienced an unusual difficulty in getting in money due to her; and to-day found her literally penniless, and without a fragment of food in the house. Still, she was not despondent. She glanced cheerfully at a bundle containing a child's dress newly finished; her eyes and fingers and back had ached over it. But the work was ready at the promised time, and she was preparing to take it home to Mrs. Craven, a new and wealthy customer; she would be paid for it; next week other payments would be made, so the future was by no means dark.

She donned a rusty black bonnet

and an antique fur necklet, drew on a pair of carefully inked gloves, and went forth. In the keen air she felt giddy and weak; but, as there was no hurry, she walked slowly, studying the windows as she passed, and deciding that people had a deal to make them happy nowadays; there had been fewer pretty things when she was a girl. Coming home, she would buy some bread and tea, and perhaps an egg or a bit of bacon. It was a long way to the West End, where Mrs. Craven lived; and, not having the car fare, she was obliged to walk the whole distance. She was almost exhausted when she reached the mansion, ascending the wide pearl-grey steps slowly. A smart maid received the parcel, and disappeared down a long passage. Sounds of music and laughter floated from some distant room, and the opening of the area door had released odors of innumerable good things being cooked. What a blessing it was that there were some who always had enough to eat!

The smart maid, with her rosy face and coquettish cap, tripped back again.

"Missis is engaged, and she'll send you your money next week," she said, all in a breath, and then shut the door.

The poor old soul stared hopelessly and helplessly at it; there was a dry clicking sound in her throat as she finally turned away, not having the courage to knock again, even had she been inclined to explain her wants and necessities to a stranger.

"Dear Lord," she said, clasping her thin hands together, as she thought of the long road between her and her dwelling, "help me to get home again!"

She crept down the steps, shrinking closely to the railings, and pausing now and again for breath. What was to be done? She had never begged or borrowed, and she could not do either even at this crisis. Faint and sick, she halted before a picture-dealer's

window, unable for the moment to drag herself farther; and, mechanically lifting her dim eyes, she saw a young, joyous face, so bright, so fair to see that she almost forgot her own forlorn condition. As the girl stepped away from the window, she collided with the old woman, who gave a slight gasp, for she felt as if a feather would knock her down.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I am afraid I hurt you," the girl said gently.

No, Martha explained, she was not hurt, but had been walking about for some time and was very tired. The bright eyes scanned the pale, sunken face, the drooping, pinched mouth, the silvery hairs under the old bonnet.

"Take my arm," said the girl. "I must make amends for nearly knocking you down."

They walked onward, the girl supporting the frail old creature, and chatting pleasantly the while. She was an artist, she said, and an orphan.

"I live in lodgings and earn my own bread. But things might have been worse. My mother was an angel, my childhood all sunshine, and I have that to remember forever. Besides, I am strong and energetic, and am doing the work most congenial to me," she declared. And somehow the homeward way seemed less long and dreary to the tired seamstress.

But she could not turn the key in her door, so unsteady were her hands; and the girl did it for her, and helped her into the small, bare room. Martha did not faint, but she trembled from head to foot, and a tear trickled down her cheek as she surveyed the fireless grate. Hunger, cold, and fatigue were stronger than pride. She told her bitter disappointment; but, true to her instincts, declined all offers of help from her new friend.

"Perhaps if I had seen Mrs. Craven herself, it would have been different," she said. "I could have explained to

her that I really needed the money."

"Now I know what to do!" cried Agnes. "You won't let me help you in one way, but there is another to which you can't object. I will go and ask to see Mrs. Craven, and tell her what a convenience to you payment would be. Sit down and rest until I come back. I am sure it will be all right."

With that she departed, brushing away a tear.

"The poor old soul!" she said. "How can rich people be so inconsiderate!"

The imposing exterior of the Craven mansion did not overawe Agnes, who had been born and bred a lady; nor was she overcome by the pert maid, who looked her from head to foot superciliously when she asked to see Mrs. Craven herself. For a person wearing a coat two seasons old to come to "the front door" was the height of audacity. However, she bade the visitor enter, not very civilly, and marched away to deliver the message.

Presently Mrs. Craven swept into the hall,—a portly dame in silk and lace and glittering watchguard. She was annoyed at being called away from the inspection of numerous birthday presents, and cut Agnes' soft-toned explanation very short.

"Miss Pace was told that she would be paid next week," she said tartly. "I suppose she does not think that I won't keep my word?"

"She needs the money now," urged Agnes. "A day or two means a great deal to the poor."

Mrs. Craven eyed the girl with disapproval; beauty and "young persons" had no right to be in partnership with each other.

"Supposing I give you the money, how am I to know that Miss Pace will get it?" she asked.

Agnes stared; it was a moment before she understood the insinuation.

"Surely you don't think I am dishonest?" she gasped.

"My good young woman, how in the world can I tell what you are?" retorted Mrs. Craven.

Then Agnes became aware that some one was looking at her over the lady's shoulder. She saw two dark eyes, a handsome face, a genial mouth half hidden by a black mustache, and her color rose; tears of humiliation and disappointment glittered on her lashes. She did not remain to argue about her own honesty, but turned away with a swelling heart; opening the great door she knew not how, and leaving the house. She walked on very slowly, half crying as she thought of Miss Pace's cheerless room, of the wasted, wan, old face. How could she return empty-handed? She forgot the insult to herself in wondering how she could help the little seamstress without wounding her pride.

All at once she heard quick footsteps following her, and in a few moments the young man who had heard Mrs. Craven's remarks was at her elbow. He had flung a light dust-coat over his evening dress, and was breathless with haste.

"I beg your pardon!" said he. "But I think you are the young lady from Miss Pace. This is the—the account, don't you call it? Mrs. Craven didn't intend to hurt your feelings. Is that all right? If it isn't, it can be made so next week."

"It was kind of Mrs. Craven to send you," said Agnes; "and kind of you to come. Miss Pace really needs the money. A few shillings are a fortune to her. I never saw her before to-day, but her face and her home told me her history."

"It was kind of you to take so much trouble on behalf of a stranger," said Austin Craven; he was anxious to prolong the conversation.

"I only did what I could," she replied, and bade him good-evening. He was too well-bred to force himself upon her, so he bowed and retired, making

his way to a friend's house; whilst Agnes went on with a light heart to "the relief of the garrison," as she expressed it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Craven returned to the examination of her presents. She was displaying them to her sister, with a running fire of comment.

"Fancy Mrs. Hughes sending me a box of chocolate, as if I were a child! Where is the lace scarf Clara sent? That is a present worth having. Dear me, where is it,—the Brussels lace scarf I was showing you, Laura?"

"You had it with you when you went to see that dressmaker's girl," said Laura, after shaking her skirts, and peering under the table. "I remember now,—you had it in your hand."

"Oh, so I had! Very likely I have left it on the hall table." And she rustled from the room.

But only the card-tray was on the table; and the lace was not on the floor, nor under the rug, nor entangled with her train. It had disappeared, and she grew angry. It was the most valuable of her presents, and the one she liked best. Laura came to her assistance, then the maid, but the scarf could not be found.

"That girl must have taken it," asserted Mrs. Craven, angrily. "Something told me she was not honest."

"You should have her arrested before she has time to dispose of it," advised Laura, settling her boa preparatory to departure; and, without further reflection, Mrs. Craven telephoned for a cab, deciding to drive to Miss Pace's, and surprise the guilty couple. For she concluded that Miss Pace was an accomplice.

Cabs were rare in the neighborhood where the seamstress lived; and when the vehicle stopped, Mrs. Craven felt rather nervous, and wished that she had waited until her son could accompany her to the den of thieves. Summoning her courage, she knocked at the

door with the brass plate, small and "skimped" as Miss Pace herself. It was Agnes who answered, and the sight of her added fuel to the fire of Mrs. Craven's wrath. She pushed her aside, Agnes offering no opposition,—thinking indeed that the wealthy dame had come to play the part of Lady Bountiful.

The fire had burned up brightly, and the kettle had begun a merry tune. The deal table was strewn with packages,—household necessities bought by Agnes, Miss Pace being too worn out to do her own shopping. She was sitting in a hard, stiff-backed chair, eyeing a plate of bread and butter, restrained from devouring it at once only by the reflection that such a proceeding would not be genteel. She looked wonderingly at the indignant visitor.

"You know what I have come for," said Mrs. Craven to Agnes. "You had better return that scarf at once!"

"I really don't understand you," replied the girl.

"Oh, I think you do! If you will return it, I will say no more about the matter; if you don't, I shall call in the police."

"The scarf?" puzzled Agnes, with raised brows.

"You are very innocent, I am sure," observed Mrs. Craven, contemptuously. "May I ask, Miss Pace, if you sent this young person to my house for the money I told you should be paid next week?"

Miss Pace had been looking from one to the other in amazement.

"This young lady very kindly volunteered to go and ask you for it, ma'am," she said. "I wanted it very much, and I am thankful to you for letting me have it."

"Don't attempt sarcasm, my good woman. I shall not pay you a farthing until the scarf has been returned," declared Mrs. Craven.

At which Miss Pace looked bewildered. Agnes had simply told her that she had received the money, suppressing the

preceding unpleasantness; now the girl, after a slight pause, related exactly how the account had been settled.

"A likely story!" exclaimed Mrs. Craven. "As if my son would trouble himself! Miss Pace, this girl has stolen a valuable lace scarf from my house, and probably has sold it. That is where the money has come from. I certainly did not send it. If by to-morrow morning the scarf is not returned to me, I will put the matter in the hands of the police."

With which ultimatum she flounced from the room, and Agnes turned with a faint smile to the old dressmaker.

"You don't believe that of me, do you?" she said.

"My dear,"—Martha's hands were trembling—"it is all my fault. Your kindness to me, of which I shouldn't have taken advantage, has brought this trouble on you."

Mrs. Craven drove home in a state of simmering indignation. What a hardened sinner the girl must be! How she had brazened the matter out! Hearing Austin come in, she called to him.

"Well, mother mine, what is it?"

"Is it possible that you went after that dressmaker's girl with the money?"

"Yes, I did," he replied promptly. "How did you come to know?"

"I should like to hear, first of all, why you did such a silly thing?"

"Truth to tell, mother, I felt rather ashamed of the delay in paying that small amount to a person who had honestly earned it, and could not afford to wait for it."

"You had no right to do what you did without consulting me, Austin."

"I am sorry to have annoyed you, mother. I acted on impulse, I admit. However, retribution was swift; for Morrison has been chaffing me unmercifully about this,—a consequence of my haste."

"This" was the missing scarf, which he drew from the pocket of his dust-coat.

"I rushed out in a desperate hurry," he explained, "snatching up the white thing I saw lying on the hall table, thinking it was my handkerchief, and crammed it into my pocket as I tore off. At Morrison's, the children were exploring me for toffee, and unearthed what their father professed to think was evidence of my 'wanity.' When he had accused me of a secret desire to sport ostrich feathers in my hat, rings on my fingers, and bells on my toes—why, mother, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Craven had grown crimson. She was not a bad-hearted woman, and she repented of her harsh judgment, faltering out an admission of it, qualified by the plea that, under the circumstances, her suspicion had been natural enough.

"We owe the young lady an apology," he said. "I shall lose no time in offering mine."

"I don't see that *you* are to blame, Austin," replied his mother, a vague uneasiness in her mind,—a vague desire that he should not meet that girl again.

"Well, not directly or deliberately, perhaps," he answered. "Nevertheless, some reparation is due."

It is certain that Agnes did not refuse forgiveness when the young man presented himself at Miss Pace's humble dwelling to ask for it. At a later date he was pleading for something more,—a dearer, more priceless gift; and still later the little seamstress was putting her neatest stitches and daintiest work into a certain wedding outfit.

For at length maternal opposition to Austin Craven's choice of a wife was overcome by the sunny sweetness of the heart he had won, and Mrs. Craven found that her new daughter would be very dear to her.

AFTER one that earns comes one that wastes.

The Convent Graduate.

THE typical Catholic girl, in America as elsewhere the world over, is a Child of Mary; and wherever she may be, in whatever sphere of action her life be passed, she should see to it that her title to so honored a name may be clear to all. The true Child of Mary is an inspirational force in the little world around her, a daily incentive to right conduct, a constant living argument for the truth and loveliness of the Catholic faith in general, and of its reverence and love for the Virgin-Mother in particular. Favored with personal charms, such a girl spiritualizes her beauty by her unsullied purity of heart, radiating an influence that makes for clean thinking; plain of feature, she wears the more durable beauty of expression, the candid soul revealed in the untroubled eye, the modest demeanor, the charitable word, the kindly deed, the unfailing respect for others and herself.

But if the ordinary Catholic maiden should be an example to those amid whom she lives her daily life, a wider and a stricter duty is incumbent on the graduate of the convent school or academy. 'To whom much is given,' says our Blessed Lord, 'of them much will be required.' Now, much, very much, has been given to these convent graduates. It costs six or eight times as much, in labor and care and money and sacrifice on the part of parents, to bring one of them to their graduation day as it does to educate the ordinary woman, and a hundred times as much as to rear a girl without any education. If, then, the average Catholic girl should be a force for good within the sphere of her activities, the convent graduate ought in all conscience to be the very salt of the social world, exercising a purifying, seasoning, saving influence upon all

with whom she comes in contact. She has enjoyed during three or four or half a dozen years abundant mental training, moral discipline, religious theory and practice, and an atmosphere redolent of beneficent self-sacrifice, active virtue, and high ideals; she will be a traitress both to her convent home and to her Heavenly Mother if the larger world which she is entering now is not the better for her advent into it.

There is abundant scope for her salutary influence,—salutary even though she aspires not to the rôle of the publicity-seeking New Woman, but rather fills the office of a modest rose, giving evidence of its existence only by the fragrance exhaling from its petals. In whatever sphere of life it may please Providence to place her, she will find very probably false standards in social intercourse, unrighteous practices in ordinary business, laxity and indifference in matters of religion, reprehensible liberties licensed by fashion, vile and vulgar tendencies in literature and art; and, if the years which she has spent in convent class-room and play-hall and chapel and oratory have not been worse than wasted, she will prove a potent force waging a steadfast, though not a clamorous, combat against all such standards, such laxity, such tendencies. It is earnestly to be hoped that she will not allow the glamour of social success to distort her mental vision or encroach on her practices of piety—her daily prayer, her attendance at church, her regular reception of the sacraments,—practices far more necessary to her now, among the insidious dangers of the outer world, than they have been during her safeguarded years of adolescence.

Conventionalism takes it for granted that the convent graduate stands in pitiful and urgent need of disillusionment. She will be told in a hundred different ways, by ridicule and sneers, and professed amazement at her sim-

plicity, as well as in set terms and downright speech, that her convent ideals are absolutely unattainable anyway, and would be supremely foolish even if she could attain them. That, however, is in great part a pernicious lie. Not all her maiden dreams perhaps are realizable, and many of her present views on minor matters will doubtless undergo a change; but in the really great matters, on the questions that are most worth while, truth and wisdom characterize, not the conventional, but the conventual, view. On the relative values of culture and kindness, of elegance and honesty, of etiquette and sincerity, her ideas may be modified as the years go by; but the conception which she has already formed of life and its duties, of God and His rights, of sin and its hideousness, of virtue and its beauty, of piety and its fitness, of sanctity and its surpassing glory,—that, beyond all question, is the *true* conception; and woe betide the convent graduate who ever allows herself to be laughed or coaxed or argued out of it.

To become specific for a moment, one matter that our convent graduate will doubtless hear discussed as being in reality of no particular importance, is that of marrying a non-Catholic; and possibly the matter may one day take on a practical interest for herself. Should it ever do so, we trust that she will dismiss it at once as a contingency not to be seriously thought of. It is bad enough to miss one's true vocation, to set out on life's voyage in the wrong vessel,—to choose the steamer when one is fitted for the schooner, or the ship when one is adapted to the yacht; but no sensible Catholic girl who has enjoyed the blessing of a convent training will risk disaster and ruin by committing her life and happiness to the unstable raft of a mixed marriage.

WHO learns with method retains with certainty.—*H. Taine.*

Notes and Remarks.

The oppression of the Church in one country always means its expansion in another. History is thus constantly repeating itself. When the Kulturkampf drove the religious Orders from Germany, foreign missions were reinforced and began to flourish as never before. And now, in numerous parts of the world, our holy religion is making wondrous progress among unbelievers, as a result of the persecution in France. The Bishop of Zanzibar, referring to a mission for abandoned lepers established in his diocese by exiled Sisters of the Order of St. Joseph of Cluny, states that "within a year there have been upward of eighty baptisms *in articulo mortis* among the lepers, all of them Mussulmans. As soon as they felt death approaching they asked of their own accord to be baptized, and received the sacrament with remarkable piety."

The Mother Superior of this little band of Sisters lately passed to her unspeakable reward, and her remains were conveyed to the cathedral at Zanzibar for a public funeral. Government officials and the consuls of many countries were in attendance, all eager to honor the memory of one whose devotion to suffering humanity had been so heroic. In the lonely lazaretto among the mountains, which once resounded with the blasphemies and despairing cries of the banished lepers, there was the more tender tribute of tears.

Commendation is due to the Ohio Federation of Catholic Societies for the stand it has taken in the matter of indecent plays, posters, and advertisements. Resolutions, unanimously adopted, bind the members of the Federation to exert their influence against reprehensible theatrical representations by (a) not patronizing any play that offends against morality, or

travesties religion or any denomination or nationality; (b) by withholding all patronage from theatres, managers, companies and actors that make the stage a school of scandal; (c) by demanding and patronizing dramas of literary excellence and clean sentiment, and protesting against defilement of good dramas by indecent costuming or "byplays"; and (d) by denouncing all public advertisements that offend the canons of decency, or are calculated to corrupt the hearts of the young by drawing attention to salacious subjects.

It is a lamentable fact that, even apart from the lower playhouses where immorality and indecency are patent, too many of the so-called respectable theatres are veritable schools of immodesty, and to a large number, of young people especially, proximate occasions of sin. More general action throughout the country, on the lines indicated above, would result in a beneficent change most desirable in the interests of public decency and morality.

Quite naturally, the national meeting of the Catholic Educational Association last week in Cleveland, Ohio, has attracted widespread attention and has deeply interested our co-religionists throughout the country. The eminence in the pedagogic world of these foremost American Catholic educators, and the major importance, to Church and country, of the subjects which they have discussed, constitute a complete justification of both the attention and the interest. One matter that has received the best thought of many members of the Association is thus referred to in a circular issued prior to the national meeting:

We believe the college department ought to find out how, by the application of our time-honored principles, we can best secure the Catholic boys for our secondary schools and colleges. One cause of our leakage is certainly the attendance on the part of our children in

the public school. Whilst there are many parents who would insist on sending their children to the Catholic school until they make their first Holy Communion, there is a host of Catholic parents who consider their children strong enough to brave the spirit of indifference and the manifold dangers of the non-Catholic secondary schools, be they public high schools or business colleges or any other similar institutions. It is especially in the age ranging from the fourteenth to the twentieth year that a religious atmosphere is necessary to counteract the tendency of the passions and to form a solid Christian character. If we could get all the Catholic boys and girls who are attending non-Catholic secondary schools and colleges back to the Catholic schools, what a gain for Catholicity it would be!

Let us hope that one result of the recent meeting may be the employment of effective means for attaining the purpose here mentioned.

Without at all underestimating the genuine value of the "historic method," it is permissible to hold that it has occasionally been carried too far,—has been considerably overworked by some of its enthusiastic advocates. And it is, accordingly, not a little refreshing to hear John Henry Denison, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, castigate the abuse of that method in this wise:

It is simply this: the method cuts altogether too large a figure as a means of arriving at the truth. It appears to its votaries and to the general public as being the one great and decisive medium of knowledge, whereas in reality it is no such thing. To put it in plain English, the historic method consists in determining what *is* by what *has been*. It elucidates the present by the past. It interprets the man by the monkey. It arrives at the law of man's moral nature by going back to the principles which governed the anthropoid ape from which he is supposed to have sprung. It determines whether the world is God's world by reverting to the fire mist in which it probably originated. It determines the moral authority of the Bible by going back to the ghost worship and fetish worship which are *supposed* to be its real genesis. In other words, the nature and value of each present fact is determined by its historic origin and development.

So, too, with our treatment of facts. The way to deal with an inferior is decided by showing the way in which nature has dealt with inferiors during her ages of development. Now, there is

no question about the value of this method; but there are *other* methods for determining the truth, which possess an equal if not greater value. We may, for instance, reverse the process. We may interpret the monkey by the man. We may determine the nature and treatment of facts by studying their present organization and law.... When a man has an attack of appendicitis, the knowledge of his vermiform appendix as it now is yields a far more valuable contribution to the solution of his case than the entire history of that organ, from its earliest advent to the time of George Washington.

The abuse of a good thing is, of course, no argument against its legitimate use; but the trouble with the "historic method" is that its abuse in the hands of a good many persons is becoming the rule rather than the exception.

We learn from the *Missionary* that, at the suggestion of the Vatican authorities, all the most prominent Catholic lawyers of Italy are to form an organization for the purpose of defending the interests of church personages before the courts. The principal object of this association will be the prosecution of editors of newspapers and periodicals who wantonly attack the Church and her prelates; and its members will work somewhat upon the lines of the plan adopted by the Catholic Truth Societies in England and in the United States. Whenever, in future, libellous statements are issued by any Italian publication against religious institutions or personages, the offender is to be made to apologize and retract or be brought before the courts for punishment.

There can be little question as to the excellent results that will follow this plan of action; and we may look for a considerable diminution in the output of Italian calumniators of the Church and her clergy.

The Protestant mind has a curious tendency to cling to historical blunders and forgeries. It is only when scholars among themselves have repeatedly

corrected such errors and exposed such impostures that Protestants seem willing to discard them. Hence a Catholic's gratification to find in the works of Protestant authors any fact of ecclesiastical history correctly stated. The ease with which these men sometimes back water would seem to indicate that they were quite accustomed to the process, and perhaps they are—in private conversation. We have known a distinguished Protestant author, an historian at that, to confess, seemingly without shame, that he had 'colored his pages to suit the general public.' Dr. G. D. Macmillan could have had no thought of giving pleasure, at least to his Scotch readers, in pointing out, in his recently published biography of George Buchanan, that "elementary and secondary education was much more widely spread and advanced before the Reformation than is generally supposed.... It was the Roman Church that established the schools and universities of Scotland."

American Catholics have much to rejoice over and to be grateful for in the change of public feeling toward their religion and its ministers that has taken place in this country within hardly more than a lifetime. The first Bishop of Boston, who afterward became Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, was once refused a night's lodging in a New England town—it has since grown to be a flourishing city, with Catholic churches and schools, and a large Catholic population—for the crime of being a "Romish priest." Cardinal Gibbons was lately a welcome and honored guest in New Haven, Conn.; and this is how one of its leading secular papers refers to his Eminence's visit:

All who have been fortunate enough to meet or listen to Cardinal Gibbons have been most favorably impressed with his personality, and the genuineness of the simple faith which he has so successfully promulgated in this country.... Undoubtedly he is conscious of the unusual

strength of his position, but in no way does he betray that consciousness. Affable to all, absolutely democratic in his manner, without the slightest evidence of ostentation or self-consciousness of any sort, he meets friends and strangers with such easy dignity and quiet simplicity that all are attracted to him, and are impressed with his ability, his genuineness, and his goodness.

Cardinal Cheverus was a prelate of precisely the same mould,—so much admired and beloved that it was said all France envied the United States the possession of him; and his final recall was at the instance of the French government. A mighty change has come over this country, over France too, since then.

None so blind as he who will not see. It has long been for us a standing cause of surprise that the censors of the times in the seats of the mighty—the eminent statesmen, economists, and educationists who deal eloquently and exhaustively with present-day evils and evil tendencies in the United States,—remain so uniformly dumb as to the underlying cause of very much of which they complain, the public school from which God has been banished. Listen to President Schurman, of Cornell University:

What is the blight and malady of our time? Is it not the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails? Among all classes and conditions of people, do you not find a vitally active, if generally unexpressed, belief that the life of human beings, like the brute creatures about them, consists in the enjoyment of the material things which perish in the using? To get and to have, is the motto. We are coming to measure man—man with his heart and mind and soul—in terms of mere acquisition and possession. A waning Christianity and a waxing Mammonism are the twin spectres of our age; and between them, not only the natural idealism of the spirit, but the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are disavowed or disregarded.

Does President Schurman, in consequence, suggest the advisability of arresting Christianity's waning by inculcating Christian principles and Christian morality into the youth of

the land by having religion taught in the schoolroom? Not he. The worship of the Godless school is an American form of fetichism, before which all too many of our little great men are content to lie prostrate.

As was both natural and congruous, a great part of the New Orleans *Morning Star*, of the 7th inst., was given up to an account of the splendid reception accorded in that city to its new prelate, Archbishop Blenk. Several of the speakers at the different functions emphasized the point that the joy of priests and people took on a feature of peculiar intensity from the fact that the new Archbishop was "reared among us and known to the least of us from earliest youth." A taste of Mgr. Blenk's quality may be had by perusing this extract from one of his replies to congratulatory addresses:

I trust that, with the help of God, and under His guidance, I shall be able to perform the duties which I owe to every soul in this great archdiocese, for the higher glory of God and the salvation of souls. No man is, individually, worthy of such an outburst, of so noble and magnificent a demonstration. The welcome so grandly expressed is for the cause he represents, my dearly beloved; and the cause which I represent is the cause of Christ, which brings out such loyal devotion, so great a demonstration of esteem for the head of the ancient archdiocese of New Orleans,—this glorious old See, which, with my humble efforts, stimulated by the zeal of the clergy and the devotion of the laity, will become more and more brilliant, more and more beautiful, and shine in the annals of the Church of America, so that it will advance the glory of God, and be ranked among the very first.

"In the days when old St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street [New York] was well up to the edge of the city," says the *Catholic News*, "and when St. Patrick's in Mulberry Street was away out in the country, Manuel Garcia, who passed from earthly life in London on July 2, in his one hundred and second year, sang in the choir of St. Peter's, as did his sister Maria.

The Garcias were induced to come to New York, to found an opera company to sing through the year, by Dominick Lynch, a rich merchant and man of fashion.... Lynch's hope of popularizing grand opera in the little city of his day proved illusive. The Garcias were gifted; but there was at the time, the country over, among Protestants, a bitter prejudice against the fine arts, especially music, which was looked upon as a device of the devil to draw people into the pale of the Church of Rome. Even organs in Protestant meeting-houses—never called churches in those days—were regarded with horror by straight-walking Protestants outside the Episcopal body....

"The trying winter climate of this city ruined Manuel Garcia's voice; and his throat trouble led him to the studies which ended in his invention of the laryngoscope, an instrument by the use of which medical science has been able to effect an incalculable amount of good for millions of human beings."

Not the least notable of the changes that occurred in this country during the lifetime of the recently deceased musician is the reversed attitude of the multitudinous sects in the matter of church music, vocal and instrumental.

Copious quotations from Lelia Hardin Bugg's "The Correct Thing for Catholics" have been going the rounds of the religious press for years past,—generally without any mention of either the book or its author. We forget whether the following is a reprint from Miss Bugg's volume, but in any case it is well worth reproducing again and again: "It is *not* the correct thing for Catholics to go to a Protestant church and then neglect to mention the fact in confession, on the plea that one went only 'to look on,' 'to listen to the music,' 'to see what it was like,' 'because a friend desired it,' etc., and not to take part in the service."

Notable New Books.

The Unseen World. An Exposition of Catholic Theology in its Relations to Modern Spiritism. By the Rev. Father Alexius M. Lépicier, O.S.M.S., Th. M. Benziger Brothers.

The celebrated Père de Ravignan is reported to have said on one occasion that the devil's greatest victory in the nineteenth century consisted in having his own existence denied.

After pointing out that a large number of modern scientists, relying on the declarations repeatedly elicited at séances, hold that the authors of the spiritistic phenomena are none other than the souls of human beings separated by death from the body, Father Lépicier takes up his main thesis: "The manifestations in spiritistic séances not only *may* but *must* be attributed to the angels, and indeed to fallen angels,—that is to say, to angels of a low moral order, whom we call demons." The reader is not to infer, of course, that the reverend author loses sight of the unquestionable fraud that characterizes many of these séances; but Father Lépicier very properly holds that some at least of the manifestations are indubitably genuine. The discussion that follows is slightly scholastic in places, but always thoroughly illuminative. The titles of the three principal divisions of the book may give some idea of its contents: The Angelic World; The Human Soul after Death; Spiritistic Phenomena Viewed with Reference to Angelic Beings. The last chapter is the most interesting and practical. It contains a clear, succinct exposition of the Church's attitude toward hypnotism and spiritistic séances. The very title of this excellent volume should insure its popularity.

Cross and Chrysanthemum. An Episode of Japanese History. By the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. R. and T. Washbourne.

In a notice, last year, of the late Father Spillman's historical novel "Valiant and True," we said that 'the book is one which we can frankly commend, both for the qualities that go to make up any good story of other days, and for the thoroughly Catholic atmosphere with which it is quite naturally pervaded.' We have no hesitation in according to the present volume equally strong, if not still stronger, commendation. Possessing in abundance all the elements whose skilful combination results in the production of an interesting novel, and emphasizing with sufficient insistence the natural effects of such master-passions as love, ambition, and covetousness of political power, this historical tale is in addition a fascinating record of seventeenth-century Catholicity, the fervor and

robustness of which would have honored the primitive Christian martyrs of Rome itself.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century there were in Japan fully a million Christians,—a smiling harvest due under God to the evangelization of the country, half a century before, by St. Francis Xavier. Under Marshal Iyeyasu, founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate, however, the footing, hitherto firm enough, of the Christians in the Empire became undermined. Iyeyasu himself, though at heart he hated it, tolerated the new religion for some years, in order to gain the support of the Christian daimios, or territorial barons; but in 1614 he began a fierce persecution, which for a long time destroyed the fruit of missionary labor. "Cross and Chrysanthemum" treats of the troublous times of Iyeyasu's rise to power, and takes in some scenes of the incipient persecution. Many a page of the book will act upon the most careless reader as a genuine spiritual tonic.

In expressing a hope that still others of Father Spillman's novels may be Englished for the benefit of our reading public, it will not be out of place to give a word of merited praise to the translator of this present work. At the same time, we can not find any authority for "beheadal" as a good English word. Our mentioning it will serve to assure the translator that we have *read* the book, and not merely skimmed it.

Across Widest America. Newfoundland to Alaska.

With the Impressions of Two Years' Sojourn on the Bering Coast. By Edward J. Devine, S. J. Montreal: The *Canadian Messenger*.

The trip across "widest America" is from Cape Spear, the extreme easterly, to Cape Prince of Wales, the extreme westerly, point of the New World. Readers of this fascinating volume of travel and adventure will be heartily glad that Father Devine's religious superiors ordered him to make the journey; and will conclude that the long Alaskan winter nights are not without their compensations, since they furnished the reverend author with abundant leisure to detail his varied experiences and record his multifarious impressions. While the substance of many chapters of the book has already appeared in different issues of the *London Month* and the *Canadian Messenger*, much new material has been added, and the old has been recast so as to form a narrative of orderly sequence and coherence.

Father Devine writes in a charmingly simple, flowing style; although, when occasion calls for it, he is an adept at word-painting as well. Witness this description of an Alaskan sunset:

When evening comes on and the sun begins to sink, the whole western sky is ablaze with color, shading off imperceptibly from deep azure overhead to the brightest orange on the hilltops. Every cloud is crimsoned, and

every rift reveals the orange background. When myriads of warm opalescent tints begin to shimmer around the ragged edges of a cloud, you gaze in admiration at a picture that God alone could paint. If you wait till the sun goes down completely, you see the lines of the horizon, blue and rugged, standing out against the orange sky, which is now slowly changing to a deep crimson. Soon the heavens are aglow with rich, changing hues of royal purple and red gold, while a weird, unearthly radiance lights up the waves of Bering Sea.

Apart from its interest as a graphic description of both still life and human strenuousness in a land smitten with the gold-fever, "Across Widest America" abounds with valuable information concerning the aboriginal Alaskan tribes, their history and customs, the Russian domination of their country, and the results of missionary work among them. Copiously illustrated with just the sort of pictures one wishes to see in such a book, the volume will appeal with equal interest to old and young. It is emphatically a book that Catholic librarians should secure for their shelves, and that Catholic patrons should persist in asking for until it is found on the shelves of public libraries, too.

Lay Down Your Arms. By the Baroness Von Suttner. Translated by T. Holmes. Second Edition. Longmans, Green & Co.

The fact that the author of this realistic story received last December one of the Nobel prizes lends a special interest to this intrinsically interesting narrative. This ardent plea for peace embodies, in concrete terms, the horrors of war as suffered by the soldiers themselves and by those who remain at home. The campaigns of 1859, 1864, 1866 and 1870-71 furnished more than enough data for the Baroness, who herself knew somewhat of the effects of strife on countries, on men, and on homes. The characters in "Lay Down Your Arms" are vital, and the story, while having the interest of a novel, reads like a chronicle of actual events.

The interest of the Baroness in the cause of universal peace was strong in 1889, when this book was first published; and it is, if anything, greater now. The Peace Tribunal at the Hague commands the most devoted efforts of this descendant of a distinguished Austrian military family, and she looks to our country for sympathy in the cause. In a communication to an American publication, she writes, under date of January, 1906, as follows:

Great work toward an ideal end is peculiarly the part of America and Americans. It is quite natural, therefore, that it should be the United States branch of the Inter-Parliamentary Union that has formulated a plan for the accomplishment of this grand result. At the next conference of the Hague, whose convocation we owe to President Roosevelt, the proposal of the American body and its chairman, Mr. Bartholdi, Member of Congress, will be laid before the world. Then will the peace movement take another grand step forward.



The Lost Coin.

MRS. GERTRUDE LAURY, widow, was an excellent manager; and, accordingly, whenever she returned from market, her first care was to go over her accounts. She never discovered that she had too much money: on the contrary, there was always too little. And it was only after repeated trials, after going over and over her different purchases, that she recalled the disbursement that had not been taken note of; for instance, a franc due from the week before at the grocery store, a franc and fifty centimes to the shoemaker, and so forth.

Little Paul, Gertrude's son, declared that with slate and pencil he could solve all the arithmetical difficulties of his mother. But he took too much upon himself. It was not Gertrude's adding up that was bad, but her memory; and Paul's schooling could not, of course, improve it. His grandmother was better able than he to do so; for she knew all the details of the housekeeping, and made out with Gertrude the list of commissions for the market, always asking on the return: "Did you buy that? Did you call at such a shop?"

One day in July, however, neither the mother, the grandmother, nor little Paul could discover what had become of a five-franc piece. Five francs,—that is quite an amount; and it was the first time that Gertrude's deficit had ever been so considerable.

"You must have lost it," said her mother at last; and she based her opinion on the fact that it was just the round sum of five francs that could not be accounted for. The centimes came out exactly as they should.

Gertrude went over the route again, calling on each of the merchants in whose shops she had been. None of them, however, remembered having given her five francs too little in making change; so she finally concluded that she really *had* lost the money.

She had a good deal of work to finish at home, and one could not spend all one's time looking for an unfindable five-franc piece; but she had not a very pleasant day of it, and little Paul and his grandmother were not much better off.

Each regretted the five francs for a different reason. "To have lost them!" said Gertrude to herself. "If I had spent them, even on some foolishness; but to lose them!"

The grandmother reflected: "How often we have thought of getting such and such a thing, but have said, 'it costs five francs; 'tis too dear!' And yet she must go and lose that big amount!"

As for little Paul, he thought of a certain gun marked just five francs in the toyshop,—but, then, he consoled himself with the conviction that his mother would never have given him five francs to buy a gun with, anyway.

In the meantime the money, of course, was not lost to everybody. At the moment when Gertrude had been paying the butcher for a fat goose, an old beggar who stood in the market not far from the butcher's stall, heard a coin fall on the pavement. Not to attract attention, he did not approach the spot until after Gertrude's departure. Then he advanced, saw the five-franc piece, picked it up, put it in his pocket, and went off, rich,—*very* rich, doubtless; for the coin weighed his pocket down as if it were a whole bar of gold.

But why should it be so heavy, this silver piece worth only five francs, and weighing in reality but very little? And why, since he had pocketed it, did the beggar walk more slowly, more bowed down, and with an additional wrinkle in his furrowed brow?

The reason is simple enough. This old man, whom idleness, misconduct perhaps, or misfortune of some kind, had reduced to the extremity of begging, had thus far never been dishonest. He had held out his hand, but this was the first time he had *taken* money not given to him. What had got into him this morning? What evil spirit had urged him to take this piece of money, which was of course a little fortune to him, but which already caused him a load of remorse? In vain he thought of the fine meal he could procure; he felt that he would not dare to offer the five-franc piece in payment. As if there were only one such coin in the world, the one he had stolen, he feared that his showing it would proclaim his theft.

He left the town without any further begging, but also without any thought of returning to the market and giving the coin to the butcher, or even placing it where he had found it. There would be no explanation to be made in the latter case; and as he did not know Gertrude personally, there would be no obligation to put the money in her hands. The idea of restitution had not, however, come to him as yet, and he slunk away like a thief.

As he walked along he saw two little children running toward him, holding each other's hand, and looking behind them in a frightened way while they hid something in their blouses. On seeing the beggar, they stopped short. Their countenances took on a deeper appearance of terror. To their youthful imagination, the old beggar represented Justice; and, whether the fear of having been seen made them

believe all dissimulation impossible, or the thought of owning up seemed their only chance of safety, they let go of their blouses and there fell to the ground a number of apples which they had just pilfered from a neighboring orchard.

"We'll never do it again, Mister!" the boys cried. "We won't do it no more, sure! Honest, we won't!"

It was very clearly fear that dictated their repentance; but, anyway, the repentance was there. Rather embarrassed by the rôle of judge which the children attributed to him in a case so like the one in which he himself was the culprit, the old beggar remained silent, looking from the apples on the road to the children who were pleading for mercy.

"If them's your apples, Mister, take them back, but don't put us in jail," said the older of the two little ones.

And deep down in his heart the old man heard a voice saying: "You have in your pocket a piece of money that shouldn't be there. Give it to the rightful owner, even as these boys wish to give back the apples they have stolen."

"The apples are not mine," he said to the children. "But you are right in wishing to give them back; for they would weigh heavy on your hearts—and stomachs. Go, put them where you got them."

The boys picked up the fruit, glad to get off so easily, but rather perplexed too; for they asked themselves how they could manage to stick the apples back on the branches from which they had plucked them. They thought of asking the old man to help them; but on looking back they saw that he was a good ways off, proceeding toward the town. The beggar, indeed, was going to make another restitution.

Arrived at the butcher's stall in the market, he gave the proprietor the five-franc piece, with the remark that he

had found it on the ground near by.

"'Tis one of my customers who lost it," said the butcher. "She was here a while ago asking me about it, and she'll be very well pleased to recover it. But you are a really honest man; many *others* in your place wouldn't have scrupled to keep the money. There is no lack of thieves in the world."

The beggar blushed at the thought of how near he had been to belonging to the category of those *others*; but he walked off with upright head like an honorable man.

And so Mrs. Laury's dropping her five-franc piece proved the occasion of a double repentance, as well as the cause of little Paul's ultimate jubilation; for, having made up her mind that the money was gone for good, she felt so elated on getting it back that she actually went to the toyshop and bought Paul the longed-for gun. And so everyone was happy at last over the lost coin.

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.—THE SEARCH.

Hidden by the eucalyptus trees, the three men observed the scene before them. All seemed quiet and orderly. There was no excitement, no evidence of any crime having been committed; no sign of fear or trepidation on the part of the gypsies, who were going about singly or in groups,—the men feeding the horses, the women preparing the evening meal. A huge fire was burning in the middle of the camp, over which hung an immense caldron. Children played merrily about. At the door of the largest tent an old woman was holding a baby in her lap.

"Stay here," said Clearwater to the others. "Let me go first and interview them. They do not look like criminals just now, do they?"

"No," replied Florian; "but they are very crafty. If they have taken the child—and they *must* have taken him, Ralph,—they would be likely to go about their avocations as usual to-day, and then steal silently away at night."

Ralph made a detour, and appeared suddenly on the trail which led to the camp from the border of his property, in full view of the gypsies, who looked at him impassively as he approached.

"Good-evening, brothers!" he said in a loud voice. "Your supper smells sweet. Are any of my chickens in yonder pot?"

"No, Señor," replied a tall, swarthy man, whom he thought he recognized as the one who had been talking to the Negro—or the one he had fancied was a Negro—a few evenings previous. "There are no chickens in that stew; only cottontail rabbits and fresh pork, as you can see for yourself if you choose to lift the lid, or as you can taste for yourself if you will stay till it is ready."

"Thank you!" said Ralph. "You are very kind, but I am not hungry. We have had a fiesta over at my place to-day, and have fared well. Besides, I doubt whether I could tell rabbit meat from chicken, when it is young."

While speaking, Ralph had carefully scanned the countenance of the gypsy for signs of embarrassment, confusion or guilt. But he saw none.

The man continued:

"We would not steal from the Señor, who has been our friend, allowing us to have water from his well. We are grateful."

"Oh, that is nothing!" rejoined the Englishman. "I fancy you gypsies have a worse reputation than you deserve. Isn't it so?"

"It is," answered the man. "I do not deny that there are sometimes evil-doers among us, or that when we are very hungry we may take something to eat. But that is not always."

"You steal horses, don't you?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"If a lame horse comes to our camp, or a sick horse that the owner has turned out to die, or a hungry one, whose master has not fed it, and we cure it, and care for it, and feed it, we think then that we are entitled to call it our own. And then, when we have gone away, the outcry comes: 'The gypsies have stolen our horses! Arrest them! Put them in prison!' That is how it is, Señor."

"A very plausible fellow," thought Clearwater; "and a slippery one, no doubt."

But the gypsy said no more.

"And how about stealing children, my friend?" Ralph inquired, carelessly, with his hands in his pockets.

"That is to make one angry," replied the gypsy, outspreading his fingers with an impatient gesture. "Why should we steal white children? We have enough of our own, and they are brighter than yours,—for our work at least. To have a white child in the camp is to have the hue and cry raised on us, to throw us into prison, to make us pay lawyers for getting us out again. That is why we are here just now."

"How so?" asked Clearwater, handing the man a package of cigarettes, which he received with a polite bow, lighting one as he answered:

"We were down at San Diego, remained there three months, in a fine camp in the suburbs, and did pretty well in our business. While there, one of our women who had married a white man came back to us with her child, after he had been put in prison."

"Did you receive her?"

"Yes, Señor, we did. It is not our custom to take back one of the tribe who marries a Gentile; but the grandmother of Mahala, who sits in the door of yonder tent, is one of the best and oldest of our people. To please her we took back the girl, with her child, who

has white hair, white skin, but the black eyes of its mother. Then a fuss was made by people who saw it, and they said we had stolen the child, and the police came. But we satisfied them that the baby belonged to the girl, and they did not molest us."

"And what followed?"

"Then we went on to Los Angeles. But the story had got there before us, and they would give us no permit. And this time when the police came, they put me and the old grandmother and Mahala in jail. Again there was money to be spent, but this time we had a smart lawyer. He showed them that the little finger of the child and that of the mother were crooked, and that on the left eyelid of each was a small mole. Again we were let to go. But, oh, how much money we spent there, Señor! So we decided to come south again, and go into Mexico for the winter. We were sick of the California people."

"How long have you been here? About a week, I believe?"

"Yes, a week."

"And how long do you intend to remain?"

"Yet a few days."

"But what of the white child? Is it still here?"

The man laughed scornfully.

"Not at all!" he said. "The mother ran away with it in the night. We are well rid of her. She is no true gypsy. We are done with Mahala. Even her grandmother would not take her back now. She has been a curse to us."

"Are you the head of this camp?" asked Clearwater, after a pause,—he felt that the men behind the trees were growing impatient.

"Yes, Señor, I am."

"What is your name?"

"Joseph."

"Well, Joseph, a little white boy has been stolen to-day—this afternoon. Have you got him here in camp?"

The man stepped back.

"I swear to you, Señor," he declared vehemently,—"I swear to you we know nothing of the child!"

He spoke in a loud voice, quite audible to Florian and Alfredo, who could no longer restrain themselves. They rushed forward.

"Give me my child!" cried Florian,—
"give me my boy!"

"What do you mean?" inquired the gypsy. "We know nothing of your child. We have not stolen him. Of what avail is a white child to the gypsies? They are persecuted on account of them, if ever one strays to their camp. Believe me, we know naught of the boy."

"But it is easy to color the skin, to dye the hair!" said Florian, thinking of what the Indian woman had said.

"Bah!" answered the gypsy, with a scornful gesture. "We have children in plenty of our own. We do not want yours. Why should we steal him?"

"Perhaps for the reward that you might get if the child was returned," said Alfredo.

"Reward!" exclaimed the gypsy. "It would be not to believe us even if we had found him, but to put us in prison. We are not fools, Señor."

"In the name of God," pleaded Florian, "for the sake of his poor mother who will die of grief if she does not find him, if you have taken my boy return him to us—now, this moment. I have not much, I am a poor man, but if you will give him back to us I will pay you. I will not prosecute you, I swear it!"

"Man, man," cried the gypsy, "your child is not here! Every tent in this camp is open to you. Go seek him! You will not find him."

Turning, he spoke rapidly to some men behind him, who had been attracted by the conversation. The women also had gathered about. All was confusion.

Florian awaited no second bidding. Followed by Alfredo and Clearwater, he began the search. There were two large tents and several smaller ones. These were carefully examined, the gypsies affording the men every facility, for a thorough search. Florian called, "Martino! Martino!" wherever he went. But no childish voice responded, no baby cry told him he had been heard. There was nothing more to be done. None of the three men could help believing that the gypsy told the truth.

"What shall we do now?" asked the distracted father. "Would it be well to put a watch on this camp?"

"No," whispered Ralph. "That would do no good. If the child is here, they could circumvent us. They are as crafty as the old boy. If they know nothing of the abduction, as I am inclined to believe, they must not be antagonized. We want them to help us, Florian."

"But how? Tell me quickly what they can do."

"Joseph!" said Ralph, suddenly remembering a clue he had lost sight of in the excitement of the last hour. "We do not think you have stolen the child. Will you help us to find him?"

"With all my heart; and my people will help,—men and women. What is it that you wish us to do?"

Clearwater reflected. He had a critical game to play, and did not know how to begin it. Tacitly, he had been allowed to take the lead by the others; and now they looked at him inquiringly, not knowing what was in his thoughts, but feeling that they could trust him to do all things well.

"Come with us," he said to Joseph after a moment.

The man stepped forward at once, which, in the minds of the others, augured well for his sincerity. Clearwater led the way, followed by the gypsy,—Florian and Alfredo keeping close behind.

Birds' Nests.

BY FRANCESCA.

There is no time in the year when one can not, if he chooses, learn something about birds' nests. Indeed, some of those wise in bird lore tell us that winter, when the leaves are gone, is the very best time of all. But if we would learn of the habits of the little architects, it surely is better to watch them when they are at work.

Birds do not need dining-rooms or kitchens, for they nibble their food where they find it; or drawing-rooms, for they have all out-of-doors in which to wander; or bedrooms, for they sleep well on any swinging bough. But they must have cradles; and a nest, after it gets through being an egg basket, is just a bird cradle. Each kind of bird has a different sort of nest, but in one thing they are alike; for they are all hidden as far as may be from possible enemies, such as the naughty small boy and the scientific hunter of eggs.

Some birds build at the very tops of trees; some, like the oriole, at the end of a swinging branch; some in the weeds. One kind of swallow puts its mud-house under the eaves of the barn. These houses are as alike as two peas, and how each bird knows his own no one can tell. The brown thrasher builds on the ground a log-house of sticks, which it binds together with grass. Swallows often choose caves to dwell in, and chimney swifts take up their residence in large smoke flues that are not used in summer. Many sea birds go to islands in the nesting season, and form great colonies.

One bird, the cow-hunting, does not take the trouble to build any nest at all, but deposits her eggs in the nest of Mistress Wood-thrush, who, though she seems very much astonished at the extraordinary appearance of some of her offspring, proves a good mother to

them. Some of the auk family place their single egg on a bare ledge of rock, while the ostrich hides hers in the desert sands. Woodpeckers establish their nurseries in holes which they drill in trees; while the tailor-bird spins a cotton thread, and sews together the leaves which are to blanket its nest.

The material of nests varies as much as their locations. Robins and swallows build of mud, using feathers and bits of wool for lining, and turning around in the nests until they are smooth and soft enough for the expected baby birds. Bobolinks build in the grass, and employ pieces of string, dry grass, and roots. The titmouse weaves a sort of felt out of scraps of hair or fur. Some of the swifts bind their nests together with a fluid from their own salivary glands, forming the edible birds' nests so much prized by the Chinese.

There is an old legend connected with nest building which explains to us why the magpie is considered a very wise bird as well as an unpopular one. Long, long ago, the legend runs, no bird but the magpie knew how to build a nest, and she was besought by the others to give instruction in this useful art. So she graciously set up a school and called all the feathered tribes together. Then she began:

"You take a stick so—"

"Oh, we know how to do that!" called out a robin.

"Hush!" said Madam Magpie. "As I was saying, you take a stick and hold it so; then you take another stick and place it so—"

"Anybody can do that," interrupted another bird; and so Madam Magpie got angry and flew away before the lesson was fairly begun.

This is the reason, it is said, why so many birds have such poor nests to-day, and why the wood pigeon just places a few sticks on the ground, and never has anything but a foundation to her dwelling.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Admirers of Coventry Patmore will welcome an edition of his poems in one volume. It is published by Messrs. Bell & Sons.

—A recently published bulletin of the Census Bureau shows that 19,625,757 copies of daily newspapers are turned out each week day in the United States. One newspaper for every four persons! The number printed on Sundays is 11,539,521.

—Cardinal Mathieu has been chosen to fill the chair in the Académie Française left vacant by the death of the lamented Cardinal Perraud. The new Academician is not a prolific author, but he is ranked high as an historian, and is the master of a clear and elegant style.

—We have received from Desclée, De Brouwer & Cie the seventh volume of the "Allocutiones, Epistolæ, Constitutiones, Aliaque Acta Præcipua" of Pope Leo XIII. Like the previous volumes of the series, the present one is excellently printed, well annotated, and supplied with a valuable analytical index.

—Father Finn's "Tom Playfair," after having been done into German and Hungarian, to the no small delight of the school boys who speak those languages, has just been translated into French. The work has been well done by C. Chevalier; and Desclée, De Brouwer & Cie, of Bruges, have given this French edition a fitting typographical dress.

—We have received from Benziger Brothers a new edition of Dom Bede Camm's "In the Brave Days of Old," which originally appeared some seven years ago. These historical sketches, nine in number, of the Elizabethan persecution in England, are interesting short stories of events similar to those which Father Benson has recently been elaborating into many-paged historical novels. In either form the events make exceedingly attractive as well as edifying reading.

—The list of Madame Cecilia's books is growing apace; but, so long as their quality preserves its accustomed excellence, no Catholic reader will complain that the list is unduly extended. The latest of her volumes to reach us (from Benziger Brothers) is one of the series of Catholic Scripture manuals, "The Gospel According to St. Luke." The work—"compiled in the hope that it may be useful in preparing young Catholics for the University Local Examinations, and to our Catholic pupil teachers"—consists of two books, divided into four parts: introduction, text and annotations, additional notes, and side-lights on the

Gospel. It will prove of inestimable benefit to the class for whom it was specifically prepared, and will assuredly interest and instruct the general reader as well. The volume, although not especially bulky, contains about 750 pages.

—The supply of Washington documents is apparently inexhaustible. A "diary" of the great President, consisting of twenty-two pages in his handwriting, and written in 1767, was lately sold by auction in Boston, and realized 700 dollars, being acquired for the Congressional Library. On the same occasion a volume of pamphlets collected by Washington, containing his autograph and also an armorial book-plate, produced 525 dollars. The Anderson Auction Company, of New York, included in one of their recent sales of books, Washington's copy of Vallancey's "Essay on Fortification," published at Dublin in 1757. The volume contains Washington's autograph.

—The latest contribution made to the rapidly growing library of Catholic fiction by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., is "Portraits," characterized on the title-page as "Stories for Old and Young." This characterization, be it remarked incidentally, is one equally applicable to all Father Bearne's books. Better than most of our writers of juvenile fiction, he has the secret of making his stories thoroughly interesting to the grown-ups as well as the young folk. The present volume, less bulky than those of the well-known and excellent Ridingdale series, contains only three tales. All are permeated with the lovable spirit and redolent of the literary charm which the Catholic reading public have come to associate with everything emanating from the creator of "Lance and His Friends." Benziger Brothers.

—We can not recommend a "Manual of Health for Women," said to be the work of a Catholic physician of Chicago, and published by J. S. Hyland & Co., of that city; but sent to us for notice by Mr. J. Schaefer, of New York. It impresses us as a catchpenny production, containing much information that had better be imparted orally, and much more that seems quite superfluous. For instance: "The most ordinary common sense forbids us, when we are ill and suffering, to resort to nostrums, soothsayers, and quack doctors, or other impostors who are neither competent nor justified to undertake the healing of the sick." An entire page of the book is devoted to this observation,—indeed there is padding from cover to cover. Full-page illustrations represent the modern sweat-box, the knee-elbow position, etc.; and there are cheap cuts—as useless as cheap—describing the modern high-heeled shoe,

the bandaged limb with varicose veins, etc. "There is nothing to blush at in all its teeming pages," says the circular accompanying this book. We do not question this statement, though we are of opinion that the publishers would blush if they were to see into what small compass the really important portions of this work could be compressed.

—Mr. A. Bansbach, organist of St. Joseph's Church, St. Louis, Missouri, is the author of a pamphlet entitled "Vatican Chant. A Short Course of Practical Instruction," which we should think would be of the greatest utility to students of Gregorian Chant. Fully persuaded of the fact that in order to acquire a correct knowledge of its rhythm and general character, one must hear this chant, Mr. Bansbach has conceived the idea of using the phonograph as a medium of instruction, and has transmitted a number of melodies from the new Vatican Kyriale to phonographic records, from which they may be reproduced and heard as from a living teacher. This seems to us a capital idea; and we agree also that the square-note system, which the author has adopted, is the simplest and best for Gregorian Chant. Mr. Bansbach is his own publisher. Address: 1437 N. 11th St., St. Louis, Missouri.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.

"Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1 37.

"Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.

"Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.

"The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1 25, net.

"In the Brave Days of Old." Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.

"The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

"The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.

"Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 68 cts., net.

"The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.

"The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.

"Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.

"The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.

"The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

"A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.

"Pilgrim Walks in Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.

"Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.

"The Life and Writings of St. Patrick." Most Rev. Dr. Healy. \$4.50, net.

"The Menace of Privilege." Henry George, Jr. \$1.50, net.

"The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.25.

"The Bitter Cry of the Children." John Spargo. \$1.50, net.

"Not a Judgment." Grace Keon. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Hessoun, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. William Dwyer, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Thomas Weikert, O. S. B.; Rev. William Carroll and Valentine Rochfort, S. J.; and Rev. Mr. Niedere, archdiocese of St. Paul.

Brother Silverius, C. S. C.

Sister Mary, of the Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. M. H. King, of Whittier, Cal.; Mr. Daniel Hagerty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. John Cushing and Mrs. Ellen Hammell, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. John McCluskey, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. Alexander Lutz, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. — McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Leonard Groschen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Bridget McGee, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Goedel, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Charles Collins, New York; Mrs. Anna Thornton, Montgomery, Minn.; Mrs. Catharine Keiley, Washington Gulch, Mont.; William, Christopher and Michael Brooks, and Miss Mary Wrin, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. William Elser, Allegheny, Pa.; and Miss E. Nestor, Franklin Furnace, N. J.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Good Saint Anne.

BY MARION MUIR.

It seemed to me, in the shadows,
That Anna, the Jewess wise,
Looked down on the mounts and meadows
Whence her Daughter's praises rise.
And I heard her voice in sorrow
(Though I may have dreamed this thing,
Like the visions that we borrow
From the night's enchanted ring):
"Have you learned no more from Mary
Than to gild her robe with pride,—
She who followed weak and weary
Christ the Man-God crucified?
"Do you think her smile is gracious
For bejewelled seat or crown,
When you turn, with word suspicious,
From a sister broken down?
"For the Queen of grand immortals
Had a woman's fears and woes,
As a woman loosed the portals
She alone might dare uncloset."

The National Poet of French Canada.

BY A. T. S.

COINCIDENTLY with St. John the Baptist's Day, the national feast of the French-Canadians, Montreal celebrated this year another event full of significance. This was the unveiling of a monument in St. Louis Square, Montreal, to a poet,—and to that poet, Octave Cremazie, who, more than any other, perhaps, has caught the spirit of his compatriots in their

primitive hopes and aspirations, as in their fervor and their deep religious convictions.

Not only has he sung the "skies ever clear," the pine forests, the ancient oaks, the broad rivers "where magnificent Nature lavishes her marvels," "the lakes greater than those of the Dantean verse," and the mountains which only heaven crowns; not only does he catch the wild grandeur of the hills and plains, the trackless waste echoless and vast; not only does he bring the historic drama of New France in skilful touches upon his glowing page, but he emphasizes that faith which was the priceless heritage of those early pioneers,—that for which they gave their toil and tears, their very lives. He has understood the genius of his race,—that one great reality, that splendid fact, which keeps them, as it were, a monumental people, here in the vastness of this new continent giving testimony of the truth. Should the French-Canadians lose their faith or let it weaken, it scarcely needs the lessons of history to show that they will speedily fall into insignificance, if not worse; become imbued with the prevalent commercialism, no longer distinctive, no longer having a mission, no longer planting the Cross beside the hut of the pioneer.

Cremazie understood that truth with the fine poetic vision of the poet; he perceived it, and put his perceptions into ringing verse. He shows, in a few fine lines here and there, what "the

satanic smile of Voltaire" has done for France,—diminished its ancient glory, sapped its strength, and even in the material order made it a spectacle to the nations. Those who claim that the temporal prosperity of a country is incompatible with its devotion to the Church, may see in France a precisely opposite object lesson. France was great only when she was truly Catholic. Many forces combined to weaken that faith,—the spread of Jansenism, the recurrent banishment of the religious Orders, and no doubt that Gallicanism which to some extent withdrew the country from the central warmth, the primal light of the Holy See. The Revolution as a devastating flood swept over the country; a whole generation of priests were imprisoned, deported, guillotined; while reverence for the sacred calling was weakened by the scandal of the Constitutional priests—happily but few in number—who took the schismatical oath. Religion violently uprooted for a time, upspringing again with new vitality, has ever since had to struggle against forces the more malign that they were secret and less brutal.

Canada, providentially snatched from France on the very eve of that catastrophe, seemed destined to perpetuate the ancient glories of the mother country and to keep alive her ancient faith; and it is this destiny which Cremazie has put into his poems, with an ardent patriotism which is now commemorated in a statue. The statue is the work of the celebrated sculptor Philippe Hébert, who has already perpetuated in "immortal bronze" many of the illustrious personages of his country. The erection of the monument was largely due to the initiative of the present Poet Laureate of French Canada, Louis Fréchette, upon whom the mantle of inspiration has fallen, and who has won even in his lifetime international recognition.

Mr. Fréchette was assisted in this work by many distinguished citizens of Montreal.

Upon the platform at the moment of unveiling, Mgr. Racicot, coadjutor of the diocese,—in the enforced absence of Archbishop Bruchési at the consecration of Bishop MacDonnell—represented the Church; while the State was equally well represented by judges and senators and the various civic authorities. The Poet Laureate presented the statue to the city in an address, wherein he showed that Cremazie had done a national work, not only in celebrating the glory of the country, but by being the first to advocate a cordial good-will toward citizens of all races, while preserving and boldly declaring an unalterable attachment to the race from which he sprang. The speaker noted the fact that it was the first time Canada publicly recognized purely intellectual achievement. He also recited a poem, altogether worthy of the subject, composed for the occasion in his own singularly felicitous manner.

Mayor Ekers, on receiving the statue, and thanking those to whose labors it was due, observed that in these days of intense commercialism it was consoling to find citizens willing to band together in honoring great men irrespective of creed or race. Speeches were made by Judges Robidoux and Taschereau, the latter a warm personal friend of the deceased; and many poems were recited by various well-known literary men. Several associations, religious and patriotic, were present either collectively or by representatives. An eloquent discourse was delivered, on the part of St. Patrick's Society, by Mr. Frank Curran, the son of that eminent and public-spirited Irishman, Mr. Justice Curran. The cadet corps of Mt. St. Louis, Christian Brothers' Academy, acted as guard of honor, and made a most creditable showing, their band being one of those

chosen to furnish the inspiring strains of music.

Dr. J. K. Foran, LL. D., the well-known Irish-Canadian littérateur, made a most happy speech, supplemented by a poem which he had written and recited by invitation. A stanza or two of the latter may be reproduced here, because of its subject, despite the limited space which prevents a detailed account of a celebration that in all its particulars reflected so much credit upon the organization. Dr. Foran, in prose and poetry, specially dwelt upon the friendship shown by the poet toward the Irish race, and the glowing appeals of his powerful pen in aid of the Irish exiles who fell victims to the cruel scourge of typhus:

Across the Atlantic's furrowed face,
Those exiles of the Irish race
Were flung upon Canadian shore,
Where fathers shrank and mothers died,
And orphans in their misery cried;
Nor was a star of hope descried,
And clouds of death still hover'd o'er.

'Twas then you seized your tuneful lyre,
And with the poet's soul of fire
Struck note on note, till high and higher
Rang out for aid your stirring plea.
You touched each kind Canadian heart,
Your songs seemed truly to impart
Your spirit, while with your own art
You saved those exiles—Crémazie!

No Irish heart can e'er forget
Its deep, its sacred, grateful debt,
While softening tears the eyelids wet.
Ah, what a triumph you have won!
God's rest to you! God bless the tongue
In which such thoughts were nobly sung,
In which earth's grandest notes have rung!

This poem and Dr. Foran's discourse touched upon a point which is sometimes overlooked—the debt of gratitude owed by the Irish to the French-Canadian race, which nobly came to the aid of those sad victims of the typhus, not only in the devotion of their priests and nuns, but in their adoption of the orphans, many of whom, be it remarked, arose to distinc-

tion either in the ranks of religion, in the professions, or in commerce.

Crémazie showed toward his Irish fellow-citizens a cordial sympathy, which he frequently expressed with his pen, as in the following:

Of green Hibernia, noble children, hail!

O martyred race, with vigor ever new!

'Neath the same banner may we ever fight,

Upon these happier shores our hand outstretched
to you;

Under this purer sky may faith unite;

No more you'll have to dread a ruthless pow'r.

For us, who in our souls' deep depths preserve

The fertile warmth of that e'er living fire

Which gives to Ireland marvels ever new,

Brought forth in suffering and in anguish dire;

Preferring honor to unholy might,

And martyrs to those who execute.

Crémazie was, indeed, of a catholic turn of mind, in his admiration of, his warm sympathy with, whatever was glorious or admirable in the various countries of the world. It was evident that he had read much and travelled much, and thus cultivated those poetic gifts which have given him a foremost rank amongst his compatriots, by whom he is honored and loved. This fact was attested by a very sheaf of poetic effusions, many of them of a high order of merit, which greeted the erection of the monument to the "first national poet."

Octave Crémazie was born in Quebec in 1827, and educated at that ancient Seminary of Quebec which, since its foundation by the illustrious Laval, has been a very hearthstone of learning for the surrounding district. The poet has addressed many affectionate words to this beloved alma mater, which he likens to "a beneficent sun"; and also to the great Bishop, its originator.

The Sign of the Redeemer on his breast doth shine,
Proclaiming to men his mission divine;

As a chief in the combats of Christ, he commands
Where France holds her sway in these forest-clad
lands.

Neither suff'ring nor hardship his courage can
quell,

He goes where his faith and his ardor impel.

The poet frequently apostrophizes those two "champions of the Cross and the Sword, Laval and Champlain"; and likewise those other actors, "as priests and victims," in the splendid drama enacted centuries ago beside the St. Lawrence,—those "missionaries sublime,"

Loyola's sons,—

The soil regenerate with their blood bedew,
The primal splendors of the Cross renew;
And by dread martyrdom to bless thy shore,
And hallow'd memories leave for evermore

Not only does he show faith to be the guiding principle of those early struggles, constantly reappearing as a luminous thread through the annals of New France, but he celebrates the struggles and the trials of religion everywhere. In splendid lines, he gives voice to the enthusiasm, the ardor, the sublime belief of the Crusaders at the Council of Clermont, with their cry ringing through the ages: "God wills it!" And one of his finest poems is in praise of those modern Crusaders, the Papal Zouaves, and their victory at Castelfidardo, where the Canadians so especially distinguished themselves. The Abbé Casgrain declares that this poem is "remarkable for breadth and philosophic conception, and concludes with two sublime stanzas." It commemorates those

Great souls, devour'd by the eternal flames,
who prove that "upon earth there are heroes, and in heaven a God." He describes those "children of the Crusaders," that "ancient and strong race, descendants of the Knights," seizing their blades with the same cry: "God wills it! God wills it!" "Like the paladins of old by Tasso sung," they caused the soil of Castelfidardo to tremble with their mighty onslaught; and, wrapped in glory's shroud, they fell

Like Roland on the field of Roncesveaux.

He paints the Papacy, most ancient and holy, the hearthstone of knowledge and of strength, the beacon shining

clear through the ages. Kings in their delirious rage struck the hand which was raised only to bless, and cried out that they might easily overthrow that feeble old man, who had no other defence but weakness. They pressed on to the very foot of the Throne, where it dominates the troublous world and the restless tribes of men. They were about to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the triple crown. But

Proud sovereigns of the earth
Shall pause affrighted there;
For Jehovah they behold
Behind St. Peter's Chair.

Cremazie has left a poem full of deep religious sentiment, entitled "The Dead," which some critics have not hesitated to compare to that by Lamartine upon the same subject. As witness these lines:

O dead, ye sleep within your tranquil graves;
No more ye bear the burden that enslaves
Us in this world of ours.

For you, outshine no stars, no storms rave loud,
No buds has spring, the horizon no clouds,
The sun marks not the hours.

The while with anxious thought oppress'd we go,
Each weary day but bringing deeper woe,
Silently and alone,

Ye list the sanctuary chant arise
That, downward first to you, remounts the skies,
Sweet Pity's monotone.

The poet was not, so to say, a literary man by profession. To his misfortune—for no doubt he was wanting in the commercial aptitude necessary to success,—he founded the "Librairie Cremazie," a bookstore which became a place of resort for all the choicest of those men of thought and men of letters who, in the middle years of the nineteenth century, made French Quebec the Athens of Canada. He also published *Soirées Canadiennes*, which was a real service to literature, since it drew forth contributions in prose and verse from the most distinguished French-Canadians of that period. His commercial venture proved disastrous, and he was compelled to leave Canada.

After his arrival in France, so sorely did his financial misfortunes press upon him that he was seized with congestion of the brain, from which he recovered only to drag out a few more painful years, and to die in Havre.

Some of his verses seem almost prophetic in view of these events, he so often touches upon the sorrow of the exile in countries afar, which give him but "the alms of a grave." And he makes a strong plea to young men to remain in their native land.

Why go to waste thy days on alien shores?

Not brighter are those skies, that future not more fair.

Or again:

Do not, like me, expend thy brightest days

On foreign soil.

Cremazie's patriotism is intense and impassioned; it is also twofold. He loved France — *la vieille patrie*, — to which such romantic worship was paid by those men of the past. But Canada was still

More beautiful far than a ray of the dawn.

He addresses in the most ardent language the sky of his country, her noble streams, — that "sweet land beloved by Heaven," which strangers regard with envy.

O country, O native shore!

"witness of the rapture of our young hearts at twenty years." Lakes, "fragrant meads," "ancient undulating forests," which alone possess the voices that cause a Canadian's heart to beat. His descriptions of the natural scenery, "where angels must have dropped some flowers from the garden divine," where the flower repeats to the cloud what the wave has spoken to the flower, — all speak in the language of sincerest love; and it is evident that Octave Cremazie echoes from the depths of his heart the sentiment:

Qu'il fait bon d'être Canadien.

It would be easy to multiply these patriotic utterances, clad in his inex-

haustible imagery; which was, however, interwoven with that love of the mother country which is also frequently expressed, and notably in two of his most celebrated poems — "Le Drapeau de Carillon" and "Le Vieux Soldat Canadien." In the latter he represents the old soldier who had fought with Montcalm and Lévis on the glorious, fatal Plains of Abraham, coming day after day to the ramparts of Quebec, and straining his fast dimming eyes in the illusive hope of seeing the flag of France once more unfurled. In pathetic accents, he calls upon his grandson to say if the snow-white flag be once more visible, and promising the eager youth that sometime that flag will come again in power and glory. Needless to say, the old man's form was missing from the ramparts, and the grandson had been long sleeping with his fathers, when that dream was in a sense realized.

The poem was written on the occasion of the arrival of the French frigate *La Capricieuse*, sent by Napoleon III., in 1855, to cement the commercial relations between France and Canada. The poet makes the *vieillards de la patrie* — the old men, the old soldiers who have long been sleeping — send forth from their graves a murmur of joy; and even the pale shades of the Hurons, friends of the French, rejoice at sight of the beloved flag of France. The poem is highly poetic both in conception and execution, and has a fine setting in the old historic precincts of Quebec.

The lyre of Cremazie is often tuned to a minor key, but in some of his lighter pieces he is charmingly gay in harmony with the cheerfulness of the subject; for instance, in "Le Printemps," "L'Allouette," wherein the song of the lark can be almost heard; and in the "Return of the Bees." His muse ranges over so wide a field that it is impossible to mention the beauty and variety of his poems. Certain it is, however, that, though he touches upon

numberless themes, he ever gives "his foremost thought to the glory of his country," and, as Casgrain declares, by his brilliant strophes casts a mantle of glory over the splendid realities of the past. What is said of the historian Garneau applies equally to him. He recounts the last misfortunes and the last triumphs of that old white flag with the golden lilies, on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and celebrates the beauties and the glories of his country with so intense a love that "a patriotic shiver runs through every page."*

It remains only to take a glance at that most popular of all his inspired strains, and by the bardic quality of which no doubt his name will live. As already said, it furnished inspiration to the designer of the monument. Like Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner," it is the song of a lost cause, in which the "divine despair" of the poet lends itself to the mute, inglorious throng who suffered the pangs of defeat in silence. The motif of the poem may be briefly expressed.

An old soldier has brought from the field the flag of Carillon, which was put into his hands by Montcalm himself. He keeps it concealed in the humble cabin where he is spending the saddened evening of his days, amongst the peasant population. Again and again, especially on Sabbath mornings when returning from Mass, the people gather about to hear the old man relate, with moistened eye and trembling lip, the glories of the past. And when his audience are stirred to their depths by those powerful emotions, he displays to their eyes the "radiant whiteness of the flag of France." The Conquest is but a thing of yesterday, and the old man's mind becomes filled with an absorbing project. He goes to France, to carry that flag to the feet of the monarch and beg of him, even now, to

come and reconquer. After many perils and fatigues, he reaches the palace of Versailles, only to be laughed from the door by those unworthy favorites, who have already tarnished the national glory, and whose sneer has become historic: "What does the King care for a few acres of snow!"

The old man, broken-hearted, turns his face once more toward his country. On the way he is shipwrecked, but saves the beloved flag. On his return, for fear of lessening in the minds of the populace their love of France, he says not one word to destroy the illusion.

Not his the hand to raise the winding sheet
Wherein lies wrapped his final hope.

After a time, however, he disappears from the places that have known him; and an aged, solitary figure, faint and trembling, is seen climbing the heights of Carillon, whereon he plants the standard, seeing once more the golden lilies waving in the breeze. It is December then; the earth is covered with its mantle of snow, and the passer-by finds on the frost-bound earth the old soldier of many battles, his lifeless arms still clasping the banner of Carillon. The sculptor has seized that moment,—the old soldier's figure, full of the calm majesty of death, clasps the sacred relic, while his mute lips seem to say:

And for my flag I have come here to die.

Did space permit, this noble poem, so full of high and generous feeling, of heroic sentiment, of tender and touching melancholy, of deep faith, would repay translation, though there is little doubt that much of its virile force and directness would be lost. It is scarcely possible, for instance, to put into an alien and a colder tongue that passionate cry of a broken heart:

O Carillon, 'tis thee I see once more,—

Not now, alas! as in those days of old,
When from thy fortress blew a trumpet blast

And round thee gathered hearts that now are
cold!

* Chauveau, at the unveiling of the Garneau monument in Quebec.

With my last failing strength I come to thee;
 My vital forces fail, my end is nigh;
 Yes, I am seeking on thy soil a grave,
 And for my flag I have come here to die.

At a given signal, Madame Beique, wife of the Honorable Senator Beique, who had been amongst the most prominent workers for the erection of the monument, drew aside the veil and disclosed the well-known features of the poet, while the solemn hush which had fallen upon the spectators was broken by the strains of the band playing "O Canada, pays de mes aieuls!"

And so upon the Feast of St. John the Baptist a monument has arisen to Cremazie on a public square in the chief city of the Dominion. Fifty-seven years before, the poet jubilantly hailed that national feast, wherein French-Canadians annually "under its green boughs unite," "singing the hymns of their country, celebrating the names of its heroes," and reminding one another, as the voice of that dead-and-gone singer reminds them, to hold fast to faith and language. *Et leur langue et leur foi.* The poet, symbolically clasping to his breast the flag of his country's glory, has come hither not to die, but to live forever in the hearts of his grateful compatriots and co-religionists.

In attending to ordinary business and daily needs, we should not allow ourselves to be transported by eagerness and anxiety; but take reasonable and moderate care, and then leave everything completely and entirely to the disposal and guidance of Divine Providence, giving it scope to arrange matters for its own ends, and to manifest to us God's will. For we may consider it certain that when God wills that an affair should succeed, delay does not spoil it; and the greater part He takes in it, the less will be left for us to do.

—St. Vincent de Paul.

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IV.—WIDOWED AND MARRIED.

EIGHT months passed. The winter rains had been abundant; fine crops were in prospect; the cattle were almost knee-deep in the green alfalfa; the dwellers on hillside and valley were jubilant, for they were expecting a bounteous year.

Arturo and his neighbors helped one another from day to day—now here, now there,—working in friendly accord, and hoping for better times than had been theirs during the long season of drought and discouragement which had gone before. But the neighbors, one and all, forbore to question Arturo about his wife, from whom it became known through the medium of that harmless gossip, the postmaster, only one letter had been received. They knew very well that if he had had good news to tell them, he would have been glad to impart it; while he in turn, seeing commiseration in their glances and suspicion in their silence, shrank closer into himself and made no sign.

In the house everything was uncomfortable, the children but illy clad, the food not well cooked; for Tia Maria was not often at home, and at best was only a poor housekeeper. When she was there she liked nothing better than to amuse the children, but that was about all the good her presence amounted to. And Arturo could not grow accustomed to seeing her about the house, performing, or trying to perform, the household tasks, in which with her limited means Erolinda had excelled. He found himself growing more and more irritable with the little ones, more taciturn in the evenings when he had been wont to tell them stories, and not in any respect encouraged by the prospect of good crops

which was a source of congratulation from his neighbors.

Sometimes he felt as though he must throw everything aside and go in search of his wife, whom he never doubted, but who, he thought, was either very ill in the great city, or had died there, as all his letters remained unanswered. He had almost resolved to do this when one morning he was summoned from his work in the garden by Juanita, who told him an old woman wanted to see him in the house.

"She says she is my grandmother," continued the child, clinging to her father's hand. "She brought candy, and she is holding Diego and Luciano on her lap. She came on horseback."

Mortara had but little acquaintance with his wife's people, who were of a lower class. The woman, who lived about fifteen miles distant, had never been in his house before. She would not have been welcome there usually, and did not resent it, knowing her place, and not a little proud of the marriage her daughter had made.

He hurried along, feeling that she had brought news of Erolinda; though why she should have written to her parents, for whom she seemed to have no affection, and not to her husband, he could not imagine. As he entered he observed that she was in new mourning, such as it was.

"Good-morning, Señora!" he said, extending his hand. "What news do you bring?"

"I am a widow since last Thursday, Señor," she replied. "My husband, the father of your wife, has departed, and I am left all alone."

"My condolences," said Mortara, his apprehensions stilled. "What can I do for you?"

The old woman looked around the disorderly room.

"It seems to me that this house needs some one to take care of it, since the mistress has left it, and does not, from

what I hear, intend to return. I could make things a little more comfortable."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mortara. "Why do you say she does not intend to return? Has she written that she will not?"

"She has written nothing, no more than to you. She did not think enough of her old father and mother to take leave of them when she went away. I have it from Dolores Arca, who has just come back from the city where she found the work too hard for an old woman, that Erolinda is leading there a life which is not becoming the wife of Don Arturo Mortara."

"I do not believe it," said Arturo, hotly. "Dolores was ever a gossip."

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"That is what she says. Dolores has a cousin who worked in the same hotel with Erolinda. She told her that every night she is at balls and parties, or at the theatre, and that she is finely dressed—oh, as a great lady!"

"That can not be,—it could not be. The people with whom she is living would not permit it. The nurse of their delicate child to be allowed to do like that! No, no, it is impossible!"

"She is not with those people. They have gone away, back to England. She is a maid in the hotel. I will send Dolores,—she can tell you all."

"You need not send her. I do not wish to see her."

"Very well, as you please. But you need some one for these children. Shall I come, with my things?"

For a moment Arturo hesitated. The woman was the grandmother of his children: she would take care of them at least, and of his house. Should he permit his aversion to her to stand in the way of the real benefit she might be to the forlorn little ones? While he debated she came near, and he caught the unmistakable odor of liquor.

"No," he answered. "I thank you. Tia Maria comes when she can, and I

prefer to be alone with my children."

"Very well," said his mother-in-law, as, without a word of leave-taking to her grandchildren, she stalked out of the house.

After that Arturo went no more to the post office, nor among his neighbors. Shame and grief kept him at home; for he well knew that gossip must be rife through the countryside, and he shrank from the eyes of his fellowmen.

Tia Maria was absent at this time; but one morning, a few weeks after the grandmother's visit, she returned, tidied up the house, washed the little ones, and mended the clothing. After the children were asleep that evening, she came to Arturo, placed a paper on the table before him, and retired.

He picked it up mechanically. The first thing he saw was the headlines: "Burning of the V—Hotel. Great loss of life." Hurriedly scanning the article, he read among the list of the dead: "Erolinda Mortara, chambermaid."

When Tia Maria came in the morning, he said:

"Who gave you that paper?"

"Dolores. Her nephew sent it."

"Now perhaps they will not speak so unkindly of her," he said bitterly. "I would like you to come, Tia Maria, and stay with us here. I will pay you. Times are better with me now. Do not tell anything to the children. I will let them know all that is necessary. I am going to Father Domingo to have some Masses offered for her poor soul."

That night he explained to the two older children that their mother would not return. God had taken her to heaven, he said. Diego listened uncomprehendingly, but Juanita wept and would not be comforted. Arturo, however, hid his grief in his heart.

On a beautiful morning in June, a year later, Arturo was returning from La Media, where he had just concluded a profitable sale with a drover from Mazatlan who was taking some cattle

north. He had in his pocket a purse filled with gold, which he jingled as he went along. He was well clad and his step was light. The pressure of pecuniary difficulty had been removed. His cousin, Don Carlos, had recently died, leaving him a considerable sum of money. He had begun to mingle again with his neighbors; and his children were happy, healthy, and strong.

The day before he had been amused by something which had happened,—something he promptly dismissed from his thoughts, but which had provokingly returned ever since. He smiled now as he walked, remembering it.

Very solemnly, at breakfast time, Tia Maria had said:

"Señor, there are many things needed in this house, the lack of which I have not mentioned, for the reason that I thought they had better all be procured at once, when—"

"When—what, Tia Maria?"

"When there is a new mistress."

"A new mistress? But I have never thought of it."

"Well, it is time."

"Why should there ever be one?"

"You are young still and you are prosperous; the children are growing up, and they need a mother. I do my best, but I am old, and there are many things I do not know in these new-fangled days. Under a capable mistress, I could work very well. I am not too old for that. Or if there should come one who would not want Tia Maria, she could go back to her own little adobe. It is of you and the little ones I am thinking."

"I thank you, Tia Maria," Arturo answered; "but I am not thinking of marrying."

At dinner Tia Maria again ventured to approach the subject,—this time, she thought, in a very astute manner.

"Teresita Palomar is back. Did you know it, Señor?"

"No. Where has she been?" asked

Arturo, carelessly, though his dark face flushed slightly. Teresita had been his first love, and he knew that Tia Maria was aware of it, as all Vallicita had been, till he had fallen under the spell of Erolinda's dark eyes.

"Where has she been? Hear that! Did you not know that she has spent two years in old Mexico with her aunt?"

"Yes, I believe I heard something of it. And she has returned?"

"Yes, and with quite a little fortune at her back,—as much as a thousand dollars, they tell me. Her aunt is dead."

"Oh! That will be good for Teresita."

"Very good. It is a pity she is an old maid. She would have made a fine wife in her day."

"In her day? When was that, Tia Maria? Teresita is not old."

"She must be twenty-six at the very least,—more likely twenty-seven."

Arturo made a rapid calculation in his mind. He was thirty, Teresita three years younger.

"She is just twenty-seven," he replied.

"Ah, what a memory, and with so many things to fill up your mind! She is of a good disposition—Teresita."

"Yes,—that can not be denied."

"And affectionate."

"That is a good quality."

"And pretty still."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes,—the day before yesterday, when I went over to La Media. She was there, coming from the post office. I asked her then why she did not marry."

"And what did she say?"

"She looked at me with her dove eyes and she laughed as she said: 'Because I will marry only for love, Tia Maria.'—'And are there not young men in plenty?' said I.—'Not for me,' she made answer.—'You are too hard to please,' said I. 'Will you be a nun?'—'I think not,' she laughed.—'Why, then, not marry?' said I.—'Because the only man I ever loved married another woman,' she replied, putting spurs to her pony

as she cantered away. A great pity that she should not look about her,—if indeed she can get a young man, now that she is twenty-seven."

"With her little fortune, Tia Maria, she can easily get a husband," said Arturo, laughing in his turn as he left the table.

Still going over the incident in his mind, quite aware of the purport of Tia Maria's remarks, he walked briskly onward. Presently he came to a clump of willows, beneath which gushed a perpetual spring, where he and Teresita had often refreshed themselves after a ride in days gone by. He turned toward it, and saw her standing there, tethering her pony. She wore a pink dress and a little grey cap. Her usually pale cheeks flushed crimson as she saw him. So pure and sweet she looked, so refined and gracious, so utterly unlike the woman who had beguiled him from her, that he wondered how he had ever been so blinded and deluded as to hesitate between them.

"Teresita!" he cried, "will you forgive me and love me? You are prettier and sweeter than you have ever been, and I want you for my wife."

When Arturo next saw Tia Maria, about two hours later, it was to announce that a new mistress would soon be coming to Vallicita.

The four years that followed were destined to be the happiest of his life.

(To be continued.)

The Promise.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY M. E. M.

EVERY day hath its burthen,
By toils and griefs oppressed;
But every day hath its promise,
For night brings peace and rest.

Every night hath its darkness,
Sad thoughts crowd thickly then;
But every night hath its promise,
For the day will dawn again.

A Heart of Gold.

LIKE many other great servants of God, St. John Chrysostom was very susceptible to the charms of Christian friendship. One of his favorite schoolfellows, Theodore, influenced by his example, had sacrificed all worldly hopes, and embraced the monastic life. Soon wearying of the desert, however, and losing his fervor, he cast aside the religious habit, and forgot his former aspirations so far as to wish to enter upon a worldly career. This news pierced the soul of St. John Chrysostom as with a two-edged sword, and he wrote the deserter a letter that one may well say must have been dictated by an angel. We quote at length:

“Who will give water to my head and a fountain of tears to my eyes?’ My dear friend, I borrow these words from the Prophet; although, unlike him, I have not to mourn over cities, nations, and kingdoms, but over something yet more precious—thy soul. He alone who knew its glory before the enemy laid it waste can comprehend my distress.... Behold thy spiritual temple, once so beautiful, now despoiled of its loveliness, dismantled, laid open to a thousand shameful enemies—pride, luxury avarice,—and no one to guard and defend it! Hence it is that my tears flow, and I shall find no consolation until I see the temple of God restored to its pristine beauty. O my friend, despair not of thy conversion! Doubt not that God will raise thee to a greater height than that from which thou didst fall. Instead of this cold, lifeless letter, I wish I could send thee the tears I shed for thee, the sighs that burst from my heart on thy account. O cherished one, correspond to God’s grace, that urges thee; and soon I shall see thee, filled with new life and vigor, among the true flock, joined in prayer with the saints of God!”

This ardent supplication was heard. Theodore, overcome by a tenderness at once human and divine, hastened to cast himself into the arms of his friend; and, praying and weeping, together they entered the monastery, which Theodore left again only to become Bishop of Mopsuestia.

St. John had also another intimate friend and fellow-student, of the same name as the illustrious Bishop of Cesarea—Basil; and like him, too, enamored of the religious life. His sole thought was to quit the city of Antioch for the cloister; and, as the first step in the execution of his project, he begged Chrysostom to leave his father’s home and share the penitential life he was leading in an obscure quarter of the city. Our saint relates this touching episode of his youth in his work on the priesthood, the most admirable of all his writings:

“Basil ended by persuading me. Our design was about to be carried into effect when the pleadings of my mother intervened, and prevented my giving my friend that consolation. She had suspected our resolution; and, taking my hand, she led me to her room, and began to weep bitterly. Then with sobs she spoke words that moved me more than her tears. ‘My son, I enjoyed so short a time the protection of your father. God took him from me at the time you came into the world. His premature death left me a widow and you an orphan. My sole consolation was to have you with me, and see in you the image of the dear one I had lost. That consolation began the very first day of your life. You were my comfort before your infant lips could speak. Then it is that children give the greatest joy to their mothers. Now I ask of you one only favor. Do not awaken a lulled pain, and widow me a second time. Wait until after my death, which may be very near at hand. The young may expect to reach old age, but

at my years the only hope is death. While I still linger, weary not of being with me, and cause not such a grief to her who never gave you pain.”

At these tender words John clasped his mother in his arms, and, with his head pillowed on her heart, wept with her, and promised not to leave her. He did yet more. To free himself from the temptation, he accepted the mitre of Antioch, and thus obliged himself to remain always near her. Thus he who is represented by certain authors of our own day as a cold, haughty, inflexible monk who had stifled every natural affection, knew how to reconcile his duties as a son and as a priest.

Basil, too, resigned himself to remain at Antioch; and left it, only after many years, to accept the episcopal consecration that was forced upon him by a kind of stratagem. John, desirous of seeing him exercise an office of which he knew him to be so worthy, abetted the moral violence brought to bear upon him; and only after the ceremony was over, and it was too late for Basil to withdraw, he laughingly acknowledged his complicity in the plot, and, throwing his arms around his friend, pressed him to his heart.

Basil was at first angered and grief-stricken at the duplicity practised upon him; but finally pardoned his friend on one condition. “By the charity of Jesus Christ our Lord, if there remains the least vestige of your former tenderness for me, I conjure you to pity the state in which you see me; stretch out an aiding hand, and help me by your word and example. Swear never to leave me more. Let us always live together in a closer union than ever before.” John had lost his mother; and Raphanea, the episcopal See of his friend, was sufficiently near to Antioch to allow of his promising in all sincerity to go thither frequently without failing in any of his own duties. He answered Basil with an affectionate smile: “What

assistance can I give you amid the immense crowd of occupations and duties that are hereafter to be your portion? Still, my beloved, since you prize my attachment, take courage. Every moment that you can dispose of after the labors of your office are done, I will spend with you. I will uphold you with my consolations, and my tender love shall never fail you.”

St. John was then thirty-one; and, with the exception of a retreat of two years, which he spent at Mount Cassius, in Asia Minor, to perfect himself in penance and in study, he exercised his priestly functions until the age of fifty-three. His reputation spread throughout the East, and crossed the Bosphorus; so that when Nectarius, successor to St. Gregory Nazianzen in the See of Constantinople died, and the clergy and people of that imperial city assembled to fill the vacancy, they unanimously chose St. John. The Emperor Arcadius approved the choice, and sent officers from his court to Antioch to accompany the new incumbent to his See. On reaching Antioch, they sought first an audience with Asterius, Count of the East, to whom they made known their mission. “Beware,” he answered, “of letting a word of this transpire,”—for he feared a refusal on the part of St. John, and an uprising on the part of the people. “Return to Parga, and await me there. I will lose no time in rejoining you.” Immediately he sent for our saint to come to the palace, under the pretext of asking a favor of him, and at the same time ordered his carriage to be made ready. When St. John arrived, Asterius invited him to a drive, to which, unsuspecting of any conspiracy, he readily consented; and the time lapsed in pleasant conversation until they reached Parga, where, without any further explanation, Asterius delivered the prisoner of Christ into the hands of those who were expecting him. Thus

was he torn from the affection of his people of Antioch, and carried by force to the See of Constantinople.

Before saying anything of the part he had to play toward Eudoxia, wife of the weak Arcadius, haughty mistress of the Eastern Empire, let us show by a quotation from Theodoret, a contemporary and eye-witness of the facts he relates, how St. John understood and fulfilled his episcopal ministry. To his people he was pastor, father, umpire, and judge, and won their love in exchange for the consolations he lavished on them.

"One came to ask help in urgent need, another to claim his protection in a just lawsuit. He distributed food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and begged from the rich the means with which he comforted the suffering poor. All the afflicted went to him for consolation. Prisoners placed their cause in his hands, and made him their pleader; every sick person begged the favor of a visit from him; homeless strangers sought hospitality under his roof; and debtors pressed by pitiless creditors sought means of liquidating their dues from his purse, that the charitable rich filled as often as it was emptied by destitute poor. He was the umpire of domestic quarrels as well as of civil dissensions,—the universal peacemaker. Slaves fleeing from the merciless severity of their masters took refuge with him. He spoke in terms of evangelical charity, and obtained submission on the one hand, and, on the other, indulgence. Widows and orphans in distress gathered around him, imploring his fatherly protection; for surely he was a father in the fullest sense of the term. He accepted all the responsibility and discharged all the duties of his office with indefatigable zeal, making himself *all to all*, and reflecting from his countenance the benevolence and goodness of Jesus Christ."

From this testimony of a contemporary it may be seen that the eloquence of St. John Chrysostom was equalled by his charity and goodness, so that he deserved to be called not only the "*Golden-mouthed*," but the "*Golden-hearted*" as well.

Although Arcadius, unworthy son of the great Theodosius, filled the throne at Constantinople, a eunuch and a woman ruled in his name. Eutropius, who had surreptitiously won the confidence of Theodosius, made himself an instrument for the elevation of Eudoxia, daughter of the Gaulish Count Banto. After the death of her father, he had her reared with care; and when she had attained the height of her beauty, genius and ambition, he easily persuaded the weak Arcadius, his toy, to take her as his wife. The artful princess soon achieved complete sway over the heart of her husband, and for some little time was content to share with Eutropius the power she owed to his influence. But she soon wearied of his exactions and determination to wield the imperial authority to the fullest extent in his own person, and their dissensions grew apace until they culminated in mutual enmity and hatred.

A decree of Arcadius, dictated by Eutropius, filled the measure of the eunuch's pride and the terror he inspired in the hearts of the people. The act wrested from the Church the right of asylum for State offences, and defined as treason not only all plots against the life of the Emperor, but against the person and rights of his officers and ministers. This was virtually delivering over to Eutropius all those who offended him in any manner whatsoever. "Hence," says Sozomen, "no one at Constantinople dared look the prime minister in the face, while he carried his head in the clouds." Eunapius, another historian of the times, relates that in the cities of Asia no one spoke above his breath, and

the usual whispered salutation on meeting was: "Any news? What is the eunuch doing?"

But the downfall of the royal favorite was soon to follow. Suspecting Eudoxia of giving ear to the outcry against him, he one day insolently said to her: "Have a care of yourself. The hand that led you to the palace is still powerful enough to drive you hence." At these words the Sicambrian blood that flowed in her veins boiled with indignation. With a gesture she dismissed the arrogant intruder; and, running to the cradle where her two children, Flacilla and Pulcheria, were sleeping, she seized them in her arms and hastened to the apartments of the Emperor. In a voice choked with fury she cried out: "Kill these, my children, and kill myself, or deliver me from this base eunuch!" Courtiers, soldiers, ladies of honor ran to learn the cause of her outcry. Eutropius, who had followed her, attempted to justify himself; but Eudoxia left him not a moment's chance. One by one she retailed the crimes of the fallen favorite; and, emboldened by an approving gesture wrung from Arcadius, she raised her voice and, in a tone that admitted of no rejoinder, exclaimed: "It is true that justice should have its dues. Seize, then, that wretch, and let him pay the penalty of his horrible guilt." But Eutropius had already escaped. Leaving the palace by a secret way, he tore off his silken robes, the badge of the consular office, and, hastily snatching up a handful of dust from the street, he scattered it on his head, and hurried to seek refuge in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles.

Pursued by the soldiery even into the house of God, he tore aside the veil that parted the nave from the sanctuary, and, springing toward the altar, clasped with trembling arms the marble pillars that supported it. The haughty minister, who only a few months before

signed a decree for the abolition of the right of asylum, now comes to claim its protection against the death that threatened him.

St. John Chrysostom ran in answer to his cries, and led him into a safer retreat in the presbytery, concealing him in a room used for the storing of sacred vessels. He knew that charity takes precedence of all else; and this poor wretch, his enemy, became a sacred thing in his eyes from the moment that he fell into misfortune and sought the protection of the Church. Then St. John presented himself alone to the soldiers, who had not dared to follow; and to their summons, "Deliver up Eutropius,—the Emperor orders it," he made answer: "My children, the Church is your mother and mine. When she receives a man to her bosom, his asylum is sacred." The soldiers brandished their lances and threatened him with death; but he only bared his breast and said: "Kill me, if you will; but you shall enter the sanctuary only over my corpse."

The tribune, seeing him inflexible, determined to bring him before the Emperor, escorted by a double military guard. On the way the infuriated populace cried out: "Death to the eunuch! Cut off his head!" When they learned that Chrysostom would not give him up, they turned their threats against him. He appeared not to hear them, and remained calm and unmoved, reiterating his refusal even in presence of the trembling Emperor. Arcadius, rejoicing in his secret soul that the life of his favorite would be spared, insisted no further, but appointed an escort to accompany the Bishop back to his basilica. The people and the armed legions, however, besieged the imperial palace, and demanded that Arcadius should come forth on the balcony, where they renewed their threats. "You have deprived the Church of the right of asylum: then deliver Eutropius to

us. Give us the base eunuch's head." Pushed to the last extremity, and trembling with fear, the unworthy son of Theodosius hid his face in his hands and burst into tears. Overcome by the spectacle of the royal countenance defaced with weeping, and reverencing the memory of his illustrious father, the soldiers withdrew in silence.

The following morning, the Lord's Day, an immense crowd, trembling with excitement and hardly restrained by the sanctity of the holy place, invaded the basilica, wondering within themselves whether Chrysostom would dare to appear. At the usual hour he ascended the pulpit with grave, serene countenance, to deliver the homily before the Holy Sacrifice. Unawed by the menacing silence, he extended his arms, and at that signal the veil that hid the sanctuary was withdrawn, and there before the altar, clasping one of its columns, knelt the mighty minister, who yesterday made the most intrepid quake, and to-day sued for pardon from those he had wronged.

"If ever," exclaimed the holy Bishop, "there was truth in the words of the wise man 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity,' they are doubly true to-day. Where is now the signal glory of the Consulate? Where the torches that lighted his way, the crowns, the flattering murmur of the crowds, the acclamations of the Circus, the adulation of the people? All these are past. At the breath of the tempest the dry leaves scattered, and the shorn tree waved its naked branches above its trembling roots.... Let us wrest from an ignominious death a poor outlawed suppliant, and thus purchase for ourselves a favorable sentence on the day of final judgment, through the mercy and goodness of Jesus Christ, to whom belong glory and power, now and throughout the ages of eternity. Amen."

This admirable discourse, numbered among the masterpieces of human

eloquence and tenderness, saved the wretched Eutropius for the time being, and secured the Church against any encroachment on her rights by Arcadius, who was thus only too happy to protect his former favorite; and by the people of Constantinople, who had recovered from their temporary frenzy. But it cost St. John Chrysostom the favor of Eudoxia, who never forgave this intervention in behalf of one who had insulted her. The saintly Bishop knew this full well, and prepared himself for the consequences with all the tranquillity of a Christian soul.

While awaiting an opportunity of retaliating on Chrysostom, Eudoxia sought means of visiting her revenge on Eutropius. Violence having been foiled, she had recourse to stratagem. After some months she sent her guards to the asylum where he was pining away in despair, with the promise of life and pardon if he would consent to throw himself on the mercy of the Empress. Their further orders were to carry him to the island of Cyprus, where immense wealth would be given him, to lead a life of ease and luxury.

Eutropius suspected no snare; and, pledging himself by oath not to leave the island without an authorization from the Empress, he left the basilica, without even taking leave of the protector who had saved his wretched life. The emissaries of Eudoxia placed him on a vessel bound for Cyprus, and he set sail full of joyous expectation. The same day a decree was posted throughout the streets of Constantinople, announcing his degradation and approaching trial. The tribunal convoked by the Empress condemned him to death. In vain did Arcadius offer a timid protest. Eudoxia ordered the vessel to turn back on its course, and the wretched eunuch was landed at Chalcedon, where his head fell under the axe. Thus did the imperial enemy of St. John Chrysostom

keep her word, and pardon injuries.

Another incident of the same nature, but of less importance, filled the measure of her hatred for our saint. Implacable in her resentment, she had, by enforcing a law of the pagan emperors, obtained possession of a vineyard belonging to the widow and orphans of a Catholic of high rank, who had been condemned to banishment on a calumnious accusation of treason. The only crime of the poor woman was the fatherly protection granted her by the saintly Bishop, the stronghold of all in distress. St. John did not fail to plead her cause with the Empress, daring even to remind her of Naboth's vineyard usurped by Jezabel, and the frightful chastisement of that haughty queen. In a letter still extant, he wrote:

"The glory, wealth, and splendor of the throne will count for nothing on the dreadful day of God's judgment; the faithful observance of His law alone will then be of avail. Fashioned from the earth, we shall all return to its bosom,—king and subject, prince and peasant. Cast a retrospective glance on the monarchs that swayed your sceptre before you. Those who did their duty have left an honored name to the veneration of all ages, and are now in possession of eternal happiness in heaven; whilst those whose lives were marked by injustice and crime are remembered with execration, and on the last day will rise to begin an eternity of torment. Let your piety, then, move you to restore to the unfortunate widow and orphans of Theogonus the paltry remnant of their patrimony. Can you carry with you to the tomb the perfume of the flowering vine or the grandeur and pomp of the throne? No: every human scheme ends with the grave. There will come a day when, naked and powerless, you, too, must sleep beneath the sod. Deign to reflect on these thoughts in the presence of God, and restore the rights of the

injured, that God may mete you a favorable judgment on the last day."

Instead of making restitution for her injustice, Eudoxia burst out into threats and abuse against the holy Bishop. She forbade him to enter the palace, and all the city rang with the news of her rage. Seeing her obdurate, the servant of God passed from word to act. On a certain day, the Empress, decked out in all the trappings of worldliness and vanity, presented herself at the door of the basilica during the celebration of the sacred mysteries. The doors were closed by order of St. John, who forbade their being opened to any one, even the Empress herself. Carried away by the violence of her passion, she burst out into imprecations, and commanded the soldiers of her guard to break an entrance with their battle-axes. One of them sprang forward and raised his arm for the blow, but was stricken with paralysis, and cried aloud in his pain, while the weapon fell powerless from his grasp. The Empress withdrew, her terror increased by hearing shortly after that the poor man had been suddenly cured by the prayers of the saint. This double miracle, however, did not open her blinded eyes, but from that moment she sought by all means to wrest from Arcadius an order for the saint's exile.

Arcadius for once had the courage to resist her importunities. But his energetic opposition was very short-lived; for only a few months later, under cover of an irregular decision of a sham council composed of the bitterest enemies of the holy Bishop, which Arcadius could not dare to set aside, Eudoxia had St. John notified of his deposition from the See of Constantinople, and of his exile into Bithynia.

Whilst quietly protesting against the illegality of his sentence, the Bishop lent himself to all their demands, to prevent an uprising of the people and

the shedding of blood. He left the episcopal palace secretly, and gave himself up to the soldiers of Arcadius. He was covered with a cloak, that he might not be recognized, and conveyed as quickly as possible to the vessel in waiting, which in a few days landed him at the little village destined for the place of his exile. He had hardly disembarked when the eunuch Briss, chamberlain of the Empress, arrived, and on bended knee begged him to return to Constantinople. Terrified by the fury of the Christians who clamored for their Bishop, besieged in her palace, threatened with downfall and death, Eudoxia, amid the lightning's flash and the shock of an earthquake, wrote St. John a letter, beginning with a protestation of her innocence, and ending with these words: "Return to our midst. You baptized our children, and you alone can preserve their lives and throne."

He returned and pacified the people, who, wild with delight, carried him in triumph to his basilica. But he knew that his death was resolved upon, and that the plot woven against him would soon put an end to all his ills. Ever calm, ever tenderly devoted to the beloved flock he was so soon to leave, he made all necessary preparations for his departure.

Condemned anew to exile, with tears in his eyes he embraced the bishops that had stood by him to the end; and, recommending himself to the prayers of the weeping women that would not leave the basilica, he tore himself from among them, and, to avoid all publicity, went secretly out of the sacred temple he was never again to enter. For more than a year he was dragged from one place of exile to another, each time farther away from his beloved flock, to render his return the more impossible. Everywhere his sanctity drew large crowds after him, peopling the deserts, and changing

their barbarous inhabitants into fervent Christians.

Finally the order came for his transfer to Tzanes, on the farther shore of the Euxine. After three months of travel during continuous rains, he reached the town of Comana, bareheaded and broken in strength; and wished, despite his almost mortal faintness, to celebrate the holy mysteries in a little oratory to which they carried him. After consuming the sacred species he had consecrated, and praying for all who had injured him, he fell back exhausted, exclaiming: "*Gloria Dei per omnia!*" (The glory of God in all things!) These were his last words. His soul winged its flight to heaven, and earth numbered one martyr more. The Church venerates him as a great saint, and humanity as a perfect man.

Specimens of Foreign English.

IF the Parisian often fails to understand the French in which English-speaking people address him, the latter may find a shred of comfort in reading some of the notices posted up by foreigners for the guidance of benighted tourists. Even cultured Paris supplies a few amusing blunders in her struggles with our barbarous tongue.

A restaurant-keeper, wishing to impress on the hungry traveller that food could be obtained at any hour in his establishment, put up the following notice: "Meals at every o'clock." A hairdresser in the Rue St. Honoré sought to attract English-speaking visitors with this announcement, "Hear to cut off hare"; while a Palais Royal baker appealed to those who like macaroni freshly cooked with, "Macaroni not baked sooner than ready."

In Switzerland, the tourist finds many quaintly worded notices. Concluding an enthusiastic account of his hotel, a Swiss landlord gives the candid

information that "Wines at this hotel give the visitor nothing to hope for." Another advertises "Plain and artful baths." Desirous of vaunting the maturity of his cheese, a Swiss tradesman says: "These cheeses are not too childish." It is well known that the thing to do when visiting the Rigi is to watch the sun rise, therefore a hotel gives out that "When the sun him rise a horn will be blowed."

Making the usual distinction between the transient visitor and those who stay by the month, a Swiss hotel-keeper exhorts the latter thus: "Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time; and should they be absent day in month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take them at less rate." "Backed apples" and "strewed prunes" have been known to figure on a Swiss menu.

In Italy, near Pompeii, the following announcement appears in the circulars of a large hotel: "People will find equally thither a complete sortiment of stranger wines and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now all the endeavors of the host will tend always to correspond with the tastes of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him in that town the reputation of which he is so desirous."

The following dental advertisement is to be seen in a European town much frequented by tourists: "M. X. renders himself to the inhabitants of these towns which honor him with their confidence, and executes with skill and vivacity."

Our quotations might be continued indefinitely, but we will conclude with a Japanese official notice which runs: "The trees' cutting, birds' and beasts' killing, and cows' and horses' setting on free at the ground belonging to government are strictly prohibited."

Evidence Not to be Disregarded.

IT will interest Christians in general and pilgrims to the Holy Land in particular to learn that the late Major-General Sir C. W. Wilson, whose intimate acquaintance with the ancient topography of Jerusalem, where the memory of his excavations is perpetuated in the name of "Wilson's Arch," qualified him to speak with authority on the subject of the sites of the Crucifixion and the Sepulchre, was decidedly opposed to the contention of recent archæologists that "Conder's tomb" and "Gordon's tomb" are the true sites of the crucifixion and burial of Our Saviour. He concurs in the opinion of the eminent Dr. Sanday that the arguments in their favor are "mere possibilities of coincidence of a vague and shadowy kind; and they are unsupported by even a particle of direct evidence." Although he is inconclusive in regard to the traditional sites, Sir Charles declares that "there is no distinct proof that Golgotha and the Tomb were not situated at the places which were accepted as genuine in the fourth century."

The results of Sir Charles Wilson's investigations are set forth in a recently published volume entitled "Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre" (Palestine Exploration Fund), which has been ably edited by Sir Charles M. Watson, R. E. Some extracts from an extended review of this interesting work, appearing in the London *Athenæum*, are worth quoting, if only for the delightful candor which they display. Says this non-Catholic writer:

There is a curious tendency in what is known as "the Protestant mind" to discredit traditional sites merely because they are traditional. It is part of a general revolt against authority. Of course, many traditions are founded upon error, and history and archæology have made short work of not a few venerated sites. But, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, an early and continuous tradition is evidence that should

not lightly be put aside. The site of the Holy Sepulchre and the rock of Calvary—for the two are interdependent—has long been a battlefield for the supporters of tradition and those who prefer any other guide....

How, then, did Constantine and Macarius identify the sites of the Crucifixion and the Sepulchre? The natural explanation is that there must have been a continuous tradition on this point; and there is nothing in the history of Jerusalem after the return of the exiles from Pella to make the persistence of such a memory of the sites improbable.... Nevertheless, there is no reason why a tradition of its [the Tomb of Joseph] site and that of the crucifixion should not have been preserved, even though the sites were not venerated; and it was probably upon some such tradition that Bishop Macarius relied when, at the command of Constantine, he made his search for the sites, and decided that Golgotha lay beneath the Temple of Aphrodite, where presently Helena made excavations and discovered a rock-hewn tomb, forming part of an ancient Jewish cemetery, and assumed this tomb to be the Holy Sepulchre. The subsequent discovery of three crosses appeared to confirm the attribution....

It is needless to remark that the question of the sites of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre is purely archæological, and does not affect any dogma of the Church; but it is well to remember that the average modern explorer has neither the faith nor the piety, the reverence nor the respect for tradition of the early investigators.

The Night Hymn.

A pious custom very general among our forefathers in the Faith was the recitation, on retiring to rest, of the night hymn. The following is an example:

Upon my right side I lay me,
As Jesus did on Marie's knee;
Now, Jesus, for Thy Holy Name,
Shield me from sin and shame;
Wit and wisdom unto me give,
As long as I in this world live,
Sweet Jesus. Amen.

The petition for "wit and wisdom" might be repeated with advantage in our own age, enlightened as we are wont to consider it.

Notes and Remarks.

It is not easy for foreigners to understand the situation in France. Frenchmen assure us that the country's representatives are singularly unrepresentative; that the majority of the voters are *fonctionnaires* whose interests are identical with those of the party in power; that the *élite* of the nation—the thinkers and men who make others think—abstain from voting. But what interests us is French action, and that the government evidently controls. It may well ignore the philosophers, who take hopeful or despairing views according to their different temperaments. Most of them, we are told, are good Catholics, or men who show a marked tendency in the direction of Catholic ideas. The pessimists feel confident that things are going from bad to worse, that a revolution is inevitable; the optimists, on the other hand, contend that it is only a passing cloud which now darkens the horizon; that the campaign against religion in France is nearing its end.

An American naturally inclines to optimism. It is pleasant for us to have the assurance that the hold Catholicity has on France is not weakened, though the results of the recent elections would seem to indicate the contrary. Be this as it may, it is plain that the French voters ought to do considerably more thinking, and the thinkers considerably more voting.

A little chapel of marble and brick, built in the heart of New York city by an Italian laborer in fulfilment of a vow made sixteen years ago to the Blessed Virgin, has recently furnished the press with far more interesting "copy" than is commonly to be gathered from the erection of a splendid cathedral. In 1890, Frank Lisanti fell

dangerously ill. His faith in the power and pity of the Madonna had survived his immigration to the United States, and he vowed that if she secured for him the recovery of his health, he would erect a chapel in her honor. The vow was apparently a hazardous one as Lisanti was at the time only a poor day-laborer. But, restored to health, he proved that his gratitude was as enduring as his faith was lively; and to-day the little edifice stands completed, a monument to the piety of its builder and an object-lesson to the money-mad crowds who sweep through the commerce-littered streets of the metropolis. The immigration question is an increasingly important one, but the United States can stand any number of immigrants of the Lisanti type.

After the sixteen martyrs of Compiègne, the eight martyrs of Canada. Two hundred and fifty odd years ago, the Iroquois Indians of Canada, in hatred of the Christian Faith, put to death the Jesuit Fathers Lalemant, Daniel, Brébeuf, Garnier, Chabanel, and Jogues; as also their devoted auxiliaries, Goupil and Lallande. Strenuous efforts are being made to have the Cause of these eight heroes of the Faith introduced—or reintroduced in the cases of some—as soon as possible for examination by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. A petition signed by the leading public men and the most eminent private citizens of the Province of Quebec is to be forwarded, shortly, to the Holy Father. The document sets forth that the missionaries mentioned gave the whole world an example of an enthusiastic apostolate, and of a faith steadfast and persevering even in the face of persecution and the most frightful torments. It adds that their eulogy has been pronounced not merely by their co-religionists, but by non-Catholics as well, instancing Anderson, "the most authoritative historian of the Church

of England in the Colonies." The petition further declares that the speedy introduction of the Cause would be peculiarly gratifying, in view of the approaching celebration (July 3, 1908) of the tercentenary of Quebec city's foundation by Samuel de Champlain.

French Canada has for many years given Rome as much cause for joy as the mother country, France, has furnished occasion for grief; and it is more than probable that Pius X. will exert himself to give the episcopate, clergy, and faithful of Quebec a signal proof of his paternal affection by granting their request.

One of the hypotheses to which the recent attempt on the life of the Spanish King has given rise is thus stated by Léon Daudet in a late issue of *La Libre Parole*:

One may ask one's self what will happen on the day when the inevitable progress of chemistry and general physics will place in the hands of anarchists destructive engines a thousand or ten thousand times more murderous than our present explosives. The security, the existence even, of a city like Paris will then be at the mercy of half a dozen malcontents....Nor are such contingencies very distant. In a work of much curious interest, Gustave Le Bon allows us to foresee the time when the force set at liberty by the molecular disaggregation of a substance no larger than a silver coin will furnish sufficient motive power to carry a goods-train all round the earth.

Before this day of scientific destructiveness-made-easy dawns, humanity, let us hope, will have discovered a more or less effective means of repressing or suppressing the vicious activities of the anarchistically inclined. And the sooner it begins experimenting the better.

In these days of historical criticism, when nothing seems too trifling for investigation, one may sometimes enjoy the experience of finding refutations of calumnies against the Church in journals whose purpose is far from being religious, and whose complexion is anything

but Catholic. The old sneer that there are enough pieces of the True Cross in existence to build a ship originated with Erasmus, who was a dyspeptic and probably said many things, this among them, which he did not intend to be taken seriously. But this particular gibe has been quoted innumerable times by Protestant writers, and is likely to do duty with them for a long while to come. The last to repeat it, with many flippancies of his own, is Mr. A. F. Leach in a history of Warwick School. He is thus taken to task by an English reviewer:

This old sneer was originated by Erasmus, and improved successively by Calvin, Voltaire, and Swift. It remained for Mr. Leach to put forth the most modern version; he has probably never seen the minute particles or tiny specks of wood that lay claim to be relics of the True Cross. Had he read the bibliography of the subject, such a sentence would have been erased.

In reference to another of Mr. Leach's sneers, too shocking to be quoted here, his critic remarks: "Such a comment is not only needlessly irreverent, but also shows archæological ignorance."

Mr. Leach should try to shake himself clear of the prejudices which mar his works. His contention that it was zeal to destroy "hotbeds of superstition" rather than rapacity which impelled the spoliators of monastic and collegiate foundations under Henry VIII. is preposterous, in view of published documents dealing with the subject. That much-married monarch had need of "a great masse of money," and his minions were as unscrupulous as himself as to what means should be employed to raise it.

A couple of straws indicating the probable direction of the Vatican wind in the forthcoming decision as to religious matters in France are commented upon by the Rome correspondent of the Parisian *Eclair*. The first is Pius X.'s reply to a notable French ecclesiastic, resident in Rome, who suggested to his

Holiness that there might still be time in which to arrange with the anti-clerical government a *modus vivendi* that would simplify the transition to the Separatist régime. The Pope cut him short with the remark: "Not at all. There can be no *modus vivendi*. The Church is not a servant: she is a mother." The second straw, also noticed quite lately, is the Sovereign Pontiff's answer to an aristocratic Roman who inquired: "If your Holiness refuses permission to form the *Cultuelles* Associations, will there be found in France a majority large enough to accept the combat?"—"A majority, you say!" rejoined the Holy Father. "Ask rather whether there will be a minority to uphold a contrary course. I assure you that such a minority will not be composed of Catholics. This is not a matter of political opportunism: it is a question affecting the very foundations of the Church."

Whether the *Eclair's* correspondent at Rome is or is not a reliable purveyor of Vatican news, we do not know; and possibly "the wish's being father to the thought" has something to do with our opinion as to the truth of the incidents narrated; but we confess that we shall not be surprised if the Papal wind blows in just the way indicated in the foregoing paragraph.

More genuine, and more general, regret than usual is expressed for the retirement of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. His administration of an office of no little importance has been for many years characterized by an efficiency, a thoroughness, and an impartiality to which we have more than once paid tribute in these columns. In an appreciative editorial on Dr. Harris' resignation, the *Catholic Standard and Times* says:

Of his own motion he embodied in his report for the year 1894 the report on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair

written for the *Catholic World*, as its representative there, by the editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, at that time one of the *Catholic World's* editorial staff. It was the first time a single word regarding Catholic education appeared in a Governmental report, and made the readers of these official documents aware of a fact previously unknown, apparently, to all the world—that there was such a thing in existence as a vast system of Catholic education, and carried on without a solitary cent of help from the State. Since that time Dr. Harris took great pains to procure all the information on the subject that he could gather, and was always most grateful for any help in the matter.

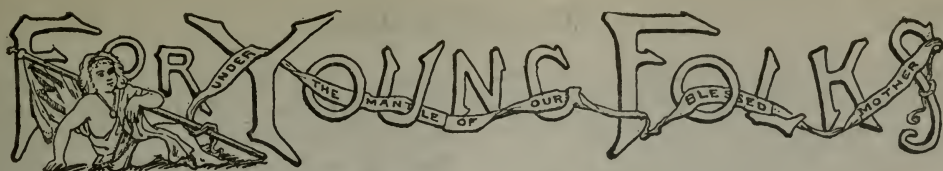
The laudatory terms in which President Roosevelt, in his acceptance of Dr. Harris' resignation, expressed his sense of the great value of the Commissioner's work, was a fitting tribute to an exceptionally worthy public servant.

The man with the muck-rake has been bestirring himself in France as well as in this country. M. Jean de Bonnefon, stimulated by sundry insinuations in the columns of the anti-religious press, took it upon himself to address to the medical body of France a letter denouncing Lourdes as a veritable hot-bed of infection, a menace to the general health of the country, etc., etc. M. de Bonnefon, however, has not proved more fortunate than have hundreds of other antagonists of Our Lady's famous French shrine. The physicians of Lourdes did not delay their protest against his gratuitous charges. And these physicians were not satisfied (as logically they might have been) with giving a mere general denial to the erroneous allegations. They have become accustomed, in the Bureau of Medical Verifications, to the practice of accompanying their statements with categorical and indisputable proofs of their truth; so they proceeded to show the world at large, and France in particular, that the sanitary condition of Lourdes is excellent, that its death-rate is lower than the average in towns of its size, and that the visits of pilgrims

ill or well has never been a cause of epidemic or a danger to the public health. As a matter of statistical fact, founded on the civil records, the average number of deaths for the past five years has been 183 in a permanent population of 8708. Eleven of these deaths were of strangers; but, residents and strangers combined, the death-rate was only 21 per thousand. In view of the fact that Lourdes is visited every year by from three to four hundred thousand pilgrims, and that the rate is computed only on the permanent population, this result is distinctly low.

The physicians go on to comment on the character of the diseases by which the pilgrims seeking cures are affected, on the hospital service, on the care of the piscinas, on the special cars provided for the sick in the journey to and from Lourdes, etc.; and conclusively establish the fact that, for once in a way, the muck-rake has been misapplied.

The usual aridity, from the viewpoint of a cisatlantic reader, of the multiplied columns which our British Catholic exchanges are devoting to the Education Bill, was relieved the other day by the narrative of an interesting incident in the debate on Clause IV. Replying to William Redmond, Mr. Birrell, Minister of Education, took occasion incidentally to remark: "A child of my own attended for many years a Roman Catholic school. He received there the utmost kindness, and he looks back upon it as the happiest period of his life." Not to startle unduly, however, the ultra-Protestant members of his party, Mr. Birrell immediately added: "He is now in New Zealand, and, so far as I can discover, he is the strongest Protestant in the family." Even so, will the English Minister of Education be held quite blameless for exposing his son to the "sinister influences" which loyal Orangemen are fond of attributing to the "Roman" school?



A Story of Gratitude.

BY CALAMUS.

I.

IT was two days before the great Feast of Pentecost. From the many steeples of Turin the bells rang out a joyous peal in anticipation of the coming festival. With weary steps a lonely wanderer pursued his way toward the ancient city. He was an elderly gentleman, with silvery hair, and from his features and general appearance one would have taken him for a German professor. At times he stood still and viewed, with evident gratification, the charming scenery on both sides of the river, uttering the while ejaculations of astonishment; then he walked on, until another object drew forth his admiration. Now it was a heap of ruins on a hill on the opposite side of the river. For a long time he contemplated the broken columns, until at length he became inflamed with a desire to know their history. Looking up and down the road, he tried to find some one who might be able to tell him the story of this monument of former centuries. As he turned the angle of a road, he saw a little boy before him.

"Here, my little man!" he called out to him.

The latter turned around, and, raising his cap, said:

"*Commande, Signor?*"

The old gentleman had approached nearer, and, looking straight into the boy's large dark eyes, asked him in flowing Italian the name and the origin of the ruin.

The answer which the young Italian

gave, the interest which he evidently took in telling the story, and his delight in knowing something of which one so much older was ignorant, so won the gentleman's heart that he determined to continue the pleasant conversation.

"You must speak a little slower, my boy," said he. "First tell me what is your name."

"My name is Giovanni — Giovanni Danieli," answered the little curly head. "But if it had depended on me, I would rather have been named Julio —"

"Be consoled, my young friend," interrupted the stranger. "My name, too, is Giovanni, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. But now tell me something about your parents, in order that I may learn more about my young guide, — though, by the way, you are not so very young, after all. How old are you, Giovanni?"

"Fourteen years, two months and six days, Signor," answered the boy. "The day after to-morrow I shall be ready to receive Confirmation in the Church of San Carlo."

"You are happy over this, I am sure?"

"Oh, yes, Signor!" replied Giovanni. "But I fear I shall not be admitted to Confirmation, although my name is on the list."

"What is it that makes you fear?"

"Signor," stammered the boy, a slight blush mounting his cheek, "my father is dead, my mother is poor and sick, and my sister is the only one of us all — I have yet a little brother — that can earn anything. If I were only older, then I would work and earn much money, and give it all to my mother. But I shall probably be put off for Confirmation. None of the boys have such ragged clothes; besides, I have no sponsor. This morning my

mother told me to go to the rich merchant Cerisati, for whom my father was working at the time of his death—when the terrible accident occurred. She was hoping Signor Cerisati would be my sponsor, and I would promise to pray to the Madonna for him. But he told me to look for a sponsor on the country road, and not in the palaces on the Via di Po,—that if my father had met his death while in his service, it was his own fault.”

Here the young Italian burst into tears. Touched by his grief, the stranger laid both hands on Giovanni's shoulder, and said:

“You have followed the advice of Signor Cerisati, to look for a sponsor on the country road, and you have found one: *I* will be your sponsor. And now tell me where you live, and the name of your good mother; and the day after to-morrow, at the hour when the Bishop will perform the sacred function, you will find me in the Church of San Carlo.”

“*E vero*—is it true,—Signor?” asked the little boy, with sparkling eyes.

“As true as my name is Giovanni,” replied the gentleman, good-naturedly.

The pleasant earnestness with which these words were spoken dispelled all doubts from the mind of the boy, and with a heartfelt “*Grazia!*” he hastened to his home.

II.

The day after this happy encounter with the kind stranger, little Giovanni, together with his sister and younger brother, stood around the bed of their sick mother. The dwelling of the Danieli family, a miserable hut, was situated on the outskirts of Muggia, a village near Turin. It was in a dilapidated condition, and the numerous chinks and rifts in the walls gave clear signs of age and decay.

It was growing dusk. On an old table in the poorly-furnished apartment stood a lighted candle, and beside it a

few crusts of bread. In one corner of the hut was a bed, on which lay the sick mother, and around her, as we have said, stood the children. Great excitement had been caused among the little group by Giovanni's animated account of his meeting and conversation with the mysterious gentleman.

“You should have asked him his name,” said his sister, when he had finished.

“I intended to do so,” said Giovanni; “but before I knew it he had stepped into a carriage and driven off to the great castle which stands at the end of the road.”

“How was the gentleman dressed?”

“He wore plain black clothes and a slouch hat.”

“Had he any servants with him?”

“I do not know,—I did not see any.”

“Well, then, he must have—”

The words were cut short by a rap outside. The next moment the door was opened, and in stepped a man, who announced himself to be a servant of Signor Giovanni. He asked if Giovanni Danieli lived there; and, on the little boy's coming forth, presented him with a new suit of clothes and a purse containing two hundred lire. He then immediately took his leave, seeming not to hear the entreaties of the grateful family to know the name of his master. All he had said was that his master's name was Giovanni, and that his residence in Turin was only temporary.

The children were almost frantic with joy when they examined the fine velvet outfit of Giovanni, and many times over they counted the glittering coins. Never in their lives had they seen so much money at one time. Who could be their kind benefactor? This each asked of the other, yet none could give a satisfactory answer. In this exciting state of suspense they laid themselves to rest on a large mattress placed on the floor; tranquillized, however, at

least in some degree, by the words of their mother: "Say your prayers well, and you will find out about the kind stranger to-morrow, when Giovanni receives Confirmation."

As might be expected, it was long before young Giovanni fell asleep that night. Repeatedly he was tempted to get up and try on his new suit of clothes; but the candle had been put out, and he thought he might disturb his little brother, who was already asleep. Finally he sank into a profound slumber.

III.

The next day came, and with it the glorious Feast of Pentecost. The sun never shone so brightly, nor did the fields and meadows ever smile so sweetly as on that morning. But brighter than the sun was the countenance of a little boy who, strengthened with the blessing of his bedridden mother, was walking briskly down the road which led to Turin. He was dressed in his new suit of velvet, and looked every inch a little prince. His heart was robed in white, for it was innocent; and never did any one pray more fervently to Our Lady and San Carlo, in whose church another soldier of Christ was to be enrolled. It was, of course, our young friend Giovanni Danieli.

While the church was gradually filling with boys and girls, who were to renew the promises made for them at Baptism, Signor Giovanni stood before a painting of Bareggio's representing the Ascension of Our Lord. He had arrived some time before, and was waiting for his godchild, who stood a little way off, not venturing to approach. The old gentleman soon recognized Giovanni, and signalled him.

"Signor, a thousand thanks! My mother has promised to remember you in all her prayers; and I, Signor, will do the same—as long as I live."

"It is now nine o'clock," said the

strange gentleman, mildly; "when do the ceremonies begin?"

"At ten o'clock, Signor. Will you please inscribe your name in the Confirmation register? I may be put off if the Padre sees I am alone."

"Yes, certainly. Show me the way to the sacristy."

Giovanni was glad to obey; and after the boy had told the priest who he was, the latter handed the sponsor a pen, with the request to sign his name.

"Reverend Father," said the gentleman, "I am a German; please permit me to inscribe my name, which in Italian means Giovanni, in German."

"Certainly, sir."

The stranger wrote "Johann."

"Excuse me, sir, but that is not enough," said the chaplain, politely. "You must enter your full name, also your profession."

Again the sponsor took the pen and added: "King of Saxony."

The chaplain could hardly believe his eyes. But, after scrutinizing the stranger's countenance for a moment, he at once recognized him.

"Your Majesty—" he stammered.

"Reverend sir," replied the King (for it was he), "I wish to remain unknown, and to be for this little boy only his simple sponsor, Signor Giovanni."

"Your Majesty's wish shall be respected," answered the chaplain.

As this conversation had been carried on in Latin, Giovanni Danieli could understand nothing of it.

When the sacred function of Confirmation was over, the little boy, loaded with rich presents from his noble sponsor, hastened home with a joyous heart.

IV.

When our young friend took leave of his benefactor, the latter had promised to let himself be heard of now and then, and the good King faithfully kept his word. He caused Giovanni to be sent to a high school, where he made

such rapid progress in his studies that he soon left all his classmates far behind him. Later on he was sent to the University; and before he was twenty-six years old he was prepared to pass his final examination, which, if successful, would place him in the professor's chair.

All this time, however, he had been unable to discover the name or residence of his kind sponsor. After his final examination, which was passed with the highest honor, he became so inflamed with the desire to know his benefactor that he declared to the Minister of Education that he would not accept the dignity of professorship unless the identity of his magnanimous sponsor should be revealed. The Minister shrugged his shoulders, but promised to see about the matter. A few weeks later the young man received a note, written in Italian, which read as follows:

"I am happy in having been able to give your country so able and good a man as you are.

"Your friend,

"JOHN, KING OF SAXONY."

Years had passed since the receipt of this letter. The King, of whom it was said that he had never had a personal enemy, had long since been gathered to his forefathers. His godchild, Giovanni Danieli, now filled the honorable post of director of the principal observatory at Florence.

Pentecost again came round, and a great surprise was to be given to the inhabitants of Muggia, the little village near Turin where Giovanni's boyhood was passed. For a week the simple people had been expecting something unusual, but no one knew what. The celebrated Doctor Danieli had daily come over from Turin, and his visits gave rise to all kinds of conjectures. What was their surprise when suddenly, as the sun arose on Pentecost morning, the clear, full tones of a bell broke forth

from the tower of the little village church! Never before had a bell rung out its melodious song to the simple-hearted people of Muggia. All hastened to obey the call, and soon the church was packed with eager, grateful worshippers.

When the ringing of the bell had ceased, and the tones of the organ were hushed, the aged pastor mounted the altar-steps, and in a loud voice announced that a gentleman, who wished to remain unknown, had presented the church with a beautiful bell, on which was the inscription, "Giovanni.—Gratitude." The meaning of this gift was known to the speaker, and he begged his audience to send up to Heaven a fervent prayer for the deceased benefactor of mankind to whom this bell was dedicated.

With one heart and one voice the congregation responded to the wish of their pastor. But probably not one dreamed for whom that prayer was offered; and perhaps to this day the good people of Muggia are ignorant of the fact that it was "Giovanni of Saxony" who indirectly caused the bell, whose sound is so sweet and familiar to them when it rings the Angelus, or summons the faithful to Mass, to be placed in its lofty tower.

An Old War Cry.

The following injunction, from an old act of war, concerning the use of St. George's name in onsets, is curious: "Item, that all souldiers entering into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common crye and word, 'St. George, forward!' or 'Upon them, St. George!' whereby the souldier is much comforted, and the enemye dismaied, by calling to minds the ancient valour of England, with which that name has been so often victorious."

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.—FOUND.

When the anxious party reached the house where Clearwater intended to renew the search, the moon was rising. All was quiet there. Natalia stood in the doorway of the kitchen, Louis near her. The four men passed around by the side of the house, without speaking. Ralph led the way to the window. It seemed providential that the light from the rapidly brightening moon fell directly on the spot he had examined so carefully an hour before. The foot-prints were plainly visible.

"Come here, Joseph," he said to the gypsy.

The man stooped, put his face close to the ground, and said as he rose:

"That is not the mark of a gypsy's foot, by any means."

"So I told them," rejoined Ralph.

"It is a Negro's foot," continued Joseph. "And do you not see that one toe is gone?"

"No, I had not observed it," said the Englishman.

The men quickly crowded about the spot, examining it in turn. Louis had joined them, and Rose stood a short distance away.

"He is right!" cried the boy. "One toe is gone. It is Juan Carisso's foot-mark. I have seen his bare feet, and I know."

"Ah, do you know him?" inquired Joseph. "He is a bad man, and he has done this to revenge himself upon the gypsies. But we will find him,—we will find him! He shall pay for this."

"The child, man!" cried Florian, who had caught the sound of Manuela's voice softly weeping for her lost baby. "What we want now is to find the lost child. Can you give us a clue? Can you not help us?"

"I can search," said Joseph. "I know every foot of the ground about here."

"He will not stay long around this neighborhood," remarked Clearwater. "We shall have to look for him farther away. But the child,—the child first of all, Joseph."

"It is only to take lanterns and look. But no: we do not need them, with the moon."

"He is far away from here by this," said Louis. "Oh, how could he have done it! And I was good to him. I did not betray him on the train."

"You should have told, Louis," said Rose, in a shaking voice. "He did a murder and ought to be hanged. Your heart is too tender."

"Run into the house, child!" said Florian. "And do not tell Manuela anything."

Reluctantly Rose took her departure. Then Natalia stepped forward.

"I think you are all foolish," she said. "It may be true—no doubt it is true—that Juan Carisso took the little one away. But who can tell that he was not partner with the gypsies? How can you believe this man? You do not know him. He will stay here and talk and talk, and give a chance to the Negro to get off. Oh, do something,—do something!"

"Woman, you are mistaken," replied the gypsy, quietly. "We know nothing of the stealing. But we do know of the badness of the Negro. He has quarrelled with me, and wishes to put this crime upon us. I am ready to spend the night searching for the child."

"Come, then," said Clearwater. "We are losing time."

"Let me speak to Manuela first," said Florian.

"No, I beg that you will not," replied Clearwater. "It will only excite you both, and do no good. This man is telling the truth, I believe. I overheard a conversation between him and the Negro the other night. Carisso did

not seem friendly toward him then. Where shall we go first? For my part, I think it is lucky we met this man—who has lost his supper, by the way.”

Quick as thought, Natalia flew to the kitchen, and before the party had reached the gate intercepted them with some bread, cold meat, and cake, which she thrust into Joseph's hand.

“If I have wronged you, I humbly ask pardon,” she said. “Here, eat as you go along.”

“Thank you!” answered the gypsy, taking the package. “I do not mind women's talk.”

“You better go home now, Conchita,” said Natalia to the Indian woman. “Dolores will be wondering why you are not there. You are not afraid?”

“Afraid! No indeed. It is early yet, and no one will want to steal old Conchita. But if, first, I might have a few scraps put away, Natalia, till to-morrow, and you can ask the master if I may take them to the children.”

“Does he always give you the scraps, Conchita?”

“I am never here when he eats, Natalia.”

“I am sure he will not care if I gather them up and give them to you,” said Natalia. “Come in, then, and take what is left of the cakes, and maybe some chicken bones. And I will make a cup of tea for the Señoras.”

The two women went into the house, and presently Natalia appeared in the sitting-room, bearing a tray of appetizing food. Conchita had gone on her way rejoicing. At first Manuela refused to eat, but was persuaded to take a cup of tea and a biscuit, as the Señora knew she would probably need all her strength to endure the long and anxious night before her. But she started at every sound. The powder had failed to throw her into the continuous sleep they had hoped for. Natalia retired to the kitchen, and, leaning her head on the table, soon fell

asleep, with her beads in her hand. The Señora also sat in the rocking-chair, saying many Rosaries, after she had given Manuela another powder in a glass of water. It had the effect of only throwing her into a fitful, troubled sleep, which was, however, better than complete wakefulness.

Thus several hours passed, when the Señora heard a low knock at the kitchen door. Her first feeling was one of terror; they were alone in the house, Louis having gone with the men. She had had a very short conversation with Alfredo before their departure, and knew that the Negro had probably been the abductor of little Martino. What if he had been prowling about, perhaps after having killed the child, and had seen the others go! What if he had returned to kill the women left defenceless in the house!

Again the knock was repeated. Natalia did not respond. The Señora went on tiptoe to a little window commanding a view of the kitchen porch. Two women with shawls thrown over their heads were standing there, talking in low tones. At once she recognized them as gypsies. Thinking they had come to inquire for Joseph, she prepared to open the door,—first glancing at Manuela, who had at last fallen asleep. Closing the door of the sitting-room, she went into the kitchen.

A third faint knock had aroused Natalia.

“There is some one?” she asked, as the Señora appeared.

“Yes: two women. They are gypsies. Shall we open the door?”

Natalia unlocked it. In the full light of the moon, both she and the Señora recognized the women who had wanted to tell their fortunes months before.

“What is it?” inquired the Señora.

“You will believe us if we tell you something?” said the older woman. “You are the Señora Bandini?”

"Yes. What do you wish? Have you any good news?"

"Will you believe us?"

"I will believe you."

"And not play us false later, as so many do?"

"It is the Señora Bandini!" her companion whispered in her ear, as though the name were another word for truth and sincerity.

But the woman only said:

"The men? Will they also abide by your promise?"

"Oh, that I can not say!" answered the Señora. "But why are you so mysterious? Speak quickly."

"Ah, tell her!" exclaimed the younger woman. "It was her mother-in-law who was good to a gypsy long ago,—my grandmother. It is a risk now that we are not arrested; but if the Señora promises, and will have the father of the child promise—"

"What are you trying to explain?" asked the Señora. "Do you know anything of the boy?"

The two women looked at each other.

"We have him,—he is here," said the girl.

"Here?" cried the Señora and Natalia in one breath, looking about them without seeing any evidence of the boy.

"Just below, under a tree. He is sleeping. Come!"

They turned into the garden. Not fifty feet distant, wrapped in a heavy plaid shawl, Martino lay sleeping heavily, his pink cheeks soiled from the tears he had wept, but otherwise apparently unharmed. Natalia lifted him in her arms; he slept peacefully on.

"Sit down," said the Señora, pointing to a bench. "I can not stand myself, I am so surprised and overjoyed. And I am getting old. Sit down, Natalia."

The Señora was trembling. Natalia sat down with her burthen, but the gypsies remained standing. It was the younger gypsy who now spoke.

"I could not sleep to-night," she said. "I thought of the poor mother and the frightened baby. My own baby lies on the hillside at Puerta del Mar. But that is not so bad as to lose a child this way. And I feared that the gypsies would again be taken, and again put in jail, and again driven on, after they had found we had not stolen him."

Natalia leaned over and rubbed her burning eyes on the heavy shawl. Her hands were not free, but the tears were blinding her,—tears of joy.

The Señora took the gypsy's hand, unmindful of dirt and grime and ragged clothing.

"At last I got up from my bed and walked out in the moonlight," continued the gypsy. "The camp is in a clearing, many bushes around it. I went near to them, that in the shadow the others might not see me. Then I heard a little moan, as of a sick baby in its sleep. I listened, and again it came from the bushes. I drew them apart. There he lay, the pretty baby, sound asleep. He was tired, tired; he had been crying much, much. There was no bonnet, no cloak, no shoes, but his stockings were still on him. I lifted him, took him to my tent, waked my companion here, and, wrapping him in the big shawl, we brought him. As the God in heaven hears me, this is true. There I found him, and no gypsy stole him. Now, do what you please."

"I believe every word you tell me," replied Señora Bandini; and Natalia also nodded reassuringly.

The women rose to go.

"God bless you for this night!" said the Señora.

"But all are not like you," observed the younger woman. "We do not know what they may do to-morrow. But I could not let the pretty, sweet mother suffer when it was mine to ease her heart. *Adios, Señora!*"

"She does not tell all," said her companion, lifting her head defiantly. "She does not tell that I asked her not to come; that I said we would put the child farther away, where he would be found in the morning, or where maybe he could wander home when he waked, so that they might not suspect us. She has a soft heart, that creature, and persuaded me."

"You do not love us," was all the Señora said.

"No, I have not reason. Once they kept my brother in jail for six years; and when he came out into the fresh air he died."

"We all have our wrongs," replied the Señora; but the woman said no more. Seizing her comrade by the arm, she hurried her away.

When they had disappeared in the bushes, the two women returned to the house.

"She sleeps soundly, poor mother!" whispered Natalia. "Shall I lay the baby inside of her on the couch?"

"Yes. But you may wake either."

Still wrapped in the shawl, the boy was softly laid beside his mother, who, uneasy in her sleep, involuntarily put her arm across his shoulders. He stirred, and, feeling encumbered by the folds of the shawl, stretched himself. The movement awakened Manuela. Quickly starting up, she looked wildly around, and Martino cried:

"Mamma! mamma!"

Then there was laughter and weeping.

(To be continued.)

THE earliest known watermark found in paper is a globe surmounted by a cross, in an account book preserved at The Hague, and dated 1301. The Paschal Lamb was also found as a watermark in the fourteenth century. A fool's cap with feather and bells was used by Caxton as a watermark on the paper in his "Legenda Aurea," and this gave the name to foolscap paper.

A Royal First Communicant.

The First Communion of that particular Duke of Burgundy who was Fénelon's pupil was an event that filled the whole court with admiration and edification. The young prince ever retained a vivid and profound impression of the piety with which he accomplished the important act; and well he might, for that act effected a veritable change in his character. "Little by little," wrote one of the followers of the court, "we noticed the disappearance of those faults which, in his childhood, inspired anxiety for his future. His progress from year to year was marked, and he continued to do violence to himself in order thoroughly to destroy those faults. Communion, piously received, so changed him that, from being violent and hasty, he became gentle and mild. So uniformly were these latter epithets merited by him that one would have thought mildness a fundamental quality of his character, and virtue quite natural to him."

To a Big Bee that Came into my Study.

BY H. H.

OH, buzzing Bee, what do you here?
 No blossoms here you'll find.
 What seek you in this narrow sphere,
 Unsited to your kind?
 See how you dash against my walls,
 And hover round my books!
 Have you come in, with all this din,
 To see how learning looks?
 Don't get into my *bonnet* now,
 Or all my books will be
 Quite useless: *that*, I surely know,
 Would be the end of *me*.
 Apart from books I can not live,
 So kindly go your ways:
 The coming guest is greeted best
 Who welcome ne'er outstays.
 They call you "busy"; so am I.
 You're *buzzy*, I declare:
 No more I'll stand, outrageous fly!
 A duster! Swish—so *there*!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Disciples and admirers of Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance, will welcome "The History and Genealogies of the Mathew Family," about to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work will contain portraits of the venerated priest and other distinguished members of his family.

—"Tis Joy to be Home in Kentucky," words and music by the Rev. Thomas Walsh, of Louisville, Ky., should be popular with Home Comers in every State of the Union. The sentiment of the piece is all that could be desired; and the music, besides being entirely appropriate, is said to be of superior merit.

—"The Confessor at Court; or, The Martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene," adapted from the German by the Rev. L. A. Reudter, is an excellent Catholic story, in which an interesting plot is well worked out to the calumniating point of the glorious martyr's magnificent triumph. Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois.

—A religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus has done a thoroughly good bit of work for young folk in "The Lessons of the King." The King is Our Lord, and the lessons which the book makes plain for His little ones are for the most part those contained in the Gospel parables. We have been very favorably impressed with the easy practicalness with which the point of the parable is brought home to the youthful mind and heart. The book is one to procure for all juvenile libraries—and, moreover, is not at all too puerile for grown-up readers. Benziger Brothers.

—The story which gives the title to Ymal Oswin's new book, "The Lady in Crimson," has for setting the household of an old English Catholic family at the close of the eighteenth century, and from the first chapter to the last one's interests and sympathies are held. The Lady in Crimson is altogether charming, and Betty and Marjorie are the most winsome of English lasses. Sir Anthony is worthy of Evelyn, and that is saying much. The reading of this story makes one proud of belonging to the great, the Universal Church. The other tales are cleverly sketched, and each has an interest all its own. The Art & Book Co.

—Benziger Brothers have published "A Manual of Theology for the Laity," by the Rev. Father Geiermann, C. SS. R. It purports to be "a brief, clear, and systematic exposition of the reason and authority of religion, and a practical guidebook for all of good will"; and a cursory examination of its method and scope inclines us

to believe that the claim thus made for it is not excessive. A compact and handy volume of some four hundred pages, it will appeal with considerable force to the laity, whom, says Archbishop Glennon in his introduction to the book, "it is well fitted to instruct and fit for their apostolate." The work is provided with a table of contents and a good index.

—Volume IV. in the series of photogravure facsimiles of rare books printed in England in the fifteenth century has this title: "A ryght profytable treatyse compendiously drawn out of many and dyvers wrytynges of holy men, by Thomas Betson." The reproduction is from the edition printed in Caxton's house by Wynkyn de Worde, the date of which is fixed as 1500 on the evidence of the states of the printer's mark and of the cut of the Crucifixion contained in the book. The series will be completed in twelve volumes, and the edition of each is limited to two hundred and fifty copies. The originals, preserved in the university library at Cambridge, are of priceless value, only a single copy of some of them, it is thought, being in existence.

—Mother Mary Austin Carroll, the well-known Sister of Mercy whose Golden Jubilee has just been celebrated at Mobile, Alabama, is the author of the following books: Original works—"Life of Catherine McAuley," "Life of St. Alphonsus," "Life of Blessed C. M. Hofbauer," "Leaves From the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," 4 vols.; "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," "Angel Dreams," "Happy Hours of Childhood," "By the Seaside," "Three Days in the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," "Spiritual Retreat," arranged from St. Alphonsus. Also a number of dramas. Translated from the French—"Knowledge and Love of God," 3 vols.; "Spiritual Man," "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." From the Spanish—"Meditations on the Passion," by Louis of Granada.

—"Miriam of Magdala," by Katherine F. Mullany (Magdala Co.), is rightly called a "study," for it seems to be the graceful flowering of loving thought of the dear saint of great-hearted repentance. Miriam of Magdala is, of course, the Mary Magdalen beloved of the Church,—Mary who washed the Master's feet with her tears and anointed them with spikenard; Mary who heard the words of forgiveness from the Beloved Saviour's own lips. The details of her life as given in this study are consistent with the Scripture story, though there are commentators who do not class Mary with the fallen creatures of Galilee. However, the "scarlet sins" were washed away by mercy because of love.

It is a very vivid picture of the penitent here drawn, and one full of consolation for those who long to feel the saving tide upon their world-stained soul.

—Henry N. Hall, a contributor to the *Critic*, and the editor of "Books and Reading" in the New York *Evening Post*, have both made a bad literary slip; and the *Sacred Heart Review* makes merry at their expense. Mr. Hall "discovered" that "The Burial of Sir John Moore," written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, is in reality only a close translation of a French poem by Lally-Tollendal. The *Review* rallies the *Critic* and the *Post* writers on their ignorance of the literary hoaxes of Father Prout (the Rev. Francis Mahoney), who wrote for *Bentley's Miscellany*, in 1837, a clever translation, in French, of Wolfe's "Not a drum was heard," etc. It is too bad the *Review* has spoken so soon. Mr. Hall would otherwise, no doubt, have discovered that a number of Moore's Melodies are only barefaced plagiarisms; for Father Prout wrote some delightful pages on "The Rogueries of Tom Moore," and gave the readers of *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1834, the French and Latin and Greek "originals" from which he with mock gravity accused Moore of stealing by wholesale.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.
- "The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.
- "The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.
- "Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1 37.
- "Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.
- "Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.

- "In the Brave Days of Old" Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.
- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.
- "Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,
- "The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
- "Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.
- "The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.
- "The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.
- "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.
- "A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.
- "Pilgrim Walks in Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.
- "Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.
- "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick." Most Rev. Dr. Healy. \$4.50, net.
- "The Menace of Privilege." Henry George, Jr. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1, net.
- "The Bitter Cry of the Children." John Spargo. \$1.50, net.
- "Not a Judgment." Grace Keon. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Raphael Cavicchi, of the diocese of Marquette; Rev. P. S. O'Reilly, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Henry Wirtz, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. P. J. Finnigan, diocese of Manchester.

Mother Margaret Mary, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Odelia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Marie Samuel, Community of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Herman Gasselung, of Hickory Grove, Iowa; Miss Margaret Russell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. F. J. Mulligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. W. G. Kaune, Breese, Ill.; Miss Lillian Weldon and Mrs. Ellen Kenna, Chatham, Canada; Mr. Jacob Straesser, Notre Dame, Ind.; Capt. P. Casserly, St. John, N. B., Canada; Miss Marcella Wakefield, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Richard Derwin, Omaha, Neb.; and Mr. W. F. Russell, Jersey City, N. J.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Lourdes.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

A GRACEFUL church upon a rocky hill;
A silent grotto in the riven stone,
With trailing shrubs and flowerets half o'ergrown;
A niche, not made by human hands or skill,
Above, part seen; in it serene and still,
As to young Bernadette the vision shown,
An image stands, like Grace upon a throne,
Whilst far beneath is heard a rushing rill.

A host slow moving to a sacred song;
Faint incense rising through the sun-kissed trees;
The blind, the halt, form round the shrine a throng
And hoping pray,—all this the pilgrim sees
As thrills his heart to wander here along
This grace-filled valley of the Pyrenees.

The Office of the Blessed John Mary
Vianney. August 4.*

FIRST VESPERS.—Antiphon
at the *Magnificat*.—I will
raise up to myself a faithful
priest, who shall act accord-
ing to my heart and soul, and I will
build him an everlasting home.

Prayer.—Almighty and merciful God,
who didst render Blessed John Mary
wonderful by his pastoral zeal and
fervent spirit of prayer and penance;
grant, we beseech Thee, that, through
his example and intercession, we may be
able to win the souls of our brethren
to Christ, and with them gain eternal
glory. Through the same, etc.

SECOND NOCTURN, LESSON IV.

Jean Marie Vianney was born in the
village of Dardilly, in the diocese of
Lyons. His father and mother, both
fervent Catholics, were hard-working
peasants. From infancy John gave
evidence of a divine call to the apos-
tolate of saving souls. While keeping
watch over his father's sheep, he
would gather about him a number of
children, induce them to kneel before an
image of the Mother of God, and then
teach them how to say the Rosary.
Again, entrusting his flock to his sister
or some confidential friend, he would
seek out a hidden spot; and, having
found one, would pray to God in
secret. While employed in cultivating
the land, he used sweetly to rebuke
his companions whenever they said
improper words in his presence. He
was accustomed, when working in the
fields, to meditate on "the things that
are above"; and, to avoid distraction
during his work, he always carried a
medal of the Blessed Virgin on his
breast. An intense lover of the poor,
he found pleasure in bringing crowds
of them to his father's house, in giving
them food, in warming them at a cozy
fireside. He never dismissed the igno-
rant until he had instructed them in
the Creed.

Truly wonderful were his simplicity
in dealing with others, his devotion to
the Immaculate Mother of God, and
his burning love for the Holy Eucharist.

(In the First Nocturn, the Lessons are from the current
Scripture.)

* All else is from the Common of Confessors not Bishops.

At an early age he was considered by all who knew him as a future candidate for the priesthood. After an elementary education he was confided to the curé of the village Ecully; but, being slow to learn, he experienced almost insuperable difficulties in his studies. In the meantime he never ceased to invoke the divine assistance by prayer and fasting; and, with a view to obtain facility in learning, he made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis Regis. Nor did holy Hope deceive him; for after the laborious completion of his theological studies, he was deemed worthy of the priesthood.

Responsory.—The Lord made him honorable, and defended him from his enemies, and kept him safe from those that lay in wait for him, and gave him perpetual glory.

Verse.—He went down with him into the pit, and left him not in bonds.

Answer.—And gave him perpetual glory.

LESSON V.

In the village of Ecully, following in the footsteps of the curé whose vicar he had been named, Jean Marie Vianney made heroic efforts to reach the higher degrees of priestly perfection. Three years after he had been adopted in the diocese of Belley, he was sent as an angel from heaven to the little town of Ars. There the rudiments of the Faith were unknown to many; the house of God, almost deserted, was in a dilapidated condition; and the Sacraments had been abandoned. Sunday was no longer duly observed; dances were frequent, and great were the crowds that spent their time at the inns.

Still, the zealous Curé did not despair of the salvation of the souls entrusted to him. With tact and singular graciousness, he visited the individual inhabitants of the town; he preached to the people with such ardent love of God that he himself used to weep, and

not infrequently did he move his audience to tears. He restored honor to the village church, introduced the frequent reception of the sacraments, inaugurated pious sodalities; with resources almost miraculously obtained, erected a Providence Asylum for destitute girls; encouraged schools for children of both sexes, and instilled into the minds of the young a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Philomena. As a happy result of these labors, Ars became the nursery of every virtue.

Convinced that it is the pastor's duty to expiate the sins of his people, he was constant in prayer, in watchings, and in bodily mortification. At night he snatched a restless sleep of two or three hours on the bare boards. Frequently he prolonged his fasts three days, and then appeased his hunger with only a small amount of food, and quenched his thirst with a cup of water. He lacerated his flesh daily with an iron chain, a hairshirt, and a discipline. His extreme poverty made for the increase of his bodily punishments. Whenever dainty viands, money or domestic furniture were given to him, he bestowed them all on the poor. Satan could not brook so great virtue in this man of God. Hence he first loaded him with calumnies, and then attacked him personally in open contest. But Jean Marie bore patiently the most harassing trials; for he had learned by experience that the attacks of the devil were greatest when the most abandoned sinners approached his confessional.

Responsory.—The Lord loved him and beautified him: He clothed him with a robe of glory, and crowned him at the gates of Paradise.

Verse.—The Lord hath put on him the breast-plate of faith, and hath adorned him.

Answer.—And crowned him at the gates of Paradise.

LESSON VI.

He attempted in the adjacent parishes what he had accomplished in his own. He was invited by the neighboring curés to give missions, that he might secure the salvation of souls by his preaching the word of God and by hearing confessions. He never refused these invitations. What is more, fired with zeal for the glory of God, he caused the pious exercises of the mission to be perpetually established in over a hundred parishes. This he did with a view to reaping a spiritual harvest in those regions where he could not go in person. It was among these pious exercises of the mission, God glorifying His servant by miracles and gifts, that the celebrated pilgrimage originated, in which during twenty years nearly a hundred thousand people of every state and rank annually flocked to Ars, not only from France and other parts of Europe, but also from the most distant parts of America. These pilgrims were drawn by a desire of visiting a priest endowed with supernatural powers, a searcher of hidden thoughts,—one who foresaw future events and performed wonderful things. They were also attracted by a wish to get his advice, and especially by a longing to lay bare to him the wounds of their heart in the tribunal of penance.

Jean Marie occupied himself unceasingly with the work of the confessional, in the discharge of which duty he spent many hours daily, unmindful of food, sleep, and rest. As he ever entertained a very low opinion of himself, he twice attempted, though in vain, to conceal himself from the faithful. At last the valiant soldier fell while fighting, worn out by labor rather than by old age, having foretold the time of his death. He rested peacefully in the kiss of the Lord on the fourth day of August, in the year of grace 1859. Renowned for

many miracles, he was beatified by Pope Pius X.

Responsory.—This is he who did according unto all that God commanded him; and God said unto him: Enter thou into My rest; for thee have I seen righteous before Me among all people.

Verse.—This is he who loved not his life in this world, and is come unto an everlasting kingdom.

Answer.—For thee have I seen righteous before Me among all people.

(In the Third Nocturn, the Lesson is taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, ix, 35.)

LESSON VII.

At that time Jesus went about all the cities, and towns, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom. And so on.

Homily by St. Jerome priest (in Matth. 9).

You see how Christ preached the Gospel alike in village, town and city, to great and small, so that He might consult the welfare of the faithful rather than the power of the nobility. He went about the cities doing the work entrusted to Him by His Father, and thirsting that His doctrine might save the infidel. For He taught the Gospel of the kingdom in the villages; and, after preaching His doctrine, He used to cure every disease and infirmity, that His works might convince those whom His exhortations did not persuade.

Responsory.—This is he who wrought great wonders before God, and praised the Lord with all his heart. May he pray for all people, that their sins may be forgiven them!

Verse.—Behold a man without blame, a worshiper of God in truth, keeping himself apart from every evil work, and abiding still in his innocency.

Answer.—May he pray for all people, that their sins may be forgiven them!

Blessing.—May he whose feast we are keeping be our advocate with God!

LESSON VIII.

And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them, because they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. The distress of the sheep is the fault of the shepherds, and the distress of the multitudes is the fault of the teachers. The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest. The great harvest signifies the multitude of people; the paucity of laborers, the scarcity of teachers. To be more explicit, the great harvest is the entire number of the faithful. The few laborers are the Apostles and their successors, who are sent into the harvest.

Responsory.—Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding.

Verse.—Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

Answer.—And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding.

LESSON IX.

And having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all kinds of diseases, and all manner of infirmities. The good and merciful Lord and Master does not deny His servants and disciples the gift of miracles. As He Himself had cured every disease and every infirmity, He bestowed a like power upon His Apostles.

Te Deum.

Antiphon at the Benedictus.—He was divinely guided unto the repentance of the Gentiles, and carried the abomination of their wickedness, and in the days of sinners strengthened piety.

SECOND VESPERS.—*Antiphon at the Magnificat.*—Many of the believers came confessing and declaring their sins.

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

V.—MADAME LOMÉ.

IN that part of San Francisco still known as "The Mission," there stood at the time of which I write, amid a number of other restaurants, a small frame building, the proprietor of which was noted for the excellent meals he furnished at comparatively low prices. He could prepare an Italian, French or Mexican dinner at the shortest notice; and many of the "upper ten" were in the habit of dining at Lomé's, when entertaining friends or visitors from a distance.

Everything in the café was exquisitely clean, the table service above the ordinary, and the attendance perfect. Lomé, who was a Frenchman, did the cooking himself; his wife, with the assistance of a Chinese boy, waited on table. She was a comely woman, olive-skinned and dark-eyed, with a pleasant smile and polite manner, which made her a favorite with all who frequented the place. From very small beginnings, she and her husband had established for the restaurant a reputation which was increasing every day.

Rumor had it, however, that Lomé, in his cups, was not above inflicting personal chastisement on Madame; and it had been asserted that her occasional absences from duty were owing to this cause. However that might have been, she invariably returned to her work as smiling and obliging as ever; though when her countenance was in repose it assumed an expression of patient endurance very pathetic to behold, causing any observer who reflected at all on the subject to wonder whether the perpetual smile might not be in reality a mask to hide an unhappy soul.

One day at noon Madame had been unusually busy, and, seated behind a screen from which she could watch those who entered, was hurriedly eating her own dinner. The dining-room was empty, save for the Chinese boy who was rearranging the tables, when the door swung back on its hinges and two Mexicans entered. They were decent-looking men, both; and as they seated themselves at one of the tables, Madame made a sign to the boy to attend to them. He received their order; and the woman, unobserved by them, went on with her dinner. They kept up a lively conversation in Spanish; and occasionally, pausing in her repast, she would lean forward, listening to their remarks. After a while she pushed her plate away, leaned her elbows on the table and appeared to be deeply interested in what they were saying.

As the meal approached completion, she stole silently around the backway to the kitchen, re-entering very soon to resume her place at the desk, where she took up a paper, pretending to read. When the men had finished they came to the counter, purchased some cigars and paid their bill.

"You furnish a very good dinner, Madame," said the younger of the two. "While I am here in town I intend to patronize you."

He spoke in English, but she replied in Spanish:

"Thank you, Señor! We shall be glad to see you again. We try always to please our patrons, and give good value for their money."

"You are a Mexican?" questioned the man. "I thought you were French people here."

"My husband is a Frenchman," she replied, "but I am Spanish—a Mexican if you will. I heard you a few moments ago speaking in my own tongue, and thought I would answer you in the same way. I seldom use it now."

"But do not a great many Spanish-

speaking people come here?" asked the man, in surprise.

"No, Señor," said Madame. "Somehow they seem to think we do not care for them. The Italians and French come, but the Mexicans not often."

"I shall recommend the place to my friends, all the same," he rejoined, once more in English. "You will see me here again this evening I promise you, and at all meals while I remain in town."

"Thank you, Señor!" said Madame, with one of her pleasant smiles.

Bowing politely, the men went their way.

That evening Madame's eyes sought the door very often. The crowd had thinned to half a dozen late-comers, when the patron of the afternoon re-entered the restaurant. She hastened to wait on him, and presently brought her own dinner to a table not far away.

"Won't you join me here, Madame?" he asked, with the polite familiarity of his class. "It is more pleasant to eat in company than alone."

"Thank you, Señor!" she answered, removing her plate, knife and fork to the table where he sat.

"And your husband?" he continued. "I remember that my friend and myself passed a jolly half hour in his company one night about two years ago. We came in a little late as now, just as he was about to take his dinner."

"My husband has to cook supper for a banquet of the Foresters to-night," she said. "He has just gone there."

"Very well. We shall enjoy each other's company without him, then," replied the Mexican.

After the first pangs of hunger had been appeased, he inquired:

"Have you been long in this place, Madame?"

"Four years," she replied.

"Two years ago I came to eat here for the first time, with my friend, Señor Arturo Mortara. I did not see you then."

Something clicked in the woman's throat, though she smiled as she said:

"I may have been ill,—sometimes I am."

"We came North with some cattle. He has a fine ranch near the Mexican border. I am from Mazatlan."

"Yes; I heard you mention the name to-day," said the woman. "I once lived near Vallicita de la Taza."

"You did? It is a beautiful spot."

"You mean the valley or the rancho of your friend?"

"Both. Now that the winters are good, it is an ideal place for raising cattle. And there is much money to be made there. Mortara has a fine place and a lovely family."

"He is a widower?" said Madame.

"No: he has a grand woman for a wife. I knew some of her people near Mazatlan. She was of the Palomars,—Teresita Palomar."

"When I lived at Vallicita she was not his wife."

"No? That was in the time of the first wife, of course. I am told she was a handsome woman, but of a common, very common, family. I do not know the story, but rumor has it that she ran away from her husband and was afterward burned to death in a hotel fire, here in the city."

"That is what I have heard, Señor."

"It is said that Teresita was his first love,—certainly a more appropriate match for him than the woman he first married. I believe she was a servant at La Media. Now, such a girl might do very well for a man like myself, but one of Don Arturo's stamp should look higher. He has married Teresita, however; and they are happy."

"Are there children, Señor?"

"By the second marriage, none as yet. But there are three by the first marriage,—a pretty little girl and two boys. They are fine children, and their stepmother loves them as her own."

"No stepmother ever loved another

woman's children as her own, Señor," said Lomé's wife, with a positiveness which surprised her listener. "She may be very kind to them, but she can not love them as their own mother."

"I do not know about that," said the other, reflectively. "Especially in this case, when a mother deliberately leaves her good husband and her helpless little family, it seems to me it would be but a very indifferent step-mother who would not love them as well, or better. Do you not agree with me, Madame?"

She shook her head.

"And the children,—do they love her also?"

"Indeed they do, as they have reason. She has made the home of Arturo Mortara a paradise on earth. They have built a new house; there is a fine flower-garden and vegetables of all kinds. There is a faithful Indian servant, and the Señora herself is always busy. She has taught the two older children to read. I think she is as perfect a wife and mother as I have ever known. There is no happier man living than Arturo Mortara. But I do not suppose you are greatly interested in these people. I beg your pardon for talking so much of them."

"I knew the former wife of Arturo Mortara," was the rejoinder. "That is why I am sure she loved her children—at least. It hurts me to think they may have forgotten her."

"Evidently they have forgotten her, as is natural," replied the Mexican. "There is nothing in that house to remind them of her. It is not to be supposed that Mortara will speak to them of a mother who deserted them."

"She is dead,—let her rest in peace," said the woman, pushing her plate aside and rising, as though to end the conversation.

Somehow, when the drover left the restaurant he was not so favorably impressed with its mistress as before

they had taken their meal together. It seemed to him that she had been unnecessarily sharp in the matter of the Mortaras, and he was a very peaceable man, not given to making vital issues about things which did not concern him. The woman was not so good-looking either as he had thought, except when smiling. But he returned the next morning to breakfast, and again for the evening meal, which was his last at Lomé's for that visit. When he paid his reckoning, Madame was once more very courteous, even asking him to come again if he found himself in the city, and presenting him with a very good cigar.

A little more than a year had elapsed when he again made his appearance. He thought the proprietress of the restaurant had aged during that time; she was thinner and more reserved, did not smile as often as she used. But after he had dined she came to him and sat opposite.

"My husband is dead," she told him. "He died leaving many debts, which I am trying to pay. When that is finished I shall leave this place. Even to sell it, I will have little left, he owed so much."

"That is too bad," said the drover. "I hope things may turn out for you better than you expect."

She sighed deeply.

"Life seems ended for me," she went on. "I will tell you frankly how it is. That man Lomé had a wife in France, and I did not know it. He was sending her money all the time, and it has left me poor."

"In that case you are not obliged to pay his debts," said the drover.

"Yet I will do it. I have a reason," she rejoined. "I have not been a very good woman in my life, and I am trying to do better."

"God prosper you in your endeavor!" he responded simply, without further questioning, which she did not expect,

as she was as simple in her way as he in his.

"And how are your friends at Vallicita?" she inquired, as he rose to take leave.

"Ah, that is a sad thing!" he replied. "The Señora has been dead half a year or so, and Arturo is once more a widower. His heart seems broken. Of course he could marry again any day: there are many girls who would jump at the chance of him. But I think he will go slow this time. And yet I do not see how he can help marrying, with that little family. But what is the matter, Madame? Are you ill?"

She had buried her face in her hands, and now lifted it to him, ashen pale.

"A pain in my head," she answered. "It is often like that. Come again, Señor."

And, turning abruptly, she left him standing in front of the counter.

(Conclusion next week)

God's Little Floweret.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

A FLOWERET grew in a dismal valley,
Where all around it was wild and drear;
Where Love came seldom, where raged unceasing
The storms of sorrow and sin and fear.
And the Floweret turned its face toward heaven,
Crying, "God of Pity, look down on me,
And take me away to Thy peaceful gardens
Across the bosom of Death's dark sea!"

God heard the cry, and, His hand outreaching,
Drew forth the Flower from the wind-swept
vale.

It was weak and wasted, and worn with suffering,
The poor little face of it pinched and pale.
He softened the wrath of the heaving billows,
He rolled back the angry, clamorous waves,
And smoothed a path for His tiny Floweret
O'er Death's dread sea and the Land of Graves.

The Flower He brought home from the lowland
wild
Was the stainless soul of a holy child.

The Apostle of the Working Classes.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

“**T**HOSE Catholics are worthy of all praise—and they are not a few,”—wrote Pope Leo XIII. in his famous Encyclical, *Rerum novarum* (May 15, 1891), “who, understanding what the times require, have striven, by various undertakings and endeavors, to better the condition of the working class without any sacrifice of principle being involved. Everyone should put his hand to the work which falls to his share, and that at once and straight-way, lest the evil which is already so great become, through delay, absolutely beyond remedy. Every minister of holy religion must bring to the struggle the full energy of his mind and all his power of endurance.”

Among those who have thus striven to better the condition of the working classes, both morally and socially, and to give the world an example of genuine Christian philanthropy, was the French Augustinian, Father Stephen Pernet, founder of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, “an admirable instrument of apostolate, marvellously adapted to the needs of our epoch,” as Cardinal Langenieux called that Congregation of Nursing Sisters, one of the latest creations of Catholic charity.

Father Pernet's main idea was the Christian regeneration and sanctification of the poor and the working classes by personal service and spiritual and corporal succor in their own homes. It suggested itself to him in the course of his visits at Nîmes to the families of the poor children who came within the purview of what, in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, is called “patronage work,” in which he took an active part along with Father Victor Cardenne, called “the friend of the poor.” It was confided to him by the apostolic Father

d'Alzon, the founder of the Augustinians of the Assumption, a type priest, full of what Mgr. Besson calls a passion for great works. Close contact with the poor taught Father Pernet the social malady of the worker and the remedies it was needful to apply. He realized that to labor effectively for the re-establishment of the rights of God in a country where those rights as well as the duties of man are so often disregarded, attention should be chiefly devoted to the moral and social betterment of the working classes.

Just then the factory hands in Nîmes were so busily employed in the weaving of carpets that they had not time to care for the sick left behind them in their neglected homes, where there were things to be said and done which neither a man nor a priest could say or do, and which called for the deft hands and delicate sympathies of a woman—and a religious woman. But he did not see his way clear until one day, in the beginning of 1864, as he was saying Mass and beseeching Our Lord to make known to him the divine will, he was completely enlightened, and the project, conceived at Nîmes, took definite shape in the establishment of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, a work to which he was to devote thirty-six years.

“Our age,” he said on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee, “is a time of independence, rationalism and sensualism; people desire no other life, and the sense of the supernatural in souls is being killed by the extinction of faith in Jesus Christ, Redeemer and Saviour, and in His Church, which they persecute and mock. The family is disorganized; God is driven from the schools, from the hospitals, and charitable asylums, from our laws and our civil institutions; He is denied, or at least disdained, by those entrusted with the government of the country; the rich speculate on the poor, the powerful abuse the weak and make

slaves of them; everything is crumbling in society, because in the world as it exists men are becoming blind and perfidious. How are so many disasters to be repaired, so many evils to be remedied? Only by bringing back the reign of God, the kingdom of Christ and His Church.

"For that purpose it is necessary to reconstitute the family by regenerating it, to restore therein the honor in which faith, innocence, baptism, marriage and Christian habits should be held. Classes must be brought together in this order of faith and charity. Let the man of the world fraternize with the workman and be a mainstay to him. Let the society lady, on her side, visit the workman's wife and children; showing that she, too, is devoted, charitable and Christian. Thus one will have brought together and marvellously combined all the elements that form a people in unity of faith, in fraternal charity, and in submission to God and His Christ. The happy result of all this will be a new people of God, giving back to the Church energies capable of combating the devil and the spirit of revolt and impiety. Thus will be restored—as we must wish, for the good of all, the Christian, the family, and nations—the only means of rendering powerless against us the assault and the hatred of hell."

This may appear optimistic to some, considering the de-Christianizing forces long at work in France, undermining faith and morals in every rank of life, demoralized by Freemasonry; but it is at least free from that unhealthy pessimism, that religious fatalism which has weakened the mental fibre and partly paralyzed the energies of many good men who, despairing of the present, look with longing eyes to the future in the vague expectation that Providence will intervene by some *grand coup*, some master-stroke to restore Christian order. Pernet's mind

was a healthy and hopeful one. A man of the people—for he was of humble parentage—he knew the working classes from whom he sprang, knew them through and through, knew their surroundings, their troubles, trials, temptations, difficulties; knew, above all, the leaven of goodness in them which all the materialism and sensualism of the age has not extinguished. He had a strong faith in the people, and was ever ready to show cause for it. "Workers and all the humbler classes," he said, "are the friends of the good God; they know His voice, and there is no need of circumlocution to make them understand it. Be assured that their minds are naturally open to the truth, and they resist less than others the call of God."

The same faith and hopefulness found expression in his views on the religious conflict in France. Persecution, doubtless, afflicted him, but it did not make him lose courage or confidence. He had an abiding conviction that the storm would pass and, in the calm which would ensue, the glory of God be manifested by the confusion of the wicked and an increase of virtue among the good. "Our cause is that of the good God," he said; "we must, therefore, purchase its triumph by our sufferings.... Let us have confidence."

The man who uttered these wise words and who wrought so much good, who labored so successfully in the great cause of the Church and humanity, who made the cause of social reform among the laboring classes his lifework and ensured its permanent continuance by means of a religious sisterhood and confraternities of lay auxiliaries, was not one who had any of the adventitious advantages of high birth, social station, great learning or eloquence to impress his personality upon the world, to rivet attention upon him, and to give his achievements the *éclat* which is reflected from such surroundings.

Claude Etienne Pernet, born on July 23, 1824, at Velleux in Haute-Saône, was the son of a workingman. His mother, whose maiden name was Madeleine Cordelet, pursued the humble profession of midwife. She was a good Christian, charitable, and very devoted to the sick poor, so much so that she came to be called "Madeleine the saint." Her son described her as a woman of faith, not given to talking, never speaking ill of anyone, fond of making herself serviceable to others, judicious and discreet; and declares that such was her influence she restored peace wherever she went.

Although from his childhood he felt an interior conviction that he would one day be a priest, he long hesitated before he could make up his mind to become one, and he left the seminary twice, so deep was his sense of the responsibility. After he had spent two years as tutor in a family, it was an Assumptionist nun in the convent in the Rue de Chaillot, Paris, who fixed his vocation and led to his being appointed by Père d'Alzon, professor in his college at Nîmes. A pilgrimage to Our Lady of Rochefort, between Nîmes and Avignon, obtained for him the grace of a vocation to the nascent Congregation of the Augustinians of the Assumption; and on Christmas night, 1851, he made his perpetual vows and took the religious habit. On Holy Saturday, April 3, 1858, he was ordained priest at Le Mans, and on the next day sang his first Mass in the collegiate chapel of Clichy.

The College of Clichy having been suppressed, he was sent in 1863 to Paris, where began his first fruitful ministry. One May day in 1864 two humble girls who came to confession to him asked him to get them employment as nurses, returning a few days afterward. He had no patients to whom he could recommend these nurses, but, in default of patients, a thought

struck him. He asked them if they felt courageous enough to do something for Our Lord; and, receiving an affirmative response, said: "Then let us agree that you shall continue to care for the sick. If some well-to-do ones come to be nursed, you'll require payment—it is quite right,—but you shall never refuse the poor whom you'll attend for nothing, always for nothing."

He thought he read upon the face of the younger of his visitors that his language had been only half-persuasive; he concluded that on her side he had only won the cause of the wealthy. The elder agreed to everything; the other ended by agreeing to nothing, and soon separated from her companion to take a husband. The one who remained faithful, Mlle. Marie Maire, rented a room in the Rue Vaneau, which she shared with a young person who led a similar life. A few weeks afterward a third came to join them. In the same year, 1864, during the month of June, consecrated to the Sacred Heart, they prayed and recommended to the protection of Heaven their little undertaking; and then set to work with a devotedness worthy of all praise. They had some paying patients, but very soon they agreed that they would take in only the poor: which became a fundamental rule.

Such was the mother-thought and genesis of the Little Sisters of the Assumption: very similar, it will be noted, to the origin of the Little Sisters of the Poor, another French sisterhood, cradled, at its birth, in poverty and simplicity, like Christianity itself.

This natal period in the Rue Vaneau lasted for a year, these girls living together like three affectionate sisters, their rule of life having no other sanction than their good will and their common desire to do something pleasing to God. The little nucleus of a community had as yet no head until in May, 1865, Providence provided them

with a superioress in the person of Marie Antoinette Fage, destined to be associated with Père Pernet as foundress of the Little Sisters of the Assumption and to be known as Mother Mary of Jesus. She had early known sorrow, her father, an ex-soldier, having abandoned wife and child, and her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, having died when she was twelve years old. The poor child suffered so much from this double separation that she could not see an orphan girl without sobbing, nor speak of her dead mother without her eyes filling with tears.

The Sisters of Charity of the parish of Gros-Caillou, in which she lived, were a visible Providence to her. Though she suffered much from a spinal disease occasioned by a fall downstairs which stunted her growth, and had to undergo the most painful operations, she was able not only to maintain herself by needlework but by savings from her small earnings to help others and assuage many sorrows; for she burned with a desire to relieve those who were in trouble. All the unfortunate ones who knocked at her humble door received from her physical and moral assistance. Young girls left to themselves and exposed to the danger of falling were the objects of her special solicitude; she exercised an extraordinary influence over them and spared nothing to preserve and save them.

While Father Pernet was visiting the families of the poor children at Nîmes, Mlle. Fage was doing the same in Paris as a member of the Association of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Her health not permitting her to think of becoming a nun, she sought to copy as much as possible the life of a religious; and became a Dominican tertiary when she was thirty-five, taking the name of the illustrious Dominican virgin, St. Catherine of Siena, who, like so many of the mediæval tertiaries, devoted herself to an apostolate of mercy in her native

city. Mlle. Fage took charge of an orphan asylum founded by a French Countess and her daughter, both Dominican tertiaries like herself, for the reception of twelve or fourteen grown girls who had not yet made their First Communion. These were taken care of until they reached the age of twenty-one, fortified by the practices of religion and taught work. She would gladly have devoted her whole life to this undertaking, which gave scope for the exercise of her finest qualities of head and heart, were she not clearly called to another and larger sphere of usefulness.

At their first interview, when Father Pernet sought to interest her in the case of a poor governess out of place, he felt an interior conviction that he had found in her the person providentially reserved for the nascent foundation, and she, on her side, penetrated to the depths of her soul by a strange, supernatural impression caused by this unexpected visit, said immediately after it: "I don't know what is passing within me, but it seems to me that this Father will be something in my destiny!" When her ordinary Dominican director had to leave Paris to give missions in the country, she chose Father Pernet as her extraordinary confessor, without severing the spiritual tie which attached her to what she called "her dear Dominican family." Some days later she wrote: "I felt drawn to you by something mysterious, divine, which I never before experienced. . . I am convinced that it was indeed the Providence of God which made me go to you at a moment when, on the eve of coming to an important resolution, I had need of advice and support."

At this time she was contemplating leaving the asylum, but he retarded her taking that step for a year until, early in May, 1865, a circumstance occurred which clearly indicated to him

that such was the will of God. To her great surprise he told her that he was thinking of her for his Nursing Sisters for the poor; and, after some objections on her part prompted by her humility, it was decided that she should go at once to the convent of the Assumptionist nuns at Auteuil, where she was prepared for the work that lay before her by the foundress, Mother Mary Eugénie of Jesus, and by Mother Frances Eugénie. At Auteuil took place the first meetings at which Father Pernet and Mlle. Fage were able to interest in the new foundation the Children of Mary, former pupils of the Assumption, who esteemed it an honor to help the humble beginnings of the "*garde-malades des pauvres*," as the future Little Sisters were then called.

Father Pernet came daily to plan out with Mlle. Fage the internal and external work of the new community. He did not disguise from himself or her the difficulties they would have to encounter. "Everything about it," he said, "is supernatural: the end and the means. We wish to perform a great work; but, as we are nothing and have nothing, God must be all in all to us. We must expect trials from God, contradictions from creatures. In the eyes of the world we shall pass for fools, lunatics. We shall be persecuted and despised, inside and outside. We shall have the rude trials of poverty,—making nothing, possessing nothing; you will perhaps want even the necessities of life, that is to say, bread, clothing to cover you, and wood to warm you during the severe season of winter. We shall have to bear and endure many caprices of mind, many faults of character; and, while having at heart the work of our personal sanctification, we should have great zeal to form our children to the religious life and to the practice of every virtue."

This forecast was, in the event, literally realized, but it did not dismay or deter Mlle. Fage who, in July, 1865, rejoined the little community, which already too cramped for space in the Rue Vaneau, was migrating to 233 Rue Saint Dominique. The Congregation dates its definitive constitution from this epoch, although its beginning goes back to 1864.

(To be continued.)

The Mozart Celebration of 1906.

BY BEN HURST.

THERE is still a room shown in a house in Brewer Street, London, where a concert was given as long ago as May, 1765, "For the benefit of Miss Mozart, aged thirteen; and Master Mozart, aged eight. Prodigies of Nature." Thus runs the announcement in the *Public Advertiser* of the time. The concert was a success, as had been the appearance of the marvellous children in King George's palace; and English appreciation of the composer has never altogether failed. Therefore, while Austria in particular, and the German-speaking world in general, rightfully claim Mozart as their property and glory, the English nation may with justice assert that it was early cognizant of his genius, and that the present seeming neglect of the great master is but a passing phase. True, the sarcastic remark of Dr. Richter after a burst of applause which lately greeted one of Mozart's symphonies, "After all, gentlemen, it would seem as if Mozart has a future!" may not be undeserved; but it is reassuring to read in the celebration number of the *Musical News* that Mozart remains the "greatest of all musicians." The "moderns," then, have not everything their own way, and may eventually be brought to exonerate Mozart for

not having sufficiently studied Wagner!

This year has seen the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birth, and the confirmation of the reverence in which he has long been held. The twentieth century ratifies the judgment of the eighteenth, and the fame of music's devoted disciple has received fitting recognition all over the world, and particularly in his own beloved city of Vienna. The strained political situation of the moment did not hinder all parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire from uniting to honor the memory of a noble and popular compatriot. Whatever differences exist in these myriad races, they have a common link in the music of Mozart.

Local celebrations did not satisfy the public mind, for tributes forwarded to the chief capital bore testimony to a solidarity in art of Czechs, Magyars, Slavs and Austrians alike. The Burgomaster of Vienna placed a wreath at the feet of the Mozart statue, in the name of the citizens; and this was followed by similar tributes from the delegates of various associations from far and near. At the Mozart Festival of the Vienna University, Dr. Guido Adler in an eloquent dissertation characterized the great composer's music as "symbolic of all the depth and joy to be found in human nature," and the man himself as the most lovable apparition of his century. In other European centres there were similar celebrations. The Concert Goers' Club of London gave the First Symphony, composed when this "Wonderchild" was only eight years old. The *Musical World* published a short biography, and the anthem "God is Our Refuge," composed at nine. In Frankfort it was decided to erect a monument on the Mozart Square. One of the greatest of modern masters, Grieg, alluding to this anniversary, pronounced Mozart's music unparalleled, and himself the per-

sonification of modesty allied to true genius. A figure that has called forth such enthusiasm, while many of his famous contemporaries have declined in public esteem, deserves due recognition from the lovers of that Catholic music which he has enriched even to the detriment of the liturgical chant alone suitable to divine worship.

Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg in 1756. His father was sub-chapelmaster, and devoted to music. The precocious talent of his son caused him the greatest delight, and he encouraged it by every means in his power. At four years old Johann played on the harpsichord with a precision and feeling equalled only by his own delight in his performance. It was with difficulty that he could be drawn from the instrument. A year later, not satisfied with the number of scores at his disposition, he wrote a concerto of his own; and thus early and auspiciously began the unmatched series of compositions with which he has enriched the world. In his seventh year he was taken to court with his sister, another musical prodigy; and it was on this occasion that he saw the beautiful Marie Antoinette, whom he offered to marry because she was so kind! The young Archduchess had amiably run to assist him when he slipped on the parquet floor. The Empress kissed him, and he had a good game of romps with the royal children before he left the palace. "I liked them all," he said afterward; "and they liked my music."

His appearance at the French court was no less successful, and it was in France that he published his first sonatas. One would scarcely credit that these wonderful creations were the boy's own, and be tempted to ascribe them in part at least to paternal inspiration, had the elder Mozart ever ranked as a composer or had youthful promise not developed into the extraordinary genius of the ripened man.

In England the "Wonderchild" performed on the palace organ with such tremendous effect that the audience held their breath in awe as before something supernatural. During his stay in England a concert was given of his compositions alone, and thus his fame grew with his achievements. His marvellous intuition enabled him to play at first sight the most difficult pieces of Bach or Handel, and no musical instrument was strange to him for a moment. The first time he was shown an organ, he sat down and poured forth upon it his very soul. This was in England, and all England waxed enthusiastic over the boy; but it was in Vienna that his gifts got the most effective recognition. Commissioned by Maria Theresa to compose a grand theatrical piece for the festivities of the Archduke Ferdinand's marriage, he produced "*Ascanio in Alba*," which fulfilled all that was expected of his constructive genius.

He never ceased to work, and the spontaneity of his creative gift, together with this untiring industry, has given us the rich harvest of six hundred masterpieces. In this Heaven-favored mortal Mozart, the sweetest of the Muses seemed to have become incarnate. As a performer on both violin and piano, he surpassed every artist of his day, and could draw delightful strains from the humblest, crudest village instrument—wind, keyed or stringed—that was presented to him. Since his entire being was shaped to music, his manhood's love was not separated from the passion of his childhood; and we find him laying his heart, naturally enough, at the feet of the sweetest singer of her day. In turn, it was the beauty of his opera, "*Idomeneo*," written expressly for her, that touched the heart of Constance Weber and secured the responsive affection which he coveted.

One would fain dwell on the bright

side of life offered to the indomitable optimist, in whom religious fervor was combined with the purest human sympathies, endearing him alike to grave and gay; but the dark shadows that hung over the manifestations of genius can not be forgotten. His weak health, rendered still weaker by the inward fire that drove him to express in ceaseless writing myriad fancies, declined rapidly after his thirty-sixth year; and, in sore distress of physical debility and material want, he sank to rest before he had put the finishing touches to his own great Requiem.

From his friend Michael Kelly, the Dublin artist to whom Mozart was joined by ties of close comradeship, we have many precious anecdotes of the goodness and lovable charm of this fascinating personality. These, as all connected with him, seldom escape the domain of music. Music was the element in which he lived, by which he thought, through which he performed kind deeds and made charitable donations. In some form or other, it was never separated from his existence. He would start from the billiard table to draw a ripple from the ever-open keys, hum an air on receipt of agreeable news, intone a fresh hymn at sight of a beauteous landscape, pause in his walk to hearken to some distant sounds of melody unperceived by other ears. Music was ever calling to him; and he listened ever, dreaming or awake, to that magic voice.

It is said that Rossini, asked to enumerate the greatest musicians, did not mention Mozart; and on being remonstrated with, replied: "Mozart has no merit, for he was born the embodiment of music itself." Adopting this view, it is grateful to remember the noble tributes of glorious anthems and pious Masses rendered by a favored creature to his Creator. What ensures Mozart's continued popularity is the innate longing for symmetrical har-

mony of every cultivated mind, however it may revel in the crash and complications of elaborate modern themes. Wagner may transport us to mythical heights, or sink our souls in the maze of excruciating passion, so that all else seems for the moment dull and flavorless; but the soul that has once tasted the sweets of Mozart, and the force of his calm, powerful orchestration, will ever harken back to that serene fount. The light, the gay, the bewitching, fairylike modulations of an exuberantly joyous fancy; the solemn, energetic tones ascending and descending in majestic gradation; the soothing, pregnant harmony, regulated, intense, complete,—these are the factors which make Mozart's music durable in the history of that art which "directs the spheres."

A genius who broke down all former conceptions, roughly overriding the rules of a painfully progressive past (to which he himself owed more than he either knew or acknowledged),—Wagner, in a word, the prophet of to-day, styled Mozart's operas wonderfully childish for the author of such sublime symphonies. In the fulminant triumph of his own aggressive genius, this ungrateful and unfair critic overlooked the vastness of the step taken by Mozart in his "Don Juan," which was almost a decisive break with what had preceded. Alive to his own powers, but humanely sensible of his surroundings, and too generous to despise tradition, the gentle, puissant spirit of Mozart restricted its flight, and accomplished, nevertheless, in confined precincts those incomparable works that remain a lasting and mighty monument to his name.

The musician was also a man of the world, living, feeling and thinking with his contemporaries; alive to the various currents so soon to convulse society, and reflecting in his compositions the characteristics of his time. A finished

artist at thirteen; composing, as he breathed, through a necessity of existence; fed on the productions of Glück, Haydn, Handel, and the king Bach,—no wonder that he soon surpassed them all. It must not be forgotten that it was Mozart who first overcame the difficult problem of orchestration crowned by the human voice; and his success on this point is not to be minimized by the greater achievements in the same direction of modern composers. If he did not anticipate the *leitmotif*, his operas are yet united, compact productions, in harmonious sequence from prelude to finale. His symphonies, it stands admitted, leave nothing to be desired by the most up-to-date classic. Here, indeed, we have a continuous meaning and a melodious whole. Who can hear the beautiful themes swelling forth as from the very source of music itself, now adorned by joyous chords, now by pathetic passages, or by those vigorous, judiciously-inserted syncopes (oh, those rending syncopes of Mozart that tear the heartstrings!), and refuse to a master who moves us so profoundly the primacy that belongs to all leaders of men?

His very simplicity and lack of self-assertiveness have deteriorated the glory of this thoroughly refined musician. He himself would have smiled at the notion of seeking to exploit his capacities, or in any way to impress and awe, much less startle, in the pleasant and lofty domain of music. The modern appreciation of the abstruse and stupendous is baffled by the solid, pure charm of those graceful piles that stand on an assured pinnacle and demand no strained mental effort to enjoy their beauties. But in musical taste, as in most things, we are led by fashion. How many there are who affect to despise Mozart but love him in their hearts and carry his melodies in their brain! This is even sadder than

the fact that he was buried in a pauper's grave, without a friend to attend his funeral. The favors of the great were momentarily lavish, but did not secure him from frequent penury,—and he was proud. His frankness, too,—for his mind was a crystal—must have militated against him. The Emperor Joseph II. asked his opinion of an aria which he had composed, and which was enthusiastically applauded in the private theatre of the palace at Schönbrunn. "Sire," declared Mozart, "whatever the merits of the aria, that of the composer outweighs them a hundred times over."

A young nobleman, likewise ambitious of musical fame, begged Mozart to revise some of his compositions. The master looked them over, and then advised the composer to wait till he was somewhat older before producing in public. "Why, you were not half my age when you wrote sonata upon sonata!" protested the aspirant. "True," assented Mozart; "but, then, I could not help it; and I never asked anybody's advice."

Mozart was the only composer who possessed as much knowledge as genius; and what seems simplicity in his works is often elaborate art. But for him, melody remained always the true essence of music, the great object to be attained. "Never push any effect to *outrance*; never let the passions grate with painful violence on the ear," said the master, whose grandest conceptions unite boldness with self-restraint, and whose qualities of predilection are the truly religious ones of severity and harmony.

In the conquest of any weakness in our mental or moral make-up, in the attainment of any strength, in our highest and truest relation to ourselves and the world, let us ever make "Love" our watchword, not mere duty.

—"The Kingship of Self-Control."

Mrs. Thrale's Teapot.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MRS. BELL entered her lodger's room with the *Times* of the previous day in her hands.

"There, Miss Trevor," she remarked, pointing to a particular column,— "there's one of them sales I told you about. John had the paper home from Mr. Dean's."

Agnes Trevor looked up from the skirt she was engaged in remaking.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bell! Where is the sale, and when?"

"At Hazzel's to-morrow," Mrs. Bell replied promptly.

"Oh! Hazzel's? I'm afraid only very wealthy people go to Hazzel's."

"Everyone can go," Mrs. Bell returned dogmatically. "And it was at a place of the kind my sister's mother-in-law bought a picture for next to nothing, and she afterward got twenty pounds for it. Things sometimes go very cheap. You might get some nice article for Miss Grant."

Agnes sighed. Three years previously her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other. Dr. Trevor had had a very large, but scarcely lucrative, practice; and at his death it was found that he had made no provision of any kind for his only child. One or two relatives had offered Agnes a home; but the girl had a strong wish to be independent. She went to London, and, after a good deal of difficulty, found employment as clerk in a large commercial house. Her salary was not a very generous one, and it was lucky for her that her home was under Mrs. Bell's roof.

Mrs. Bell had at one time been a servant to Dr. Trevor. She had married a middle-aged butler in the service of a certain Mr. Dean, well known in learned circles. John Bell's duties were not

onerous, and he was able to return each night to the little house occupied by his wife. It was indeed fortunate for Agnes that Mrs. Bell was able to take her under her roof; for the kindly shrewd woman managed the girl's housekeeping in a more capable and economical fashion than she herself could have done.

"I should like to," Agnes said. "Miss Grant was very kind to me when father and mother died; and, now that she is getting married after so long an engagement, I should like to send her a nice useful wedding present. She won't be very well off, you know."

Mrs. Bell nodded comprehendingly.

"She needn't be the less happy of that, Miss Trevor. But, anyway, since you have a holiday to-morrow, go to the sale and look about you. It will liven you up a bit. I do like going to a sale myself, even if I don't bid for anything."

Mrs. Bell retired, and Agnes began looking over the announcement of the Hazzel's sale. The lot had belonged to a deceased banker who evidently had a mania for collecting old and valuable articles. Agnes smiled to herself as she set out for the famous sale-rooms next day, in spite of Mrs. Bell's numerous instances of the bargains sometimes acquired at such places.

"I'm not likely to buy much," she said to herself; "however, I can at least admire the things."

The auction was in full swing when she entered the rooms, which were by no means crowded; and Agnes found herself supplied with a seat and catalogue before she had time to look about her. When she did turn her attention to the gentlemanly auctioneer, she found he was holding up a large silver teapot marked "Lot 15." On searching for that number on her catalogue, she found it to be a solid silver teapot which had once belonged to Johnson's hostess, Mrs. Thrale.

"How Miss Grant would like it!" she said, half aloud. "Dear me! Somebody is bidding two shillings and threepence only!"

With an effort Agnes raised her voice and cried:

"Two and sixpence."

The auctioneer nodded.

"Three shillings," a man at some distance from Agnes said.

"Three and sixpence." Agnes looked to the salesman.

"Four shillings," the man near said briskly.

Agnes added a sixpence to her last offer, and after a short pause the auctioneer's hammer fell. Agnes was the happy possessor of Mrs. Thrale's teapot. The usual questions were put and answered; and the auctioneer had put up Lot 16 when a young man in evident haste entered the room. His disappointment was noticeable when he saw how far advanced the sale was. He stopped a minute or two to speak to an acquaintance, who made a sign in the direction where Agnes sat.

The girl, having acquired the teapot, soon tired of the sale, and returned to her rooms. Mrs. Bell listened to her account of her purchase, and lifted her hands in delight, partly at Agnes' pleasure, partly at her own sagacity in recommending the mode of acquiring a wedding present.

"Four and six," she repeated over and over, "for a good silver teapot! I call it a marvellous bargain. You're sure there isn't a hole in it somewhere?"

"The auctioneer said it was in good condition," Agnes replied.

"Well, before you pay the money, I'd have a good look at it. But really four and six!"

"It belonged to Mrs. Thrale too."

"Mrs. Thrale? Who was she?"

Agnes explained.

"Oh!" Mrs. Bell wasn't interested in the great lexicographer's good-natured

hostess. "But I'm glad you are pleased, Miss Trevor."

"Oh, yes, I'm pleased! The gentleman Miss Grant is to marry is very learned. He will value the teapot on Mrs. Thrale's account, and Miss Grant will value it for the workmanship. Oh, yes, I'm quite pleased!" Agnes said.

She was very much the reverse a few hours later. The afternoon post brought her a bill notifying to her the amount of her indebtedness to Anthony Hazzel. When she glanced at the slip of paper, she rushed to Mrs. Bell's kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Bell, look at this bill! It is dreadful! What am I to do? The teapot isn't four shillings and sixpence. That is the price per ounce."

"Four and six an ounce!" Mrs. Bell ejaculated in dismay. "I never knew teapots were sold that way."

"Nor I,"—Agnes was almost in tears. "Oh, I couldn't pay it at all! What am I to do!"

What she did after much talk was to write to Mr. Hazzel explaining the matter; and at a very early hour on the following morning she was summoned to Mrs. Bell's parlor.

"'Tis about the teapot, I'm certain," Mrs. Bell remarked. "He's a very nice-looking young man too,—not one of that kind who seem to know all about everything."

Now, Agnes Trevor was a very pretty girl at all times; and she was certainly looking her best as she entered the room where her visitor awaited her coming. Her cheeks, at most times pale, were flushed, and her blue eyes brighter than usual. She did not notice that the young man who stood awkwardly in the middle of the room was not quite at his ease.

"You have come about the teapot?" she inquired hastily.

"Yes," Percival Carleton replied, "I have come about the teapot." Then he stood silent and constrained.

"Won't you sit down?" Agnes said; and Mr. Carleton did so. "You see I hadn't the least notion that such things were sold by the ounce. I couldn't, as I explained in my letter, pay for the teapot. I am very, very sorry for the trouble I am giving." Tears filled the girl's eyes. "I never attended a sale before. Of course I thought the teapot ridiculously cheap. Four shillings and sixpence isn't a large sum. I bought it for a wedding present for a very dear friend," she went on. "Have you a message from Mr. Hazzel?"

"I'm not from Hazzel's," the young man began.

"Oh!"

"I—my name is Carleton,—Percival Carleton. I was sent by my uncle, Sir Francis Carleton, to secure Mrs. Thrale's teapot at any price. He is a collector of curiosities of one kind and another. I was late for the sale, and when I got your address I decided to offer you any fair price for the article. You see my uncle is ill, and he is not to be thwarted or annoyed."

"Oh!" Agnes said again. "I wrote to the auctioneer last night telling him of the mistake I had made. I thought you were—one of his people."

In a few minutes more the two young folk were laughing merrily over the mistake Agnes had made.

Percival Carleton secured the teapot for his relative, who was proud of the new addition to his curios. So pleased was he indeed, that he took an unusual interest in what his nephew had to tell him of Agnes.

"Trevor! Is her name Trevor?" he remarked. "George Trevor and I were at Stonyhurst together. He married a distant relation of my mother's. I should like to know if the girl is my old comrade's daughter."

This curiosity necessitated Percival's making a second call on Miss Trevor; and when Sir Francis learned that she was the daughter of his early friend,

he insisted on an afternoon visit from her. Later on, when she and his nephew were married, he had serious thoughts of presenting them with the article which had brought about their acquaintanceship; but finally contented himself with leaving it to them in his will.

"For," the old gentleman said, "I really can't during my life relinquish Mrs. Thrale's teapot."

The Great Pardon of Assisi.

LONG ago, the Italian world of the early thirteenth century was edified by the life and works of the holy man of Assisium, the Seraphic Francis, who has ever since remained, even to a scoffing generation, the type of evangelical poverty and of angelic sweetness. Thence dates the "Great Pardon," now more commonly designated the Portiuncula, from that little church of Our Lady of the Angels, near Assisi, which was called the Porziuncula from a villa close at hand.

This modest temple was given to St. Francis by the Benedictines, and the saint in his overflowing zeal for sinners and his intimate knowledge of the havoc wrought by sin in the soul, with the fearful atonement it demands in this life or the next, asked and obtained of Our Lord a marvellous favor. Uniting his prayers to those of the Blessed Virgin, he asked that all who visited the Portiuncula, upon the anniversary of its foundation, should after confession and Communion, obtain the entire remission of their sins. Our Lord granted the request on condition that it be ratified by the Sovereign Pontiff; and the Pope of that time, Honorius III., in July, 1223, confirmed the indulgence, in perpetuity, having first convinced himself by a searching inquiry of the reality of the revelation.

The peculiarity of this privilege is

that a plenary indulgence is granted, (of course, with that essential condition of true sorrow for sin and a firm purpose of amendment, without which all indulgences are unavailing), every time the church is entered on the second day of August. The indulgence is applicable to the souls in Purgatory. The little church of the Portiuncula has developed into a world-renowned basilica, and the extraordinary privilege which first made its fame has been extended by successive Pontiffs to all churches of the Franciscan Order or of its tertiaries throughout the world.

The question of the authenticity of the "Great Pardon" and the indulgences therewith connected, has been referred more than once to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the privilege has been on each occasion confirmed. Pius IX., finally in a rescript of July, 1847, like wise confirmed all that was granted by his predecessors.

It is a wonderful and edifying sight every year upon that day of mid-summer, to behold the continuous stream of people passing, in and out, of the privileged churches. Some spend the greater part of the day there, or occupy the evening hours, in gaining for themselves, or the members of the Church Suffering, those tremendous graces. That a plenary indulgence is gained each time the church is entered, and a brief prayer said there for the Pope, is surely an unspeakable privilege. Especially is its efficacy almost unlimited when applied to those who inhabit that silent, suffering realm of Purgatory, where the souls of the just have to expiate for a time the sins and shortcomings of their earthly pilgrimage. Each year upon that festival of grace it is safe to conjecture and it is a beautiful and consoling thought that innumerable souls, confined in that prison-house of justice, take their flight heavenward on the wings of the "Great Pardon."

A Non-Catholic Concept of Our Lady.

MORE and more as the years go by we note with gratification a diminution in the insistence with which the oldtime charge of Mariolatry is preferred against Catholics by those outside the Church. A fuller acquaintance with our real belief regarding the Blessed Virgin has succeeded to the former gross ignorance, or, at the best, the very imperfect knowledge thereof, which formerly characterized the average Protestant; and many of our separated brethren now entertain rational views as to Mary's place in the scheme of the world's redemption and sanctification. Distinctly notable, as a case in point, is the following concept of Our Lady, published recently in a Lutheran journal of Christiania:

We believe that the Virgin was a pure woman, but, perhaps, we do not render her all the honor which is her due as the Mother of Jesus. We Protestants forget her more than did the holy confessors of the faith who lived and died for the truth and spread it throughout the world. Did not Mary suffer equally for the truth,—did she not suffer more cruelly than most of the other confessors of the faith? What every mother plunged in sorrow has endured for her prodigal son, she felt in a most intense degree; for her Son was obliged to die for all prodigals, although among all men He alone was not a prodigal. Her soul was pierced by a sword. Every desolate mother should think of her; she will give consolation in sadness, and the hope that sorrow may be changed to joy as was Mary's.

The early Christians honored her much more than we do. Do not many Christians feel disdain in their hearts when they hear the Virgin Mary spoken of? And, still, she was hailed full of grace among all women. Never will any other woman be born that can be compared to her. No other woman will ever be favored with so many blessings. She occupies a unique position in Christendom. . . . She herself predicted that all generations would call her blessed. We should, therefore, do our part in giving her homage. It stands in the Bible. In her, mankind received a new birth. It is through her that Redemption came into the world. We must not forget that between her and the Son of God there existed a union which had never

before existed between humanity and divinity. She was the tabernacle of eternal splendor, of the light which enlightens the darkness of humanity. Star of Heaven, she is the Mother who brought the Son into the world. For this reason, her name shines out across the centuries as the most noble star of Heaven and humanity.

She is the first among mothers. She was the obedient and humble mother: "May it be done unto me according to Thy word." That was her whole life. Thus she accepted the vocation of motherhood,—that vocation which was to be for her so full of sorrow,—a sorrow which certainly did not end with the death of her Son on the Cross. In the midst of her blessed joy, of triumphant faith in her risen Son, her mother's heart wept at the thought that she no longer held the Child she had born to her breast. She felt more than all others the ardent desire of believing, of being one day united forever to her Lord. May this desire always animate our hearts! Then we shall one day see in the house of His Father, where there are many mansions, the Son of Man, together with the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints.

The appearance of the foregoing in the columns of a popular Protestant journal of Norway's capital strengthens the conviction, born of Mgr. Fallize's glowing reports, as to the brightness of Catholic prospects in that Northern kingdom. No people that pay congruous tribute to God's Mother can ultimately fail of visible union with God's Church.

THE soul which remains attached to anything, even to the least thing, however many its virtues may be, will never arrive at the liberty of the divine union. It matters little whether a bird be fastened by a stout or a slender cord,—so long as he does not break it, slender as it may be, it will prevent him from flying freely. Oh, what a pity it is to see some souls, like rich ships, loaded with a precious freight of good works, that, for want of courage to make an end of some miserable little fancy or affection, can never arrive at the port of divine union, while it needs only one good earnest effort to break asunder that thread of attachment!

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Notes and Remarks.

An article which College presidents and professors may peruse with considerable interest and not a little incidental profit during the present holiday season is Dr. Charles F. Thwing's "College Students as Thinkers," in the *North American Review* for July. Dr. Thwing is of the opinion that the colleges are in peril of sacrificing the intellectual power of thinking to the intellectual power of gaining facts for the passing of examinations,—and there be many educationists who agree with him. One obvious reason why many undergraduates do much less thinking than they should is that they are unwisely allowed to take up too many subjects. They pass from one lecture-hall or class-room to another throughout the school-day, with no intervals at all adequate for the thorough digestion of the lectures heard or for the proper preparation of the lessons to be recited. Fewer studies, and more thought devoted to each, would produce far better educational results. Of genuine import to all pedagogues are these paragraphs from the *North American* paper:

It is important, moreover, for college teachers to promote the pursuit on the part of their students of such subjects as, in their inherent character, demand thinking, and also to promote such a pursuit of these subjects as does promote thinking. Mathematics is a subject which demands thinking. It is thinking; it is nothing else. History may be presented as a matter of acquisition; it also may be presented as a matter of weighing evidence, as a study of cause and effect. Economics is a subject which specially offers opportunities for such study as develops thinking. Its phenomena are complex, and the causes which prevail in its field are often obscure. These studies, and similar ones, offer a special advantage in creating and nourishing the power of thinking.

It also should be borne in mind that, in the loyalty for the elective system of studies, there is to be loyalty to a system of *study*. Studies may be elective; study is not. If the student

will not study, he is to be excluded from the place of study. The community is demanding that the college man shall "make good." The community suffers a sense of disgust at academic laziness. The community is becoming impatient, not only of tomfoolery, of horse-play and of nonsense, but also of inefficiency. The community demands that the college man shall work at his job, and the community realizes that the most important part of his job is to think. Can college officers do better than to seek to meet the righteous demand of the community that students shall attend to the great business of thinking?

Whether or not Police Commissioner O'Meara, of Boston, knows grown-up humanity as thoroughly as he does the small boy we are unable to say; but if he does, we should judge him to be peculiarly well fitted for his responsible position. Apropos of the 4th of July and young America, Mr. O'Meara recently remarked:

That the small boy is not a good judge of the safe quantity of a thing that he likes. That he wants more celebration than is good for him, just as he wants more pie for supper; but that in twenty hours of a long Summer day he can get all the celebration that he is able to hold. That he thinks the person who gives the dangerous extra quantity is his friend, and the person who stops him short of pain for himself and trouble for others is his enemy. That he loves the kind uncle or grandmother who indulges him past the point of sickness, and hates the doctor and the medicine that make him well. That the prisons, reformatories and highways are filled with men who were pushed into the easy road by people who said "Let the boy have what he wants." That the small boy, as a politician's means of reaching the hearts of fond parents, is a domestic blessing misused.

All of which is sane philosophy, meriting the attention of the small boy in question, his parents, and their friends, be these latter politicians or others.

An ex-queen, Princess Adelaide of the Catholic branch of the House of Löwenstein-Wertheim, widow of ex-king Miguel who reigned over Portugal from 1828 to 1834, is among the Benedictine nuns who went to England with her community on its expulsion

from France. After the remarriage of her son the Duke of Braganza, Queen Adelaide withdrew from the world to carry out a long-cherished resolve of devoting herself altogether to the service of the Church. But she was destined to experience sad vicissitudes even in the life of calm prayer to which she had aspired. The forcible breaking up of the holy cloister at Solesmes affected her profoundly; and the exiles, fleeing from French intolerance, could not at once foresee the many consolations awaiting them in the Isle of Wight. English appreciation of the refining and elevating influence of the refugees, however, soon made itself felt; and after having been tenants of Mr. Granville Ward who gave up his beautiful home at Northwood, for their use, the Benedictine nuns have now acquired the extensive building of Isle of Wight College near Ryde. Here, there is no longer any doubt, the community will prosper. King Edward has set the example of honoring the illustrious lady who has belonged to it since 1897 by visiting her whenever he is in the vicinity; and it is said that the royal nun is in specially intimate and confidential relations with Princess Beatrice and her daughter now Queen Victoria of Spain. A niece of Queen Adelaide, Princess Agnes of Löwenstein-Wertheim, is also a member of the Benedictine community.

Our Buenos Aires contemporary, the *Southern Cross*, is not satisfied with the administration of some of the laws of Argentina. Of one legislative enactment its says specifically:

We have had a compulsory education law in our code for years, but it has never been enforced. The result of this culpable negligence is visible to-day in the appalling amount of adult ignorance, and in the telltale illiteracy of thousands of children of a school age. By act of Congress parents and guardians are bound to send children from the age of six to fourteen to school. Now it has been shown that an

enormous number of children of the prescribed age receive no instruction whatever, and a very small number go through the official programme, the few who go to school falling off with increasing ratio as the grades ascend. Hardly one-fourth of the pupils pass through all the grades of the primary schools.

The advisability of a compulsory education law is not universally conceded, and accordingly the *Cross* may have readers who will dissent from its views upon that point; but most people of a thoughtful turn of mind will acknowledge the force of the following statement:

Some philosopher has said that there is no surer sign of national decay than the non-enforcement of good laws. It is a true assertion. Nothing is more demoralizing than to write laws on the statute book of a nation and then scout them. The law of the land when it harmonizes with the natural law is a sacred thing; to play fast and loose with it is to put an argument into the mouth of the anarchist, and to stick a nail in the coffin of representative government.

The point is well taken. Even in the case of sumptuary laws injudiciously placed on the statute book, the best and most effective plan of getting rid of them is to see that they are strictly enforced just as long as they continue to be in vigor: their repeal will come all the more quickly.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Religion, a Criticism and a Forecast," furnishes the *Month* with the opportunity of making a point too seldom insisted on by Catholic apologists. The case of Galileo, says our contemporary, "is familiar to everyone as typical, and is held to prove that always and everywhere, as Mr. Dickinson assumes, ecclesiastical authority persecuted men of science, and endeavored to stifle the exercise of reason. But is this the conclusion which will commend itself to the competent historian? On the contrary, argues Newman, the case of Galileo proves just the opposite,—proves that there was in fact no such constant conflict between religion and science; 'for it is the one

stock argument,' the exception which confirms the rule. Nor is Newman alone in such a plea. An authority so free from all suspicion of a bias toward Rome as Professor Augustus De Morgan says that the 'Papal power must, upon the whole, have been moderately used in matters of philosophy, if we may judge by the great stress laid on this one case of Galileo. It is the standing proof that an authority which has lasted a thousand years was all the time occupied in checking the progress of thought. There are certainly one or two other instances, but those who make most of the outcry do not know them.'"

The point made is, of course, entirely apart from the question whether or not Galileo was a man of science persecuted for being scientific. That he was *not* has been pretty conclusively established.

Many persons who read the newspaper reports of recent "wonderful discoveries in the field of biology" by Mr. John Butler Burke, naturally looked for "startling information in his forthcoming work dealing with the origin of life." They have been disappointed. The book made its appearance on schedule time, but the desired sensation has not been produced, and the problem so often announced as "finally solved" remains as far from solution as ever. Mr. Burke writes interestingly, if not clearly, and he tells us many things about his radiobes, etc.; but he is as uninforming as his predecessors as to how life originated. The announcement that he had succeeded in producing life or living things—of course he himself never made such a claim—was simply a hoax. Concluding an extended review of "The Origin of Life," a writer in the current *Dublin Review* remarks:

Mr. Burke believes that spontaneous generation must have taken place at some time. So do many others. He thinks that it was at a very early period of the world's history. So did

Huxley. He thinks that the first living forms must have been so small as not to be capable of detection by the microscope as we now have it. So does Weismann. But all these ideas are pure surmises and rest upon no kind of solid foundation of fact. Huxley knew that perfectly well, and proclaimed it. Mr. Burke knows it too, and admits it. All, therefore, that can be said about these and scores of other surmises as to the operations of nature is that "it mout ha' been, and, then again, it moun't." It is probable that human ingenuity will discover in the future scores of other ways in which the phenomena of nature *might* be explained; it will be many a day before the secret is really guessed, even supposing that day ever dawns.

There have been so many wondrous cures in recent years at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré that most persons have probably forgotten all about the case of Edward Carroll, a boy in Detroit, Mich., who went to the Canadian shrine a cripple—he was afflicted with hip disease and partial paralysis—and returned in good health. The physician who attended him had declared that if his surgical appliances were removed and he were to attempt to walk without a crutch, a severe relapse would result, and that the surgical work would have to be done all over again. In reply to recent inquiries as to the permanence of Master Carroll's cure, which took place a year ago, the editor of the *Angelus*, a well-known priest of Detroit, states that the boy has continued well from the first moment of his restoration, and has not since required the services of a doctor. "He is a healthy, romping boy, not disabled or unduly affected in any way."

The many official and social obligations of the Duke of Norfolk do not seem to interfere with his active patronage of the myriad charitable undertakings which claim his support. Recently he presided, with Archbishops Bourne and Stonor, at the jubilee dinner in aid of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth at the Prince's Galleries,

and left London next day to assist the Duchess in the distribution of prizes at the Arundel schools. Wherever Catholic interests are concerned the Duke is to be found; but it is a work of architecture that engages his particular attention just now. Besides having erected a splendid church near his home at Arundel Castle, he has been building another church in Norwich on a still more magnificent scale. Though it was begun over twenty years ago and has been in partial use for divine service for twelve years or more, it is not yet completed. Therefore the Duke has decided to increase his grant by an additional £1000 per month. With this generous aid there is good prospect of the church's completion in two years and the capital of the county from which Duke Henry takes his title will possess a Catholic monument second to none in England.

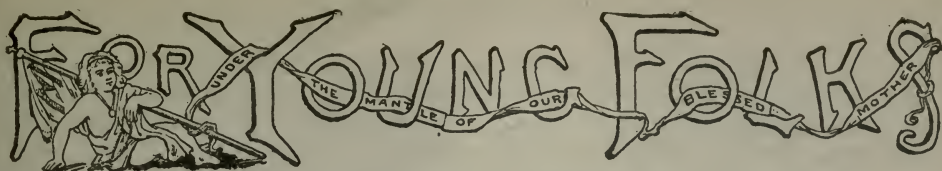
Middle-aged readers will remember the fraud perpetrated in 1869 upon the general American public and upon some noted men of science, too, by the exhibitors of the so-called Cardiff Giant. A rude statue of a man ten and a half feet high, cut from a block of Ohio gypsum, was secretly buried, and later "discovered" near the village of Cardiff, New York. As a "petrified giant," it was exhibited with great success for several months, but the deception was finally confessed. It would seem, however, that the credulity or gullibility of which the public gave evidence in connection with this hoax inspired some Californians with the idea of starting a new industry,—the manufacture of mummies. Mr. Henry Simon contributes to the *Pacific Monthly* an interesting description of the process by which museums in different parts of the country are supplied with what purport to be "real old Egyptian mummies." Mr. Simon states that he has in different countries seen hundreds

of mummies, some genuine, and a good many, he is now inclined to think, counterfeit ones. Speaking of the specimens examined in an American mummy-factory, he says:

The very shape of the head, the expression of the hollow eyes, the shrivelled lips, the bits of skin and bone exposed; the general aspect and pose of the limbs and body, wrappings and all, are such as exactly to resemble the genuine article, and would, were the result of the artisan's labor exhibited in a museum, deceive any but the eye of an expert—and his, too, unless he looked very close. Standing in the very workshop, seeing them made, and hearing the maker's explanations, it is hard to realize that those weird figures should be imitations.

And if the artist tells you that he has been working in his line of business for twenty-nine years; that he has learned his trade in a regular factory long ago, and that he is able to turn out several mummies a day; then, gentle reader, you will perhaps agree with me that even your keen eye and undeceivable instinct may have been deceived, and that very likely it will have been deceived, if you will but stop roughly to calculate what this one man alone has done in his line.

Fifty years ago a Catholic colony was founded at Jackson, Nebraska, and the recent celebration of its semi-centennial once more emphasizes the remarkable progress, within a relatively brief period, of the Church in America, and more especially in the western portion of these United States. While the details of the celebration, participated in by several bishops, fifty priests, and a great concourse of the laity, would prove of minor interest to the great majority of our readers, all will experience a sentiment of mingled gratification and pride in noting the prominent fact brought out by the diocesan paper, the *True Voice*. It says: "Some idea of the growth of Catholicity in the intervening forty-two years [in 1864, the Vicariate of Nebraska had only five priests] may be gained from the fact that the diocese of Omaha now has 145 priests and 175 churches while the diocese of Lincoln has sixty-five priests and 124 churches, all in Nebraska."



The Brig Content.

BY E. BECK.

WHOEVER would sail in the storm and gale
When the white foam hissing flies,
Or passage take when the blue seas make
Fair mirrors for cloudless skies,
Will ne'er repent that they journeying went
In a barque that's stout and strong,
Bearing the name, The Brig Content,
On a voyage short or long.

This gallant barque in the light or dark
Sails well o'er a sullen sea,
And when breakers roar on a rock-bound shore
She rides in security.
And happy are they who when shadows grey
Tell that the day is spent,
O'er the sea of Life, in calm or in strife,
Have sailed in the brig *Content*.

The Three Friends.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I.



OWHERE are the inequalities of fortune more strikingly displayed than in a Paris hotel or apartment house. The first floor, beautifully fitted up, may be occupied by a wealthy banker or government official of high rank, while in the second may be lodged a family of far less importance in the social scale. And so up to the top of the building,—the higher one ascends, the lower the rank in life of the occupants. In the attic are usually found art students, poor authors, shopwomen, and seamstresses.

It happened that in one of these large hotels there lived three old friends,—gentlemen who had been schoolmates

and comrades when boys, and who had preserved an uninterrupted friendship during all the increase of fortune which had come to some of them, and the vicissitudes that had befallen others. M. Beauvallon, the wealthiest member of the trio, lived on the lower floor of the hotel; on the second, M. de Bonneval had his apartments; while on the third, M. Bertrand lodged with his little daughter Zoe, and an old servant, Madeleine, who had taken care of the child since her infancy. He was a clerk in the civil service department.

M. Bonneval and M. Beauvallon were also widowers. The former lived just below M. Bertrand. He had an income of a thousand francs monthly, kept only one servant, but a more expensive one than old Madeleine. He had one child, Mirza. M. Beauvallon, the proprietor of the first floor, kept three servants, had a beautiful suite of apartments, and a large garden. He, too, had an only daughter, Eveline.

The three girls were about the same age, Zoe being the eldest. They were as unlike as they could possibly be, yet were firm and devoted friends. M. Beauvallon, having secured excellent teachers for his daughter would not be content until their services were shared by the two other children. They were all bright and studious.

The three families led an even and happy life. Zoe was a quiet, meek little creature, who moved noiselessly about, without attracting attention; but she was ever on the alert to help and do good to others. Mirza, the daughter of M. de Bonneval, was the most selfish of the three. Zoe and Eveline, naturally amiable, had grown accustomed to renouncing their own wishes in her favor; and were really not aware that

they were constantly sacrificing themselves because of the many brilliant and attractive qualities that drew them toward her. Eveline was exceedingly fond of dress, and her father predicted that she would one day become a devotee of society, and this seemed quite possible.

Time passed swiftly and pleasantly till the three girls were about fourteen. Then a rich aunt of M. de Bonneval invited Mirza to visit her. She lived at Lyons, where her husband was a prosperous manufacturer. Mirza was gone a year, during which time she corresponded with her two friends. Her letters were full of the beautiful things she saw and enjoyed; her life seemed to be one round of pleasure.

The aunt, who thought of adopting her, suddenly died, and Mirza was obliged to return to her father's house. She did so reluctantly, bringing with her an atmosphere of worldliness and discontent, which soon had its effect on the pliable mind of Eveline, who was as fond of enjoyment as her friend. But good, gentle little Zoe still pursued her quiet way undisturbed. Her excellent common-sense told her that the pleasures and vanities in which her friends took an interest were not for her, and she did not grumble that it was so. She knew how hard her father was obliged to work, how tenderly he loved her, and was content.

Gradually Zoe came to be left out of the conversations which so engrossed the other two, who now had but little time for study or aught else than romantic dreamings and fond anticipations of the world, of which Mirza had had enough experience to make her wish to see more of it.

One day Zoe was sitting in the garden, outside of a small arbor, when the two girls entered it by a door on the other side.

"Where is Zoe this morning?" asked Eveline. "I have not seen her to-day."

"She is probably reading or studying somewhere," said Mirza. "She is such a little mouse! *She* will never care for society."

"Society!" exclaimed Eveline. "Poor Zoe will never be able to do anything but give lessons—when she is old enough. Her father intends her to be a governess."

"She has no taste in dress either," continued Mirza. "She will be a real dowdy one of these days."

"I can't think that exactly," rejoined Eveline. "She has good taste in colors, and is always exquisitely neat. But she has no style."

"Style!" ejaculated Mirza, with a laugh. "She will never need it—unless, indeed, she should have to make her living in one of the large dressmaking establishments where the young ladies try on garments for customers."

"That Zoe would never do," replied Eveline. "Her father would not permit it."

"What is he but a clerk?"

"That is true, but he went to school and played with your papa and mine, just as we three do now."

"Yes," said Mirza, "but he is not a success. I heard papa say so."

"And my papa also," replied Eveline. "I heard that conversation."

But neither of the girls added what had also occurred: that the two friends of M. Bertrand had said it was because of having paid his father's debts, thus having deprived himself of his patrimony; and that they had also said he was too honest to succeed in life.

"Zoe is of the same disposition," said Mirza. "She is simply a nonentity and will always be."

"She is very sweet, though, Mirza," remarked Eveline, still loyal to her friend.

"I don't deny it," replied Mirza. "But *doesn't* she dress plainly? I am almost ashamed to go out with her."

Zoe could not endure any more. Putting her fingers in her ears, she did

not hear the rest of the conversation. She feared almost to move. But after a while she got up and stole silently away. Once in her own little room, she threw herself upon the bed and shed many silent tears; for Zoe was not one to make a display either of grief or joy. But, in spite of her quiet demeanor, she had a great deal of firmness. Seated by the window, she reviewed the happy years spent with her young companions, which she now felt were gone forever. She could not conceive of a friendship which could vanish as that of Mirza had done. Eveline had been less heartless; but Zoe felt that she, too, had changed toward her, and that the time had come to sever their relations.

She must, however, do this without exciting the suspicions of her father or his friends. There was no need to grieve his devoted heart. Still, Zoe was scarcely more than a child; she felt the need of a confidant in whose bosom she could pour her sorrow; and when Madeleine came to tell her that luncheon was waiting, and noticed her red eyes, Zoe had soon told her the whole pitiful story.

"It is not what I heard to-day that has decided me," concluded Zoe. "This has been going on ever since Mirza's return. I have felt that they were both changed; that I did not, and could not, share their plans and pleasures as I had always done before. And perhaps it is best, Madeleine, that it has happened; for you know very well that both will soon be young ladies, that they will move in a different sphere from mine, and that it would be impossible for me to attempt to join in their amusements. I will soon get over it, Madeleine; for now I must begin to work—or to prepare for work."

"What do you mean?" asked the indignant old servant. "You do not need to work. For what do your papa and I practise all our economies but that you may have something

when he is gone? For what do I hoard and treasure every cent that I can spare from my wages but for the same purpose—to add to the store he is laying aside for our darling Zoe? Ah, those mean, ungrateful creatures!" she wound up bitterly. "But for the fear that it would cause trouble among the gentlemen, I should denounce them before their deceitful faces."

"My good old Madeleine!" cried Zoe, throwing her arms around the old woman's neck. "How can I ever thank you! But you and papa shall practise your 'little economies,' as you call them, no longer. Do not say a word of all this to papa, I implore you. Only uphold me in all I shall ask of him, and confirm all the statements I shall make. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, I will do anything you ask," replied Madeleine. "I have never known you to say or do anything that was not right. I will say 'Yes' to everything you propose."

Zoe dried her tears, and went to luncheon. She did not go downstairs again during the day, and no one came to seek her. With a pang she reflected that until lately no day could have passed in which her friends would not have sought her, had she failed to make her appearance. But her mind was so busy with plans for the future that it took away much of the poignancy of her regret.

Toward evening, seated at her high window, she saw Mirza and Eveline, accompanied by one of the Beauvallon maids, pass along the sidewalk. This gave her a desired opportunity. She ran down to the pavilion in the garden where they had been accustomed to study, took her books from the corner of the bench where she always placed them, and hastened upstairs, her eyes overflowing with tears. Her childhood was over; her friends had grown indifferent; she had bidden adieu to the past. And then as she paused in front of a

picture of her parents, taken in the early days of their marriage, her affectionate heart went out to both,—the dear dead mother whom she had never known; the loving father whose whole life was spent in her service, with no thought but for her future.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIV.—A HAPPY DAY.

Dawn was breaking in the east when four weary and discouraged men entered Clearwater's garden, after a fruitless search, which they had kept up unceasingly all night. They did not know how to meet the sorrowing young mother. They had not obtained the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the child.

At the first sound of the clicking gate, Natalia put the coffee-pot on the stove and prepared to slice some bacon. The Señora, feeling quite refreshed after a few hours' sound sleep in the rocking-chair, had bathed her face, combed her hair, and stood waiting on the porch. As the men, however, remained beside the gate, talking in low tones, she could not restrain herself any longer, but hastened down to tell them the good news.

"Nothing, *madre mia*,—nothing!" said Alfredo, sadly, as she approached.

"How is Manuela?" asked Florian.

"Asleep," said the Señora.

"Ah, that is good! But what an awakening!"

"Joyful, I hope,—very joyful," replied the Señora, cheerfully.

"But, mother, you know we have not found him."

"He is here,—he has been here since midnight."

"Safe and well?" exclaimed Florian.

"Safe and well."

"But where did you find him?"

As they walked up to the house, the happy woman related the events of the previous night.

"It goes to prove what Joseph has told us," said Clearwater. "The Negro was angry with him, and wished to injure him. He thought that the best way,—hoping the child would be found near the camp and that the gypsies would be suspected."

"But why did he take *our* baby?" asked Louis.

"Why does a bad person do any wrong?" replied Ralph. "I have half a suspicion, though, that he cherishes some enmity against the family."

"He can have no reason," said Louis.

"Well, thank God," rejoined Florian, "we have our boy again! Shall I go to Manuela, Señora? Or had she better sleep?"

"Let her sleep. She will wake soon, with the noise of talking," answered the old lady.

"And you are sure Martino is all right?" persisted Florian.

"I am quite sure. He had been crying a good deal; but otherwise he is all right."

"Not hungry?"

"No: he wanted only to sleep. Come in now, all of you, and have something to eat."

But, with the demonstrativeness so peculiar to their race, unable any longer to control their emotion, Louis and Florian threw their arms around each other and began to weep. Discreetly turning their backs upon the brothers, the Señora, Alfredo and Clearwater entered the house.

"Where is Joseph?" asked Alfredo, missing the gypsy, who had not followed them. He was striding far down the walk.

"Come back, come back, Joseph!" shouted the young man, soon overtaking him. "You must have some coffee with us."

"Thank you, Señor!" answered the gypsy. "But I will get breakfast at the camp."

"No, no! You must eat and drink with us," called Clearwater from the doorway. "You must break bread in my house, Joseph, or I shall think you are not my friend."

Thus urged, the gypsy retraced his steps, and the three men sat down together to an appetizing meal of coffee, bacon, and hot biscuit.

And now joyful sounds began to issue from the sitting-room. Unable to wait longer, Florian and Louis had gone around to the other door, waking Manuela and the boy. Then Rose had rushed in from the little bedroom where she had passed the night. In a few moments they all appeared in the kitchen, Martino in his father's arms. They had been questioning him, but all the information they could obtain was: "Bad man pinched me." His arms were black and blue in several places. They concluded that the child had been seized in his sleep, and then, awaking, had cried out, which caused the abductor to pinch him in order to silence him.

"Was he like me?" asked Joseph.

"No: a black man, an ugly man, a velly black man," responded the child. "I's afraid of bad black man."

Conchita now made her appearance, saying that her daughter Dolores had been told by some gypsy women that the child was found, and also that the night before, about ten o'clock, she had gone to draw a bucket of water, and had caught a glimpse of a Negro going away from the well.

"Are you ready to run him down, Florian?" asked Clearwater. "We can easily do it."

"No," rejoined Florian. "Let him go. We can be sure now that he will not molest us again. We have the boy, and that is all I care for."

"I think you are wrong, Florian,"

said Louis. "That man has done too much mischief to be allowed to go free. He may not come here again, but he will probably injure other people."

"That is true, Louis," said Clearwater; "and I shall lose no time in giving information against him. After I have washed up, I shall go over to Tesora and lodge a complaint."

"Very well," said the peace-loving and easy-going Florian. "Do as you please about it. But I can not bear the idea myself."

Fearful of further depredations, the gentle Manuela readily agreed with her husband. But Louis announced his intention of accompanying Clearwater to Tesora.

Later in the day, when the Vladyches and the Bandinis were on their way home, they stopped at the gypsy camp to return the shawl, and thank the gypsy women for what they had done. They found them preparing to depart. Joseph was directing the packing up; two or three other men were taking down the tents; the wagons were already partially loaded.

They were at once surrounded by the women, who had lost all their stolidity and reserve in the one touch of nature which made gypsy and gentile kin. The boy was passed from hand to hand; fearless and bright, he made friends with them all.

Under a great oak, the solitary tree in the camp, sat a girl playing a guitar. Rose went over to her, and presently the two were singing together.

"She knows our Hungarian songs!" exclaimed Rose. "Come, Florian; come, Manuela, and listen!"

It was true. Song after song rolled from the lips of the two girls. Though the music was correct, the words of the gypsy strayed far from the original.

"Where did you learn those songs?" asked Florian of the girl.

"I always have known them," she replied. "My people all sing them."

"But where did *you* learn them, Señorita?" inquired Joseph.

"They are Hungarian, and we are also Hungarian," replied Florian.

"Ah, that explains! Our fathers came also from Hungary, they say. It is the country of the Zingari."

"It will be night before we are home," said the Señora. "Do you not think it is time to go? But I could stay all the evening listening to the singing."

"I shall not be as kind as you, Señor Vladych," said Joseph, in parting. "If ever I have the chance I shall tell about the Negro to the police. I mean if I should see him I would tell. He is a bad man; he was a murderer once, and would be again."

Joseph would not take any money from Florian, but the women were less proud. They gratefully received the silver pieces he offered. Poor creatures, no doubt they needed them.

The younger of the two who had found the child ran back into the tent, and soon reappeared, leading a very old woman.

"She was with the tribe when they rested near your ranch," said the gypsy to the Señora. "It was my father who lay, a little baby, in his mother's arms on the floor beside the fire."

"Yes, I was there," remarked the old woman.

"How old were you?" asked the Señora.

"Perhaps five."

"And how old are you now?"

"Maybe one hundred."

"It must be so, mother," said Alfredo. "And have you been with the gypsies ever since?" he inquired.

"Why not?" she answered. "I am a gypsy,—I am proud to be one."

"Yes, yes, that is well!" said the Señora. "One should always cling to one's own race."

"Once she could have married a gentile," whispered the younger woman, "but she would not leave her people.

He was rich, too; and they say Mariana loved him, for she has never married. She is 'grandmother' to all the children, though. She can see very well, and knits all day long."

"Where is the boy that was lost?" asked Mariana.

"Here he is," replied Florian. "He was hiding beneath an empty wagon."

"Let me see him," said Mariana. "Let me hold him."

Florian lifted Martino to her arms. She passed her withered hand over his head and face, and the boy patted her cheek. As he did so a smile irradiated her shrivelled features.

"He is handsome, he is kind, he is brave," she said. "Other than handsome he could not be, for his parents are beautiful above what is common. Brave he will be, because he does not now fear strangers; kind, for he does not shrink from the wrinkled cheek and sunken eyes. May the blessing of your God and my God descend upon the child, his parents, and the friends who have been good to the gypsies, forever and forever!"

Then, returning the child to the arms of his father, she slowly turned away.

A few moments later the Vladyches and Bandinis left the camp; the gypsies, in a group, calling after them, in their own tongue, something which they supposed were good wishes. And thus, after two very exciting days, they rode home in the twilight.

(To be continued.)

THE meekness of King Philip II., of Spain, was revealed on the very day of his coronation. On that occasion, a soldier, in trying to keep back the crowd, broke three crystal lamps that were over the throne. The oil fell on the rich robes of the King and Queen; but Philip's only comment was: "Well, this must be a sign that in my reign there will be the unction of peace and abundance."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Messrs. Constable & Co. have just issued a popular edition, with photogravure frontispiece, of "The Life of Pasteur," by René Vallery-Radot.

—No. 15 of the series of Educational Briefs issued by the superintendent of parish schools, Philadelphia, is "The Notion of Morality," a reprint, from the *New York Review*, of an illuminative paper by the Very Rev. Dr. Driscoll.

—"The Sins of Society" is the "fetching" title of a volume of sermons by Father Bernard Vaughan, to be published in the autumn. It is sure to be widely read, if one may judge by the interest roused in a recent discourse reported in the newspapers as "A Scorching of the Smart Set."

—The Rev. L. A. Reudter has translated from the German, and the Society of the Divine Word, Teeling, Illinois, has published in one volume "In Hard Days" and "Ardent Natures." While both stories labor under the disadvantage of a foreign atmosphere and a local color not too familiar to the average American, they will be found fully interesting enough to repay perusal.

—Victor Hugo's romantic five-act tragedy in verse, "Hernani," is published by the American Book Company. The introduction, notes, and vocabulary are the work of James D. Bruner, Ph. D., associate professor of the Romance Languages in the University of North Carolina. While Prof. Bruner's editing is painstaking and illuminative, those familiar with Hugo's tragedy will doubt whether its poetic excellence compensates for its improbability and distortion of historical truth.

—The *Century Magazine*, for August, contains an unsigned paper, "A Mass on the Matterhorn," which is rather peculiar in that the Catholic names of the sacred vessels, altar furnishings, and priest's vestments are employed with evident understanding of their significance. We have become so accustomed to finding in the secular magazines and the great dailies such ludicrous improprieties in the use of distinctively Catholic terms that their absence from the *Century* article has impressed us as a pleasing contrast.

—From the Christian Press Association Publishing Company (which, by the way, might congruously abridge its name) we have received "Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year," by the Rev. P. Baker. The present edition is an enlarged one, containing 375 pages, and has been edited by the Rev. William T. Conklin. For each Sunday there are given the Gospel of the day, the instruction proper, and a prayer

from a page to a page and a half in length. The editor dedicates the work "To Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, my consolation in affliction and my advocate always."

—"A Sheaf of Golden Years: 1856-1906" is the descriptive title of a souvenir volume by Mary Constance Smith, with a preface by the Rev. D. S. Phelan. The book has to do with the Sisters of Mercy, of St. Louis, Missouri, and contains, besides an interesting historical sketch of the establishment and development of that community, some sixty pages of verses, and an appendix of statistical information from year to year of St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, St. Louis. The "sheaf" is a goodly one, and this appropriate record of the golden years will not only be prized by all friends of the Sisters, but perused with genuine interest and edification by the general reader. Benziger Brothers.

—The name of Longmans, Green & Co. on the title page of a book is, to a multitude of readers, an assurance that the book is really worth while, has in its favor the presumption of genuine excellence. Such assurance will be found to be amply justified in the case of a "Divine Authority," by J. F. Scholfield, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Late Rector of St. Michael's, Edinburgh. With commendable clarity and exceptional argumentative force, the author treats his important subject under the headings: The Need of a Teacher, The Voice of God Incarnate, The Voice of God in the Church, The Delivery of the Message, Other Voices, and The Real Point at Issue. This is one of the books the reading of which will increase the Catholic's surprise that so many presumably conscientious, and undoubtedly scholarly, men can fail to see that only in communion with the See of Rome is to be found certainty in matters of religious belief.

—The excellent Westminster Lectures, edited by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D., "are intended to provide an antidote for the loose and inaccurate scepticism which has made itself so profoundly felt in all classes of society." We have frequently called the attention of our readers to these important books, and expressed the hope that their popularity in all English-speaking countries would be commensurate with their worth and timeliness. The series now numbers twelve volumes as follows: Freedom of Thought, by the Rev. J. Gerard, S. J.; The Immortality of the Soul, by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D.; The Freedom of the Will, by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A.; The Witness of the Gospels, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Barnes, M. A.; The Existence of God, by the Rt. Rev.

Monsignor Canon Moyes, D. D.; The Resurrection of Christ, by Gideon W. B. Marsh, B. A., F. R. Hist. Soc.; Science and Faith, by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D.; The Higher Criticism, by the Rev. William Barry, D. D.; The Divinity of Christ, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; The Secret of the Cell, by B. C. A. Windle, D. Sc., F. R. S.; The Nature and Meaning of Evil, by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A.; and Miracles, by G. W. B. Marsh, B. A., F. R. Hist. Soc. These books are published by Sands & Co., 23 Bedford St., Strand, London, whose American agent is Mr. B. Herder, Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. There are two styles of binding—cloth and paper covers.

—Teachers, students, and promoters of Plain Chant will be interested in two new publications of J. Fischer & Brother—a "Manual of Plain Chant," by the Rev. Sisbert Burkard, O. S. B., the excellent object of which is to provide those who have not had the advantage of a thorough musical training with a practical text-book; and "Organum Comitans ad Kyriale sive Ordinarium Missæ Juxta Editionem Vaticanam," transposuit et harmonice ornavit Pres. L. Manzetti. The preface to this work demands careful reading, the writer being an authority on Gregorian Chant. Both books are excellently produced. Decidedly it will not be the fault of the publishers if the Motu Proprio of Pius X. is not carried out wherever possible.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.

"A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

"The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.

"The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.

"Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1 37.

"Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.

"Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.

"The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.

"In the Brave Days of Old." Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.

"The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

"The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.

"Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,

"The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.

"The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.

"Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.

"The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.

"The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

"A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.

"Pilgrim Walks in Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.

"Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.

"The Life and Writings of St. Patrick." Most Rev. Dr. Healy. \$4.50, net.

"The Menace of Privilege." Henry George, Jr. \$1.50, net.

"The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays in Comparative Literature." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. J. Rudolf, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Francis Wunsch, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Joseph Gillick, S. J.

Sister Mary Teresa, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; and Mother Madeleine, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. J. H. Erskine, of Batesville, Texas; Mrs. Mary White, New York; Mrs. Anna Cleary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Robert Gulden, Dallas, Texas; Miss Josephine Haughey, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Joseph Snyder and Mr. Francis Meyer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Buckley, Batavia, N. Y.; Julia O'Brien, Chester, Pa.; Mr. M. B. Lattner, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Aul, Shady-side, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Franklin and Mr. Edward Leyden, Buffalo, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 6.

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Hominis Superne Conditor.

TRANSLATED BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

MAKER of man, supernal Lord,
Who, ordering all things by Thy word,
Didst bid the teeming earth to-day
Bear creeping things and beasts of prey,
And with gigantic shapes be rife,
Each at Thy call informed with life,
Through the allotted time decreed
To serve Thy servants' use and need,—
Drive from us passion's fatal fire,
And all the phantoms of desire;
Let not our thoughts be stained within,
Nor our frail frames consent to sin.
Give us Thy promised joys above,
Give us below Thy grace and love;
Bid our unequal struggle cease,
And bind us with the bonds of peace.
This grant, O Father, only One;
And Thou, His sole-begotten Son;
In union with the Spirit, He
Who reigns with both eternally!

St. Luke and the Holy House.

BY THE REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

ST. LUKE was a companion and disciple of St. Paul. When he wrote the third Gospel, the main facts of Our Lord's life and teaching had already been taught to the world. The first words of his Gospel show that it was his desire to repeat what had been told, setting things in more perfect order and with greater detail.

He was not, like St. Matthew and

St. John, an eye-witness of the events he describes. He says he drew his information from those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." They were living when he wrote. They must have sanctioned his Gospel, for he refers to them as authority. Besides, it is of faith that all parts of Holy Scripture are of equal authority.

What is the extent of our debt to St. Luke? It would be impossible to acknowledge it fully in brief space. First in order of narration are the opening chapters devoted to St. John Baptist, the prophecies and miracles attending his birth. Here we gain a new vision of his greatness. St. John is exalted; and through St. John, who attained the highest degree of human holiness, our conceptions of the infinite holiness of Christ are exalted, by contrast. To St. Luke is due the honor paid to the Nativity of St. John by the Church from the earliest period of her history. The miraculous recognition of the Saviour by the infant Precursor while yet in his mother's womb is for us a measure of the wonderful grace bestowed on him,—grace active before birth.

Again, it is around St. John Baptist that St. Luke groups the three supreme canticles of Christian devotion. The words of St. Elizabeth when, filled with the Holy Ghost, she greeted the Immaculate Mother, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," have been daily, hourly

repeated ever since in the most familiar prayer of the Immaculate Mother's devoted children. From Mary's own lips came the reply, the *Magnificat*, our sweetest Vesper song. No doubt the angels chant it in heaven in unison with the Church on earth; and it will never cease to rise throughout eternity, the perfect praise of God Most High. Finally, the birth of St. John and the writing of his name loosed the tongue of St. Zachary to utter the *Benedictus*, our inspiring morning hymn.

The all-important, the most fascinating question concerning the Gospel of St. Luke is the contribution made to it by the Blessed Virgin. Was not she, for him, the chief of those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word"? Compared with other Evangelists, St. Luke leads as founder among Catholics of the lore and love of Mary. It is a reasonable and beautiful supposition that he learned the hidden secrets of her graces from Mary's own lips. Of a certainty, she was the ultimate source of the most precious details added by St. Luke to the Gospel of the Lord. For example, Mary was the only human witness of the Archangel's annunciation. Even St. Joseph was not worthy to be present. "And Mary kept all these things in her heart." But, after Our Lord's ascension, after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the waiting Apostles and disciples, and the great work of the Church had begun, it is likely that the Blessed Mother chose to open her heart to the Evangelist God had inspired to write the history of what the Holy Ghost had wrought in her.

Naturally the early childhood of the Divine Saviour was dearest in the memory of Mary. It is so with all mothers. It follows that Nazareth, with the Holy House beneath the hill, was the scene of her fondest recollections. Under her influence we can well imagine the Apostles gathering there,

more than once, in the first years of their labors, to renew a fervent realization of the great truth with which they had been entrusted,—“And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us.” The impulse of devotion to visit consecrated places has been universal with mankind. It is hard to believe that the Apostles did not share in it.

Believing as they did in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, relying on Holy Communion daily as the Bread of Life, it is inevitable that the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice was promptly instituted by them under the roof which had sheltered the Annunciation. If it be possible that such use for the Holy House did not occur to the Apostles, we can not imagine that the Blessed Virgin allowed the opportunity to pass. The Holy Sacrifice was for her the repetition of the most sacred experiences of her life. To no other sorrowing, bereaved mother has such a privilege been possible.

These suppositions are abundantly corroborated by subsequent traditions of the Holy Land. Thus we find St. Luke introducing us to the wonderful story of the Holy House. It is a continuation of the spirit of his Gospel to follow this story through the centuries. For the facts concerning the Holy House present to us a most powerful means of studying the faithful, loving attitude of the Blessed Virgin toward all things connected with the personality of her Son, and especially toward His hidden life during the early years.

St. Joseph provided the Infant Saviour with the shelter of the cave at Bethlehem. Later, in the spirit of desecration, the pagans planted a grove to Adonis there. Joseph of Arimathea gave Christ his sepulchre. A temple to Venus was afterward built above it. The home at Nazareth was, above all others, the Blessed Virgin's offering to her Son. And after the lapse of ages, when St. Helena entered Palestine

to restore the holy places, she found this home undefiled. Already famous as a shrine, under the bounty of the Empress' devotion, it became the most beautiful Christian temple of the East, and drew its pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world.

So long as Christians ruled Palestine, the throng of pilgrims grew. This was a long time. It continued until the rise of the Mahometans to power. After all the other holy places had fallen beneath their fanatical rage, the church at Nazareth remained untouched. At last they violated it, but still with a difference: they did not make of it a mosque. It seems to have appealed to them only as a source of loot. Their greed destroyed its riches and beauty, leaving it bare and dismembered. Their impiety was allowed to go no further. It is morally certain that its chief treasure, the Holy House, hidden in a crypt, was not even entered by them.

Many influences contributed to this remarkable immunity. The Knights of St. Catherine, followed by the Knights of the Temple, fought again and again illustrious battles in defence of this humble shrine. St. Louis of France, who decorated the walls of the house with a fresco of thanksgiving in memory of a former visit, organized his second Crusade under the impulse of news that the house was in danger. Gold, too, was lavishly expended to purchase from the Mahometans security for the home of the Virgin Mother.

But Mary herself was always its most watchful and most powerful defender. She appeared to the Crusaders, doubling their strength with promises of victory,—promises that were always punctually fulfilled. And, finally, when the abomination of desolation had settled down on the entire Holy Land, she removed the house to safety in the midst of her devoted children.

It came first to the hill of Tersatto, in Illyria, in the month of May, 1291.

Some three years later it was removed to the forest of Lauretta, on the coast of Ancona, in Italy. After eight months it passed inland, the distance of a mile, to a hill near the village of Recanati. Again, within five months, its location was changed by a distance of a hundred yards, to the middle of a public road. Three, at least, of these four changes were due to violence offered to the house or to its pilgrims.

For six hundred years the miraculous intervention of the Mother of Christ in behalf of His childhood's home has strengthened the pious belief of millions. Hosts of witnesses have reported the fact with incontrovertible evidence. Repeatedly, commissions with full authority and under solemn oath have compared the dimensions, material and aspect of the translated house with its former location in Nazareth.

The first of these went from Tersatto in the year of its original appearance in the West. Not only did they establish perfect agreement between the mute witnesses of the sacred home's identity, but also gathered from inhabitants of Nazareth accounts of its sudden and mysterious disappearance. What this commission established, all others following it found and testified. As the ages passed, and the development of science provided more accurate chemical and geological tests, the truth was only more firmly proved.

Here again human efforts were powerfully supported by the Blessed Virgin. Miracles of healing, of release from demons, of answers to prayers offered by those in distress, coupled with vows of honor to the shrine, marked it as the same sanctuary of her mercy that it had been during the centuries of its stay in Nazareth. By miracles, too, scoffers were converted, marauders expelled, plunderers changed to suppliants bringing gifts. Even the Turks were compelled to proclaim its holiness. The Mother who

for so many years performed within its walls the lowly duties of housewife, defied the laws of nature in her jealous zeal for its integrity. Impious attempts at changing its form were repulsed. Worshipers who sought to remove its smallest parts as relics were punished and thwarted. Walls erected to support it were forcibly and miraculously removed.

The Blessed Virgin appeared in many visions to chosen souls of all classes, and made personal declaration of her love for this her earthly home. Incidentally, she made known that the house was her birthplace, the property of her parents, Joachim and Anna, and her inheritance. These visions were likewise accompanied with miraculous proofs of their authenticity.

Enriched by wondrous art—art of the temple-builder, art of the painter and sculptor, art of goldsmith and lapidary,—tapestried with the many changing folds of twenty centuries of history, watered with the blood of heroes; hallowed with the thanksgiving, the adoration, the prayer, of all the generations of the faithful; sanctioned by the continuous acclamation of councils, saints and popes, the immemorial shelter of the never-ending Sacrifice of the Mass,—this frail, immortal structure, home of the Immaculate Conception, of the Annunciation, and of the Word made Flesh, to-day invites the pilgrimage of reverent followers of the Gospel. For it is the scene itself of the precious, personal details which St. Luke added to the story of the Incarnation.

According to the vision of the priest of Tersatto, yet another bond exists between St. Luke and the Holy House of Loreto. When it appeared in the West it contained a picture of Jesus crucified, and a wooden statue, in the ancient Jewish-Egyptian style, of the Blessed Mother and her Son. In De Giorgio's vision, the Virgin ascribed these works of art to St. Luke.

Arturo de Mortara's Wife.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

VI.—REUNION.

ARTURO MORTARA and his friend, Juan Berrera the drover, were having a friendly dispute over a bill of sale,—a transaction which had taken place several years before. It concerned the market price of cattle at that time as compared with the present, and each was confident of his position.

"Come into the house, Berrera, and I will look through my papers," said Arturo. So they went in together.

Opening his desk, Arturo produced a box containing deeds and receipts; and as he did so a photograph fluttered to the floor. The drover picked it up.

"Why," he exclaimed impulsively, without waiting to consider that he was not called upon to say anything, "I know that woman!"

"You are mistaken, Berrera," said Arturo.

"But I am *not* mistaken."

"That is a picture of my first wife."

Berrera looked intently at the photograph, still holding it in his hand.

"Now I see through it, then," he rejoined. "She had a twin sister."

"She had no sister."

"A cousin, then, who resembled her as much as one woman can resemble another."

"No," said Arturo, "she had not."

"But it is the same,—the very same! No two could have that peculiar, bewitching smile."

"Her smile was her own, Berrera," observed Arturo. "Once I thought there had never been such another."

"But, Mortara, it is wonderful. You should see for yourself."

"Where—how?"

"At the restaurant where you took me when we went to the city."

"There was no such woman there."

"Not then, but since. I have seen her, I have talked with her. She is there now. And, Arturo, she knew this place: she had lived at Vallicita."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so. We even had a discussion."

"About Vallicita?"

"No: as to stepmothers. She said no woman could love children as their own mother loved them."

"That is natural."

"But she grew quite cross about it."

"That, too, is natural. Women are always like that. Ah, here is that paper! Now we shall see."

He replaced the photograph in the box, and they went on with their business. When they had finished Berrera said:

"To return to the subject of the picture. Mortara, if you should soon be in San Francisco, go to the café, and see the double of that photograph."

Arturo smiled.

"Perhaps I may be there in a month from now," he answered. "But I do not believe I am anxious to see the woman. To me, she would probably not resemble my wife in the least; and if she did, it would only awaken feelings which I would rather not revive."

Berrera said no more, and the subject was not resumed. But when, a short time after, Arturo visited the city, a certain curiosity which he could not repress, when he found himself within reach of the person whose appearance had made such an impression on Juan, prompted him to take a meal at the restaurant he had formerly visited in company with the drover.

It was dusk when he opened the door of the café. The place was empty; there were no tables standing about. A woman had been sweeping the floor, and laid down her broom to inquire his business. Then he realized that meals

were no longer served there; that the place was probably for rent.

As they approached each other, something very familiar in her movements caused him to think that Berrera had been right. This was the woman, and she was very like Erolinda. They met under the flicker of the chandelier, turned low in the long, dark, desolate-looking room.

"Arturo!"

He stood still, unable to move. His limbs grew cold. He could not speak.

"Arturo!"

And now her hands were clasped tightly together; she was gazing up into his face, her own white as death.

"God be merciful!" he gasped, as he realized beyond question that he was looking at his wife, older, more careworn, but still beautiful, still very much the same in outward appearance. And, after the first dreadful shock of surprise, horror and indignation sprang uppermost in his soul and burst from his lips.

"You,—you!" he cried. "Woman, what have you done?"

She burst into bitter weeping, throwing herself on the floor at his feet.

"I have sinned,—I have sinned! I am ready to die!" she cried. "Kill me, Arturo, but let me look into the faces of my children once again before I go!"

"You deserted us,—you left us to believe you dead. For six years you have uttered no word, and now you dare ask to see your little children! Do you know that another woman—a better woman, an angel,—has cared for them and loved them? Such a woman God does not often put into this world. But now she has left them; He has taken her away from them, and from me, who shall mourn her while I live."

"Listen to me, Arturo. I ask for nothing but to see my children; then kill me if you wish. I was tired of poverty and that lonely life we led at Vallicita. I will conceal nothing.

When I came here, the people with whom I was to live had gone back to England. I sent you the first money. I got work in the hotel. I began to go to balls and dances; I spent my money so. I had none to send you when the time came. A man—a cook in the hotel—was very kind to me. I went with him everywhere. The night the hotel burned we were at a ball. My name was printed as among the dead. I thought you would hear it. I did not care to go back to Vallicita again. I wanted to enjoy myself; I was young. Then—I went with Louis, and we opened this place. He was not good to me for long, Arturo. Many and many a time my limbs have been black and blue from the beatings he gave me when he was drunk. And to no balls or dances did I go any more. My place was here, working hard from early morning till far into the night. For me life was over. And it was right—I knew it was right—that I should suffer for my great sins. Then came Juan Berrera, and I heard of you,—that you were prosperous and happy, and married to Teresita, who always loved you, whom you had always loved—”

“Yes,” interrupted Mortara, “I believe I did. But I loved you dearly, Erolinda. I have nothing to accuse myself of on that point.”

“But she was the best suited to you, Arturo; and I do not grudge you the happiness you have had with her. You deserved it. But when I think of my children, a great longing comes to my soul. I do not know now how I could have left them. I do not know what evil spirit possessed me not to go back while I could. Arturo, that man is dead, and I have been paying his debts. Now I am ready to die, but first let me see my children.”

He lifted her to her feet.

“Sit here,” he said, drawing her to a bench near the wall.

She seized his hands, kissing them passionately, and sobbing as though her life would leave her. And as he sat there looking down upon her loneliness, her helplessness, her self-abasement, the spell she had always exercised over him began to reassert itself. Pity was taking the place of indignation in his soul.

“Teresita is dead,” he said at length, after a long silence. “Come back to Vallicita, to your children. They need you. I do not believe, Erolinda, you will find it in your heart to leave them again.”

“You will let me go back, Arturo? You will let me see them again? Oh, I could serve you on my knees, I could be your slave,—I *will* be your slave if you will take me back to my children.”

“Neither as servant nor as slave, Erolinda,” said Arturo, “do you come to Vallicita. Only as my wife do I ask you to return there. For years your name has been but a horrid memory to me. Teresita has filled my heart till this day, till this hour. But God knows that I can not help it if, since I have seen you again, guilty as you may have been, cruel, heartless as you were, I feel that I am still your husband, that I still love you, pardoning all things, forgetting all that has past. Come, Erolinda, let us go home together.”

A few days later, in the evening of a soft October day, Arturo Mortara and his wife came in sight of the home which henceforward they were to share together once more. Nothing could have been more humble, more sweet and self-deprecating than the attitude of Erolinda toward the husband who had forgiven her so much. There were those among his friends who, when they came to know of it, thought him a very poor-spirited fellow indeed; and so, according to the code of the world, he would have been judged. But he cared nothing for that code; he was

a man who had endeavored all his life to follow the Master, who had not denied the repentant Magdalen when she washed His tired feet and dried them with her beautiful hair.

During the days they had been together, his old love for his wife had been growing anew. He found her greatly improved,—more refined, more gentle, more familiar with ways and customs that had been second nature to the dead Teresita.

They had travelled from the railroad station in a new conveyance, purchased in the city, where he had also bought a pair of fine horses. As the sound of wheels fell upon the ears of the children, they ran to the door,—Juanita, a tall girl of eleven; Diego, nearly as tall; and Luciano, a beautiful child of six.

"Papa! papa!" they shouted, coming to meet him.

"And I have brought mamma too," he said, assisting Erolinda to alight.

The younger children were silent, not knowing what to think; but Juanita sprang forward,—she had recognized her mother.

"Mamma! mamma!" she exclaimed, "I have never forgotten you!" as she found herself clasped closely in Erolinda's arms.

They entered the house. Comfort, even luxury, was everywhere,—a brightly cushioned lounge, rocking-chairs, a large centre table in the middle of the floor, white curtains looped back from the windows. Everything bore the stamp of Teresita's taste and care. And as Arturo looked around, a pang of regret for the dead woman, and disloyalty to her who stood timidly beside him, for a moment seemed to possess his soul. But he shook it off resolutely; and, calling the little ones to their mother, he began to explain that she had been lost, but he had found her, and now she would stay with them always. Juanita never left her side; Luciano and Diego were

beginning to understand, and came closer and closer.

Hot tears began to fall freely from Erolinda's eyes; she could not utter a word. She dashed them away with her hands, till little Luciano, taking his own handkerchief, wiped her cheeks, saying:

"Do not cry, mamma,—do not cry!"

"But where is the baby? She has not seen the baby," whispered Diego at last.

Arturo looked at his wife. He had not had the courage, poor man, to tell her about the baby; and the spell of Teresita was still upon him in this home which she had made. At that moment he felt that all their future must now depend upon the manner in which Erolinda would regard Teresita's child.

She met his eyes, and looked about her, still wiping the tears from her face, as an Indian girl entered from an adjoining room with a beautiful babe in her arms. It was about a year old, fair, rosy, and dimpled, reaching its outstretched hands to its father.

"It is a little girl—Teresita," he whispered hoarsely, taking the child from the servant, his eyes still fixed upon the face of his wife.

But Erolinda, opening her arms, gently detached the small, clinging hands from Arturo's neck, and, folding it close to her own loudly throbbing heart, she cried:

"May the God whom but yesterday I received on my lips and in my bosom forsake me and condemn me if thou dost ever miss thy dead mother, little one, while this heart can cherish thee and these hands serve thee!"

It was thus that Erolinda Mortara came to her own again.

(The End.)

GOD will welcome us in heaven as we have welcomed His holy will on earth.—*Anon.*

In Thee My Hope.

(Rondeau.)

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

IN thee my hope was anchored fast,
Sweet Mother, in that distant past
When youthful fervor grew apace,
And love o'erleapt the bounds of space
My heart upon thine own to cast.

Since then full oft I've stood aghast
At ruin wrought by sin's hot blast,
Yet in extremes ne'er failed to place
In thee my hope.

Oh! grant, dear Mother, when at last
Approaching Death opes dangers vast,
When run for aye is my brief race,
Confidingly I may embrace—
With courage all through life amassed—
In thee my hope!

The Apostle of the Working Classes.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Dominican, Father Manuel, who died holily in 1892, describes the co-operatrix of Father Pernet as possessed of a heart of admirable tenderness and charity, great zeal for the salvation of souls, a mind firm and lofty to conceive, and rare strength of will and decision to execute; a privileged soul, greatly beloved of God and greatly loving Him in sacrifice and immolation; calm, tender, and strong for others, and as regarded herself always humble, betraying no consciousness of self or of the rare gifts she had received from God. "In Father Pernet's work," he says, "she had at last found employment for those faculties which Our Lord gives in combination so rarely, and which are united in those only to whom He confides the work of founding or developing: piety, a sympathetic heart, zeal for souls, intelligence and will power. She had all these in large measure."

Shortly after the installation in the

Rue St. Dominique, Mlle. Fage, to whom the founder gave the name of Mary of Jesus, found herself at the head of a community of eight. Without resources, without support, without credit, the work had to struggle against indifference and contradictions. Most of those to whom they addressed themselves refused to believe in the future of a work which worldly wisdom condemned beforehand, and they did not hesitate to call it folly. But deceptions, jeerings, contempt, calumnies, and the bitterest opposition could not damp the courage of the founders. "If the good God gives life to this little work," said the foundress, "and if He deigns to preserve me as its mother, I shall not have given birth to it painlessly."

"One can do nothing for God's glory without suffering," wrote Father Pernet to her. Though his confidence was not shaken, and he felt sure of what God demanded of him, there was an anxious moment when, in view of their extreme poverty, he asked himself if he was right, as a religious, in making himself responsible for a community of women living solely on alms. The assurance of his superiors that he was within his rights, and their full approval of the Sisters' resolution to devote themselves solely and gratuitously to the service of the poor, settled finally the question, which henceforth did not give rise to any doubt or inquietude.

As to their food, the Sisters literally took no thought of the morrow: confiding in the Master's promise, they patiently waited until Heaven should send them their daily bread. More than once God tried their faith by seeming to be deaf to their prayers; and Mother Mary of Jesus had to make provision for her community with ten, twelve or fifteen sous, the only reserve fund in the depleted exchequer of the house. Although often reduced to

beggary, having to go questing to the *fourneaux économiques*, so that they might not die of hunger, they held it as a point of honor regularly to feed one poor family; and, however acute their own distress, they never failed to fulfil this self-imposed obligation, which they regarded almost as a duty.

One day the Rev. Mother, who always made the first visit, found a young woman and a sickly six-year-old child, famine-stricken from want, in a miserable den. At the sight of the Sister, the woman, with an effort, raised herself on her pallet, and in a voice expressive of contempt and anger, said: "Madame, who could have given you our address? We don't want you." Mother Mary of Jesus, who could see that the woman had fallen from a good position into frightful misery, was not repulsed by this cold reception. She had only five sous,—all the fortune the community then possessed,—and, dreading to deprive her daughters, she remained pensive for a moment. Taking out the five sous, and raising her eyes to heaven, she said in her simple faith: "Lord, since I can not give Thee this money, I lend it to Thee." And, going out, she bought some bread, which mother and child devoured hungrily. Before she could rejoin her community, a person stopped her in the street and put a five-franc piece into her hand.

Poor themselves, the Sisters had nothing to give the poor, over and above their personal service; but their lives were given generously, with the most complete and absolute self-surrender. On August 22, 1866, the Octave of the Assumption, one of the first members of the community, Sister Marie Denise, succumbed in three days, at the age of twenty-five, to cholera, contracted at the bedside of a patient stricken with that terrible epidemic. Mother Mary of Jesus, though struck down herself at the same time, had

herself carried to the dying Sister, to whom she spoke in terms of the warmest affection, and with her feeble hand gave her a last blessing. Sister Denise in less than two years had well earned heaven by her heroic charity. For several months she had daily cleaned and dressed a disgusting ulcer of noxious odor, overcoming a repugnance which at first seemed invincible.

Vocations began to multiply. The "Pernettes," as they were called despite the protestations of their founder, began to exercise that force of attraction possessed by those who are thoroughly in earnest. Thoroughness is a note of the French character; severely and uncompromisingly logical, it is thorough in good or evil. Souls who felt drawn to the religious life, properly so called—the life of sacrifice, abnegation and immolation,—recognized in the new sisterhood a work that satisfied all their desires and realized all their aspirations. Their rôle in the Church became more objectively as well as subjectively manifest when they definitely assumed the suggestive title of Little Sisters of the Assumption. Much was conveyed in that small adjective "Little." The founder never wearied of impressing on them that, the last in the Church, the least in the family of the Assumption, they should be little with the lowly; humble with the humble, the weak, the unknown, the forgotten,—those whom the world despises and abandons. "Children of the Blessed Virgin," says Père Pernet's biographer, "what mystery could be more suitable to them than that of her Assumption, called as they were to open heaven to so many souls?"

According as the community grew larger, they had to make successive migrations,—from the Rue St. Dominique to the Passage Gaillard; and thence, in 1868, to Rue Monceau, in the parish of St. Philippe du Roule. Here the curé, the Abbé de Borie, brought them into

relations with the Sisters of Charity, whose superioress, Mother Bigourdan, with a clear-sightedness which showed breadth of mind and liberty of spirit, recognized in them valuable auxiliaries, filling a place which her own Sisters could not supply. "We," said this true daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, "care for the sick in hospitals, we visit and succor them, but we can not install ourselves at their bedside all the time of their illness. We must leave them, and that has always been a source of pain to us. St. Vincent ought to be happy up in heaven in seeing you going to fill this gap."

She accordingly encouraged and did all in her power to help the new Congregation, which, still increasing, had finally to move into a disused Turkish college in Grenelle, which became in March, 1870, the mother-house of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. In the same year—that of the Vatican Council—Father Pernet went to Rome, had an audience of Pius IX. on June 25, and returned, bearing with him the Pontiff's blessing on the work. During the Franco-German war, he served as military chaplain, was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, when a hooting crowd clamored to have him cut to pieces, was blockaded in Metz all through the siege, and, after the capitulation of Sedan, followed the French prisoners of war to Mayence. Meanwhile the Little Sisters organized an ambulance at Grenelle, placed their beds and their whole house at the service of the wounded, retiring themselves to the cellar or basement; and they took charge of four other ambulances in Paris.

Before the war the community numbered twenty-four; but when Paris was threatened with a siege and there was yet time to leave without difficulty, Mother Mary of Jesus assembled her daughters, told them of her apprehensions for the future, and left them free

to leave if they felt they had not the courage to endure everything to the last. One Sister and four postulants left; the rest remained.

The work of nursing the wounded was hard and trying; the house was full of soldiers; but the charitable and tender-hearted Mother managed to give refuge to about twenty persons, who, dying of hunger and chilled with cold, were flying from the enemy's shells. The Sisters shared their last morsel of bread with those who came to seek relief. Their spirit of immolation was not even yet satisfied. Sister Mary Angela (Eliza Fischel, a German) heroically offered her life as an expiatory sacrifice at the beginning of the war; and, though no previous symptom indicated her approaching end, she died piously on December 20, 1870, after making the perpetual vows.

For more than six months the founder was separated from his religious family. After he was besieged in Metz, they too were besieged in Paris, and in one of the quarters most exposed to the fire of the enemy. To the horrors of the war succeeded those of the Commune, bringing in their train religious persecution. When Father Pernet returned to Paris in March, 1871, he had to dress like a layman; for priests were being hunted down by the Reds. One day, while crossing the Champ de Mars on his way to Grenelle, he was arrested by the insurgents outside the Ecole Militaire, having been "spotted" by a lad of seventeen, who boasted of Father Pernet's being the sixth priest he had given into custody that day. The Father frankly admitted that he was not only a priest but a religious, and ever after regretted that on this occasion he had not the happiness of shedding his blood as such. Released through the intervention of an officer of the National Guard to whom he had rendered some service, he did not until nightfall reach the com-

munity in the Rue Violet. His superior safeguarded him from further trouble at the hands of the Communists by sending him to Arras, to help Father Halluin in looking after abandoned children. After the massacre of the hostages and the expulsion of the Communists, peace was restored, and the Little Sisters were able to resume their normal life.

New developments and new accessions marked the progress of the work after the war and the Commune; while the smallpox epidemic which prevailed afforded abundant opportunities for the exercise of charity. In response to the solicitations of zealous priests, new houses were established in the more populous working-class quarters of Paris and its outskirts. The Little Sister, in her semi-secular, semi-religious habit—black tulle bonnet, tippet and dress of same color, her rosary pendant at the side, and her crucifix in the cincture,—was now a frequent and familiar presence in the streets and in the garrets of the poor. The annual reports of the community, whose daily history was a continuous miracle of Divine Providence, are full of the most touching details.

On July 2, 1875, feast of the Visitation, the Congregation was canonically instituted by the Abbé Caron, Vicar-General, delegated by Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris. This prelate had previously declared to Mother Mary of Jesus that it was a sign that a work came from God when it remained hidden like hers, that the Holy Spirit animated those who were at its head, and that the Lord would certainly bless it. A great servant of God, the Curé of Ars, had impliedly blessed it in predicting it to Mlle. Clotilde Molozöë (afterward a Little Sister under the name of Sister Mary Philomena), long retained in the world by family ties. She one day went to Ars to beg the saintly Curé to intercede for the cure

of her invalid mother, and to tell him her troubles, when the Abbé Vianney replied: "Console yourself, my child. You will be a religious, but in a Congregation which does not yet exist."

Foundations at Belleville, Puteaux, Choisy-le-Roi, and Creil followed. The novitiate, owing to the increasing number of novices, was transferred to Sèvres; the mother-house was enlarged; and the Congregation, which had been started in an almost roofless dwelling, was, in many circumstances and in various ways, made conscious of the visible protection of Heaven. On one occasion an anonymous benefactor sent them five thousand francs, through the well-known Dominican, Père Chocarne, the biographer of Lacordaire.

"Deeming yourselves little and little in the eyes of the world," said Father Pernet on October 15, 1878, when receiving the perpetual vows of Sisters Mary of the Cross and Mary Joseph, after the first fourteen years of arduous labor had elapsed, "you have placed your sole reliance upon God; and He who loves what is little and humble has blessed your labor and made your undertaking bear fruit." Subsequently addressing the foundress he said: "Let us remember that it is neither great genuises nor herculean efforts which do the work of God, but the saints. In choosing us, you and me, Our Lord has acted entirely in His ordinary way: He has chosen the weakest instruments for the greatest things, in order that all the glory may redound to Him."

In 1867, on returning to the College at Nîmes, after visiting the Paris Exhibition, Father d'Alzon, speaking of the venerated Mother Mary of Jesus, said to the students: "I have seen very beautiful things, but among them all is one which surpasses the splendor of the palaces of sovereigns: I have seen a little woman who is beginning a great work, and this little woman herself is very great." On December 25, 1877, he

wrote to Father Pernct: "When I shall have to pass into eternity, if I am for any time ill, I shall hide myself in a garret to be tended by a Little Sister." Three years afterward, on the feast of the Presentation, November 21, 1880, the Patriarch of the Assumptionist family was called to receive the reward of his eminent virtues and of great works undertaken for the glory of God and the Church.

(Conclusion next week.)

From the Heart of Summer.

BY JANET GRANT.

"**H**AVE you heard the news, Toni?" asked Filippo of a fellow-urchin from sunny Piedmont, as they met in the narrow, cañon-like street of the crowded Italian colony.

"What news?" said Toni, showing all his white teeth in an expansive smile.

"A Signora Americana, who is so rich that she has brought a palace from Italy, is going to give a prize of twenty-five dollars for the most beautiful plants and window decoration to be found in the quarter. She has sent the seeds and slips to the teachers at the school for us. Two months from now she will drive through this part of the town in her carriage, see the flowers, and give the prize herself."

"No house could be moved by human means across the seas!" cried Toni, with decision. "But twenty-five dollars, just to watch a few bits of green grow in God's own sunshine and give them a drink of water every day! Surely there is no easier way of earning money."

"To the rich many things are possible," Filippo sturdily maintained. "The Signora had the stones of the old palace brought from Venice in a ship and built up again over here. But about the prize—we may get our

plants wherever we wish. My father works in the city parks. When the geraniums are pruned many cuttings are thrown away, and he will bring me some."

"I will choose mine from those the Signora has sent."

Toni had a chivalrous spirit. He could not have put his thought into words, but to take what the lady offered seemed like a point of honor. Was it not fairer to trust her, when she was so generous as to remember the exiles from "the land of the citron and the vine," who during the long and sweltering summer might grow faint-hearted and ill in the narrow, populous streets of this the oldest and poorest quarter of the great city?

The unique window-garden competition was not to be restricted to the children of the neighborhood. The bright kerchiefed contadine, dark-browed, Juno-like, with babies enthroned in their arms or clinging to their skirts; aged crones, fathers of families, solitaires, tradesmen, the old and the young,—all might enter the contest. The plan was to be put into operation through the school, and there, said the teachers, details might also be obtained.

"Were these details fruit or nuts or some kind of American vegetable?" Toni wondered. Whatever they might be, he hoped by alertness to secure some. Was he not accustomed to help Giovanni with his push-cart trade? Did he not know how to make change in the puzzling American money, to refuse plugged dimes and quarters, and foreign small coin that one could not rightfully "pass"? And had he not learned that it is not only honest but the best policy to give good measure?

Toni's mother had died during the ocean voyage. A year afterward his father succumbed to a fever contracted while digging in the city's trenches. Toni would have been a vagrant but for Giovanni the fruit vender. Giovanni

had little to share, but he took the orphan to live with him in his attic under the eaves of an old house, in whose more spacious lower rooms a band of American patriots had been wont to assemble during revolutionary days. The larger part of the space for which he paid rent was given over to the suspended bunches of ripening bananas and the oranges turning from green to gold, that formed his stock in trade. Nevertheless, the boy had a corner and was more than satisfied.

Toni sold newspapers. Every morning before school, also, he pushed the fruit cart for two miles and more, trudging beside his foster-father until they reached the locality where the best market was to be found. Besides the oranges and bananas, Giovanni peddled, during the season, ruby-red cherries, luscious purple plums, apricots almost as fine as those that grow in the Italian valleys, as well as peaches and berries.

Once he would have laughed at the help of a twelve-year-old boy—Giovanni the vinedresser and olive-grower, whose muscles had been like iron. But of late his strength had deserted him, and often he was very tired,—he who, a few years before in Italy, had walked many leagues to Rome just to catch a glimpse of the Holy Father and receive his blessing at Easter from the balcony of St. Peter's.

Toni thought it only a proper pride to be reticent about his own affairs; but the next day he joyfully admitted at school that he could command a window ledge, just the place where flower seeds (these must be the details), if well watered, would spring into life. Franconi the grocer gave him a box for them. He had to walk a long way to the park to get it filled with loam; but he had returned, and was nearly finished with his planting when Giovanni reached home.

"*Nino mio*, mind you keep your treasure covered for a while," advised

the old man. "Seeds and plucked fruit do better in the shade. Many things in God's kingdom of fruit and flowers are like our lives; is it not so? In shadow we put forth the strong tendrils that grow upward into beauty. Too much sunshine parches the seed even as it withers the fruit upon the bough. The darkness wherein we hold fast to God's Hand is as blessed as the light. Ah, you should see the flowers upon the blue hills near Florence!"

Undaunted by the contrast between this storied wealth of bloom and the rude box filled with black earth set almost on a level with the surrounding housetops, Toni watched over his garden. When the first tiny shoot appeared, he and Giovanni made a little festa at supper. Other verdant plumes soon pierced the mould, and daily he gave them more and more to the sunshine. He now added to his wealth upon the window ledge several geranium plants that fell to his share.

How beautifully the little garden unfolded! It was like an epitome of the loveliness of all Nature. And when, after weeks of care, the green columns burst into a splendid array of blossoms of all the colors of the rainbow, Toni laughed and sang, and even wept a little for very happiness. It was a fitting coincidence that the Signora who lived in the palace brought from beyond the seas had set the time of the awarding of the prize for soon after the festa of Our Lady of the Harvest, the commemoration of the Assumption, which is the natural culmination of the season's glory.

A moiety of its splendor had penetrated even to this crowded quarter, whose wretchedness had been lessened by a gracious woman's kind thought for others. Since the people living in the tenements could not go out to the green fields and gardens, something of their loveliness had come to them. Here and there, above the squalid

streets, was a gleam of flowers. Now it was a row of red geraniums upon the sill of a broken-paned window, whose remnant of glass was, however, neatly kept and polished. Yonder, over a balcony hung a shower of golden nasturtiums. A screen of morning-glories hid an unsightly bit of wall; a scarlet-runner bean climbed high over a porch; a dreary housetop was transformed into a roof-garden; unsightly chimneys had become vine-wreathed towers. The humble but beauty-loving Italian colony had embraced with eagerness the opportunity afforded them. Country-born for the most part, reared amid the deep valleys and vine-clad slopes of the Apennines, or amid the irrigated plains and lemon groves of the South, languishing here amid city walls, they had welcomed the chance to pluck a bit of brightness from the heart of Summer.

But amid all this symphony of color, from the most ambitious display to the crimson and white verbenas blooming in old tomato cans, or the many-hued petunias that, in defiance of all rules and regulations, clambered over a fire escape, no spot of bloom was finer, or promised more, than Toni's little garden half under the eaves of the ancient inn of a hundred years ago. Like a bit of the clear sky itself was the overhanging border of blue-eyed lobelia; like a floral fire, the flame-colored geraniums. The less showy heliotrope and mignonette, unseen from the street, perfumed the air about the window, and the breeze blew the fragrance into the humble little room.

"Messer Giovanni," said Toni, "surely the gardens of paradise can scarce be more beautiful."

"The good God made them, as He has made yours," replied Giovanni, gently. "All your care would have been as nothing without His help, *Toni mio!*"

The boy, with the confidence of youth, was sure he would win the

prize. Only one week of waiting now remained. Then the Signora would drive through the quarter as she had announced, and see for herself the result of her scheme, which by many friends had been termed a midsummer madness. Would she catch a glimpse of Toni's tiny garden, high up as it was? He had bought a little American flag, and he intended to wave it from the window as she passed. This would attract her attention to his flowers, and, he felt, would also be a delicate compliment to the lady.

The school vacation had come and was half over. Every day now, after Toni wheeled the push-cart to the busy street corner, he stayed and helped his foster-father. Every day Giovanni proposed to go home earlier. Then one morning he said:

"*Mio nino*, I am tired. Never mind the newspapers. You must go alone, and sell the fruit."

The next day, when the supply on hand was exhausted and Toni wished to buy more, Giovanni put him off.

"Not yet, my son," he replied, leaning his head wearily on one hand as he sat in a dilapidated armchair by the window. "You have not lived many years in the world, but God has put a wise head on your young shoulders. I owe a sum of money to a fruit merchant who lives in New York. You must go and pay it."

"I?" exclaimed Toni, appalled at the magnitude of the task proposed to him.

"You will be a safe messenger," continued Giovanni. "I will write down the street and number and fasten the slip of paper in your coat. The journey will be pleasant by the steamer. A trolley car will take you from the wharf almost to the man's shop; he has told me so in a letter. You will go this evening and come back to-morrow night."

Once the matter was decided, Toni forgot his dread of going alone. The

spirit of adventure took possession of him and he was eager to be about his mission. That evening he set off. No one on board the boat so much as dreamed that the black-eyed Italian boy, who early sold out the contents of his fruit basket, and then apparently went to sleep in a corner of the deck, wore under his shabby blouse a belt filled with gold pieces.

Arrived in the metropolis, Toni discovered that Giovanni's creditor had removed to another Italian colony in the upper part of the city. He sought him out, however, paid the money, and received the receipt. By this time, unfortunately, it was late in the afternoon. He could not possibly reach the steamer at the scheduled hour for its sailing.

"Stay with me to-night and go back by to-morrow's boat," suggested Giovanni's friend.

When, on the third day, the boy reached home, after reporting to Giovanni the result of his journey, he hastened to the window. Alas! he could hardly believe his eyes. The little garden that he had left so blooming was now only an unsightly box filled with withered stalks and vines.

"O Messer Giovanni, you forgot to water my flowers!" he cried, bursting into tears. "You let them droop under the heat of the sun. Now they are dead. And they were so beautiful! They would surely have won the prize."

Giovanni lay on a pallet on the floor. He had aroused himself to welcome his foster-son, but soon dozed again. Was it the sultriness of the day that tempted him to the *dolce far niente* that is neither waking nor sleeping? He now opened his eyes once more, stared vacantly around, and murmured incoherently.

The boy saw that something was wrong. In sudden alarm he knelt beside the old man. Giovanni was ill, his mind wandered, he needed the tenderest care. Unreservedly Toni gave

it, then and for many days. What a small misfortune now seemed the loss of his flowers! His whole time was taken up with ministering to and waiting upon his dear invalid. He left him only to procure food or something for his comfort, to summon the doctor and the priest. His heart was engrossed in gratitude and eagerness to be of service to the benefactor who had taken him, a helpless orphan, and given him shelter and love.

The physician said Giovanni could live only a few days longer. Father Roberto came. The consciousness of the sick man returned for a short time, and he received the Last Sacraments. Then his thoughts strayed again. The little attic room was intensely hot. The sun shone in with torrid fierceness. Now that the lattice of fragrant plants was gone, the air of the place became heavy and lifeless. Giovanni's ravings were not happy.

"*Mio nino*, take me out of this prison, where I am being slowly stifled," he pleaded. "I have been good to you: obtain my release and take me back to Italy, where I may roam across the broad campagnas. Do not delay, or it may be too late."

Rendered desperate by these importunities, the child hurried away to the park where Filippo's father worked.

"Giuseppe Sirtoli, give me some flowers or a plant," he entreated, "in order that my foster-father may have something green and refreshing to look upon; otherwise he will die even before his time, which is close at hand."

"We are not permitted to take a plant or so much as one flower from the park," protested Giuseppe.

"Then give me the branches you have just lopped off that tree," persisted the boy.

These Giuseppe was able and very willing to grant, since they were only brushwood; and Toni bore them away.

"How glad I am that we live at the

top of the house!" he ejaculated, when at last he reached home.

Placing a bucket of water on the roof, he thrust the ends of the branches into it, and tied them up against a near-by chimney. Thus supported, they leaned toward the window, screening it from the fiery heat of the sun without shutting out the air. Satisfied with the result of his efforts, he clambered into the room again and resumed his place beside his patient.

The sunshine, filtering through the green boughs outside, cast patches of shimmering gold and cool shadows upon the floor. The changing light, the stirring of the leaves, caught the roving glance of Giovanni.

"My prayer is heard!" he gasped. "I am dying, not shut up amid walls, but under God's sky. How blessed it is to lie here on the grass, close to the heart of the Earth, our mother, with the trees bending down in compassion,—the trees that lift up their beautiful arms to Heaven pleading for mercy for me! *Toni mio*, I am happy!"

A great lump came in Toni's throat and a mist rose before his eyes, so that the window and everything in the room seemed far away.

"*Mio padre*, then I am happy too," he said with a sob, as he held to the fevered lips of his charge a drink made from the refreshing juices of the limes and oranges. He understood now why his foster-father chose to rest thus prone on the floor rather than upon a better couch.

Giovanni's fancy wandered on. He imagined himself once more in his beloved Italy. It was a gala day in his native village. The shadows of the leafy twigs upon the floor were contadini dancing the saltarella. Again, the waving brightness stealing from the rough boards up to his pillow was the sunlight shining upon him as he worked in the early morning, before the heat of the day, among the vines

heavy with grapes. At another time he lay, reposing after his toil, in the shade of an olive orchard. And once more, as his thoughts went back to the recent visit of Father Roberto, it was a festa, and he had joined the great procession that, with triumphant boughs torn from the trees, waited at the door of the church; for through the village was to pass the Prince of Peace. Toni's heart beat high with thankfulness. Truly he had done well to beg the green branches from the gardener in the park.

The afternoon wore toward its close. Giovanni slept. Even a gay shout that arose from the street did not awaken him. Toni stole to the window and looked out. He was just in time to see a carriage rolling slowly by. In it sat a lady gowned in some light summery material, and holding a sun umbrella that was like a mammoth pink rose. Seated opposite to her was a young man who might have been her son. As they passed, the young man pointed out to her the window-garden of Rosina, the little embroideress.

Ah, Toni remembered now! This was the great day. This was the Signora driving through the quarter as she had promised. He glanced at his own box of withered stalks, and sighed. He had been too busied to take time to throw them away. Well, Rosina was a lonely, hard-working girl, and very poor. He hoped she would get the prize.

An hour passed. Giovanni still slept. The boy, crouching beside him in enforced idleness, nodded also. Suddenly, however, he was wide awake. Surely that was a step on the creaking stairs! One of the kind-hearted neighbors was doubtless coming to ask after their sinking compatriot. There was a knock at the door. Toni sprang to his feet and threw it open. The next moment he drew back in startled amazement. On the landing stood the young man he had seen in the carriage, and the

flower lady,—for such she looked in her soft gown just the color of the heliotrope blossoms of which the young gardener had been so proud. In one hand she held a bunch of white and crimson asters. With the visitors was Father Roberto.

After the first thrill of astonishment, Toni was master of himself. The responsibilities lately fallen upon him had given him a certain dignity and resource. Why were these people here? They had probably met Father Roberto coming up.

"The Signora is most kind to mount the stairs to inquire for Giovanni," he said—it seemed to him that all the world must regret Giovanni's illness,—“but it troubles my father to see strangers. The Signora will excuse? If it were otherwise, we should be proud to welcome the Signora.”

He turned appealingly to her escort. The gaze of the young man was full of sympathy for the boy, but he shot an amused glance at the lady to see how she would accept the rebuff.

Woman of the world though the Signora was, she stood disconcerted before the courteous firmness of this lad, whose fine dark eyes rebuked her intrusion, even while the sweet voice pardoned it. She looked down the stairs, meditating a swift retreat. But Father Roberto came to the rescue.

"I think these kindly-disposed visitors will not disturb your father, my child," said the priest.

With a quaint bow, Toni gave way. Of course Father Roberto knew what was best.

The lady moved noiselessly across the floor, bent over the sleeper for a moment, and with her jewelled fan banished a persistent fly that buzzed about his pillow. Then she withdrew to the window.

Toni followed, and, with a deprecating smile, pointed to the desert patch of his once beautiful garden.

"Ah, yes!" she said softly. "But,

tell me, why have you tied the green bough to the chimney?"

"To shade the room,—don't you see, Signora?"

"Is that the only reason?"

Toni colored with emotion.

"No, Signora," he admitted. "My sick foster-father was unhappy here in the cheerless room, so I begged this bough from a gardener in the park; hoping that when Giovanni's eyes should fall upon it, the sight of its cool greenness might bring peace to his troubled thoughts. To you, Signora, this is only a poor useless branch, that will soon lose its freshness; but to him it is a beautiful olive tree, whose leaves are like silver when the wind blows through them. It has given him comfort, and has been to him a promise of everlasting peace. Oh, a thousand times happy am I that I toiled hard to gain it and to bring it home!"

Tears glistened in the lady's eyes as she turned them upon Father Roberto.

"*Mio Padre*, I understand!" she said. "When I saw the waving branch upon the housetop and stopped to ask you what it meant, the best answer you could have made was to bring me here. This green bough is truly the most beautiful plant, the fairest window decoration to be found in the quarter or in all the city. To you, Toni, belongs the first prize. You will be pleased to hear that I have decided also to give several smaller ones."

Into the thin brown hand of the astonished boy she folded a little purse of Venetian beads, under which he heard the clink of gold.

At this moment Giovanni turned upon his pillow, awakened, and stared at the unwonted guests who had so strangely invaded his attic. Was this, too, an illusion,—a memory of the vast picture gallery of Florence where as a youth he had often lingered among the counterfeit presentiment of splendidly-costumed great people?

The lady knelt beside him and laid her starry flowers as a gift close to his hand.

"Giovanni," she said, "I am told that, as you lie here, you worry about what is to become of your foster-son. Do not let the thought trouble you."

The mind of the old fruit vender was not wandering now.

"*Mio nino* is not a beggar. To him I leave my small savings," he replied hoarsely.

"And through his loyalty to you, his kindest friend, he has found others," answered the Signora, her voice trembling a little. "Giovanni, I promise you Toni shall have a chance to advance himself in life; and you know Father Roberto will see that he is trained up as you wish him to be."

Giovanni smiled.

"All is well!" he faltered in a tense whisper. "Then I am content to go away,—farther away than to Italy."

A Cinderella of the Thebaid.

THE popular fairy tale of the beautiful maiden who acts as a household drudge to her stepmother and sisters, and then, through the agency of her fairy godmother, becomes the fortunate spouse of the prince of the country, first appeared in German literature in the sixteenth century, although the story is of very ancient, probably Eastern, origin. A somewhat similar legend was told in Egypt of Rhodopis and Psammetichus; but the secular writers who mention this fact seem to ignore that a still closer resemblance to the tale is found in the annals of Christian Egypt, wherein it figures, not as fairy tale or legend, but as a truthful narrative.

An angel appeared to Abbot Pitirus, a man noted for his extraordinary holiness, and told him to go to a certain convent in the Thebaid. "Four

hundred nuns dwell there," said the angel, "and among the number one called Isidora, who wears a diadem on her head. Know that she is very far beyond you in the way of religious perfection."

The Isidora in question was a good young girl, who, enamored of her Saviour and full of admiration for the patience with which He had submitted to every indignity and humiliation, had set her heart on abasing herself for His sake as much as she possibly could. Accordingly, she wore a rag twisted around her head, went barefoot, kept by herself except when obliged by her rule to attend the common exercises, and always made her meals off the scraps left by the other nuns. This last circumstance, especially, caused the others to regard her with an antipathy that amounted to positive aversion. In fact, she was looked upon by high and low as a fool pure and simple. For her part, she never spoke ill of or harmed any one, and neither complained nor murmured at the ill-treatment to which she was subjected.

Well, in pursuance of the angel's directions, Abbot Pitirus made his way to the specified convent, and requested the Mother Abbess to send all the nuns in turn to the grate. Unable to discover on any one of them the sign given by the angel, the Abbot confidently asserted that all had not appeared.

"Indeed," said the Abbess, "the whole sisterhood has been here, Father, with the single exception of a poor witless creature who always stays shut up in the kitchen."

"Well, send for her," rejoined the Abbot.

Isidora, however, knowing interiorly what was to happen, had hidden herself that she might escape all connection with the matter. Being found after a long search, and earnestly entreated by her superior, she at last came to

the grating. Pitirus recognized her as soon as he laid eyes upon her, and, instantly falling at her feet, fervently recommended himself to her prayers.

Astonished at his action, the nuns, all of whom had remained in the large common room behind the grating, exclaimed:

"Father, you must be mistaken. Poor Isidora is little better than a fool."

"'Tis you who are the fools," replied Pitirus; "for be assured that she is far holier than myself or any of you."

At this, they all threw themselves at her feet, confessed their error, and begged pardon for the wrong they had done her.

Just here, however, the Cinderella-like character of this Thebaid story ceases. To preserve its artistic symmetry, the narrative should, of course, go on to relate how the Mother Abbess, with the full consent of all her nuns, resigned her office in favor of Isidora, who thereafter ruled the community with unprecedented efficiency and success throughout a lengthy and venerated career, being looked up to and honored and revered as an eminent saint by all the country around. The prosaic fact is that Isidora, her humility shocked by the homage done her by her companions, fled from the house a few days afterward, and was never again seen by its inmates.

WHEN, in youth, we think of old age, it seems a time of sadness; we dread it, we shudder at the thought of it, we put the contemplation of it far away from us. Although we know that the burthen of the day and the heats will then be passed, we can not endure the idea of having only to look backward upon life, not forward. This is the thought, the fear of youth. In reality, old age is not a time of sadness, to the Christian at least, who then really does begin to look forward—to eternity.

Foolish Discontent.

THAT worldly-wise philosopher, the Latin poet Horace, said a very true word when he declared *Nemo contentus sua sorte*,—"No one is satisfied with his own lot." While there are, of course, a sufficient number of exceptions to warrant one's asserting that the rule is general only, rather than absolute or universal, still it is the rule that the vast majority of mankind are foolishly discontent, or, in the graphic phrase of the people, "don't know when they are well off." And the rule is true in spiritual as well as temporal matters, as is well exemplified in the story of a Franciscan lay-brother.

Brother Bonaventure was the cook of the convent, and a very thorough discharger of his duty in that capacity. When his work was over, he used to retire to prayer, in which he enjoyed many heavenly consolations. To receive more of these, he asked and obtained from his superior permission to be rid of his distracting occupation in the kitchen. On giving himself entirely up to prayer, however, he found in it no consolations whatever, but only aridity and distractions without number. Seeing his mistake, he returned to his former work, when the lost consolations immediately came back.

One excellent means of appreciating at their real worth the manifold blessings of one's lot in life is to compare that lot with the condition of the truly afflicted. Our imaginary ills are apt to dwindle when we come in contact with others' real woes. We have known a visit to a hospital for incurables summarily to dispel a case of "the blues" arising from exaggerated insistence on the dark side of a change in life; and would counsel some such visit to all in whom pessimism is apt to outweigh a sane appreciation of the favors which God has lavished upon them.

Notes and Remarks.

"It is refreshing in these days of iconoclasm," says Judge Brown, of the Surrogate Court of Rochester, New York, "to find people to whom their religion is of some vital moment, who earnestly believe that their children should be brought up in their religion; and we consider that it is the duty of the courts, so far as it consistently can be done, to see to it that guardians who have charge of the custody of infants should be of the same religion as the deceased parents, and should be earnest in leading said infants to follow the religion of those parents."

This statement was made in the course of a decision transferring to the care of its grandparents a Catholic orphan hitherto confided to its aunt, who has been married by a Protestant clergyman to an Episcopalian. On the face of it the decision is entirely conformable to equity and common-sense; and it is to be hoped that the precedent it establishes may be very generally followed.

All advocates of religious education must be gratified to notice that the increase of juvenile crime is beginning to attract more general attention. Statistics showing that criminals in this country have increased from one in every 3442 in 1850 to one in every 715 in 1890, have long been before the public. But many persons seem not to be much impressed by statistics; they demand another kind of evidence, which of late has been abundantly produced. The editor of one of our leading newspapers lately referred to rowdyism as "a national nuisance." A correspondent of the same paper bears this testimony: "Rowdyism by young men and boys is on the increase. I have lived in this city about thirty years, and I have never known it to be so bad as at

the present time." Another indignant citizen writes: "Any one who has been abroad, even in South America, in the so-called half-civilized countries, has noticed at once the striking difference in the behavior of the children there and here. They show respect for their elders and are careful of their conduct in public. Even in the interior of Paraguay I never saw a suggestion of the rowdyism one meets every day in our public transportation lines."

"Nuisance" is too euphemistic a term to describe so great an evil. These young rowdies are the future criminals of the country, and the ever-increasing number of them ought to set people thinking. A generation of lawbreakers is the natural result of a purely secular system of education, under which it is inevitable in many cases that animal instincts should become the sole principle of conduct, and the fear of detection and punishment the only deterrent force.

Writing in the current *Month* on "The 'Young Person' and Her Books," J. M. Stone gives some excellent advice to Catholic parents. The whole paper is well worth reading, but we must content ourselves with reproducing these suggestive paragraphs:

The first desideratum in a modern girl's education is, therefore, a clearer and more profound knowledge of her religion than is to be obtained in mere catechetical instruction, valuable as this is as a foundation. Abbot Gasquet, in a recent account of his visit to America, says that he was greatly struck by the thoroughness of people's knowledge; and a Jesuit Father, who had once been Visitor in the United States, related that in the Sacred Heart schools there was from time to time an exhibition of religious knowledge, in which one pupil would put difficult Protestant objections to certain Catholic doctrines, while another pupil would give the correct answers to them. This is admirable, and an excellent test as to whether the imparted instruction has been properly assimilated....

The primary object of higher education being the strengthening of character, all smattering must be avoided, and the mind must be formed to accuracy of judgment as well as accuracy of

knowledge. Thus will be avoided the deplorable catastrophe in which so many girls who have been educated in Catholic schools give up their faith when they come in contact with the world.

The writer promises to suggest, on a future occasion, a list of books suitable for the reading of those whose intellectual requirements are considered in the present paper; and we venture the prediction that the list will be not only interesting but helpful.

The aborigines of Australia have often been described as "the most degraded members of the human family," even less advanced than the most savage of East African tribes. This assertion is contradicted by Dr. J. W. Gregory in a recent book of travel and scientific record. He admits that no known people have taken fewer steps toward civilization than the Australian Blacks; but he declares that they are not "degraded" when unspoiled by civilization, and that they can not be said to rank with the lowest races in the scale of humanity, unless absence of material advance means "lowness." They have no domesticable animals, no knowledge of the metals, no pottery, no practice of agriculture; but they have many virtues, the chief of which, perhaps, is honesty; and they believe in the immortality of the soul, and some of them believe in an All Father. Dr. Gregory tells us that of one aboriginal tribe in Australia, the Dieri, all but some one hundred and fifty have gone to the happy hunting grounds.

No one who is at all familiar with Mr. F. R. Guernsey's contributions to the Boston *Herald* will be surprised at his sympathetic portrayal of Catholic priests in Mexico. Carmelites, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Benedictines, — Mr. Guernsey has words of discriminating eulogy for them all; while of the priests of his predilection he says:

Among the Passionists here I have known men of the most remarkable zeal and fairly

angelic goodness, living in the greatest poverty, and devoting all that came to them, in the way of alms, to the poor. They go to the meanest hut as soon as to the palace of the wealthy man, visit laborers sick with contagious diseases, and their ministrations rank them with men of the Apostolic age. There were formerly several Americans among the Passionists in Mexico, and their poverty struck my attention. In the rainy season they carried no umbrellas; and if you gave them one, it passed immediately to some poor woman.

Reading this Protestant gentleman's tribute to the Catholic priesthood, one can not help wondering why so many outsiders who sincerely reverence our holy religion fail to embrace it.

Like the majority of the gentle sex, Agnes Repplier is an anti-vivisectionist, and she writes some vigorous paragraphs about the tortures to which cats, dogs, and other animals are subjected in the collegiate and private laboratories of this country. Here is the concluding paragraph of an appeal to which her signature is appended:

It would be impossible to invent worse cruelties than are being done in the universities and colleges of this country, without supervision or restraint of any sort. In the Harvard Medical School, Johns Hopkins University, Chicago University,...and in numbers of other places, including private laboratories, such experiments as starvation without water, crushing nerves, tying up intestines, cutting out kidneys, applying electric shocks to hearts, passing electric currents through vital organs, injecting poisonous substances, tearing and twisting the sciatic nerve, extirpation of the eye and rude manipulation of the socket, bursting the stomach by forcing in water and air, application of electricity to the spinal marrow, burning with hot substances and with flame, are done repeatedly, as the records show; and the number of animals of different kinds used is beyond computation. Actual records of all these experiments can be produced. Is it not time that the public, especially the moral and religious public, took some interest in getting these cruelties stopped? Bishop Butler said: "On the simple fact that an animal is capable of pain, arises our duty to spare it pain." There can never be an adequate excuse for cruelty.

The whole subject of vivisection seems to be one peculiarly adapted for

the application of the "golden mean" principle. The preponderating weight of scientific opinion is unquestionably in favor of vivisection conducted in a humane manner,—and since the advent of anæsthetics humanity is quite compatible with experiments on the living animal. Authoritative treatises inform us that cutting operations are done under complete anæsthesia, with ether or chloroform as in the human subject; and that animals seriously mutilated are killed before regaining sensibility.

Bishop Butler was more sentimental than scientific. Animals are capable of pain, but it can not be said that they suffer as human beings do. The actions of the lower animals are mostly automatic, and real suffering can be experienced only when it is conscious. We should be glad to see the moral and religious public take sides with the opponents of cruelty to animals, but religious teachers should feel obliged to wage war on what may be called anthropopsychic sentimentalism, which assumes in the lower animals human emotions and aspirations.

That mankind has derived incalculable benefits from the practice of vivisection is scarcely controvertible; and, after all, the lower animals are for man's use and benefit. At the same time we reprobate as strongly as Miss Repplier and her fellow-members of the American Anti-Vivisection Society all purely wanton cruel practices and all avoidable suffering inflicted on our dumb friends of the animal creation. Regulation, not suppression, would seem to be the desideratum.

Among a number of notable utterances at the recent convention, in Buffalo, New York, of the Federated Catholic Societies, the sermon of Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburg, was conspicuously forcible and lucid. "Our strength," he declared, "does not consist in numbers, or in fiery speeches, or ringing

resolutions, or vehement protests, so much as in the Christian character of the men behind the declarations, and the religion and patriotism which inspire our hearts."

Discussing the province and work of the laity in the progress of our holy religion, the Bishop said:

We wish our laymen to be apostles. We wish them to conquer by the good example and strong argument of the Christian virtues which adorn their lives and rule their words and actions. Poor men, even obscure men, filled with the spirit of Christianity, and ruled by its influence and laws—men formed upon the catechism and preaching of the Word,—will, by their very presence, command a veneration and respect which is elicited neither by power nor position.

And here is a succinct definition of this whole scheme of Federation:

It means the union of Catholics of every race and language in the United States for the preservation of Christian principles, and the progress and elevation of men to higher spiritual life and more unselfish citizenship; it means that we stand together for the defence of right and the redress of great wrongs in the family, in the school, in the social, economic, civil, or political conditions of the country. It represents and fearlessly proclaims Catholic public opinion on the most important questions of the day.

A recent Roman document of exceptional interest to all categories of Catholic teachers and their pupils is a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, granting an indulgence of three hundred days for the recitation of the ejaculatory prayer: "Our Lady of Good Studies, pray for us." The present age is one when there is special need that the training of Catholic youth should be thorough, and "Our Lady of Good Studies" is a congruous title by which our Heavenly Mother should be very frequently invoked.

A multi-millionaire died the other day, and the press of the whole country is presenting him to the public as an exemplar. His career as a self-made man

and money-maker is widely published. His maxims for accumulating and hoarding money hold a conspicuous place in the columns of our newspapers. He is lauded for his success in piling up the "mammon of iniquity." He is regarded as a success, and one who has rounded out a grand career. But what did he do? He accumulated seventy or eighty or perhaps one hundred millions of dollars. To what use did he put this colossal fortune? He left it all to his wife and sisters and nieces and nephews. Not one cent was bequeathed to the poor, or to a charitable or educational institution, or to religion.

Last week another self-made man, Patrick F. Sullivan, died in Boston. He, too, accumulated a fortune, but it was less than a quarter of a million. In his will, he bequeathed to twenty-seven public institutions of charity, education and religion, \$72,500. He specified bequests to the orphans and the poor. The minor part of his estate was left to his sister and nieces, who, if they are worthy of him, will not contest his will. His obituary depicts him as "the soul of honor in business life, firm of character, and rigidly exact in his business dealings."

Whilst the ability of one of these men for accumulating and keeping money is published, let the faculty of Patrick Sullivan for acquiring and dispensing money in charity be also proclaimed.

No form of religious prejudice existing in the United States has declined more noticeably in recent years than that of non-Catholics against our priests. So intense as well as universal was this feeling, especially in rural districts, until long after the Civil War, that there was general astonishment, not unmixed with amusement, when the leading Protestant citizens of a certain town in Ohio appealed to the late Bishop Rosecrans for a resident Catholic pastor. It was naïvely stated in the petition

that the presence of a priest in the place (among other good results, of course) would have the effect of increasing the value of house lots doubtless for sale by the petitioners. The Bishop often mentioned this little instance of dove-like simplicity and serpentine wisdom.

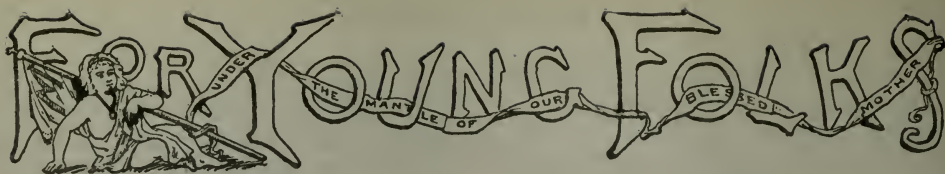
The Bishop of Natchitoches has had a more gratifying experience of the same sort. The non-Catholics of Providence, La., hearing that the Rev. Father Mahé had been assigned to another field of labor, united in a petition to the Bishop to reconsider his action. Two solid reasons were assigned why Father Mahé should not be removed, and the one evidently considered the more weighty went first. "His reverence" the Bishop, doubly gratified to learn that the pastor of Providence was held in so high esteem as a pastor of souls and a public-spirited citizen, graciously complied with the request of his Protestant admirers, whose petition was as follows:

First, that Father Mahé has, by his Godly life and earnestness in his Master's service, built up a noble cause here; that all denominations love and respect him; and that the school he has established is a great credit to his energy and perseverance, as well as a mighty work for the Church.

Especially during the late yellow fever epidemic did Father Mahé, by his brave and cheerful words, and his constant work at the bedside of the sick, and by giving his whole time and energy to the work of guiding and directing the fight against yellow fever, so endear himself to those who assisted in the work that we dread again to face such an epidemic without his Godly counsel and prayers.

Second, Father Mahé, by his wise counsel and broad views on all temporal affairs, has greatly assisted in building up our town; and the great interest he has always taken in public business has led us to look to him for advice on all temporal as well as spiritual matters; and to lose his wise and liberal counsel would be a terrible blow to our town and county.

We respectfully ask your Reverence that, for the above reasons, you allow Father Mahé to remain with those who so sincerely love and respect him and the great work he is doing in this town.



The Three Friends.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

II.

THAT night, after the table had been cleared, and M. Bertrand sat down as usual for a quiet talk with Zoe before going to spend an hour smoking with his two friends in M. Beauvallon's "den," he observed reflectively:

"Zoe my dear, I have often thought that, in spite of our circumstances, you and I have been singularly favored. Here we are—and have been all *your* life, at least,—with every advantage, almost, that our richer neighbors possess. We are all like one family. Nothing has ever occurred to disturb our pleasant relations. And you, my child, have participated in the studies of Eveline just as though you were her sister. I could never have been able to pay for the lessons you have shared with your friend. Think what it would have meant if I had been obliged to send you away from me to a convent school. How lonely I should have been! I often think of it, and thank God for His goodness."

Zoe looked at her father. For a moment she wondered if he had heard or suspected anything. He had never spoken so before. But his calm and happy countenance, his gentle eyes filled with gratitude, assured her that he meant every word he said; and she felt grateful for the opportunity offered her to unfold her plans.

"Papa," she observed slowly, "you are right in all you say; and I have, I think, been very grateful for the advantages I have enjoyed. Your words have

given me courage to say something that has been occupying my mind for some time. You know that my future must be very different from that of Mirza and Eveline. Their fathers are wealthy: they will never have to work for their living. But we are poor; you are not as young as you once were; and I have resolved—with your permission, of course,—to discontinue my studies with the girls, and choose some means of making a living."

M. Bertrand looked aghast at his quiet, timid little Zoe.

"What do you say, my child?" he exclaimed. "Make a living! I had never thought of such a thing. I trust it will not be necessary. I have plenty of work in me yet, I hope; and my savings are not so small."

"But your pleasures and luxuries are, papa," answered Zoe. "Do not think that I have not observed your economy and self-sacrifice. It has always been in my mind to help when I was old enough, and now I think the time has come."

"But, my dear—"

"No, papa, unless you positively forbid it—which would make me very unhappy—no objection you can make will have any effect on me. There is nothing for me to do in the house, Madeleine is so efficient. Let me prepare myself for some occupation by which I can help you."

"But what could you do?"

"I had thought of going to the Polytechnic, where I could improve my drawing. Mlle. Boulin told me several times that I had some talent for designing; and she said also that young girls sometimes make a good deal of money that way." (Mlle. Boulin was the lady who had given drawing

lessons to the three girls.) "And, besides, papa," she continued, "among the pupils at Mme. Rigaud's pension, there are often American ladies who wish to take French lessons, and they pay well."

"My dear Zoe," said M. Bertrand, "I confess that I am surprised; but at the same time I admit you are very sensible. For the first time I realize that you are no longer a child. I shall not refuse you. Let us consider the matter a little, in order to see what will be best. What do you think, Madeleine?" he inquired of the old woman, who was busy putting away the dishes in the china closet.

"I think Mlle. Zoe is right," she said. "If it is the Polytechnic, you could accompany her there every morning on your way to the office. If L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, I could run around there with her. It is not far. And always, wherever she should be, I could call for her in the afternoons."

"Yes, that will be very good," replied M. Bertrand. "But, Zoe, I am loath to see you break up your pleasant studies with your friends."

"That would have to be done some time, papa," said the girl. "They are not children any longer, either."

"That is true," answered her father, reaching for his pipe preparatory to going downstairs. "It is a pity that young things should ever grow up."

Mirza and Eveline accepted the situation with wonderful equanimity, considering how close had been their relations with Zoe in the past. For some time she had been a drag on their foolish and romantic conversations, in which they could now indulge to their hearts' content. Their intercourse with their former friend soon became limited to an occasional salute in passing through the courtyard, as Zoe had entered L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, where she made good progress. She had two American pupils with

whom she held French conversations daily for an hour. She was busy and happy, though her young heart felt an occasional pang at the thought of the frail tenure of a friendship which had once seemed eternal.

Strange to say, neither of the three fathers seemed to observe any change. But after a time M. Beauvallon began to notice that Zoe was never with the others. One day he said to Eveline:

"My dear, how is it that Zoe is no longer a sharer in your little pleasures and talks?"

"She is busy all day, papa," replied Eveline.

"But on Sundays?"

"Oh, I don't know! On Sundays, as always, she likes to be with her father, I suppose."

"But I never see her reading in the garden, as I used to."

"That is not our fault, papa. She does not come, that is all."

"You have had no quarrel, no misunderstanding?"

"Papa, we never had a quarrel in our lives."

"Still, you do not seem to regret her absence."

"I have Mirza, you know."

"That is a very selfish remark, my child, particularly when one remembers the length and extent of your intimacy with Zoe."

Eveline blushed, but said nothing. Her heart had often reproached her for her coldness toward the friend of her childhood, who was of much better fibre than Mirza. Still, she was at the age when cruelties are often perpetrated unthinkingly; and the delights which Mirza constantly portrayed to her were far more welcome than the quiet company of Zoe, whom she now found very uninteresting.

M. Beauvallon was a keen observer; he soon began to comprehend the situation, and resolved to let things take their course. He knew his daughter



pretty well, and he also gauged the character of Mirza. He felt confident that in some way Eveline would be taught a lesson, and concluded to watch and be silent.

About three weeks after this, as Zoe was descending the stairs one morning, she met the doctor leaving the Beauvallons' apartment. When Madeleine came for her in the evening, she told her that Eveline had smallpox, and that all the tenants except themselves were leaving the hotel.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the gentle Zoe. "And poor Eveline! What if she should be disfigured?"

"Or die," said Madeleine. "But, dear, it is not so absurd as you think, to go away from the house. The disease is very infectious. People do not want to run the risk of getting smallpox."

"Papa will not move?" asked Zoe.

"I do not know. He is not yet aware of the circumstances, Mademoiselle."

When M. Bertrand came home in the evening and learned the situation, he resolved to stay in the hotel. They were two stories removed from the Beauvallons: he did not fear contagion. After the first day they were the only residents of the house except the Beauvallons, now quarantined by sickness.

On the third day Zoe went into the garden for the first time in weeks. Seating herself on a bench, she looked up at the windows of M. Beauvallon's apartments. A white curtain hung loosely in front of Eveline's window. In a few moments a hand pushed it aside and a small basket descended by a rope to the ground. Quite unconscious that she was exposing herself to danger, Zoe went forward and picked it up. On a small piece of paper were the words: "The nurse has gone. I am alone with my daughter. Get some one."

Zoe ran quickly upstairs and told Madeleine. The old woman thought it best to wait for the doctor, who would probably soon be making his morning

call. When he came, Zoe met him at the door, still holding the paper in her hand.

"Another gone!" said the doctor. "I can get no one. The woman I sent yesterday had almost to be driven there. I don't know what to do. But who told you of it, my child?"

Zoe showed him the paper.

"Very imprudent of M. Beauvallon,—very imprudent," observed the doctor. "Probably written in the sick-room. Do you know, Mademoiselle, that you run great danger now of taking the disease? You really ought to be quarantined."

"I am not afraid," replied Zoe. "If it were not for my father, I should go myself and take care of her."

"You are a brave girl," said the doctor. "Stay here till I return. However, you will—you should, I think,—really be fumigated. My conscience will reproach me unless something is done."

Zoe sat down on the stairs. In ten minutes the doctor returned.

"It is a terrible state of affairs," he said. "The child delirious, the father helpless,—very inefficient. She will die unless I can get some one."

"Where are the servants?"

"They have all fled."

"All?"

"Every one. That man is alone there with his daughter."

Zoe stood up. All memory of past coldness and indifference vanished from her mind: she saw only the kind faces of her former friends smiling in love upon her; she longed only to help them.

"You really think I am in danger?" she inquired.

"I know it now," replied the doctor. "You have been doubly in danger. I have just come from the sick-room."

"Shall I also have to be quarantined?"

"I fear so, if I am honest."

"Very well, then, doctor. Please tell my father. God will take care of me. I can not let my best friends suffer, perhaps die, for want of assistance at such a time as this."

And before the doctor could realize what she was about to do, Zoe had lifted the portière and passed into the infected apartment.

Six weeks later she emerged, her arm around Eveline's shoulder, leading her for the first time into the garden. Neither she nor M. Beauvallon had contracted the disease, but their labors had been heroic. Doctor Velot declared that if it had not been for the hourly application of lotions to Eveline's face, she would have been badly scarred; but, thanks to the ceaseless attention of her faithful friend, he assured them Eveline's skin would soon be as fresh and fair as before.

M. Beauvallon was already in the garden with cushions and wraps. Near him stood M. Bertrand and Madeleine, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the two girls. At a short distance M. de Bonneval was fitfully stroking the hat he held in his hand. He felt as nervous as he looked; for his daughter had declined accompanying him, saying that she would not risk taking smallpox for all the friends she ever had in the world.

After they had all greeted and congratulated Eveline, and Zoe had wept in her father's arms, and been kissed and hugged by Madeleine, and complimented by everybody on her heroic devotion to her friend, Eveline turned to M. de Bonneval.

"And how is Mirza?" she inquired.

"Very well," he answered, in an embarrassed manner. And then, in the bungling way not unusual among men, he added: "She was a little timid about accompanying me to-day; but later she will come, Eveline."

"And when do you return to your apartment?" asked M. Bertrand.

"I think we will remain where we are," responded the poor man, still tactlessly. "The rooms are pleasant, and Mirza very childishly has a horror of possible infection."

"That danger was over three weeks ago, Monsieur," said Madeleine, grimly.

M. de Bonneval wiped his heated brow with a large white handkerchief; M. Bertrand beamed adoringly on the two girls, sitting with their arms about each other; and M. Beauvallon, smiling at his daughter, knew that she had learned a lesson of a lifetime's value.

(The End.)

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XV.—ENTRAPPED.

Ralph and Louis did not accomplish anything at Tesora. The constable at that place informed them that it would cost money to capture the Negro; that if the father of the child, or Clearwater himself, were to "put up a couple of hundred dollars," something might be done; but if not, it would be impossible to accomplish anything.

"But there is already a price on that man's head," replied the Englishman.

"Not any longer," said the constable.

"The Mexican government withdrew that offer a long time ago. It doesn't care to throw away money, after the first hue and cry is over, on a worthless fellow like that, particularly as the man he killed was a vagabond like himself. I heard the whole story of those fellows: how the dead one stole two children first, and how they ran away from him and came to the Bandinis, and how the Negro helped him to steal them again. That Negro deserves to be taken, sure enough; but it can't be done without money. I'm the only man about here with authority; and if I got a couple of detectives from Los Angeles or San Diego, I'd have to plank down the needful first, gentlemen. I heard those children were rich as Croesus, and that their people were almost crazy when they were taken away."

"That is a mistake," said Louis. "I was one of them."

"You!" exclaimed the man. "You look as if you could be kidnapped easily! Such a big fellow as you are must have been rather hard to carry."

"I am considerably larger now than I was then; though the man did not carry me away: he deceived me into going with him," said Louis.

"And now you want to get even with him?"

"No, I do not. But a man like that ought not to be allowed to have his liberty. Perhaps you would think so if he had taken *your* baby. No one knows what mischief he may do yet."

"That's right, young fellow,—that's right. But I don't see how it can be done. Thank your stars that you got the baby back, and be sure the Negro will never trouble you again."

"It's a queer and rather loose system of justice you have here," remarked Clearwater. "We do things better in England."

"Some things, perhaps,—not everything," answered the constable, with remarkable courtesy, for him. He was a rampant American, but liked the Englishman, and did not wish to offend him, though he had a sharp retort at the end of his tongue.

"Well, we had better go back, Louis," said Clearwater. "But we can be on the lookout for the Negro, all the same. I, for one, do not intend to let him give me the slip, if I can help it. I have the hunting fever upon me these last few days, and any kind of game will be welcome."

"You don't mean you would kill him, do you?" inquired Louis, as they mounted their horses.

"I certainly would if he gave me the opportunity; that is to say, if he should fire I should not hesitate to reply in the same fashion."

"It might be too late then," said Louis.

"No: that kind of vermin are not

hard to exterminate," said Clearwater. "They are generally very cowardly. I have an idea, because of his cowardice, that Carisso is hovering about our neighborhood, or not very far from it. He will probably travel at night, and hide in the daytime."

"If that is the case, he has had one night's good start."

"I do not believe he travels fast at any time," said Clearwater. "I have an impression that a couple of energetic men beating the bushes would soon find him."

"Are you going to do it?"

"Yes, I think I am."

"And the other man? Where is he? Florian will not do it."

"Will you be the other, Louis?"

"If I may," answered the boy.

"You are not afraid?"

"Not a bit."

"Can you handle firearms?"

"Certainly. My father taught me that long ago."

"You are not reckless, I know. That is not a trait of your family."

"But we are not cowards either," answered Louis quickly.

"Hoity-toity! do not get so hot, Louis! Who intimated such a thing? But you are so gentle, so easy-going—"

"Yes, till something rouses us," interrupted Louis.

"That is true. Can you stay over with me for a day or two?"

"I think so, but Florian ought to know of it."

"Of course. I can arrange that."

When they got back to the house, they found Conchita there. The Negro had been seen again, looking for water. The women were afraid.

"Would the Señor permit them to come over and sleep in the barn till the Negro had been taken? Or would the police, perhaps, come down and camp near their cabin, in order to frighten the child-stealer away?"

Ralph reflected. At length he said:

"Conchita, I think it will be best for Dolores to come over with the children, leaving the house unfastened. If anything is taken, I promise to replace it."

"Oh, Señor," replied the old woman, raising her hands, "that would be a blessing! For there are only a couple of mattresses on the floor, and some boxes for sitting upon."

"And kitchen things?"

"They are not worth five cents, and the Negro would not burthen himself with them, besides. Does the Señor think the Negro may come to stay in the house if he sees there is no one about?"

"He would be likely to prowl around it," said Clearwater. "Go now and bring over the family. And you, Louis, ride home and ask Florian if you can not stay a couple of days, to help me in some work I am about to do,—which will be true. It will be good and necessary work to get that Negro."

"But when we have him, what shall we do with him?" asked Louis.

"Telephone down to San Diego for the police. He ought to be in jail."

"Can we prove that he took the baby? Will he admit it? And then Florian and all of us will have to go down and testify, and it will cost money—and—and—"

"You are right," mused Ralph,—"you are right. We have no authority to arrest him, if we do find him; the father of the abducted child is not willing to give us his assistance; we have no place to keep him if we capture him. He will be a—black elephant on our hands."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Dedicate the next two days to a still hunt; if we find him, frighten him thoroughly, perhaps give him a good flogging and let him go. Whatever may be the outcome, Louis, I mean to look for that Negro, whether you join me or not."

"I will join you," said Louis, and he quickly rode away.

When he returned in the cool of the evening, it was with permission to stay. Florian, having been informed that the constable would do nothing, was quite satisfied to allow things to remain as they were. He felt confident that the Negro would in the future keep as far as possible from their neighborhood. But his wife said she would never be happy again, so long as the whereabouts of Carisso were unknown. Her evident distress had spurred Louis to the undertaking before them; he had even whispered to her that his absence had something to do with the matter, but begged her not to inform Florian. She promised to tell only Rose, who shared her fears, with regard to the baby.

"Alfredo says," remarked Louis, as he led his horse to the corral, "that he believes Carisso will linger about the neighborhood till he learns something of what has happened. He thinks the man will want to know whether the gypsies have been arrested for the abduction; and when he finds they have not, he may come over to our place and see how things are doing there."

"Does Alfredo think the man will make a further attempt to steal the boy?" inquired Clearwater. "That would be audacity indeed. He is too great a coward for such a thing."

"No," answered Louis. "Alfredo believes he is so ignorant that he can have but one idea in his head at a time, and that the only one in it now is to find out how far his plan has been successful. He is sure he will be found, if at all, in our neighborhood, and that not before a couple of days,—after he has learned that the gypsies have gotten off safely."

"Perhaps Alfredo is right," said Ralph. "But if so, the Negro is a fool."

"Yes, he thinks so," replied Louis, simply.

"Well, what shall we do? Here is Conchita, with her daughter and all

the grandchildren, come to camp with bed and bedding. They are already established in the barn. It is a choice—for us—between going over to the cabin and hiding thereabouts, or sneaking round your place and Bandinis’.”

“Let us go to Conchita’s,” said Louis.

“Very well. I will get up a lunch, and we need not be hungry, to start with. Besides that, we might take a snack along with us.”

As darkness fell, Louis began to be filled with the spirit of the adventure they were about to undertake. The way led through a narrow, serpentine path, bordered on either side by tules, or rushes, and various kinds of dense, low bushes, where a man might easily conceal himself if he were inclined to do so. Tradition said that a river had formerly flowed through this portion of the valley, which was often flooded in winter, and which never lost its verdure even in the warmest summer weather. There was no moon, but the bright stars of Southern California, like scintillating jewels, cast such radiance that everything shone forth distinctly. Their feet made a crunching noise through the sand, though they walked as lightly as possible.

“If Carisso is in the bushes we are warning him away with every step we take,” said Louis.

“Yes, but he must be used to that,” answered Clearwater. “People pass along here all day long—that is, occasionally,—and, unless he is hidden far back in the mesquite, he can not fail to hear them.”

When they reached the cabin, the moon was rising. It was about nine o’clock, as they had skirted the clearing where the cabin stood for some time before approaching it. They took a drink at the well, and sat on the curb for a few moments admiring the beauty of the night. The door of the house stood wide open. The two little windows were open also, one of the

white curtains flapping in and out in the breeze. They spoke in low tones, as Ralph did not wish to arouse any suspicion in the mind of the Negro, should he be hovering about.

“If he comes to the well for water every night,” said Louis, at length, “don’t you think this is the very worst place for us to be? He will see us, and then go away for good.”

“Yes; we will go into the house,” rejoined Clearwater. “We can hide there in a corner, and see him if he comes.”

He turned to the bucket for another draught of the delicious water. Louis went toward the lean-to, or kitchen, of the cabin. He looked through the long, narrow window. A table stood in the middle of the floor, making a dark spot in the centre of the moonlit shed. For a moment he stood there, eagerly peering in; then he returned on tiptoe to the Englishman, who had just removed the cup from his lips, and whispered:

“There is a man asleep in there, under the table. I could see only his feet, but they are black and bare. I am certain it is Juan Carisso.”

(To be continued.)

A Good-Natured King.

On one occasion Philip II. of Spain had spent many hours of the night in writing a long letter to the Pope, and when it was finished, he gave it to his secretary to be folded and sealed. The secretary, being half asleep, poured, as he thought, sand over the sheet in order to dry the ink—as was customary before the invention of blotting-paper—but was thoroughly awakened and horrified as well on discovering that he had covered the paper, not with sand, but with ink. The King without even an angry exclamation, remarked, “Here is another sheet of paper,” and began the letter over again.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A fine large copy of the first printed catechism (Cologne, about 1470) was among the rarities sold last month in London.

—Fr. Pustet & Co. publish a neat and handy edition (*decima quarta*) of "Excerpta ex Rituali Romano." The little volume is well printed in large type, on good paper. The binding, another important feature in manuals of this kind, is all that can be desired. We are glad to notice also a good index, conveniently placed.

—On several occasions during the past year we have commended and quoted from the translation, appearing in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, of Father Ferreres' study of the phenomena of man's actual dissolution. It is accordingly a pleasure to welcome its publication in book form with the title "Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments," by the Rev. Juan B. Ferreres, S. J., translated from the third Spanish edition at St. Louis University. (B. Herder.) It is a slight volume, but one the contents of which no parish priest can afford to ignore.

—Something of a novelty in the way of books is "Rosaline Fay. A Southern Idyl," by Brother Ambrose. A slender volume bound in blue cloth, in the first place its fifty or sixty pages of heavy, tinted paper are unnumbered. In the second place, the poetic narrative that makes up its content is cast in a verse-form which is quite unfamiliar in English, the lines being dactylic heptameter with an extra syllable, or, dactylic octameter catalectic. Two lines will serve as specimens:

Down to the village church passed she each morning, for
now was the curé preparing the young;

Making them ready for childhood's sweet moment when
Jesus should first lay His Heart on their breasts.

As an essay in blank verse, the poem is not without its merits, and the story proper is fairly interesting; but the unusual metre is not likely to find favor with the average reader of modern verse.

—As our readers have learned from a sketch entitled "A Convert of the Sixteenth Century," the career of Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon's *alter ego*, was no less edifying than romantic. Few men have combined so many varied callings within the compass of a life not much prolonged beyond the average. His kinsman, Mr. Arnold Harris Mathew, has prepared a Life of the versatile knight which will be published in the autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews. It is founded largely on original and unexplored documents, and will be profusely illustrated with portraits of the celebrities with whom Sir Tobie came in

contact. The general reader as well as students of the history of the period, especially those who are interested in the Bacon-Shakespeare question, will welcome this work.

—On the occasion of the public funeral of Sir John Thompson, at Halifax (January 3, 1895), a notable sermon was preached in St. Mary's Cathedral by the late Archbishop O'Brien. It was a happy thought, even at so late a day as eleven years after the event, to publish the discourse as a pamphlet. It has been brought out in neat typographical form by E. P. Meagher, Halifax. The sermon is preceded by "An Elegy," Sir Lewis Morris' tribute to the dead statesman; and an appendix contains the brief addresses on the deceased Premier delivered in the Canadian House of Commons by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. George E. Foster.

—An excellent pamphlet for personal reading and for distribution among friends and acquaintances in the categories of lax Catholics, nothingarians, or religious indifferentists, is "What Need is There of Religion?" by the Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. In the space of a hundred pages, the Professor of Philosophy in St. Louis University discusses with equal lucidity and cogency such topics as: Man a Microcosm, Is Man a Creature? Religion a Necessary Consequence of Creation, The Duty of Divine Worship, and Religion and Morality. Specifically aimed at the false notions and theories of the day, this booklet can not but do good to every class of its readers. Published by B. Herder.

—The interesting story entitled "Pearl; or, a Passing Brightness," by Olive Katherine Parr (Sands & Co.), seems almost autobiographical, not only because it is written as the experience of the first person, singular, but because of its direct, simple style of narrative. Pearl, who tells the story, is hardly the heroine, and yet she is the prominent character. We see her writing letters for Miss Witherleigh, reading poetry to her, and we feel for her loneliness; but our interest in her grows stronger when we meet Margaret Witherleigh and the others. The course of true love is true to proverb in this story, but all ends happily to the music of church-bells, which are also wedding-bells.

—In his dedication, to the miners of the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, of "Bridget; or, What's In a Name?" the author, Will W. Whalen, calls the book "this little firstling of my pen." It is only fair to say that, as a first book, it is a very creditable production. The story is a

thoroughly Catholic one, the local color of the mining region is realistic, and Bridget is a young woman whose acquaintance it is worth while to form even in the pages of a novel. If Mr. Whalen will accept a suggestion for his next story, perhaps he might link his different episodes somewhat more closely together, and so avoid the danger of having them appear as unconnected tales rather than one symmetrical narrative. Mayhew Publishing Company.

—According to a correspondent of the *Bookman*, the common saying, "Honesty is the best policy," generally ascribed to Benjamin Franklin, originated with King James I. The maxim, as perhaps most persons interpret it, is not a highly moral one; however, its origin is of interest. Says the *Bookman's* correspondent:

Benjamin Franklin has long been considered the originator of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." He is credited with the saying in Professor Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" (p. 92). But in the Preface to Slingsby Bethel's "Interest of Princes and States," published at London in 1680, occurs this passage: "The art of Government not being so mysterious, as State monopolists would make it, honesty (as King James used to say) being the best policy, and surely that is the best government that," etc.

Franklin was born in 1706. It seems improbable that he ever saw Bethel's work. He may have heard the saying, as a moral that runs at large, during his long sojourn in England; but the Almanac was completed before its author left this country. Perhaps the lofty sentiment came across the Atlantic between 1603 and 1730, and found here a hospitable stepfather.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments" Rev. Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.

"Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.

"A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

"The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.

"The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.

"Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1.37.

"Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.

"Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.

"The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.

"In the Brave Days of Old" Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.

"The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

"The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.

"Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,

"The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.

"The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.

"Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.

"The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.

"The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

"A Book of the Love of Jesus." Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cts.

"Pilgrim Walks In Rome." P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.60, net.

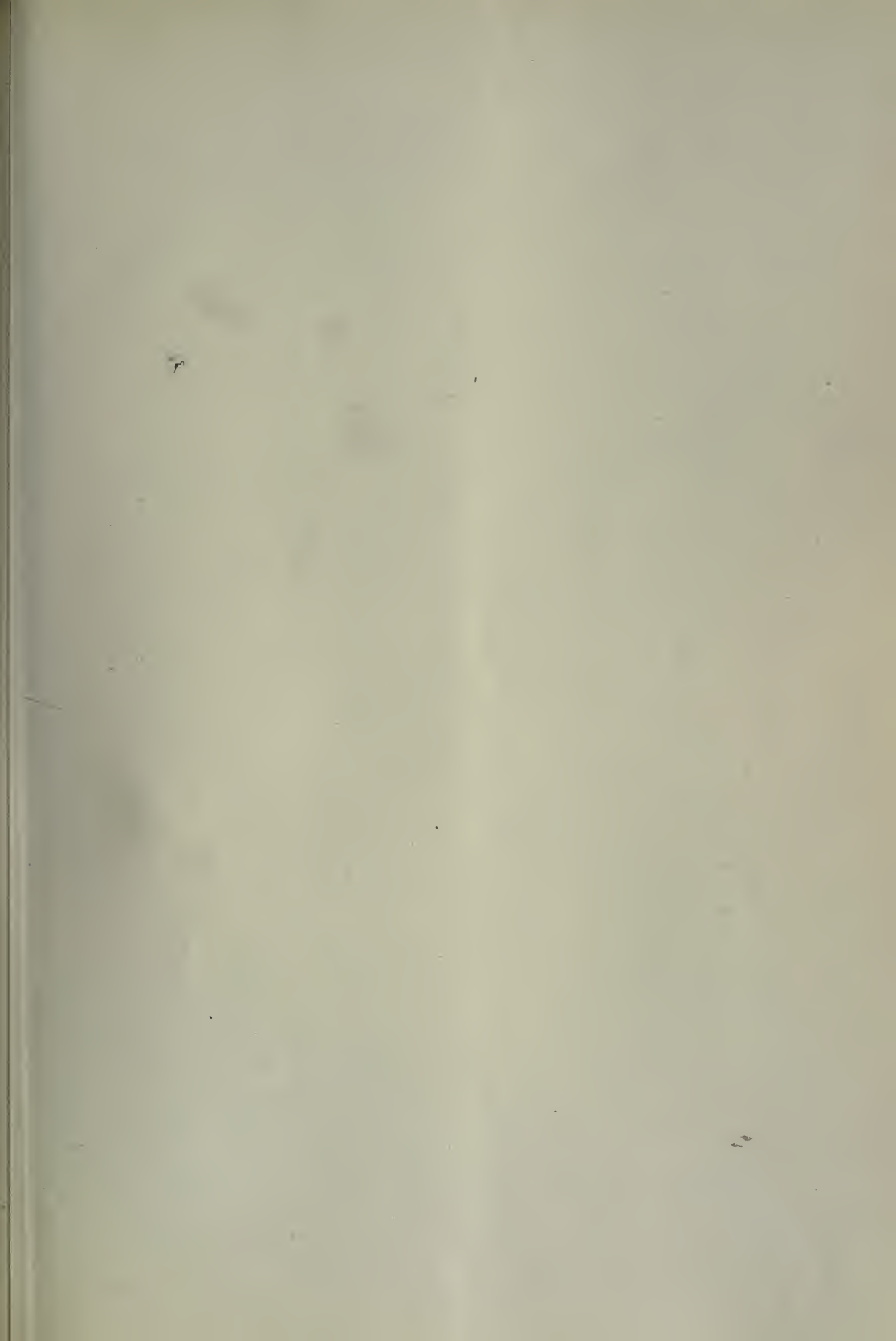
"Our Lady's Book of Days." 45 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Mr. W. W. Ackerson, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Reuter, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. John Higgins, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Thomas Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Rose McDevitt, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Jacob Hosate, Toledo, Ohio; Miss Bridget Campbell, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Ellsworth, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Hannah Mulligan, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. John Lash, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. William Hogan, Fenton, Mich.; Mrs. Earl Moyer, Lima, Ohio; Mr. George Beckwith, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Charles Heeren and Mr. William Kelly, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Joseph Vieson and Miss Elizabeth Theisen, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Charles Cueny, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Magdalena Geis, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. T. F. Dahoney and Mr. Thomas Dahoney, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Sullivan, Roxbury, Mass.; and Mrs. Sophia Heinemann, Connersville, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!





THE VIRGIN IN GLORY.
(Varottari)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Lady's Crowns.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

HE crowned thee first, O Blessed One, with grace,
And set thee, from thy fair conception hour,
Creation's perfect seed and plant and flower,
Beautiful in the brightness of His Face.

He crowned thee next with joy, child of His love,—
The joy wherein His whole world had its part;
The joy supreme that waited for thy heart,
Seeing none else could bear the weight thereof.

And next He crowned thee with His sorrow,—thee
He called upon His crucifixion morn,
And girt thy brows with His own piercing thorn,
And clothed thee with His purple mockery.

And last, in splendor full of light and sound,
In all the exultant sheen of Heaven's high day,
He set thee in thy queendom, there for aye
With glory everlasting robed and crowned.

Edward VI. and the Catholic Liturgy.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.

EVEN after this lapse of time men are not agreed as to what Edward VI., or rather his advisers, actually did in regard to the ancient liturgy of the Church. It is asserted that the "Book of Common Prayer," then first introduced, is merely a translated and simplified edition of the Catholic Missal and Breviary; also that, specifically, the "Communion Service" is the Catholic Mass in English; and that the "Ordinal," or "Ordination Service," is an

English recension of the Roman Pontifical. I fancy this, in general terms, is believed to be the case by a good many who should know better; and I have heard Catholics as well as Protestants express astonishment when told that such a belief, in view of plain facts, is quite untenable. I propose, then, briefly to consider the question: What was done with the Catholic Liturgy by the Reformers in the reign of Edward VI., when the "Book of Common Prayer" and the English "Ordinal" were in the making? Unless a clear and intelligible idea can be gained of the liturgical changes at this period, it is impossible to understand a period which is the turning point in the religious history of England.

At the outset it must be allowed that the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. was on the face of it a revolution, and that on two grounds. Local and diocesan usage of every sort was swept away, and an absolute uniformity of service was prescribed for the whole realm,—a thing unheard of in the ancient Catholic Church in England no less than in France and Germany. This note of uniformity is struck emphatically in the Act itself, which also declares the peace and quiet to be engendered by the change. Secondly, a book was introduced, the form and disposition of which was obviously unlike any hitherto in use for public worship in England.

Whether a nearer examination would show that the divergence is rather one

of outward seeming than of reality, is a matter involving many considerations. Amongst these must necessarily find a place the following: What position does the first Prayer Book hold in regard to the ancient service books in England, or other contemporary documents of the same kind? Is it conservative? Is it innovating? And how far is it either? What was its inspiration? What were its sources? Unfortunately, all these questions have become involved in extraneous and notably polemical considerations. These, as all will allow, are hardly favorable to the investigation or exposition of bare historic truth. But, in spite of these, it should not be impossible to fix, with a sufficient degree of accuracy and certainty, the position which the Prayer Books of Edward VI. really hold in the religious history of the time, especially when new documents can be produced to make the task more easy or the result more sure.

Cranmer had long been contemplating some reform of the Breviary before the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer of 1549. His studies are to be found in a manuscript in the British Museum; and this volume helps us to understand the connection between the finished Prayer Book and Cardinal Guignon's Breviary, to which, fifty years ago, the late Sir William Palmer pointed out its indebtedness. These projects of liturgical change, however, need not detain us, and I pass on at once to the more important schemes of change contemplated and carried out by the authority of the King's advisers.

The first year of Edward's reign, 1546, saw some Catholic practices attacked; but, although in the sermons preached in Lent plain indications were given of contemplated changes, the temper of the people made it imperative to proceed with caution. The expedient adopted was that of a royal

visitation, which had proved so successful in Henry VIII.'s reign. The commissioners were furnished with certain injunctions to be imposed by the supreme authority of the King as Head of the Church.

The following changes inaugurated at this time by the King's authority require only mention here. No lights were in future to be burned before any image. The Epistle and Gospel at the High Mass were to be read to the people in English, in the pulpit or other convenient place. Every Sunday and holyday one chapter of the New Testament in English was to be read at Matins immediately after the lessons, and one chapter of the Old Testament at Even-Song after the *Magnificat*. "When nine lessons are to be read in the church, three of them" were to be omitted with their responsories; and at Even-Song the responses with all the commemorations were to be left out. Henceforth no procession was to be allowed in any church or churchyard or other place; but immediately before the High Mass the clergy were by the injunctions ordered to kneel in the midst of the church and sing or say the litany, which had been set forth in English.

Injunctions, given to the cathedral and collegiate churches in the autumn of this same year, 1547, were ordained to shorten the services. The aim of these provisions is clear. They were intended to bring the sermon into chief prominence, at the expense of the prayers and psalmody. They secured also, by the restriction of all sung Masses to the choir, that such services should have a congregational character.

One of the first results of this visitation was to bring Bishops Gardiner and Bonner to the Fleet Prison. The latter, on August 12, was convened before the Council, to which Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the royal visitors in the diocese of London, had

reported the Bishop's protest against the injunctions. At the Council, Bonner agreed to withdraw his protest; but, as a warning to others, he was kept in the Fleet for a week. "The Bishop of Winchester," so runs the entry in the Council Book, "having written to the lords of his Majesty's Council, and besides that spoken to others impertinent things of the King's Majesty's visitation, and refused to receive the injunctions and homilies, because, as he said on being examined by their lordships thereupon, they contained things dissident with the Word o God, so as his conscience would not suffer him to accept them, was sent under the safe leading of Sir Anthony Wingfield to the Fleet."

Of the nature of his confinement there, he himself writes to Somerset on November 12: "These seven weeks saving one day I have been here under such straight keeping as I have spoken with no man." He adds that he has been obliged to leave off study and give himself "to continual walks for exercise." From another letter written by the Bishop from his prison on October 14, 1547, it is clear that his action was deliberate. He was determined by all means in his power to stay the course, in which he clearly saw a determined attack upon the faith as well as the practices of the old Church of England.

With Gardiner safe in prison, Parliament was summoned to meet on November 4, 1547. The opening of the first Parliament of the reign was made the occasion of a state pageant,— 'his Majesty riding from Westminster Palace to the Church of St. Peter, in his parliament robes, with all his lords, spiritual and temporal, riding in their robes also.' This opportunity, moreover, was seized upon to introduce a novelty more significant than any yet attempted; for it touched the ritual of the Mass itself. After a sermon by

Dr. Ridley, the new Bishop of Rochester, "the Mass began," writes Wriothesley. "The *Gloria in Excelsis*, the Creed, and the *Agnus* were all sung in English." The prayers said by the priest, including of course the sacred Canon, were, as formerly, in Latin; but the general effect which the service must have had upon those present is correctly given by the historian Stowe when he writes: "That same day Mass was sung before the lords in the English tongue."

This was undoubtedly the most important liturgical innovation yet attempted. There had been, it is true, essays in change which at the time must have been startling enough. The novel ritual of consecration and coronation before drawn up by the Council had manifested a disregard for time-honored ceremonies.

Whilst Parliament was actually sitting, the Council gave their authority to a resumption of the war against images, which it had been found wise to discontinue in the September previous. Says the author of the Grey Friars' chronicle: "Item: The seventeenth day of the same month of November, at night, was pulled down the rood in Paul's, with Mary and John, and all the images in the church. And two of the men that laboured at it were slain, and divers others sore hurt." At the same time the pulpit was used to decry the old Catholic devotion to images. The pulpit comedies of Henry's days were renewed, and after the sermons the children were invited to break the "idols" to pieces.

But the public insults and mockeries heaped upon holy things did not rest here. They were turned against the Blessed Sacrament, which the whole people throughout the land believed to be our Blessed Lord Himself. It was nicknamed "Jack in the box, with divers other shameful names," by which the public conscience was gravely shocked. To meet the popular feeling, an act

of Parliament was proposed, putting down such profanity under severe penalties. But Somerset, Cranmer and their friends knew how to turn even this into a means for advancing their own ends.

On November 12, a bill "for the Sacrament of the Altar" was read for the first time in the House of Peers. The second reading was taken on the 15th, and here for the moment the matter rested. This bill may be called the Catholic half of the Act subsequently passed. Its object was to put down the growing irreverence to the Blessed Sacrament. Toward the end of the same month of November, however, another measure appeared providing "for the administration of the Sacrament under both kinds," which was read for the first time on the 26th. On December 3, the former bill for the reverence to the Sacrament was read a third time, and in the same sitting committed to Somerset. The bill thus passed in the Lords is the Act which now appears in the statute book, combining, under one single act (1) the bill for reverence to the Sacrament, and (2) the bill for Communion in both kinds.

The episcopal vote given in favor of and against this measure deserves consideration. Eleven bishops were absent from Parliament on the occasion, and seem to have appointed no proxies;* and, on looking at the list of absentees, there does not seem to have been one amongst them who can fairly be classed among the advocates of change.

The votes of the five bishops recorded against the bill are more weighty than a mere expression of opinion. These prelates, above the rest then in Parlia-

ment, must have ardently desired to see as the law of the land that part of the amalgamated bill which professed to put down all irreverences against the Blessed Sacrament. Believing it to be what they did, it must have cost them much even to appear unwilling to defend it against scurrilous unbelief. Their objection consequently to the portion tacked on by Somerset and his friends must have been deep indeed to overcome the natural instinct of a Catholic to welcome legal condemnation of the current blasphemies.

Ten bishops voted for the measure. Their intentions in so doing must be purely a matter of conjecture; but, looking at after events, it will not be far from the truth to divide them equally into two parties: one following the lead of Cranmer, the other of Tunstall of Durham.*

The bill was read for the first time in the Commons on December 10, the very day it had been passed in the Lords. Up to the last moment there is manifested on the part of the Government a disposition to tamper with it. "On December 17," says the record in the journals of the Lords, "a proviso was sent to the Commons House, through Mr. Hales, to be attached to the bill for the Most Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, the which the Commons would not receive because the Lords had not given their consent."†

* Those led by Cranmer were probably the bishops of Ely, St. Davids, Lincoln, and Rochester; those led by Tunstall were Salisbury, St. Asaph, Carlisle and Bristol.

† This entry is all that is known on the subject; but it is evident that the provision in question has nothing to do with the joining of the two bills, as the amalgamation was effected before the bill was sent down to the Lower House on December 10; and it was this bill which passed there on the 17th.

* These eleven were: Gardiner, detained in the Fleet; Vesey of Exeter; Sampson of Coventry and Lichfield; Kitchin of Llandaff; Knight of Bath; Thirlby of Westminster; Wakeman of Gloucester; Chambers of Peterboro; Bird of Chester; Bulkeley of Bangor; and King of Oxford.

Perhaps some light may be thrown on the nature of the provision which at the last moment it was desired to attach to the bill, by the report of the generally well-informed French

Of this bill passed in the Commons on December 17 it is here sufficient to notice that the first portion condemned all who, "in their sermons, preachings, readings, lectures, communications, arguments, rhymes, songs or jests," should call the Blessed Sacrament "by such vile and unseemly words as Christian ears do abhor to hear." The second branch of the statute, after declaring that the administration of Holy Communion under both kinds, of bread and wine, was conformable to primitive practice, ordered that it should be so administered "except necessity otherwise requires."

It is now necessary to consider the action of convocation in this matter. On November 30 we read in the acts of that assembly: "The prolocutor showed and caused to be publicly read the form of a certain ordinance delivered to him, as he asserts, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the taking of the body of Our Lord under both kinds, of bread and also of wine." The document was then subscribed by the prolocutor and fifteen others out of the fifty-eight present at the session. With regard to this document, it does not appear that it was a ritual form; there is nothing whatever to show that the paper was "sent down from the bishops," as Burnet has it; or "that it had been promoted among the bishops of the Upper House," as more modern writers have asserted. All that is known for certain is that the prolocutor asserted it "was given him by the Archbishop."

In this connection it must be borne in mind that the bill for receiving the Sacrament under both kinds was read for the first time in Parliament on November 26, just four days before it was mooted in convocation. It may thus be considered as a parliamentary measure; and it seems not at all improbable that it was raised in the assembly of clergy as a mere expedient to facilitate the passing of the bill by producing some clerical expression of approval. This could hardly have been encouraging, as the attempt to secure even a majority in favor of the change signally failed.

By the time the Communion Book was ready, matters had progressed in favor of the Reformers. A set of questions relating to the Mass were proposed to the majority of the bishops of both provinces, probably some time after December 20, 1547. On examination, the questions will be found to fall into three categories. The third and fourth questions may be summed up thus: "What do you *mean* by the Mass?" The first, second and fifth ask: "What is the Mass *for*—for Sacrifice or Communion?" The sixth and seventh raise the practical question: "Shall we do away with the Mass, *offered* for the living and the dead, as distinct from Communion?" The two concluding questions relate to subordinate matters. The one (No. 8) asks whether the Gospel should be explained at the Mass to the people; and the other (No 9), whether the Mass should be in English.

It has been stated that the questions were tentative. Their object apparently was to sound the bishops and see how far the innovators might safely go; and, in particular, to find out whether it would be now possible to sweep away the Mass altogether, or whether it would be prudent to temporize yet awhile. The answers given by the bishops are of great importance and

ambassador. "It was expected," he writes, "that there would be some commotion in this parliament for the Sacrament of the Altar, which it was wished to abolish. Nevertheless, it will remain for the present, as people think; although the Protector and the chief nobles do not *use* it any more at home among their families, where they act as badly as, or worse than, the Sacramentarians in Germany." (De Selve, p. 248: '*use*,'—i. e., they no longer had Mass in their private chapels.)

interest. They show the attitude of mind of each individual prelate toward the traditional system, and throw much light on the later sequence of events. It is therefore necessary to dwell upon them at some length.

As might be expected, Cranmer and Ridley took the extreme line of innovation in everything. In this they were generally followed, although not in all details, by Holbeach of Lincoln and Barlow of St. Davids, with Doctors Cox and Taylor. Goodrich of Ely stands alone. He takes the *via media*, discreetly leaving the settlement to the will of those in power; but not so far leaving the ancient lines as to make retractation, and the retention of his See in Mary's reign, any very difficult matter.

The rest of the bishops took the Catholic view in their replies to all the questions submitted. Six of them answered jointly throughout. The first of these, Bonner of London, was a practical man, but evidently no theologian. The unanimity of Skip of Hereford, Day of Chichester, and Heath of Worcester, is noteworthy in view of the subsequent history. A fifth of the number, Rugg of Norwich, although less known, took a prominent part, as will be seen, in the discussions which preceded the introduction of the bill for Common Prayer in the House of Lords. The sixth was Wharton of St. Asaph.

The replies of Cranmer were throughout laconic and fitted to the terms of the questions. His mind as to his answers was probably made up when framing them. Taking the questions as summarized above, the answer of the Archbishop to the interrogatory as to the nature of the Mass is, that the "oblation and sacrifice" of Christ in the Mass are terms improperly used, and that it is only a "memory and representation" of the sacrifice of the Cross. In other words, Cranmer and the four bishops who went with him

rejected the sacrifice of the Mass as it had hitherto been received in England and elsewhere.

The point of questions 1, 2 and 5, taken together, was to elicit opinions as to whether, apart from Communion, the Mass had any virtue in itself, or whether its sole virtue for the individual was in his own act of communion. Cranmer and the rest of the innovating party answered by saying that the virtue of the Sacrament did not extend beyond the reception. This struck at the Mass as a sacrifice propitiatory for the living. Ridley, however, did not go quite so far as the Archbishop in this matter, and called attention to the "spiritual participation amongst all the members of Christ in all godliness." In so far he approximated to the Catholic idea, although rejecting Catholic doctrine.

One special question put was as to the use of the vernacular in the Mass, and the majority of the replies manifest a disinclination to change. "If the Mass should be wholly in English," says Bush of Bristol, "I think men should differ from the custom and manner of all other regions." Worcester, Chichester and Hereford, when further pressed by additional interrogatories, declared that "we ought to use such rites and prayers as the Catholic Church hath and doth uniformly observe"; and they based their objection to "the whole Mass in English" on the principle that "an uniformity of all churches in that thing is to be kept."

As a result, it appears certain that at this time Cranmer did not feel himself in a position to press upon the English Church changes in the liturgy beyond the point to which the more conservative among the bishops were prepared to go. The result was the printing of "the Order of Communion," a booklet of three or four leaves, which, whilst introducing an English form of Com-

munion, left the Latin Mass in common use as before. It was ordered to be introduced everywhere on April 1, 1548.

The change in the liturgy opened the door to many innovations on the part of the ardent spirits among the Reformers. The Council issued orders forbidding all unlawful changes in the liturgy, but at the same time allowing it to be understood that such alterations were not wholly displeasing to them. In fact, the policy of essaying further changes under the eye of the court was revived. At Easter this year (1548) "there began," as the Grey Friars' chronicle relates, "the Communion, and confession but of those that would, as the book doth specify." In May appeared a novelty in the cathedral church of the metropolis for which as yet there was no warrant. "Paul's choir and divers other parishes in London," writes Wriothsley, "sung all the service in English, both Matins and Even-Song; and kept no Mass without some received the Communion with the priest."

Also "on the 12th of May [1548] King Henry VII.'s anniversary was kept at Westminster; the Mass sung all in English, with the consecration of the Sacrament also spoken in English; the priest leaving out all the Canon after the Creed save the *Pater Noster*, and then ministered the Communion after the King's book." The sermon at this Mass was "made by Mr. Tong, the King's chaplain."

The description of this service at Westminster is strikingly like a Mass on the model of Luther's so-called "Latin Mass," with the addition of the "Order of Communion" put forth in the previous March. It is impossible also not to see in it a first draft of "the Supper of the Lord, commonly called the Mass," as it appeared in the first Book of Common Prayer issued the next year. The question further arises, What "Matins and Even-Song"

had been used in English by certain London churches in the May of the year 1548? Were they a translation of the daily varying offices of the ancient Breviary, or did they resemble the unvarying services of the subsequent Prayer Book?

From the Easter of 1548, which saw the introduction of the new form of Communion, the pulpit and the press were allowed full license to attack the ancient doctrine of the Mass. What they called the "enormities" of the Canon were inveighed against, and chiefly because of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which had brought, as one pamphleteer declared, "almost the universal world to open and manifest idolatry."

We may now turn to consider the next step in the "reform" of the ancient Catholic liturgies—the first Book of Common Prayer. It is usually asserted that this Anglican liturgy was drawn up by a committee of bishops and other ecclesiastics, whose names are given. It may be safely stated, however, that very little indeed is known for certain about the composers of the Prayer Book. We are aware that about September, 1548, a certain number of divines under Cranmer were gathered at Chertsey and Windsor, "where they are to determine what is to be held in this kingdom about the Mass and the Sacrament of the Altar." As to the committee, all we can say for certain is that Cranmer was at its head; the other names usually given are mere guesses started by the historian Fuller in 1657,—a century after the event. The same may be said in regard to any action of convocation in this matter so gravely affecting the religion of the country. Strype was the first ecclesiastical historian to assert, in 1723, that the convocation of clergy had actually approved the first Prayer Book. But here again it may be taken as certain that convo-

cation neither appointed any body of divines to compile the new liturgy, nor gave it any approval after it had been drawn up, whether before or after the parliamentary sanction.

The opening of the second session of Parliament was fixed for the end of November, 1548. No ecclesiastical business was taken for the first fortnight; but the introduction of the bill imposing the new Book of Common Prayer was preceded by a discussion on the doctrine of the Sacrament. The burning question was approached in the House of Lords on Friday, December 14, and the debate extended over four days. It is here, of course, impossible to enter in detail into this most instructive discussion, in the course of which the true meaning of the minds of the Reformers and the Catholics became apparent. The bill came up for the final voting on Tuesday, January 15, 1549; and, taking all circumstances into consideration, the opinion of the bishops upon the new liturgy may fairly be stated as follows: thirteen of their number were favorable to the government measure; ten were opposed to it; whilst the views of the remaining four—the Bishops of Llandaff, Bangor, Gloucester, and Exeter—may be considered doubtful, although they can hardly be believed to have been favorable.

(Conclusion next week.)

NEVER was there a happier, a prouder day for Queen Esther than that upon which King Assuerus with his own hand placed a crown upon her head and made her queen over his vast dominions. No less certain is it that Mary, the Blessed Mother of God, had no greater glory and joy than on the day when her Divine Son conducted her into the realm of celestial bliss, raised her above all the choirs of angels, and crowned her Queen of heaven and earth. It is impossible to conceive greater joy and honor than this.—*Anon.*

Serfs and Nobles.

A TALE OF CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

“WILL he be here soon, Tatyana?” The young girl thus addressed arose, and, going to the window, pushed aside the heavy curtains that had been closely drawn against the cold. Without was bright moonlight, that lit up the wide wastes of snow, and idealized the dark, gaunt branches of the trees in the park; but of human life there was no sign.

Dropping the curtain, Tatyana returned to her seat near the fire.

“No sign of Dimitri yet, father. But it is hardly time to expect him. Ivan said the roads are heavy, and that the drosky would probably take longer than usual to make the trip from town.”

The first speaker, a tall, soldierly-looking old man, again took up his newspaper, the *Novoe Vremya*, and began to read. The girl glanced half idly, now at the fire, then around the luxuriously furnished apartment, and finally her gaze became centred upon a handsome youth of about twenty-two, who sat reading near a shaded lamp in the centre of the room. It was a fine face and physique on which her eye was resting,—of the best Muscovite type, clear of eye, straight of limb, with brown hair that grew well around a wide forehead full of power. The lower face, beardless as yet, showed the firm outline of mouth and chin; it was clearly the face of one born to be a leader of men in some way, though the man's ideals were still half dreams, and undeveloped.

“What are you reading, Paul?” said the young girl.

Down went the book, and the one

addressed arose and, coming over to the fire, disposed his long limbs on a magnificent Persian rug near his cousin.

"Igor's Expedition against the Polovtzi," he answered; and, catching both question and answer, General, Count Retvizan looked up with an approving nod.

"That is right, my boy!" he said. "Read the old classic writers. How I wish Dimitri's tastes ran in the same line!"

"Dimitri prefers the modern school," said Tatyana, at which the old Count sighed and shook his head.

"The boy grows more radical every day," he said. "Old traditions do not appeal to him. If he is not careful, he will land in Siberia."

But Tatyana interposed, anxious to defend her absent brother.

"Dimitri feels for the suffering of our people, father; but he is perfectly orthodox. It is not likely that the Emperor will question the loyalty of a member of our house."

"There are not many in Russia who can trace their lineage back to the time of Vladimir the Great," said the old man, with pride; "but we can. No Retvizan has ever fought save for God and the Czar."

"Or ever will," added Paul.

At this the slight shade of anxiety on the Count's face returned. But his uneasiness, whatever it was, remained unexpressed; for at that moment a sound broke the stillness outside. The barking of dogs and jingling of sleigh bells announced that the expected guest was at the door.

Tatyana flew from the room, followed closely by her cousin Paul; and presently she returned, laughing and talking to a handsome, bearded young officer, whose blue eyes met those of his father, full of a frank greeting. Whatever his political opinions, it was impossible for the old Russian not to be pleased with the appearance and manner of his

only son; and, under the influence of the latter's presence, his anxieties were, for the time, forgotten.

"I have brought a friend with me," said Dimitri, when the first greetings between father and son were over. "Paul is entertaining him in the salon. May I bring him in here now?"

"Certainly," answered the old Count, hospitably; and Dimitri departed, soon returning with a dark-haired, dark-eyed man of about his own age.

"My friend, Captain Philippe de Roux," was the introduction; "and a very good sort," added Dimitri, smiling at his friend.

While the men exchanged greetings and conversation, Tatyana studied the new arrival. She saw a slender, finely built, but not very tall man, of about twenty-five. The face was refined and mobile in expression, with deep-set, rather serious eyes. Something in the outline of the forehead and in the lines of the mouth suggested a nature more spiritual than warlike. At any rate, it was such a face as a woman loves to look at, and instinctively trusts.

The sound of the dressing bell presently made the group scatter,—Dimitri carrying his friend first to his own room, and then to a guest chamber adjoining.

It was not until nearly bedtime that night that the Count learned more particulars about the young Frenchman. Captain de Roux was on an extended leave, and had come to St. Petersburg to visit his sister, the wife of a Russian general. Dimitri had met him a month ago, and the two men had taken a fancy to each other; and when the younger man, who was now a lieutenant in the Czar's Imperial Body-guard, obtained a two weeks' leave to go home, he invited the Captain to accompany him.

The Retvizan Estate was midway between St. Petersburg and Moscow, among the Valdai Hills; and comprised

a vast landed property, which Peter the Great had given to the head of the house of Retvizan in reward for military services and devotion to the throne. The present Count Retvizan had been in the army under Alexander II., and had retired with the rank of General. An ardent adherent of the throne and the autocracy, he looked with alarm both on his only son's advanced views, and the signs of unrest and discontent throughout the country.

Dimitri's two weeks' leave had nearly come to an end, when one afternoon the old Count invited his son into his private study. Tatyana had gone for a sleigh ride with De Roux, or she might have prevented the interview, her constant aim being to keep her father's and brother's political views from clashing.

"My son," said the old man, "I have heard disquieting rumors from St. Petersburg of your radical departure in political matters from the way in which you were trained. The Emperor has even communicated with me on the subject. They tell me that at heart you are a red-hot Socialist, and inclined to take up the cause of the workingmen."

"In a measure that is true," replied Dimitri, quietly.

"And wherefore?" said the Count, who was holding himself in admirable control. "You can not have these views, Dimitri, and be loyal to the Emperor. He knows this as well as I do."

"That is not so, father," answered the younger man. "I love Russia and would give my life for her welfare. I will stand by the Czar, and, as one of his bodyguard, will defend him from harm; but that will not prevent my working with those who are trying to move him to see his duty and act on it,—to free Russia from the bureaucracy and repression under which the whole nation is groaning."

"It is an idle dream, Dimitri," said the old man. "Neither the Russian serf nor the workingman is ready for any radical change. Give the lower classes power, and they know not how to use it; this has been the experience of governments the world over."

Dimitri's look showed he was unconvinced.

"There is no man who has the future of the masses so much at heart as Tolstoi," he said; "yet Tolstoi sees for them a glorious future, born of liberty, equality, and a share in the government of their country."

"It is madness, my son," said the Count, sadly,—“worse than madness. Education of the lower classes in Russia has already fomented a hotbed of anarchy. As to the peasants, their one cry is, 'More land!' You can not make them understand the principle of their emancipation from serfdom. 'The Liberator Czar' promised us the land," they say; and with this idea in mind they would seize and plow up the estates of the nobles, did we not hold them in check."

"It is the fault of the government that Russia is torn by anarchy and unrest," said the young man, warmly. "The peasants are profoundly ignorant, and dulled by years of labor and poverty. The students are half starved, badly housed, and barely able to keep body and soul together in their efforts to acquire an education. Change all this—teach the peasant and direct him in the right way, give him enough land to make a real livelihood, assist the students by founding scholarships and dormitories that will house and feed them, give the workingmen shorter hours and better pay,—and this demon of unrest and rebellion against the existing order of things will vanish like an idle dream. It is on an empty stomach and an empty purse that anarchy flourishes."

The old Count crossed himself.

"Heaven preserve us, Dimitri!" he said. "To what are you coming? These views will land you in Siberia."

"Perhaps they will," was the answer. "See you not, my dear father, that in those very words you condemn the whole system you would uphold? There is only one thought and one mind in Russia; and he who dares to think for himself, to fight for freedom of speech, freedom of religion and of the press, is in danger of spending years of exile, if not the remainder of his life, in the Siberian wastes."

"Where all plotters against the Empire rightly belong," said the old reactionist, doggedly.

"We are not plotters against the Empire, father," observed Dimitri, and his usually bright face was clouded. "We do but seek for needed reforms, which the Emperor could grant to-morrow and still remain the most powerful monarch in the world. He is blinded now by unwise advisers, and by his own hereditary training; yet at the same time he has the experience of other nations—of Germany, England, America—to show him that a government of the people is compatible with co-operative government by the head of the nation."

"Ah, Dimitri!" replied the Count, "words, words! It is all an idle dream; and when anarchy, revolution, and agrarian movements have ruined Russia, when your estates are burned and pillaged, you may remember my advice and warning, and think too late that I am right."

Dimitri walked to the window. The evident sorrow and deep agitation of the old man touched him, and he saw also the uselessness of continuing the subject under discussion. A drosky coming up the avenue gave him the pretext for turning the conversation.

"Here is Tatyana, father," he said, "and only Ivan with her. I wonder where Captain de Roux is?"

A question which Tatyana, coming in with glowing cheeks and bright eyes, answered.

"We had a splendid sleigh ride," she said. "But as we were passing the railroad station on our way home, the agent hurried out with a telegram for the Captain; and he found he would have to wait an hour to send and receive an answer; so he insisted on my coming on home, and said he would hire a drosky and follow later."

"I hope the message was not bad news," said Dimitri.

"I don't think so," answered his sister. "He read the telegram before me, and it did not seem to annoy or upset him."

"One would have to know Philippe a long time to find out what his thoughts were and what pleased or displeased him," said Dimitri, as he linked his arm in Tatyana's; and then, after a few pleasant words between the young girl and her father, the brother and sister left the room.

As the door closed on them, the old Count arose and, going to the other end of the room, paused before a beautiful icon, before which a small lamp was burning. Long the orthodox old Russian stood there with bowed head. What fears he had for the future were murmured in his prayers; and it was only when the sound of music in the distance reached him that he returned to his seat by the fire.

Tatyana was playing and her brother was singing, the tones of his rich baritone being eminently fitted to the sweet, weird and mournful music that is peculiarly Russian. As the strains of the national songs came borne across the intervening rooms and halls, the old Count bowed his head. Would Dimitri's loyalty to the Czar match his fervor in singing the national anthems?

It was midnight of the same day when a solitary figure might have been

seen making its way along the road that led from the railroad station to Count Retvizan's Estate. The night was clear starlight without any moon; and this, combined with the fact that the wind was against him, made the pedestrian's progress slow. "If only the wind were blowing the other way!" he thought. And just at that moment, borne on the breeze, came the sound of voices. Military training had made the man cautious, and involuntarily he paused to listen. An instant later he was safely sheltered behind a snowbank on one side of the road. Well versed in the Russian language, Captain de Roux—for he it was—had heard words which made him pause and consider. Trouble was brewing somewhere that night.

Presently the footsteps drew near; and above the sound of crunching snow came deep, guttural words that caused the Captain to listen intently. The men, nearly a dozen in number, were walking quickly. When they were once past, and well out of hearing, De Roux sprang out in the road and began running in the same direction he had been following before. After all, the wind had been in his favor; the men, peasants all of them, had spoken of burning and pillaging, and of seizing the land when the owners had been driven forth. Could it be the house where he was a guest? Remembering Count de Retvizan's openly expressed sentiments in favor of autocracy, and of contempt for the rights of the serf, De Roux feared it was.

(To be continued.)

MARY died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect. She died that she might live; she died as a matter of form, or, as I may call it, an observance, in order to fulfil what is called the debt of nature,—not primarily for herself or because of sin, but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, to do as her Son did.—*Newman*.

The Assumption.

BY J. R. MARRE.

'ER ether tracks the Queen did ride,
 By angel wings upborne;
 She passed, all comely as a bride,
 The red gates of the morn.
 Deep unto deep the echoes flung
 Of pæans by glad angels sung.
 At last, afar were dimly seen
 The towers of Paradise;
 Before them blazed the lustrous sheen
 Of wingèd armories,—
 Celestial hosts in close array,
 To grace their Lady's triumph-day.
 She swept along the golden ways,
 With saints on either hand;
 She heard their sweet, mysterious lays,
 The spotless virgin band,
 And in the tiring-halls of heaven
 She donned the robes the King had given.
 What mortal tongue shall hope to sing
 The joy, the rapturous bliss,
 The welcome of her Son, the King,
 His tender, filial kiss!
 The heart that Calvary broke in twain
 Was on this day made whole again.

The Apostle of the Working Classes.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHATEAUBRIAND has written a beautiful book on the "Genius of Christianity"; but if he had expanded it into a series of volumes, they might all be compressed into one word—Compassion! Some one has said that the sentiment of pity, unknown to paganism, was born into the world with Christianity; and pity is only another word for compassion. We should probably hear less of anti-Christianism in our days if this word was more often translated into action in a truly self-denying spirit. It was the genius, the soul, the informing spirit of Christian charity in its widest sense, that was cherished and practised by

the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

The Abbé Landrieux, Vicar-General of Reims, graphically portrayed the social side of their mission in a discourse delivered at Grenelle when giving the habit to Sister Mary Lucy (Mlle. Lucie-Dières Monplaisir), who died shortly afterward.

"You have realized," he said, "that charity to the poor man is not only material almsgiving, but a frank and cordial compassion, generous and full of consideration. He hungers for a word of sympathy, a mark of affection. He has an intelligence, a heart, a soul; and it is too easily imagined that, when he can eat, he does not want anything more. There is a divine thing which Christ has brought on earth. The poor man is everywhere begging for it; he finds it nowhere. They sometimes give him pity; kindness, never! You thought that helping the poor man ought to go as far as that; that it was not enough to heal his wounds, to get him into hospitals, to pay him a passing visit; but that it was necessary to gain his confidence by force of tenderness, and to raise him from his abjection by drawing him to God.... To the Little Sister the sick person is only a sort of pretext: her object is to lead back to God the workman's family. She is not content with putting in an appearance in the garret, at the poor man's hearth: she takes up her place in the capacity of a servant; and by dint of patience and humility, zeal and self-devotedness, ends by bringing in Jesus Christ after her.

"Conversions, abjurations, marriages rehabilitated, late First Communions, adult baptisms,—such are the works of the Little Sister. She goes into places where the priest can not penetrate; she approaches with her smile the irregular-living, the rebellious, the members of the secret societies,—all those unhappy ones whose hatreds, exasperated by misery, become a danger

to society; and the meekness of the lamb always succeeds in conquering the anger of the wolves. She groups in various associations, which are like ramifications of the Institute, the different members of the workman's family; and in those great, populous cities—that are ignorant and perverted, ripe for anarchy, no longer owning a God or wanting a master,—around each flock of Little Sisters is formed a modest Christian settlement, which is growing every day, and which will in time be the regenerating element of the social order."

One of Father Pernet's aims being to bring the classes and the masses together, he got the wealthy to work in concert with the Little Sisters in the same apostolate. In 1876 was formed an auxiliary society of Catholic women called Dames Servantes des Pauvres. Ladies moving in high Parisian society, like the Duchess of Fitz-James, Madame Justine Lemaître, the Marquise de Talhouët, and Mrs. Blount, did not hesitate to put on the false sleeves and the apron of the Little Sisters and serve the poor in their humble dwellings. Gentlemen of rank were not slow to follow the good example. In 1881 was established the Fraternity of Our Lady of Salvation (called later Fraternity of Our Lady of the Assumption, so as not to provoke comparison with the Salvation Army), with the object of keeping in touch with the workman after the departure of the Little Sister, to prevent his backsliding and to preserve his faith, exposed to danger in the sceptical conversation of the factory or workshop. Under the name of "Decurions," men of the world, gentle men of high position like Baron René Reille and his son André, a distinguished orator, Colonel Count d'Agoult, and General de Sonis, placed their influence, time, and talents at the service of their humbler citizens, whom they regarded as their brethren in the faith.

In thus bringing into helpful association different classes, Father Pernet opposed to the false fraternities, like the Masonic, a truly Christian brotherhood, intent on the moral and social well-being of the working classes and the poor, combating the sophisms by which self-interested agitators strive to urge them on to civil war, and giving them an object lesson in genuine Christianity in action. While the "Decurions" themselves watched over the titular head of the poor family, their wives, who had families of their own, were formed into a society called Daughters of St. Monica, to look after their sister women of the lower classes.

As the work expanded and became more comprehensive and organized, foundations increased. Fifteen years after Mother Mary of Jesus and her little family, her *pusillus grex*, entered the modest room in the Rue St. Dominique, the Congregation had increased and multiplied so as to occupy eleven flourishing houses. The work in Grenelle and its results struck the ladies of the English colony in Paris; and in 1880, at the instance of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the Marchioness of Salvo (niece of Cardinal Manning), and Mrs. Blount, a convent was established in Kensington, in the West End of London; followed by foundations in Bow and Notting-Hill. Cardinal Manning received the founder "like a father," gave him full faculties, and affectionately blessed the six Sisters who had preceded him; for theirs was a work which appealed not only to his pastoral zeal, but to his democratic sympathies.

Father Pernet saw that there was an immense field to be cultivated in London. A very holy priest whom he met told him that the Little Sister realized what he had long dreamed of: that she was called to do the greatest good among the poor and the working classes in London. "The community

will combat religious indifferentism and pauperism in England," said the rector of Bow, "awakening and elevating the conscience of the poor man repulsed by the rest of men; bringing him, through the medium of charity, the light of faith; restoring in the family, ruined by disorder and evil passions, order, economy, peace and union, along with faith, hope, and the love of God."

At Archbishop's House the work was regarded as an important factor in the Catholic regeneration of the English working-class families. "You see the immense harvest field that awaits you in Paris and in all working-class France," wrote Father Pernet on September 18, 1882. "Here in London, and throughout all England, this harvest is perhaps still more extensive and urgent. What a population! What misery, what ignorance, and what depravity! External appearances are not badly preserved, but beneath the surface—what a dreadful reality! Evil is so widespread, so deep, so inveterate; good, on the other hand, meets with so much resistance on all sides, that, if one took counsel only with oneself, one would immediately abandon the undertaking."

At this time Father Pernet went over a great part of London in his religious habit, receiving alternately salutes and insults. The foundress, rejoicing in the London foundations, wrote encouraging letters to the Sisters there, exhorting them to carry their cross, and offer it for the work and to fertilize "that land of England destined to produce so much fruit."

Not long afterward, on the evening of September 18, 1883, as the Angelus bell was ringing, Mother Mary of Jesus, surrounded by a hundred of her spiritual daughters, passed to her well-earned reward. Her remains were laid to rest in the crypt under the high altar of the convent chapel at Grenelle, the erection of which was her daily solici-

tude during the last years of her life.

The founder himself was very near succumbing in 1890, when he was stricken down by the influenza epidemic, and for a month hovered between life and death. After his recovery he had the happiness of joining in the celebration of the silver jubilee of the Congregation on July 2, 1890, when he sang the Solemn Mass of thanksgiving.

From France and England, the Congregation extended the sphere of its beneficent operations to the New World, establishing a house in New York, where Sister Mary Euphrasia died a martyr of charity, having contracted typhus while tending a family stricken with that deadly disease. She generously made the sacrifice of her life for the Church, for the good of the work, for the whole Assumption Congregation, and in particular for the New York foundation. Chosen at first for the London house, she offered herself in sacrifice to God, in order that the apostolate of the Little Sisters should promote the conversion of souls in that country where Protestantism has made so many ravages. When she went to America, she was in the same disposition. She never lost sight of this intention, and used to say: "I am a victim. I must suffer for the conversion of this poor people." God took her at her word when He called her to Himself.

In 1893 Father Pernet, at the age of seventy, notwithstanding his advanced years and weak sight, which necessitated more than one operation, went to America, and spent three weeks in New York. Almost simultaneously with the New York foundation took place the establishment of a house in Dublin, on the invitation of Archbishop Walsh; followed in 1897 by another in Kingstown.

Early in 1896 Father Pernet went to Rome in company with Father Emmanuel Bailly, Procurator of the Augustinians of the Assumption at

the Holy See, to obtain for the new Congregation the definitive Papal approval. It was given in April, 1897, in a laudatory Brief that comprehended not only the Little Sisters but all the works created by, or in association with, them. In the following year Leo XIII. designated Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli as the Congregation's Cardinal Protector. His Eminence, during a visit subsequently paid to the mother house in Paris, praised their active and ingenious charity, and declared that they were "little in name but great in their works."

Writing to one of the Sisters, the founder expressed his conviction that the journey to Rome would not be sterile, but would be the point of departure of a development of the Congregation which would lead to its complete expansion throughout the Church. The prediction is in a fair way of fulfilment. There are now—or were until lately—between fifty and sixty houses scattered over France (which contains the majority), Belgium, Spain, Italy (including Rome), England (London having now four), Ireland, and America. Though vocations have proportionately increased, more subjects are needed to meet the demand for new foundations.

The apostolic priest who had been the chief instrument in the hands of Providence in creating an organization which, quietly and unostentatiously, has wrought so much good, going to the root of the social question (while social reformers of another type, fireside philanthropists and utopian dreamers were theorizing and arguing and hair-splitting), died, as he had lived, like a saint, on the 3d of April, 1899, the anniversary of his ordination. Of the seventy years of his well-filled and well-spent life, fifty had been passed in religion. He quietly expired as the Sisters were reciting the *Salve Regina*,—that pleading and plaintive prayer.

If this great priest succeeded in realizing his ideal, in bridging over the chasm which divides the rich from the poor, making the classes recognize their obligations toward the masses, and acknowledge that underneath the superficial forms and usages of society there is a brotherhood among men and a sisterhood among women,—if he succeeded in proving to republican France that the Church has not lost its primitive democratic spirit, that it is of the epoch and alive to its needs, that it has the passion of philanthropy and the power to solve any social problem,—it was because of the supernaturalized faith which dominated and directed his initiative, his methods, and his objective,—faith working through charity. He habitually and instinctively kept in view the supernatural as the *primum motor* in the Church's action in and upon the world.

One day he received a visit from Maxime du Camp, the celebrated author, who was writing a book on the charitable works of our age. He had already spoken of several, and came to ask for information for his article. He had a great admiration for Father Pernet's work, and pointed out the advantage there would be in making it better known and securing help for it. In the course of conversation, however, the founder observed that the writer took a purely humanitarian and philanthropic view of it, eliminating all idea of the supernatural. He remarked upon this, trying to make his visitor comprehend that not to see supernatural action in such a work was to speak of a body without the soul. His suggestion was not accepted. He then said politely to Maxime du Camp: "We shall never come to an understanding on that point, sir." The writer took his departure, and finished his book without speaking of the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

One need not despair of the future of the Church in a country which, in the midst of all the turmoil and confusion of revolutionary change—revolutions in the political, social, and moral order—still continues to produce such men and women as the Abbé Pernet and Mlle. Fage and their co-workers. Others may fall off from the Church as dead leaves fall from the trees in autumn; but the life-giving sap is still in the trunk and roots, nourishing, invigorating and energizing; and will in due time enable it to put forth new branches, under whose sheltering shade the regenerated nation will find repose, security, and peace.

Some Charity Folk.

BY ALICE DEASE.

GARRET DOHERTY is a typical "charity man." His profession takes him from village to village, from house to house, asking help "for God's sake"; and it is never in the homes of the poor that this help is refused him. He carries two sacks upon his back,—one for potatoes, and one for Indian meal; and wherever he goes, a few of the one or a handful of the other are added to his burden,—and so he lives.

I greeted him warmly when he visited us last. He had not come our way for a long time, and Garret is an old friend.

"And how have you been all this while?" I asked, having already assured him of the well-being of my own family.

"Then I can't complain, glory be to God!" he answered. "If it wasn't for the pain in me back, that has me kilt entirely, wouldn't I be finely, and me going on eighty years of age?"

"Your eyes are looking weak, Garret. Where are the glasses that you used to wear?"

"Is it me specs, Miss dear? Why, didn't they break upon me 'twill be two

months ago come Sunday, and not a stim can I see without them!"

Spectacles being a need that has often to be supplied, I produced a varied assortment from the charity box, and soon he found a pair to suit him. He had sought amongst his rags, and found a well-thumbed copy of the Catholic Truth Society's penny prayerbook, on which to try the power of his glasses. The first two pairs were put aside, but with the third he began to read in a slow, high-pitched, toneless voice: "A prayer before a crucifix."

Evidently the print was satisfactorily magnified; and, raising his eyes toward me, he intended to express his approval of my gift. But as he looked up his expression of complacency turned suddenly to one of utter amazement.

"Glory be to God," he stammered, gazing at me, spellbound. "I never knew what a big face you had on you before!"

It took some time to persuade him to take off his newly acquired glasses, and so see my countenance with its ordinary dimensions; and then I had time to inquire for the pain that had him "kilt entirely." It was of a rheumatic nature and probably chronic; but I suggested as a possible palliative a square of red flannel, which I was about to go and find when Garret stopped me.

"Don't be troubling yourself, Miss. I'd as lief you didn't."

"But, Garret, it's no trouble, and perhaps it will help to take your pain away."

"Then I'll be telling you the truth, and no lie," he said. "Wasn't His own life one of suffering on earth? And if He took from me the only pain I've got, I'd be thinking maybe God had forgotten me."

Abashed, I made no answer; and eighty-year-old Garret, with the aching limbs that likened him to the Son of God, crept slowly and painfully upon his way.

They are not all saints, like Garret, those who come to our door. Some are very much the opposite. Nor is it material help that all come to seek. Neal Cornealy must have passed old Garret on the avenue, for he appeared in sight before I re-entered the house. His repute was none of the fairest. His children were the wildest and the worst attendants at school and catechism. One of them had recently been banished from my class as utterly hopeless; nevertheless, before his expulsion he gave me an answer that almost deserves to be repeated.

"What are sins of omission?" was the question; and half a dozen grimy hands were held up to show that their owners knew the answer. Amongst these volunteers, for a wonder, was Shawn Cornealy,—he who usually knew nothing that he was asked.

"Well, Shawn, tell me, then, what are sins of omission?"

"The sins I ought to have committed and didn't commit," came the glib reply, accompanied by a wide grin of pleasure at his superior knowledge.

"I came to ask your ladyship for a bit of a note," Neal Cornealy explained, after a greeting that was intended to be very respectful,—“just a bit of a note for the magistrate, him as comes out on the bicycle from —. You might have heard about a little matter of a harness for the ass beyont,”—pointing vaguely with his stick in the direction of the highroad.

"No, I have heard nothing about it. I have been away from home. Well, and to whom does the harness belong?"

"There's the whole thing," he replied, perplexity and amusement struggling for supremacy on his face. "Bridget, that's herself [his wife], she bought a little harness from a man passing over the road, and she paid nine shillings for it; and if it was stolen, it wasn't she that stole it, an honest, decent woman."

"And you want me to tell this to

the resident magistrate? Of course I wouldn't wish to doubt you in any way, but where did Mrs. Cornealy get the nine shillings?"

Neal changed his stick from one hand to the other, and pushed back his hat, gazing vacantly round in search of an inspiration.

"Your ladyship disremembers that I had a son in Scotland."

"And he sent you the money?"

"I wouldn't tell you a lie, me lady: he did not."

"Then where did you get it?"

"'Twas last Hollandtide, one day I was in the town with turf, and Mr. Brown comes to me, and 'Cornealy,' says he, 'you had a son in Scotland.'—'I have so, sir,' says I; 'and never a word, good, bad or indifferent, did I hear from him since the day he set foot in it.'—'And not a word will ye be hearing, I'm thinking,' says he; 'for he's not in it now.'—'Where is he, then?' says I.—'Twould be hard to say,' says he. And then I knew poor Paddy was dead; for if he wasn't in the lockup, what else had the lawyers to say of him? 'Did he get the priest?' says I.—'He did so,' says he. And, sure enough, hadn't he the beautiful letter from the priest beyont, that's been the world of comfort to herself, though she couldn't read a word of it,—meself no better. 'Thanks be to God!' says I. 'And were there wages due to him, or what?'

"Well, not to be delaying y'r ladyship, 'twas this new law that had the company annoyed—it's killed working on the railway he was,—and when Mr. Brown had all his writing done, nine pounds I got, and the only money Paddy ever was worth to me. The Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"And your wife paid the nine shillings for the harness out of that?" I asked. "It is lucky that you had not spent it all since Hollandtide."

"Well, I wouldn't go for to say it was the very same shillings that she

paid," he said cautiously. "Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't. But the peelers have me harness took, and a bit of a character from y'r ladyship is the only thing that will serve, or I'll be ruined entirely."

I went, thoughtfully, to my writing table and took up my pen.

"Neal Cornealy tells me that he is a very honest man," I wrote, "and I hope that what he says is true."

Taking the note out and reading it to him, I asked:

"Will that do, Neal?"

A grin spread slowly over the listener's features.

"Thank you, ma'am,—thank you kindly!" he exclaimed, as he took a greasy piece of newspaper from his pocket, and wrapped the missive in it. "If that doesn't fix the job for me, may I be shot!"

The interview was drawing to a close; but, instead of departing, he came a step nearer.

"If it's any little idea of a wild duck or a few trout y'r ladyship would be wanting without a word to any person, Neal Cornealy is the man to get them, private like."

Oh, keepers! Oh, water bailiffs! Oh, policemen!

I was expecting another visitor that morning; for I had both seen and heard Honor Gilcreest at Mass, and her appearance in the chapel usually meant that we should find her seated on the doorstep waiting for a cup of tea when our own breakfast was over. Her chosen place in the chapel was in front of the main altar, and here, with two snuff boxes resting on the step near her, she prayed heartily and aloud. One box contained the snuff which was her chief comfort and luxury, the other was the receptacle of her well-used rosary beads.

I had seen her that morning, her round cheeks rosy and shining as usual under the frilled border of her snowy

cap. But when after reaching home I was told that she wanted to see me, I found her pale, and, for her, almost dishevelled.

"Why, Honor, what's the matter?" I cried in surprise.

"Oh, me heart's shifted, daughter machree!" she murmured, sinking onto the stone step at my feet. "Me heart's shifted, and I'm like to die."

"But what ails you, Honor? Did you get weak in the chapel, or what?"

"Not a bit weak," she returned, and the recital of her woes was already cheering her. "But coming along the road there, what came after me but one of them mwheelin coaches, with the devil's own cry out of it! And I'm not the better of the fright of it since."

The hoot of a motor had reached me faintly as I was returning from Mass; and, sympathetic as I tried to be, I could not repress a smile at such a delightfully original description. Mwheel, or mael, I must explain, means bald, or bare. The old Irish hornless cow is a mwheelin, because she is small and bare of horns; so a motor is a mwheelin, appearing smaller than a carriage and being bare in front.

A very strong cup of tea did much to restore Mrs. Gilcreest's serenity; and, having eaten and drunk, she rose up refreshed.

"It's in heaven you ought to be," she said, draining the last black dregs of syrup from her cup, and handing it back to me. "There's nothing I could compare you to this minute but to a strayed angel."

Mrs. Lee, who was waiting until Honor Gilcreest had departed, was a very different type. She was not a "charity woman" according to the recognized standard of the neighborhood, but belonged to the common tramp tribe. She was in local parlance a "tinker."

Being a tinker, in our part of the world, does not imply any connection

with the tinsmith's trade. It simply means a member of a family who travel the roads in a donkey cart, camping on the roadsides, asking alms as a right, and sometimes appropriating what is refused them. Sometimes these tinkers do mend pots and pans, and so forth. Occasionally they parade a knife-grinding machine or a few broken umbrellas. Often they "job in asses," coming up from the West with half a dozen miserable donkeys, which they sell or exchange, making a little on each deal. And not infrequently an animal grazing on the roads is hustled along with the Westerners, and sold to some one miles away, before its legal owner is even aware of his loss.

Tinkers, therefore, are not popular; and I told Mrs. Lee, coldly, that there was nothing for her unless she cared for a piece of bread,—an offer which I knew, in summer at least, was sure to be refused. But she did not heed my words; and as I spoke I saw that her eyes—such beautiful, black-fringed eyes of grey—were red and swollen from weeping. Her little girl was dead. I no longer had a single friend in all the tinker tribe, for little Lizzie Lee was dead. Her mother had neglected her. To our way of thinking, she had often been cruel to her; yet in her own rough way she had loved her child. Coming out from one of her frequent visits to the county jail, she had found her dying—yes, and glad to die—in the workhouse infirmary.

Morally and physically, there was nothing of the "tinker" in the child. It was from her mother that she had got the delicately cut features—blurred now in the elder woman—and the strangely pathetic eyes that singled her out from her more coarsely made brothers and sisters. But whence came the moral delicacy that made her shrink with loathing from her wretched, drunken surroundings, no one could imagine.

Fortunately for her, her people were so often in the lockup that much of her life had been spent under the care of the nuns in the workhouse. It was here that we first made friends, Lizzie and I. And when December came round, we sent her a doll—a “Nigger doll,”—the only gift that Christmas had ever brought her. Soon after we went to see her. But her place was empty in the schoolroom; and, crossing the damp grey yard, we entered one of the infirmary wards. There, on one pillow, we saw two heads. One was white, but now so wee and wan that at first we hardly recognized our little friend; the other was black, inanimate and hideous,—the face of the Nigger doll.

Sister had given Lizzie her present on Christmas morning; and at dinner time she had found the child lying with her “baby” in her arms, and her meal—a degree less appetizing than usual—untasted before her.

“Put away that doll, Lizzie, and eat your dinner, like a good child,” she was admonished.

But the doll was only clasped the closer.

“I don’t want me dinner, Sister. I don’t want no dinner no more. I want to die,” she said.

And further questioning brought her reasons to light. Her sister had been up to see her, and had told her as a cheering piece of news that ‘our folk’s’ time would soon be up, and that they’d come before long and take them all out to the old life of want and yet of freedom.

“I couldn’t go travelling again, Sister,” she explained. “You know what they’re like, them folk [her grandfather, father and mother], and I couldn’t take the baby out to them. But you told me that Jesus is kind to little children; so I’ll go to heaven, and take the baby along with me.”

So now she had had her wish. She had gone to Him, who “is kind to

little children.” And from the wretched mother’s lips we learned that the child’s last desire was for the doll to be buried with her. The Sisters told us afterward that they had done as Lizzie asked. The black doll was laid beside her, and even now it is crumbling to dust in a little pauper’s grave.

A Devotion of Olden Times.

IN the Ages of Faith it was a general custom, especially perhaps in England, Our Lady’s Dowry, to sing antiphons daily in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They were heard in homes and schools, in churches and at wayside shrines, all over the country. Bequests were constantly made that lights might be kept burning whilst these popular hymns were sung. Records of money and land given to support “Our Ladye’s Light,” as it was called, occur at an early date. Sometimes this light was called “Ladylith”; as we see from the will of one Eleanor Wandesford, widow, who leaves “to the support of the Ladylith, in the church of Kirklington, three shillings and four pence.” (Oct. 2, 1472.)

Lands bequeathed for this purpose, were called “lamp-lands” and “light-lands,” whilst money expended in wax lights was called “wax-shot.” Timber was also left, as well as sheep, cows, and even bees, as we see from the testamentary dispositions of Golfrye Gilbert, of Ixworth, Suffolk, 1524. “I give to the lighte of Our Ladye,” he says, “one skeppe of bees to be delivered to the fermor, and he to deliver it to the next fermor with all the increase at his departing.” A reliable authority (Edmund Waterton, F. S. A.), who mentions the foregoing curious bequest, remarks that “‘fermor’ was the renter of the hives,—from *ferme*, a rent; hence the word ‘farmer,’ a hirer of land.”

Notes and Remarks.

Particularly opportune, at this time of year, is the pastoral letter of Bishop Matz, of Denver, from which we quote the following paragraph:

Sunday profanation is ruinous to the family life; for it interferes with family reunions, whence so many and such great blessings redound upon the family life. Modern industry, with its mad rush from morning till night, from night till morning, Sundays and weekdays as well, is the worst bane upon the family life, tearing asunder the tenderest ties binding the parent to his children. The father scarcely ever sees his children. He leaves for his work frequently before they are up in the morning; he is never home to dinner, and when he returns in the evening he is tired to death and unable to enjoy himself in the family circle.... Hence it is that the Church insists so strongly upon the observance of Sunday, and by special legislation prohibits all excursions, picnics, and other amusements incompatible with the sanctification of the Lord's Day. Excursionists and picnickers as a rule do not hear Mass on Sundays. From the hour of rising in the morning it is a continual rush; and when they return in the evening they are more tired than after a heavy day's work. In conformity with the Council of Baltimore, we deprecate and forbid all Sunday picnics and excursions.

We should judge that the Denver clergy are thoroughly well pleased with their Bishop's action; for experience must have taught them, as well as unnumbered priests in other parts of the country, that Sunday picnics and excursions are very often a prolific source of disedification, scandal, and sin.

A recent issue of the *Literary Digest* contained an interesting clipping from *American Medicine* on the subject of "college-bred vagabonds." This latter periodical states that, while the class mentioned occupies considerable space in all discussions of the unemployed, rarely, if ever, is the pathologic side of the matter even touched upon. "The Bowery branch of the New York Y. M. C. A. gives assistance to many derelicts in the course of the year. It is

said that of the last 3228 helped, 17 were graduated from universities, 134 from colleges, 71 from academies, and 417 from high schools,—a total of 639. The usual proportion is about one-fourth. This is a horrible condition of affairs, and the cause must be discovered. These are sick men unable to work—suffering from neurasthenia, generally, on which is grafted an alcohol or drug habit to increase the basic disease. Is this dreadful blot chargeable to the educators or physicians?"

We note with special interest two points in the medical periodical's treatment of the subject: an admission and an omission. Here is the first: "The worst of all is the fact that three-fourths of the men aided—including the uneducated—are native-born Americans, and only one-fourth foreigners." So the immigrants, especially those from Latin countries, do not monopolize American vagabondage. The omission—for which, by the way, we were fully prepared, and which we should have been somewhat astonished to see supplied—is the failure to mention, among the possible contributive causes of the vagabondage in question, the radical, basic defect of American education: absence of religious training, and, in consequence, of any effective morality, in the public schools.

The attitude of the respectable, non-yellow, and patriotic secular papers toward the American Federation of Catholic Societies is appreciative and even sympathetic. The following editorial utterances of the *Buffalo Commercial* are typical:

The American Federation of Catholic Societies does not hesitate to grapple with live problems,—to take hold of issues that clamor for action if this is to remain what it is now, a free government; and if what has been regarded as the strength, the sacredness and the permanency of the family relations is to be made all potent and engrossing in the action and the consultations of good citizens. Mr. Nicholas Gonner, of Dubuque, Iowa, described boldly the growing

power of Socialism; he minced no words in warning his hearers what this would lead to, unless they met the Socialists in open conflict, and stood man to man in defence of the sound principles that are the basis of this united and free government....

Judge Kenefick's presentation of the startling, ominous facts in the increasing disregard for the sanctity of the marriage contract, and in the facility with which it is set aside by the courts and by legislation, was in every degree masterly and convincing. It is as able, comprehensible, practical a statement of what is destined to be the most powerful influence in the destruction of the happiness and honor of the family as this public has listened to. Noticeable in both of these addresses is the fact that neither orator made even the most remote appeal to what may—for lack of a better word—be called the sectarian or denominational allegiance or prejudices or loyalty of the hearers. Both of them appealed to all good citizens; both referred to the fact that, in consideration of the themes presented, politics as such had no place,—to the fact that men of all faiths and beliefs, and of all shades of opinion in matters of religion, should stand together, pull together, and fight together.

The editorial affirms that the recent convention of the Federation was one of the most interesting and important that the city of Buffalo ever welcomed; and concludes with the statement that "all good citizens will be grateful for the impetus that has been given to the cause of happiness, freedom, and purity in the home, and of sound Christian conservatism in the councils of legislation and administration of government."

The "absurdity of nonsense" is more frequently illustrated in the pages of the *Independent* than perhaps any other American periodical. It has always had a habit of dealing with Catholic topics; and, being constitutionally prejudiced and generally misinformed, it blunders from January to December. We prefer not to notice its latest offence. Any ordinarily intelligent person would see the absurdity of the *Independent's* editorial on ecclesiastical tyranny. In dealing with secular subjects, our metropolitan contemporary is so much more sane that we can not help think-

ing if it were to dispense with the services of some of the ministers on its staff it would be more generally read and more highly esteemed. In the current number we find a short article entitled "The Rule of the Road," which will commend itself to everybody—to all except reckless motorists, whose utter disregard of the rights of others has made our public thoroughfares almost as dangerous as battlefields:

The Lord Chancellor in the English Court of Appeal, in deciding a recent damage suit, gave an opinion on road rights that is worth quoting. A motorist had run down and killed a cyclist, and a jury had condemned him to pay \$7500 damages to the widow of the deceased. The motorist appealed on the ground of contributory negligence, claiming that the cyclist paid no attention to the hooting of the horn and appeared to be deaf. The Chancellor, in dismissing the appeal, said:

I desire to say this, that when people are driving motor cars or other vehicles on a public highway, they have a duty to remember that deaf persons, and blind persons, and nervous persons, and children, and decrepit old persons are just as much entitled to use the public highway as they are. And if anybody thinks proper so to drive that there is a chance of serious consequences from a mistake of judgment or a miscalculation on the part of the driver, and those consequences are not averted, he will have to pay for it in damages.

The tendency in this country is also to deny the use of the streets and roads to any except persons who are able-bodied, agile, and endowed with an emergency mind. In some of our country districts women and children have been practically confined to the farm during the summer season by the carelessness of motorists.

Of all religious bodies in the United States, perhaps the most hostile to the Church are the Baptists. The papers published by this denomination are particularly bitter in their denunciation of all things Catholic. Indeed it has rarely been our good fortune to see a favorable word of the Church, her clergy, or lay members, in any Baptist organ. It would seem that the case is the same in Canada,—at least the *Maritime Baptist* appears to be typical of its class. More than once we have had occasion to rebuke this journal for its vituperation of the French-

Canadians; and it is quoted by the *Casket* as saying, quite recently, in reference to the Province of Quebec: "The widespread illiteracy is a significant fact in a province in which the Church of Rome is the dominating power." To this slur, which would hardly be worth noticing if it were not so often repeated, the *Casket* retorts:

According to the educational census of Canada and the Empire taken in 1901, Quebec occupies the same place among the provinces of Canada that Ulster occupies among the provinces of Ireland—namely, the second last, or even the third last if the territories be counted. Ulster is the Protestant province of Ireland, as Quebec is the Catholic province of Canada. If Quebec's place in the educational scale is due to the baneful influence of the Church of Rome, who is responsible for the condition of Ulster?

The comparative illiteracy of Quebec and Ulster is of little importance to us, and we think the *Maritime Baptist* should be more concerned about the moral condition than the educational status of any community. It has no excuse for not knowing that the French-Canadians are a law-abiding, God-fearing people; and it ought to be willing to admit at least this much—that their morality bears favorable comparison with that of the best Baptists anywhere.

A year or so ago we mentioned in these columns an appeal made by Sister Mary Claver for the sufferers from the "sleeping sickness" in Uganda. The statement was then made, on the authority of the directors of the Kisoubi Hospital, that "the course of the disease is from four months to as many years, and it is fatal." There seems at present to be excellent reasons for modifying the latter portion of the statement. Such at least is the hope engendered by a speech recently made in Switzerland by Father Le Roy, superior of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Some of the missionaries have been attacked by the disease, and not

long ago one of them, Father Gourdy, whilst suffering from it was sent to the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Three doctors then took some drops of his blood and inoculated various animals with it. Some of them died, but the lives of others were saved,— "trypanoth" being injected into their veins. Another missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost who had been stricken down by the same disease was sent to the Pasteur Institute, and it was hoped that the treatment adopted in the case of the lower animals would restore him to health, but it failed to do so. The doctors tried "trypanoth" for two months without benefiting him. Then they had recourse to injections of arsenic. To their delight they found that these succeeded, and there were no longer any of the deadly microbes in the invalid's blood. This, Father Le Roy declared, was the first instance of a cure in "sleeping sickness." "The discovery," says the *Catholic Times*, from which we quote the foregoing facts, "will, we presume, be at once utilized in those parts of Africa where the disease is working such havoc to life."

From the *Athenæum* we learn that the German Commission now studying the "sleeping sickness" disease in East Africa, under the direction of Prof. Koch, has established a fixed station and bacteriological laboratory on the shores of Lake Victoria.

In an interesting communication appearing in the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, Father Westropp, S. J., tells of the annual convention of the Catholic Sioux Indians, held recently at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D. All well-wishers of the red-men will read with gratification this paragraph from his narrative:

Confirmation over, the Rt. Rev. Bishop [Mgr. Stariha, of Lead, Black Hills], came out with a new idea,—new at least in these parts. It

was nothing more nor less than the foundation of a Total Abstinence society. Whiskey is the Indian's curse and ruin. Unfortunately, the evil is widespread, and no amount of legislation has prevented it. The Bishop therefore urged them to come up to the altar and take the pledge from his hands. About forty or fifty men responded; and these are to be the nucleus with which the missionaries can start a crusade for the benefit of the red-men who have been abused so often by whiskey sellers.

No one group of the faithful in this country so imperatively need the restraining influence of the pledge, and the moral stamina fostered by membership in a Total Abstinence society, as do our Indians. The Government agent at Jocko, Mont., states that all the offences tried during the year on the Flathead reservation were traced to liquor. But the traffic is being stamped out through the severity of the court, which is composed of three Flatheads. It sits two days every month, but it frequently happens that there is no business to transact. We rejoice in the movement inaugurated among the Sioux of South Dakota; it should be general among the Indians.

The removal of the crucifix from the law courts of France last year having been considered by our American dailies of sufficient interest to merit mention in their news columns, it is a little singular that they have apparently overlooked an incident of just the opposite character that occurred recently on our own continent. Brazilian newspapers contain lengthy accounts of the solemn restoration of the crucifix to the court of justice in Rio de Janeiro. Says the *Journal de Brésil*, as quoted by the *Catholic Times*:

It was truly a manifestation never to be forgotten, and one which proved not only the fervor of our people, and the sentiments of faith inherited from our ancestors and profoundly rooted in our national character, but also the innate love of justice which animates all classes of society,—that justice of which the image of the Divine Crucified One is the most perfect symbol. It is calculated that more than ten thou-

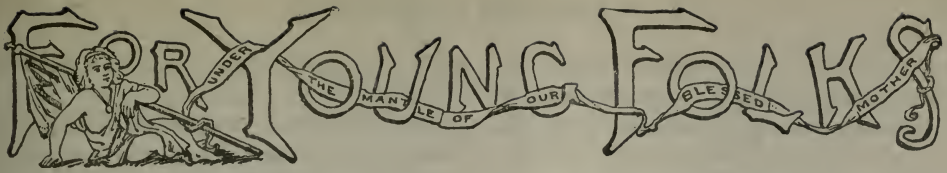
sand persons were in the cortège, without counting the crowds in the streets or the spectators in the balconies. The whole city was brilliantly decorated with flags and draperies; and several hours before the time fixed for the ceremony, the people began to assemble in the vicinity of the church. Then gradually appeared the various corporations and associations, with the Confraternities of St. Vincent de Paul, the Children of Mary, and the Apostleship of Prayer. Each parish sent its contingent of clergy and its banners...

As the canopy came in sight, the air was rent with long and loud acclamations from the crowd, and not a single discordant note was heard. In the Hall of the Tribunal, the cortège was met by the President of the Tribunal, who received the crucifix from the curé, and, kissing the feet with profound reverence, placed it in the position prepared for it above the seat of justice. When that was accomplished, the President gave the word to Père Jules Marie, one of the most distinguished preachers of Brazil, who pronounced an eloquent discourse on the event of the day. The orator showed how fitting was the appearance of the crucifix in the tribunals of justice, and confirmed his argument by referring to national history, showing that it was in accordance with one of the earliest traditions of Brazil; for when the hardy navigators who first landed on its shores took possession of the country, they did so in the name of the Cross.

An opinion frequently expressed by us finds practical corroboration in the following extract from a letter contributed to the London *Catholic Times* by the Rev. John J. Dunn, Director of the Propagation of the Faith for the Archdiocese of New York:

One of the best proofs that contributions to the Foreign Mission cause, far from hurting any local need, are rather beneficial, is the fact that in the parishes in this Archdiocese where the Society has been formally organized, other parish societies have grown in numbers, and new members were secured who gave a practical interest to the affairs of the Church. This is not the case for one, but for the fifty in which I have started the work.

A similar experience, we feel sure, could be cited by very many pastors all over the country. The niggardly straining of the "charity-begins-at-home" principle is neither blessed by Divine Providence nor conducive to expansive generosity even as regards home needs.



Our Lady's Passing.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

HOW passed Our Lady from this world when that, her exile o'er,
Her waiting done, she joined her Son to leave Him nevermore?
Since death is but the wage of sin—a wage she ne'er did earn,—
Good reason why she should not die the simplest may discern.

Nor did she die as others do: her spirit did not blench,
There was no dole within her soul, no struggle, shock, or wrench;
Like light within a crystal vase, that soul illumed her clay,
Till Christ, her own, came from His throne and bore the light away.


They buried her within a tomb e'en as they buried Him,
And, lo! around that hallowed ground thronged myriad cherubim;
To music such as earth ne'er heard save on blest Christmas night,
All Heaven's choirs attuned their lyres, full glad in death's despite.

Three days the music lasted, lightening still the Apostles' gloom,
And scarce had ceased when from the East came Thomas to the tomb;
He oped it wide but found it bare, no crystal vase was seen,—
Beyond the sky to Christ on high had angels borne their Queen.

A Lucky Day.

BY JENNIE MAY.

I.



JUST think, Tessie: I am going to my Uncle Jim's, to the country, next week!" called out Irene Edwards, gaily, as she overtook her friend, Tessie McCabe, on the way to school, one fine morning toward the latter part of May.

"Going to the country before school is over? How is that?" asked the more sedate Tessie.

"Well, you know that mamma has been poorly for a long time, and Doctor Hughes says she will never get better unless she has an operation," explained Irene. "She is going to the hospital

next week, and papa is to take me to Glenvale while she is away. But there goes the bell! Let us hurry up. I want to ask Sister to pray for mamma before school begins."

While Irene is obtaining her kind teacher's ready promise to say three "Hail Marys" every day for her mother's recovery, we will tell our readers something about herself and her family.

Irene Edwards was the offspring of a mixed marriage. Her mother, the belle of the country town where she lived, had lost her heart to the attractive young man who called at her father's general store three or four times in the year, as the representative of a large city company. She was unwilling, however, to marry outside the Church; and she had decided to give him up,

when her father's sudden failure in business and subsequent death induced her to accept the proposal, in order to make a home for her invalid mother. Mrs. Riordan died within the year.

William Edwards was a very good husband. He had the greatest respect for his wife's judgment, and allowed her to train their child according to her own ideas. His relatives, indeed, were not all so tolerant. They always regarded Mrs. Will Edwards as a sort of interloper; though, being plain farmer folk themselves, they were secretly proud of her. Little Irene they loved very dearly; and when her mother's failing health made it necessary for one of them to offer her a temporary home, they almost quarrelled as to who should have her.

The first Wednesday in June, then, saw Irene and her father alighting at Durham, the nearest station to Glenvale, where her uncle resided. Her tears at parting from her mother had long since dried. Her father, who was still a commercial traveller, promised to run up in the course of a week to see how she was getting on; so she was ready to take an interest in everything she saw during the long drive home beside her Uncle Jim. The latter was greatly amused by her naïve remarks. He was a childless man, and his brother Will's little girl was very dear to him. His wife had grumbled a little at the upset a child of eight would be likely to make in her well-ordered home; but his heart had warmed at the thought of having some young life around the place.

The days passed happily for our little girl, till at length the Sabbath dawned, a radiant summer morning. Her mother's last injunction to her father had been to tell Jim that he must drive Irene to Mass every Sunday, and Jim had readily acquiesced. Irene came down to breakfast, therefore, dressed in her white Swiss muslin and

with her fair curls almost reaching her waist.

"My, but we're grand this morning!" observed her Aunt Clara, sarcastically.

Mrs. James Edwards was a hard-featured woman, who wore her own hair drawn back so tightly at the temples that people wondered how it could stand the strain. Curls were her special aversion.

"Uncle Jim and I are going to Durham to Mass," said Irene, innocently. "Isn't he ready yet?"

"Your uncle is asleep, my girl, and will sleep for the next three hours. He was up nearly the whole night, doctoring a sick sheep, and he needs all the rest he can get."

"Couldn't you drive me over, auntie, please?" asked the child, timidly. She stood rather in awe of her uncle's wife.

"Drive you over? No, indeed. The horses are tired enough from their week's work without being taken out on Sunday," was the unpleasant reply. "If you want to go to church so badly, come down with me to the meeting-house this afternoon."

Poor Irene scarcely touched her breakfast, and as soon as the meal was over made her escape into the sunny garden. The air was sweet with the odor of lilacs, and the leaves of the cherry trees flecked gaily in the sunshine and soft summer wind. Through a break in the fence she could see a hen-mother and her downy brood squatted on the grass. At her feet gambolled the six-weeks-old puppies, whose antics only yesterday had filled her with delight; to-day they had no charm for her.

She thought of appealing to her uncle; but, having noticed that he usually deferred to his wife's opinion, she came to the conclusion that it would be of no use. Suddenly she started to her feet, her mind filled with a new idea. If she could not *drive* to church, might she not *walk* there? Sister Bernadette had said that every

person over seven years of age must go to Mass on Sunday under pain of mortal sin, unless one had a very good reason for absenting oneself. Irene knew that the nearest Catholic church was at Durham, four miles away; but she had only a vague idea of distances, and the drive home on the day of her arrival had not seemed long.

Just as she stood up, a farmer's light wagon drove past, going toward Durham. The little girl flew down to the gate and along the road after it, thinking the man might give her a lift; but he was driving fast and did not hear her, though she shouted at the top of her voice. She ran quite a distance, still hoping to catch up, before she remembered that her aunt did not know where she was going. It did not occur to her that any one would be anxious about her.

"If I go back now," she said to herself, "I shall have all that way to go over again, besides being late for Mass, and that would be almost as bad as missing it altogether."

So she turned to her right at the crossroads, and walked on rapidly. For half an hour she felt nothing but the keenest enjoyment. There was grass on either side of the road, which was pleasantly shaded; and now and again she saw a bird—a wild canary or a robin.

Presently the trees ceased, and the sun began to feel unpleasantly warm; still she trudged bravely on.

"I must have gone about three miles now," was her thought; "and Durham must be on the other side of that bush over there."

Poor child! she was not more than a mile and a half from her uncle's gate.

She felt very tired now; so when a chipmunk darted across her path and up a tree, she decided to follow him into the cool shade. "For," she argued to herself, "if I rest for a few minutes, I'll be able to walk faster afterward."

It was very pleasant in the bush after

the hot, dusty road. Strange wild flowers, yellow, white, and pale blue, sprang up out of the soft black earth; and, where a fallen tree spanned a tiny stream, a beautiful clump of ferns grew.

"If mother only had those ferns for the shady corner in our garden at home!" thought Irene; and, sitting on a log, she lapsed into a daydream of how, when her mother got better and joined her at Glenvale, they would both come with Uncle Jim to this lovely spot and dig them up.

She threw her big leghorn hat on the grass, and, leaning back against the trunk of a friendly tree, was sound asleep, in about five minutes. Above her, two red squirrels frolicked from limb to limb, occasionally stopping to gaze curiously at this intruder into their leafy domain.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVI.—THE PRISONER.

"We are in luck!" said Clearwater, setting the cup down on the well-curb.

"I don't know," rejoined Louis. "He is a very strong man, and he may have a pistol."

"But you say he is asleep. From that I augur two things,—or one of two things: either he is very tired from wandering about the bush, or he has been drinking,—perhaps both. That means he is sleeping soundly, Louis. That kind of people always sleep soundly, if they sleep at all."

"What do you propose to do?"

"You see those windows? They close from the outside. There are three of them. Go softly and shut them."

"And then what shall we do?"

"Go in, shut the door, bolt the back door also; and then if he wakes I will cover him with my pistol."

"Suppose he has one?"

"That is not likely."

At that moment the sound of horse's feet was heard clattering along the road at great speed.

"If I mistake not, that is Alfredo's horse," said Clearwater to himself.

"Do you hear that?" asked Louis.

"Of course I hear it. It is Bandini's mare, and he is riding her."

"There is another also," said Louis.

"It may be Florian. They suspect what we are doing, and have come to help."

"More likely to prevent. But our friend in the kitchen sleeps well. Let us see if he has not already slunk out of the back door."

It was wide open; they could see the feet protruding from under the table. Clearwater closed the door.

"He has been drinking," he said. "I smell brandy. That is good—for us."

By the time they reached the front door again, two horsemen had drawn up and were dismounting.

"Well!—what are *you* doing here?" inquired Alfredo, for it was he and Florian.

"The same to you," replied Ralph.

"Some one has taken one of the horses—Yomas—from the corral," said Bandini. "Pedro missed it this evening when the milking was done. We wasted some time hunting him up, and then discovered that an old saddle and bridle had been taken from the barn; so we concluded the horse had been stolen, though at first we thought it had only strayed away. A curious thing too,—that old saddle and bridle have not been used for a long time. But why are you here? Where are the people?"

"What people?" asked Clearwater.

"Conchita and her family."

"They are at my place, in the barn."

"Has anything happened?" inquired Florian anxiously.

"Nothing. But we were expecting something to happen. Listen!"

In a few words he told them of his

plan to capture the Negro, if possible.

"A bad job," said Alfredo. "He is a powerful man."

"He is drunk now," observed Ralph.

"How do you know?"

"He is there, in the house, in the kitchen, lying under the table."

"Well, that is playing into your hands, surely," said Florian.

"Now what shall we do?" asked Alfredo. "Is he so helpless that we may tie him?"

"I think he is."

"And when tied what to do with him?"

"That remains to be seen."

"For my part," said Florian, "I am averse to making any publicity. It is far more to my taste that everybody should not know of that unfortunate incident of the abduction."

"We can flog him from this part of the country, at least," said Clearwater.

"Flogging is barbarous," answered Florian. "Threaten him and let him go. It will be best."

"You are all too tender-hearted," said the Englishman, leading the way into the house.

When they entered the kitchen, the Negro stirred. Clearwater lifted the table and set it to one side. The man lifted his head: it was Juan Carisso. A broken bottle lay beside him.

"That is my bottle," replied Clearwater,—*"at least it was. I gave some brandy one day to Conchita for her daughter, who was ill. I told her to be careful of it, as it was very strong. I see that she has been,—that was six months ago. The women left enough in the flask to furnish the Negro a good drink. How repulsive-looking the fellow is!"*

Louis had been searching for a lamp and matches, and now struck a light. The Negro stirred again, rolled over, and sat up, dazed, looking from one to another.

"Ha, Juan!" said Alfredo. "We have

you. What shall we do with you?"

He spoke in Spanish. Juan answered in the same tongue.

"What is it, Señor?" he asked.

"Do not pretend to be innocent. You stole the boy. Why did you do it?"

"I did not steal him. It was the gypsy," replied Carisso.

"Ah, there you give yourself away!" cried Ralph, also in Spanish. "We wish to hear no more. That is enough. What shall we do with him?" he continued, in the fiercest voice he could assume, as he turned to the others.

"Why did you steal the child?" inquired Florian.

"And I had been your friend, Juan Carisso," said Louis. "On the cars I could have betrayed you, but I did not. I was your friend, and you have repaid me by stealing our baby."

"You were not my friend," replied the Negro, sullenly. "You told the man on the train who I am; and I think if I have the chance I do something to you, maybe strike."

"It was a lie, Juan!" said Louis. "I would say nothing to that man when he asked me. I pretended not to know you. I hope when we are taking you on the train to prison that we may meet him again, so that I can prove it to you."

"Is that the truth?" asked Carisso.

"It is the truth."

"Well, I am sorry, then. I meant not to hurt the boy, nor any one; only to frighten. It was the gypsy I would hurt. He cheated me."

"That is not true either," retorted Clearwater. "You were the one who cheated him. I overheard you talking together one night."

"I knew the boy would be found," answered the Negro.

"You did not care whether he was found or not," said Florian. "You are a bad man."

"Yes, and now what shall we do with him?" asked Alfredo once more.

They appeared to consult together.

"He is not at all drunk," said Clearwater. "There must have been very little brandy in the bottle, after all."

"Had we not better let him go?" asked Florian.

Turning to the Negro, Alfredo thus addressed him:

"If we will let you go, Juan, will you swear never to set your foot in this part of the country again?"

"I will swear," answered Carisso, getting on his feet.

"Where will you go?"

"To Lower California."

"Dare you go there?"

"Yes: there are many ways to get into Mexico."

"Very well. Start!"

"Will the Señores not help with a little money?"

"No!" thundered Clearwater. "We will not give you a nickel."

Alfredo threw open the door.

"Go!" he said.

Carisso at once disappeared. They watched him vanish into the bushes.

"He seems to be going northward instead of south," said Florian.

"He has probably a little plunder or some food hidden in the mesquite. I am confident he will not trouble us again," said Clearwater. "And now what about your horse? He is getting farther and farther away from you."

"We will hurry down as far as Monville, and come back by way of Tesora, leaving information there," said Alfredo. "We may not be back before daylight, and possibly may catch up with the thief on the way."

"Wish you good luck!" said Clearwater, as the two men mounted and rode away.

"The horse was not much good," said Louis.

"Yes, I remember," rejoined Ralph. "But I hope they may catch the thief, all the same."

As the sound of the departing horse's

hoofs died away, Clearwater began to listen intently.

"Is that an echo, or do you hear a horse on the other side?"

"Yes. Can it be Alfredo's?"

"It may be."

"Well, we can do nothing, having no other horse to pursue. Let us go home."

It was only a year later, on a trip to Arizona, that Clearwater recognized Alfredo's horse near a mining camp, turned out to die.

"It was brought here by a Negro, Juan Carisso, who used to haunt these diggings every once in a while," said the overseer.

"Where is he?"

"He was killed last week by falling from a flag-pole we had erected for the Fourth of July. He had been a sailor and offered to put up the flag."

"That horse belonged to a friend of mine in California," said Clearwater. "The Negro stole it. What a joke to tell Bandini when I go back! And how nicely he fooled us! But he met his just deserts at last."

(To be continued.)

The Patron Saint of Madrid.

St. Isidore, who is honored as the patron saint of Madrid, was an unlettered ploughman. He was born in that city about the beginning of the twelfth century, his parents being poor, but very devout country folk. The boy grew up with little or no education, being able neither to read nor write.

When old enough, he was employed by a gentleman named John de Vargas, of Madrid, as a ploughman on his farm outside the city. He still continued, however, to attend early Mass in one of the Madrid churches. This occasioned his beginning work a little late in the morning. Some of his fellow-laborers, having a grudge against him, accused him to his master of neglecting his duty.

The employer, half believing what they said, rose very early one morning to watch and see what time his new servant began work. He saw him with the first streaks of dawn set out to church, and return after the other laborers had begun their day's work; but when he was on his way to rebuke Isidore, who was already ploughing with a yoke of red oxen before him, he noticed with surprise a second plough drawn by white oxen with an angel guiding it, rapidly following Isidore, and aiding him in his labors. As he entered the fields the vision vanished, and he saw only Isidore urging on his oxen. When his master asked the ploughman who it was he had seen, Isidore, as much astonished as himself, answered: "Signor, I work alone, and know of none save God to whom I look for help."

Another time, when St. Isidore was at prayer in church, word was brought to him that his mule was in danger of being destroyed by a wolf; but he only said: "God's will be done!" and finished his prayers. When he returned home he found the animal quietly feeding, with the wolf dead at its side.

St. Isidore died on May 15, 1130. Forty years afterward his body was removed from the churchyard into the Church of St. Andrew in Madrid. Many miracles are said to have taken place at his shrine, especially the healing of Philip III. at a moment when that King's life was despaired of.

An Old Proverb.

"Never look a gift-horse in the mouth." That this proverb was familiar as far back as the fourth century is evident from the fact that when some one found fault with certain writings of St. Jerome, he answered that they were free-will offerings on his part, and that it did not behoove the receivers "to look a gift-horse in the mouth."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A collected edition of the poems and plays of W. B. Yeats, in two volumes, soon to be issued by the Macmillan Co., will be welcomed by students of the Celtic renaissance.

—The first volume of "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by F. Marion Crawford and Professor Tomasetti, is announced for publication in the autumn.

—We have received from Messrs. Laird & Lee, the intermediate school edition of Webster's New Standard Dictionary. It is a handy, compact volume of 456 pages, containing 30,000 words, and possesses a number of excellent features differentiating it from dictionaries designed for similar school grades. In justice to any prospective purchasers among our readers, however, we must note that, in our particular copy, pages 247-262 are upside down.

—The Academia of the diocese of Harrisburg, a clerical organization the members of which have for some years been taking up in their leisure hours special branches of ecclesiastical and pastoral reading, has developed so steadily and successfully that it now possesses a monthly magazine as its own specific organ. It is a modest periodical, but "great oaks from little acorns grow," and pretentious magazines sometimes "go up like a rocket and come down like its stick."

—As employed by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J., "At the Parting of the Ways" is both the specific name given to one particular sermon to college boys, and the general title of a volume containing some three dozen similar discourses. Like Father Lucas' earlier volume, "In the Morning of Life," the present book will be found admirably suited for the instruction and edification of other boys than those at Stonyhurst, and indeed for the average mature Catholic as well. B. Herder, publisher.

—Lord Acton's "Letters to Mary Gladstone" heads the list of "Catholic" books in the public library of N—. The publication in the local Catholic paper of the first instalment of this list—from A to Bu—leads us to think that it may have been prepared by some Catholic person. If so, there is a painful surprise in store for him, as there was for us, in Lord Acton's Letters. We experienced yet another on finding that the list in question does not include the writings of Dr. Brownson.

—In the course of its quarterly review of the missionary world, the *Missions Catholiques* mentions among notable publications *La Ville de*

David, by the Rev. B. Meistermann, Friar Minor; Mgr. Ando's Grammar of Modern Chaldaic; and a new edition (French) of the Life of Father Siméon Lourdél, of the White Fathers. He was the first Catholic missionary to penetrate Central Africa as far as Uganda. When his biography originally appeared in 1873, it was crowned by the French Academy.

—In form and size much like an ordinary prayer-book, "Salvation and Sanctification," by the Rev. B. C. Thibault, is in reality an excellent pocket manual for spiritual reading. Its two hundred and thirty-two pages comprise thirty-two chapters, which give a succinct and forcible popular exposition of the essential laws governing the twofold subject named in its title. While the little work in its entirety is exceptionally meritorious, such chapters as, Who will be Saved? Good Faith, Good and Bad Catholics, and Apostasy and Conversion, are particularly interesting, and, in our ultra-liberal day, particularly timely as well. The Christian Press Company.

—It is not often that a single book is valued at £1500. This was the price paid, however, for a MS. of Venerable Bede's "Life of St. Cuthbert," dating from about 1180, which was sold at auction last month in London. In reference to this treasure, which was acquired by Mr. Quaritch, the *Daily Telegraph* says: "Over 1200 years ago Cuthbert was Bishop of that storm-swept see, Lindisfarne, or Holy Island; and at his death the Venerable Bede wrote down the account of the life of this holy man, afterward to be canonized as a saint. Just 500 years after his death, when Richard Cœur de Lion set forth on his crusade, a patient monk sat down in his Durham cell and, in Gothic letters and red rubrics, transcribed afresh Bede's life of Cuthbert, to keep the memory of the saint alive. And another Brother worked for days and months in illuminating miniatures in grisaille, heightened with primitive tones of red and blue and brown, endeavoring by his severe art to illustrate the austere life of the pious Bishop. Yesterday the stout vellum manuscript appeared in Sotheby's, and, although nearly 800 years old, is probably still in its young lifetime."

—Miss Margaret Fletcher is the editor of the *Crucible*, a Catholic magazine of the higher education for women, published at Oxford, England; she is also the author of several books designed for Catholic young women, the latest—not the last we hope—of which is a study of the duties and responsibilities and privileges of young women under modern conditions,—educational,

professional and social. ("Light for New Times," Benziger Brothers, publishers.) The place of women in this our age calls for new methods of preparation for the duties of practical life; and to concede this is not to disparage older methods: it is merely to acknowledge present needs and to consider how best to meet them. This is done in "Light for New Times," the chapters of which have for headings: "Without the Way there is no Going," "Liberty," "Responsibility," and "Professional Life." Miss Fletcher here presents common-sense talks to young women, meeting them, in a way, on their own ground, by reason of her understanding of girl-nature and her sympathy, which is evident throughout. There is a womanly quality about these counsels which commends them to all; and those who are entering upon a life of independence would do well to meditate on the part which the affections play in woman's happiness, and on what the author has to say of the deteriorating process which not unfrequently sets in after a few years of professional life. (In studying Miss Fletcher's remarks on this point, the reader will change *contented* to *discontented* in the last sentence of the second paragraph, page 65.) The hints on "Professional Life," aside from general principles of conduct, apply to young English women, not to their American cousins.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.
- "At the Parting of the Ways." Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "Salvation and Sanctification." Rev. B. C. Thibault. 33 cts.
- "Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments." Rev. Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.
- "Bridget, or What's in a Name?" W. W. Whalen. \$1.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

- "A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.
- "The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.
- "The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.
- "Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1 37.
- "Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.
- "Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.
- "In the Brave Days of Old." Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.
- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.
- "Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,
- "The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
- "Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.
- "The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. William Drum, of the diocese of Pittsburg. Sister Cecilia, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Arsenia, Congregation of Notre Dame.

Mr. D. A. Ruffer, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. S. Villeneuve, Austin, Texas; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Fairfield, Ky.; Mr. Henry Boucher, Thompsonville, Conn.; Mrs. Joseph Tuchfarber, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Anna Donohue, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Andrew Good, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. James Watson, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Edward Foley, Joseph and William McCarthy, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Charles Schroeder, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Timothy Lynch, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Ruffing, Bellevue, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Roche, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. Stanislaus Ochalek, Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. E. Casey, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. William Scheuermann, Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. H. Letzkus, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. J. J. Collins, Mr. Thomas Fleming, Mr. M. Dempsey, and Mr. J. M. Ryan, Galena, Ill.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Rink, Goshen, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



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The Fourth Station.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

HIS Mother comes to meet Him. O my Queen,
Will any say thou comest late? Not I.

Since thou didst give Him up to go and die,
All hast thou witnessed, though thyself unseen.
Thy Heart has answered His with pangs as keen
For every sting of scourge and thorn and lie,
The "Ecce Homo!" and the rabble's cry,
And Pilate washing hands he could not clean.

But now thy Jesus His triumphal way
Begins; 'tis thine to meet Him with His load,
And share it soul to soul, O brave and true!
And shall not *we*, in turn, who day by day
Cross-laden follow, find upon the road,
As surely waiting, *our* sweet Mother too?

Individualism versus the Church.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IN the hearts of men there is a
crying need,—a need to which
the history of every nation, every
race of which we know any-
thing, bears witness. It is the need
of *light* and of *strength*. In other
words, men know and feel that they
are very ignorant and that they are
very weak. These two sad results of
the Fall—darkness in the understand-
ing, weakness of will—bind all mankind
together in a melancholy solidarity of
infirmity. Yet every man has an inborn
desire for knowledge. We desire to
know many things, but about one

subject above all we earnestly covet
reliable information: about our origin—
whence we come; about our destiny—
whither we are going; about that
Higher Power whom every instinct of
our nature tells us must exist—about
God, that is, the Author and Lord of
this wonderful universe in which we
live, the very sight of which tells us
that an Almighty Creator there must
be. About Him, and about our rela-
tions to Him, we desire, we cry out for
knowledge, light.

And as our reason tells us that He
is, that He exists, so, too, conscience
tells us that we have duties to Him,
and to our fellowmen whom He has
made. Some of these duties conscience
by itself will make known to us; about
others we are, of ourselves, in uncer-
tainty; and so also in this regard we
need light and knowledge. But even
as to those elementary duties which
the voice of conscience imposes upon
us, do we not know, alas! by saddest
experience, how weak, how very weak,
we are in their performance if we are
left to ourselves?

Thus, then, we must have light and
strength. We need a further knowledge
of God than mere nature will supply;
further knowledge of our relations
toward Him, and of our duties to Him
and to one another. Strength, too, we
urgently need, beyond the strength of
nature; strength to carry out those
duties, and to succeed in reaching the
end and object for which we were
created. The history of the nations,

as I have said, bears witness to this need. Every nation has had its religion,—the result of an attempt to find the knowledge of God and of the purposes of human life. Civilized nations have had also their philosophies, as, for instance, those of ancient Greece. Some philosophical systems, indeed, did penetrate wonderfully far into the knowledge of man's origin and destiny, and even of the nature of God,—wonderfully far, that is, when we consider that no prophet, no messenger from heaven, had spoken to them.

But if men have found out much, considering that they had no heavenly message, at the same time no man-made religion, no mere human philosophy, was ever able to supply to the great mass of men the moral strength required to lead a good life. Herein is the humiliation of philosophy. The wisest of men were never able, with all their investigations and all their discoveries, to show men how to live well, how to conquer their passions. Maxims and rules of virtue they did, indeed, put forth: they taught men *what* they ought to do, but they were unable to help them to do it.

And what was God doing all the time? Did He look down without pity upon His children crying out for light and strength, seeking Him in the darkness with groping, outstretched hands,

Like children crying in the night,

And with no language but a cry?

No, indeed! The thought would be a blasphemy. Our God is a God of love,—He is Love itself. What, then, has He done for His human children? Clear comes the answer, ringing through the world, carrying hope to the uttermost parts of the earth: "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting."* Through the merits of that Son, there has never been a single

human being, since the beginning of the world, who stretched out his hands in supplication to the God of mercy and compassion and did not receive grace—divine grace, enlightening his mind, strengthening his will,—grace sufficient for the salvation of his soul, if he would use it.

But has God done nothing for the human race as a whole—as a *society*, that is? For man is a social being. In the affairs of everyday life he can not stand alone: he is dependent on his fellows, and they on him; he influences them, and they him. Is it not so in the matter of religion also? God has redeemed us by the blood of His Son Jesus Christ, and by that Precious Blood the individual is saved. But is not the race also redeemed, as a race? Is there not a solidarity in redemption as there is in the effects of Adam's fall? Assuredly yes. And how is this so? Let us ask another question, and we shall see how it is so. Let us ask how, by what means, the redemption of Jesus Christ is applied to individual souls; how we are to take hold of, and participate in, the fruits of the Passion of God made Man. Where and how are the light and the strength brought into the world by the Incarnate Word to be looked for and obtained? Is salvation a matter which is to be treated of privately between God and the soul, without any intermediary? Or is there any public, social, visible institution on earth by the means of which, through the agency and medium of which, men are to obtain the light and strength, the knowledge and the moral power which they so urgently need?

This is a great question of the present day. The religious world now divides itself roughly into two camps. There is a class who hold that religion, salvation, is a matter that lies between God and the individual soul alone; and there is another class who hold that, while religion and salvation are indeed

* St. John, III, 16.

personal matters—in the highest degree personal,—nevertheless, they are also social, have a social aspect; hold that Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour, redeemed not only the individual as such, but *society* as such; and that, to this end, He has made the salvation of the individual depend upon a divine society which He established on earth,—in other words, a Church, having His authority to teach us, and possessing the means of grace to strengthen us. The one class, then, believe in a Church; the other class do not.

Some—and they are very numerous—say ‘I require no intermediary, no church, much less any priest, to come between my soul and God. God Himself will teach me, He Himself will strengthen me. I want no church, no priest.’ There are, I say, many who take this view. They hold to what is termed the individualistic theory of religion. A few carry out this theory with such consistency that they refuse to attach themselves to any religious body whatever. Others—and they are the majority,—though professing this individualistic theory of religion, see, nevertheless, that it is both natural and necessary that men should bind themselves together in some religious organization. In this, fact is more powerful than theory. Men’s social instincts teach them more truly than their labored reasonings. The social nature of man, upon which the Divine Founder of the Church has worked in carrying out the scheme of universal redemption by a universal Church, leads the individualists to this much concession to the truth—that they form themselves into various denominations, to which, in our times, they give the dignified name of churches. True in the main to their theory, however, they do not regard their church, or any church, as having authority to teach them, nor as being entrusted with any special means of grace and

strength beyond the mere preaching of what they hold to be the true doctrines of Jesus Christ.

On the other hand, large numbers of men—an overwhelming majority, indeed, of Christians—hold that our Blessed Lord left upon earth a society of men, a Church, consisting of pastors and faithful, teachers and taught; and that this divine society, or Church, has authority to teach in His name, and possesses, in the sacraments as well as in the preaching of God’s word, the means of spiritual life and moral strength.

Which of these two classes is right? Those who say that the light and the strength we need are to be obtained from Almighty God without the medium of any church, or those who believe that Jesus Christ established on earth a Church having on her lips the words of everlasting life, and in her hands the means of grace and strength? For us Catholics there will not be a moment’s hesitation in answering that question. We know that our Divine Saviour did found a Church, the only authorized teacher of divine truth, the only accredited custodian of the means of grace. If any one ask us for proof of this, there are many proofs which we might give. But there is one simple, obvious proof which ought to appeal to all: to the ignorant as well as to the learned, to the poor and lowly as well as to the high,—a proof unanswerable and plain.

If any one say to us, ‘How can you prove that Jesus Christ instituted a Church?’ we can point to that very Church which He founded; we can point to her as a living fact, plain to see, undeniable, whose existence none can even pretend to overlook. ‘There,’ we can say, ‘is the very Church which Jesus Christ established. She began with Him, she was spread over the known world by the Apostles; her history from the day of Pentecost till

now is before you. From then till now she has stood, marked out by certain unmistakable signs as divine in her origin. For nearly two thousand years has she continued in her triumphant course. She is a city set upon a hill, that can not be hid; she carries with her tokens of her divine origin, in her marvellous spread and progress, her inexhaustible fecundity in all good, and in her unparalleled and miraculous unity.'

Examine the history of the Church Catholic; read the lives of her saints and martyrs, her religious Orders and missionaries. See how, in spite of persecutions from without and traitors from within, she has held her own and won victory after victory, when time after time it seemed that her enemies had got the better of her. Throughout her history she has worked unexampled good in the world, producing lives of holiness unequalled by any not her children; binding together—and this is a moral miracle which by itself is a testimony of her divine origin,—binding together some two hundred and forty millions of human beings of every race in absolute unity of faith and obedience. Look at her as she stands before you in the pages of history, as she stands before you to-day, in this twentieth century, and then ask the question, 'Did Jesus Christ establish a Church to teach truth and save the souls of men?'—'He did,' will be the answer; 'and here she is, in the flesh, as it were, spreading the light and giving the strength which men need.'

This is what God has done to meet the needs of His human family. Here is the fruit of the love and passion and death of Jesus Christ. He became man to bring us light and strength; He carries on in His Church the gracious work of the Incarnation, and will carry it on by her agency till the world shall end.

Here the defenders of the individualistic theory of religion will come forward and ask: 'But is not religion,

is not salvation, a personal matter? Is it not a question concerning the individual soul before its God? Can any church, any institution, save souls in spite of themselves, by *system* as it were? Can it be enough that a man should attach himself to the Church, should go through certain forms, receive certain sacraments? Is not this mere formalism? Can we be saved by virtue of the name and profession of Catholic? We can not believe so.'

No, nor do Catholics themselves believe so. Far from it! But these questions reveal a quite mistaken notion of the office and work of the Church in saving souls for Christ,—a notion, however, which is very common amongst our non-Catholic friends. They imagine that the Church *does* profess to save souls by a system—merely by a system; that we Catholics are given up to a formalism which, if it really existed, would be the grossest of superstitions. They think that it is enough, according to Catholic belief, if a man attach himself to the Church and participate in her rites and ceremonies, which, in some magical way, will pass him into heaven, as a ticket will admit a man to a concert or a theatre.

That notion of the Church's work in saving souls is far from the mind of any Catholic who has received the most elementary instruction in faith and practice. Catholics do not believe that any one will be saved by virtue of the Catholic name or the Catholic system *alone*; no, nor by rites and sacraments *alone*, without some corresponding effort on a man's own part. As every Catholic learns, more by practice from infancy than by formal instruction on the point, the element of personal religion is altogether necessary. Indeed, a Catholic may well smile at my mentioning so elementary a truth,—a truth which, in fact, the whole system of the Church, with her sacraments, her sacred rites, her ceremonies, her yearly round

of feast and fast, is instituted to inculcate upon and promote among men.

What is the message of the Catholic Church to mankind? It is this: 'Believe in God, and in Jesus Christ His Son. Believe the truths which God teaches by His Church. Hope with a firm hope for salvation through the Precious Blood of Jesus, our only Saviour. Repent of your sins; live good lives; and, above all, *love God*, love Jesus with a tender love, and love others for His sake.' Is not that personal religion? Is not this a matter of intercourse between God and the soul? Will being a Catholic save a man if he does not do this? No indeed.

The truth of this matter lies, as truth generally does, in the mean between two extremes. Salvation is, indeed, a personal, individual affair. We must come to God, we must come to our Lord Jesus Christ; each one of us, to be saved, must enter into communication with God. But there are appointed ways and means of coming to God, the *wilful rejection* of which will keep a man away from Him; and those ways and means are in His Church. Religion, then, is not a purely individual matter. God has appointed means of grace which are external to our own souls,—means by which we come into close contact and communication with Him. And, on the other hand, the visible Church, having the word of life and the means of grace, so far from interfering with our individual relations with God, or coming in the way as an obstacle between us and Him, offers to us the very means by which we enter into the closest relations and the most intimate communication with His Divine Majesty.

'Salvation is a matter which lies between God and my soul,' men say. 'I am responsible to God, not to any church or priest.' Yes, we are responsible to God; but will not God ask us whether we have made use of the means

which He has chosen to appoint? Since He has established a Church with authority to teach us and to guide us, possessing holy sacraments in which God Himself visits the soul, and by which the fruits of redemption are brought to each individual,—the use which we have made of these things will enter into the question of salvation.

Church and priest by no means obviate the necessity of personal religion. They do not take all the responsibility for our salvation. How strange it is that the old notion dies so hard,—the notion that a Catholic has only to put himself body and soul into the hands of the priests, who undertake to make all safe—for a consideration! Church and priest exist to provide men with the means of coming to God, to instruct them in personal religion. Day by day Church and priest lift up their voices and cry out: 'Believe, hope, love, repent!' To say that the Church and the priests interfere with our communication with God is as sensible as to say that a bridge or a boat gets in our way when we want to cross a river. If a man has wings, he may dispense with bridge or boat; and if a man has received a special message from God to the effect that he need not make use of the means of coming to Him which He has provided in His Church, he can dispense with Church and priest,—not otherwise.

I might go on to bring proof from the words of Jesus Christ Himself in the Gospels that He willed the benefits of His redemption to be spread abroad over the earth by the Holy Catholic Church. But this is not necessary, since most of my readers are Catholics. It is well, however, that we should recall these things to mind, so that we may have a reason to give to others for the faith that is in us. I will conclude, therefore, with one Scriptural argument against the individualistic theory, and I will take it

from the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

What is St. Paul's idea on the subject of religion and of the way men are to be saved? He is very clear on the point. He says that, in order to be saved, we must become members of a body. That body, he tells us, is the body of Christ,—not, indeed, His actual physical body of flesh and blood, but a mystical body. Through the channels of that body, from Jesus Christ the head, flow grace and salvation to all its members; but if any one be cut off from that body, he will die spiritually, as a hand or an arm will die physically if cut off from the body from which it draws its life. In St. Paul's mind, and according to the Holy Ghost, therefore, who inspired him, the body to which all must belong is the Church.

"For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body. . . . Now you are the body of Christ." "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and each one members one of another." "And He hath subjected all things under His [Christ's] feet, and hath made Him head over all the Church, which is His body." "He is the head of the body, the Church."

The Christianity, then, taught by Jesus Christ and St. Paul involves membership of a society—a body. Where that society is to be found, how it may be known, what are the channels by which life flows from the Head through the members,—these are matters with which every Catholic is well acquainted. Nevertheless, to have had the Catholic position sketched out in view of a theory which, growing out of the principle of private judgment laid down by the "Reformers," has developed largely and spread widely in our days, may not be without use to those who read this paper.

Serfs and Nobles.

A TALE OF CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

II.

FROM a sound sleep Tatyana was aroused by a half-defined feeling of terrible nightmare and oppression. The next moment she was wide awake, and realized in an instant that her room was full of smoke. Choking and half blinded, the young girl sprang to her feet, and, making her way to a window, managed to open it. The rush of cold air revived her; and, hastily throwing a long robe around her, she opened the hall door, meaning to rouse her father and brother; but a dense volume of smoke drove her back.

Only for a moment, however. Clearly she was the only one in the house awake, and the others must be made aware of their danger. In her extremity, Tatyana remembered reading somewhere that a wet cloth held over the nose and mouth would enable any one to go safely through the thickest smoke. It was the work only of an instant to soak a handkerchief in water; and, with this held close to her face, the brave girl opened the door again and started down the long corridor to her brother's room. In her agony and eagerness, she forgot the necessity of keeping her mouth covered. Groping her way in the pitch darkness and blinding smoke, the desire to call her brother came uppermost in her mind. Her left hand had been feeling its way along the wall, and now she put out her right hand to try to assist the other in finding her brother's door.

"Dimitri!" she called,— "Dimitri!" Then too late she realized her danger, as she inhaled the suffocating smoke. There was a sudden gasping and choking; her throat seemed to close

up entirely; and, with her hand at last on the panel of her brother's door, unable to open it, or cry out, Tatyana fell senseless on the floor.

When she opened her eyes she was in another part of the house, and her brother was bending over her. Her first words, as might be expected, were:

"O Dimitri, our father?"

"He is safe," answered the young soldier. "Thanks to De Roux, we were all saved. But for him, not one of us would be here."

And then Tatyana heard with deep emotion that De Roux, who had been unavoidably detained by a telegram from Paris, and unable to hire a drosky when he started for home at eleven o'clock, had reached the house about midnight. Having heard something on the way that had warned him, he had roused dozens of the peasants in the village, and, hurrying on, had arrived in time to find in flames the lower floor, under the rooms of Tatyana and her father and brother. Rushing through smoke and fire to the second floor, he had stumbled on Tatyana, and with superhuman effort had carried her out. The stairs by that time were cut off by the fire; and with the aid of the peasants, who were now fast arriving, he had placed a ladder against the wall, and, mounting, had roused Dimitri and his father, and had got them out in safety.

The peasants, meanwhile, were working heroically to put out the fire; and after an hour's stubborn fight, led by the two young officers, they succeeded. De Roux had mounted to the roof; and, in descending after the fire was declared by Dimitri to be entirely out, the ladder, which had been hastily put up by fastening two short ones together, came apart, and the young Frenchman was thrown to the ground. The fall, not in itself of sufficient height from the ground to be danger-

ous, resulted, nevertheless, in a badly sprained ankle.

All this Tatyana heard, and also that her father had stood the shock fairly well. The need of immediate action, and the fact that she was the only woman, roused her.

"I am well now," she said, rising from the sofa where De Roux had laid her an hour before. "My room, you say, is not burned. In that case send Anastasia for some more clothes. There is plenty for me to do."

She was still weak and giddy, but smiling bravely. Chaos was everywhere, but she would restore order soon.

Anastasia, a stout young country girl, brought her clothes; and, once fully dressed, Tatyana assumed command. The wing of the house to which she had been carried was uninjured, but cold and cheerless. In an hour or two fires were kindled in all the rooms. The Count had been made to lie down and rest, and the brother and sister had dispatched a peasant for the doctor to attend De Roux's sprained ankle. He came, and at once ordered the young officer to keep still until future orders.

"He must not walk at all," said the doctor, addressing Tatyana. "It may be a matter of six weeks before he can put his foot on the ground. If he is careful, all will be well,—though it is an ugly sprain."

"But, Doctor," said De Roux, "I must get back to St. Petersburg. To stay here so many weeks, and impose on the hospitality of my friends, is impossible."

"Impossible or not, here you have to stay," answered the doctor. "I will not answer for the consequences if you use that ankle even for a single hour."

"You must stay with us, my friend," said Dimitri. "Put out of your head the idea that you will be any trouble. And, beside," said the young officer,

his handsome face full of deep feeling, "you forget, Philippe, that but for you my father, sister, and I would all have met a horrible death."

"That is true, Monsieur," observed Tatyana, addressing him in her pretty, foreign French. "Do us the favor to feel that we are all anxious and glad to take care of you until you are entirely recovered."

"Your goodness passes all bounds," said De Roux. "I yield, Mademoiselle, most gratefully, hoping for a speedy recovery."

"And now," said Dimitri, "I must go and look into this business of the fire. My cousin Paul has just returned from his trip to Moscow, and will go with me to try to unravel it."

Guided by what De Roux had told him of the men he had met on the road the previous night, Dimitri was not long in unravelling the mystery. An examination showed conclusively that the fire was of incendiary origin, and had not arisen from any defect in the house. The library, salon, and part of the main hall and stairs had been burned, but not beyond repair; nor had the flames spread to the upper floor, thanks to the thickness of the walls and floors and the general solidity of the house. Workmen were sent for from St. Petersburg, and in a short time the rooms were rebuilt, and made habitable with furniture taken from other parts of the house.

It seemed clear, from all the evidence, that the trouble was of agrarian origin, but that the peasants on the Retvizan estate were innocent of any part in it. The old Count shook his head, but refrained from words.

"I believe he thinks that fire and treachery are methods I myself would use to bring about needed reforms," said Dimitri to his sister, half humorously.

Tatyana paused in her work of rolling some bandages for De Roux's injured ankle, and turned her lovely face

to her brother's fine, handsome one.

"We must be patient with him, Dimitri," she said. "All his old ideals are being shattered; and if this discontent and rebellion spread to our own people, I fear worse will come. It is as hard for him to adjust himself to the new way as it is for you to follow the old."

"The old way has gone forever," answered her brother. "A new Russia is coming, Tatyana,—a free and enlightened Russia; but first there will be a night of sorrow and pain."

She looked at him, half startled. Well she understood her father's side—a rule of iron repression, distinct perhaps from oppression; of narrowed liberties, and of limited education for all but the favored of Fortune. To this she had been reared; but this other Russia of men's dreams was to her, as yet, a beautiful fantasy.

Ten days from the date of the fire, Dimitri, whose leave had been extended, had to rejoin his regiment in St. Petersburg, and the others settled down to a short period of peace. The doctor still came once a day to attend to De Roux, and to bathe and re-bandage his ankle.

So passed three weeks from the date of his accident, and then came the news of the terrible "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg—the 22d of January, 1905,—when the unfortunate people, led by Gopon, were driven back by the Russian soldiery, and there ensued the general disorder that obliged the Czar and his court to withdraw to Tsarskoye-Selo.

(To be continued.)

THE man who longs for some crisis in life wherein he may show mighty courage, while he is expending no portion of that courage in bearing bravely the petty trials, sorrows, and disappointments of daily life, is living in an air castle.—*W. G. Jordan.*

The Writing on the Wall.

IF I should see a ghostly hand
 Against the wall this night,
 What message would it bring to me,
 What sentence would it write?
 If *Mane* were the first word traced
 Before my awe-filled gaze,
 Should I find comfort in the past,
 Its countless squandered days?
 If *Thecel* on the wall appeared,
 Should I not be afraid
 Lest justice full be meted out
 When life's poor deeds are weighed?
 And if that hand should write once more,
 What would the message be?
 Should I a sentence dread of doom,
 Or pledge of mercy see?
 'Tis not till night the hand appears,—
 Life's sun is shining still:
 I yet have power to guide the hand,
 To write whate'er I will.

C.

Edward VI. and the Catholic Liturgy.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.

(CONCLUSION.)

BEFORE passing on to consider the nature of the new service and its relation to the Mass, it is worth while trying to see clearly what we know concerning its composition, and so forth. It seems practically certain that the bishops were called together by the Protector Somerset with the object of coming to some understanding about the proposed Book of Common Prayer.

(1) This meeting appears to have taken place in October, some time after the proclamation in which the first public notice of intended changes in the liturgy was made (Sept. 23, 1548). For upon October 29, John Burcher at Strassburg already informs Bullinger that "the government, roused by" the brawling as to the Sacrament, "have convoked a synod of the bishops to consult about religion."

(2) The proposed Prayer Book was submitted to this meeting, and its terms to some extent were discussed, though the chief stress seems to have been laid on the "doctrine."

(3) The bishops present at this meeting did not agree among themselves "as to the doctrine of the Supper," and came to no conclusion.

(4) The assembled bishops all signed the book, except Day of Chichester; but this was on the understanding that their action was not to imply any assent to the doctrine of Cranmer and his followers.

(5) The objections to the book centred round this point: that the *adoration* of the Sacrament was left out.

(6) It was allowed that many things were wanting in the book as submitted, and it was agreed that these should be treated of afterward; thus affording an opportunity desired by men like Tunstall, Heath, Bonner, and Thirlby himself, of making it more conformable to the ordinary practice of the Church, from which, as the book stood, it was a departure.

(7) The book after the bishops had signed it was tampered with.

Beyond these facts, some conjecture may safely be made as to the motives which induced the bishops to sign the proposed liturgy. The whole country had been stirred up; it was a scene of confusion and wrangling, the continuance of which would seriously jeopardize "the unity at home in this realm." At the same time the government had so managed their foreign policy as to make domestic tranquillity imperative. The kingdom was at war with Scotland, and there was in prospect a breach with France, against which country the Protector was unable, as Henry had done, to play off the Emperor. Thus, apart from the religious beliefs and designs of Cranmer and Somerset, there seemed to be an absolute need for some English interim.

The real opinion of the Catholic bishops as to the proper solution of the difficulty is clear from the report of the debate and their subsequent action. And, whatever judgment may be passed on them for signing a book in regard to which they had such manifest scruples,* it must be allowed that a difficult position had been prepared for them, and that at the time the appeal to their love of country must have come with great force.

In fact, it is hardly too much to say that the Catholic party amongst the bishops were caught in a trap. They were induced to sign a book which was wholly inadequate, on extraneous considerations and under a pledge for subsequent revision. They were then launched on a public discussion in Parliament, where it was calculated they would not dare to show themselves inconsistent. The expectation of the government, however, was so far disappointed. And it is not wonderful that when their false position was made clear to the Catholic bishops, they, through Bonner, declared "there is heresy in the book."

Before passing on to consider the character of the new liturgy imposed on the English Church by the Act of Uniformity, some brief expression of opinion, formed after careful consideration of the available evidence, may be expected upon some of the more obscure points of its history.

(1) It is most probable that no formal commission was ever issued to compile the Prayer Book. Such a commission imposes responsibility and confers rights. This was not the method commonly employed in Edward's reign. It was a time of governmental formulæ, one of which occurs again and again in official documents throughout this period of history to designate the persons engaged in preparing the

liturgical changes. "The godly bishops and best learned men" covers as much or as little as those in power might please. Without issuing a definite commission, they were free to call whom they would, to what place they would, as well as to vary at their pleasure the individuals engaged on the work. In a word, it is doubtful whether any "Windsor commission," if by that expression it is meant to designate any definite body of men formally appointed to undertake the task, ever had any existence.

(2) Strype is probably right in considering that the "Prayer Book went through only a few hands." Whose hands these were is tolerably clear from the result; but the only positive statement that can be made is that Cranmer had the chief part in the inspiration and composition.

(3) It is most probable that the compilation was long meditated, and its progress to its ultimate form gradual. It would appear likely also that the Matins and Even-Song in English at St. Paul's, and the English Mass at Westminster in the May of 1548, as well as the offices in use in the King's chapel in September, were substantially those afterward incorporated in the first Book of Common Prayer.

(4) For the "certain bishops and notable learned men" assembled at Chertsey and Windsor by the King's command, nothing was left to do but to put together and give the final touches to the material already prepared. The book thus completed was submitted in October, or in the early days of November, to the bishops. These two assemblages were distinct in regard both to their object and the persons composing them.

(5) The report of the discussion in Parliament does away with any lingering doubt as to whether or not the English liturgy was approved by the

* Royal MS. 17B. xxxix f. 6.

clergy in convocation. Had such been the case, Somerset and Cranmer could not have failed to retort that approval upon Thirlby.*

The Act imposing the New Service is rightly called the Act of Uniformity. It swept away the various ancient uses existing in England, and imposed under penalties one uniform service of worship and praise. In this paper I propose, to confine what I have to say about the first Prayer Book to the portion of it called "the Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass."

In a general way, it may be stated that, up to the Gospel, the first Communion service followed, outwardly at least, the old Missals. At this point occurs a distinct break with the ancient practice. At least as late as the ninth century, the Roman rite still observed the early practice of the offering by the people of the bread and wine for the sacrifice; and whilst this offering was being made the choir sang a portion of a psalm which became known as the "Offertory." The bread and wine thus presented were offered with ritual oblation by the priest, and the prayer now called the "Secret" was said by him. These prayers, which

vary in every Mass, and which are still retained in the Roman Missal, express the idea of sacrifice and oblation. In the later Middle Ages private devotion introduced a number of prayers, all expressive of the same idea, to accompany the various ritual acts. Thus in the Sarum rite the priest is directed "to lift up the chalice in both hands," offering the sacrifice to Our Lord, saying this prayer: "Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation," etc.* The whole, therefore, of this action was called the "Offertory," and the verse of the psalm itself became generally known under this name.†

This entire portion of the Mass—constituting the act of formal oblation, together with the prayers, new and old, which accompanied it—is swept away in the new service of the Prayer Book. In place of it was put a verse of Holy Scripture appropriate to what was now done,—namely, the collecting of money "for the poor man's box," which was called the "Offertory."‡ At the same time the family to whose "turn it fell to offer for the charges of the Communion" made their donation in the ancient way into the hands of the priest.

The singing of the verses of Scripture appropriate to almsdeeds was con-

* The same may be said of Somerset's letter to Pole—June 4, 1549,—in defence of the new Prayer Book. He elaborately recounts "the common agreement of all the chief learned men in the realm, . . . as well bishops as others equally and indifferently chosen," "first agreement on points," "and then the same coming to the judgment of the whole Parliament . . . by one whole consent of the Upper and Nether House of the Parliament finally concluded and approved; and so a form of rite and service, a creed and doctrine and religion and after that sort allowed, set forth and established by act and statute." (Pocock, "Troubles Connected with the Prayer Book of 1549," ed. Camden Soc., p. x.) Is it possible to suppose that Somerset here, too, would not have pleaded the formal and synodical sanction of the Book of Common Prayer by convocation, had any such been given?

* The Sarum rubrics are particularly emphatic in calling by anticipation the elements so offered "the Sacrifice."

† Cf. Lydgate's and Langford's meditation in "Lay Folk's Mass Book," 233.

‡ The whole of this question of offertory and offering is so confused, by the use of the same word in different senses in the rubrics of the Prayer Book, that it seems necessary to explain it somewhat at length.

(a) When the practice of presenting the actual bread and wine for the sacrifice fell into disuse, an offering in money was substituted. This partook of a certain ritual solemnity, and was not what is now understood by a "collection." The people went up to the altar and placed their "offering" in the hands of the priest. The money was for his use, as he now had

tinued whilst the collection was being made. And after this "so many as shall be partakers of the Holy Communion shall tarry still in the choir or in some convenient place near the choir; the men on the one side, the women on the other. All other that mind not to receive the said Holy Communion shall depart out of the choir, except the ministers and clerks."

It was only then that, without any ceremony whatever, "the minister" placed the bread and wine on the altar!* It will therefore appear that the ancient ritual oblation, with the whole of which the idea of sacrifice was so intimately associated, was swept away. This was certainly in accord with Cranmer's known opinions,† and the character of the change is unmistakable when the new Prayer Book is compared with other service books compiled in the same century.

To understand the full import of the novelty, it must be borne in mind that this ritual oblation had a place in all liturgies. It is, moreover, now known, by the debate in Parliament, that the word "oblation" occurred in the book

* The "mixed chalice" was retained in the book of 1549.

† Cf. his replies to the questions on the Mass.

to provide the necessary bread and wine. This ceremony was known as "the offering"; or, as it is now called in France, the *offrande*. In the Book of 1549 the word "offering" is used in two senses: (1) of "offering" proper (P. p. 84, last three lines; G. p. 200, lines 12-14); and (2) the poor box collection (P. p. 82, last line; G. p. 198, last line of rubric).

(b) The difficulty is further complicated by the introduction of another provision. It was the practice in England, as it still is in parts of France, to bless a loaf of bread, which was then cut up and distributed to the people during the Mass. The bread was supplied by each family of the parish in turn. This "blessed bread" was now (1549) abolished, but the obligation was laid upon each family who had hitherto supplied it to offer every Sunday, "at the time of the Offertory, the just value and price of the holy loaf

when it was presented to the bishops for examination, but had disappeared from it before it came up to the Lords.*

After the Offertory, the Preface was, with certain changes, retained in the New Book. We come now to the most sacred part of the Mass—the Canon. Our present detailed knowledge of this goes back certainly thirteen hundred years; and hence we are sure that, with the exception of one short clause added by St. Gregory, the Canon has remained practically unchanged to the present day. This fact, that it has so remained unaltered during thirteen centuries, is the most speaking witness of the veneration with which it has always been regarded, and of the scruple which had ever been felt at touching so sacred a heritage, coming to us from unknown antiquity.

It is wholly impossible, without the aid of charts and parallel printing, to show how the English Reformers treated this sacred prayer, which was substantially the same in every Catholic liturgy. Whatever else it can be called, Communion service is certainly not the Mass in an English dress. Even in the

* It will be understood that no opinion is expressed on the question whether or not the "lesser oblation" is to be found in the present Anglican Prayer Book.

to the use of their pastors and curates, and that in such order and course as they were wont to find and pay the said holy loaf." This offering was to be made to the priest, whilst the collection for the poor was being made in the church, "in recompense for the costs and charges he was at in finding sufficient bread and wine for the Holy Communion."

(c) But this was not all: it was further provided that one person at least of that house in every parish to which it fell, under the new arrangement, "to offer for the charges of the Communion, or some other whom they shall provide to offer for them, shall receive the Communion with the priest."

In this way the word "offertory" has in English come to mean a "collection"; a sense which is wanting to the word in other languages.

eyes of the common people, it was so different that it was called "a Christmas game," and this although obvious care was taken by the compilers to preserve some outward resemblance to the ancient liturgy in the disposition of its parts. And when, on examination, the student penetrates below the surface, the systematic elimination of everything that is connected with, or suggests the idea of, oblation and sacrifice becomes at once apparent. The Canon, so far as ideas go, is a new Canon. It offers prayers to God in place of "these gifts, these offerings, these holy, undefiled sacrifices." It emphasizes the "one oblation once offered" on the Cross by Our Lord in the place where the old liturgy prayed that the "oblation" then made might "be blessed, counted, reckoned reasonable and acceptable." The very words of Consecration, which had been looked upon as the most sacred of sacred words, were changed for a new form taken from the Lutheran liturgy of Brandenburg - Nuremberg, with which Cranmer was acquainted through his wife, who was a niece of the compiler of the Church-Order, Osiander.

If, however, the old traditional Canon was abandoned, as no one can doubt who will set the new Communion service by the side of the Missal, it is still obvious upon what times the English Reformers wrought their changes. We have a complete model in Luther's "Latin Mass." In drawing up this, his intention was, the German Reformer declares, to purge the form of worship in actual use. "For," he continues, "we can not deny that Mass and Communion of bread and wine is a rite divinely instituted by Christ." Consequently he allows the Mass as it stood in the old Missals, except what concerns the "Offertory" of the elements, and, what he called, the "abominable Canon." His great grievance against the Mass is that it has been turned into a sacrifice. If the first

Communion service be compared with the Lutheran service, as conceived by the Reformer, it will be seen that, in all points but one, the two are similar. Luther swept away the Canon altogether and retained only the essential words of Institution. Cranmer substituted a new prayer for the old Canon, leaving in it a few shreds of the ancient one, but wholly divesting it of its character of sacrifice and oblation. Even the closest theological scrutiny of the new composition will not detect anything inconsistent with, or excluding, Luther's negation of the sacrificial idea of the Mass.

Looking, therefore, at the characteristics of the new Anglican service, and contrasting it on the one hand with the ancient Missal, and on the other with the Lutheran liturgies, there can be no hesitation whatever in classing it with the latter, not with the former. Passing then from the Communion office to consider the other sacramental rites, this affinity will still be found to exist in so obvious a way as to leave no doubt whatever that the new service was composed under the direct influence of the Lutheran Reformation. This is, moreover, exactly what we should be led to expect by the letters and documents of the period.

But the Prayer Book in its first form was only a transitional document, representing the particular stage at which Cranmer had arrived in his education in Reformed Doctrine at the time when it was composed. Immediately after the passing of the Act enforcing the Prayer Book, it became obvious that something must be done to make the ordination service consonant with the doctrine as to the Communion service contained in it. As yet no change had been made in the forms for conferring ordination which were contained in the old Pontificals. But at the consecration of Ferrar to the See of St. Davids, in September,

1548, when Cranmer was assisted by Holbeach and Ridley, some changes were made in the old ritual. In the course of the following year, after Bonner's deprivation, the Archbishop held an ordination at St. Paul's, assisted by Ridley. "The old popish order of conferring of holy orders was yet in force," writes Strype; "but this ordination, nevertheless, was celebrated after that order that was soon established."

A bill for a new Ordinal was introduced into the House of Peers on January 8, 1550. It passed only on January 25. Of the fourteen bishops present, five dissented, whilst thirteen were absent. The Act simply approved beforehand of the new Ordinal, which six prelates, or the majority of them, appointed by his Majesty, were to draw up. On Sunday, February 2, the Council proceeded to appoint "the bishops and learned men" to devise orders for the creation of bishops and priests. As no names are entered in the Council book, the actual members of the committee are, with one exception, unknown.

From the subsequent proceedings, it is certain that the book was already devised, and all that was left for the "bishops and learned men" to do was to agree to it and sign their names. For in less than a week after the Council meeting at which the appointment of the committee was mooted, on Saturday, February 8, Heath, Bishop of Worcester, was "convented" before the lords in Council "for that he would not assent to the book made by the rest of the bishops and clergy appointed to devise a form for the creation of the bishops and priests."*

This statement of the Council register is formal, but it may be left to the reader to determine for himself whether in the space of six days it would be possible to draw up the new Ordinal

and conduct the discussions to which so delicate a matter must inevitably have given rise.*

Heath could not be moved by any representations to give his assent to the proposed book. He declared that if it were imposed he would not disobey, but further he would not go; and accordingly on Tuesday, March 4, 1550, he was committed to the Fleet Prison "for that he obstinately denied to subscribe."† Here he was confined for eighteen months. On several occasions he was brought up before the Council, which strove by every means to convince him that his position was unreasonable. But neither threats nor arguments could move him; and at length, on September 22, 1551, he was brought for the last time before the Council and commanded to subscribe to the Ordinal "before Thursday next following, upon pain of deprivation of his bishopric." To "this command he resolutely answered that he could not find it in his conscience to do it, and should well be contented to abide such end either by deprivation or otherwise as pleased the King's Majesty."

By the very terms of the Act of Parliament, the "new form and manner of making and consecrating archbishops, bishops, priests and deacons" could not be delayed. It was already in print before March 25, 1550. Even as early as March 5, Hooper, preaching in London, had already seen the book, and expressed his wonder at its containing an oath "by saints." "How it is suffered," he says, "or who is the author of that book, I well know not."

It is unnecessary to examine the details of the changes introduced into the new form of "making and conse-

* Burnet considers that a digested form was already prepared, probably by Cranmer, which was submitted to the assembly. But the case as regards this is even stronger than he puts it.

† "Council Book," ut supra, p. 109.

* "Council Book" (Privy Council Office), ii, p. 84.

crating" bishops, priests, and deacons. Every suggestion of a sacrificial kind was carefully removed from the new Ordinal; and every notion of consecration and blessing, as well as all prayers which in the ancient Pontifical expressed the desire that Almighty God would send down upon the ordinandus His Holy Spirit for a definite work, were studiously, and of set purpose, cut out or mutilated.

The imposition of the new Prayer Book and Ordinal was soon followed by further changes, which gave additional emphasis to the fact that the "old order had passed," and that the Mass as a sacrifice was abolished by Act of Parliament in England. On November 24, 1551, an order in Council directed that, "to avoid all matters of further contention," every altar should be pulled down, and "the Lord's board, [which] should be rather after the form of a table than an altar," should be substituted. In the same way many of the advanced Reformers complained that the paucity of rubrics in the Book of 1549 enabled many to continue the old ceremonies, except where they were not absolutely forbidden. In fact, Bucer, in his book called the "Censura," says that many of the priests continued to offer up the old Mass under cover of the Prayer Book services. Hooper and Ridley, too, complained bitterly of being forced to make use of vestments. The former declared—logically, it must be admitted,—that, having taken away the Mass "from the people," authority should take away "its feathers also—the altars, vestments, and such like as appalled her."

How this advice was taken I need not describe here. Gardiner had now been long in the Tower, and he demanded a trial. He was taken to Lambeth in December, 1550, to be examined by the Archbishop. In open court the Bishop gave Cranmer his celebrated "explanation and assertion of the true Cath-

olic faith touching the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar." This was a refutation of Cranmer's book on the Eucharist published in the middle of 1550. To this Cranmer replied at once and at length; but Gardiner's method of attack was calculated to annoy the Archbishop, for it consisted in supposing that the new Prayer Book could be, and must be, interpreted in a Catholic sense. Cranmer, of course, denied this most categorically; and, in truth, it is difficult to suppose that Gardiner was really serious. The Archbishop, however, even whilst the commission was engaged in dealing with the Bishop of Winchester, was making preparations for a revision of the new Prayer Book that should be unmistakably "reformed" as to doctrine.

There is no authentic or sufficient record of the persons to whom the revision was entrusted, although there is little room for doubt as to the inspirers and chief actors in the business. All that it is necessary to note in the present case is what was actually done, and especially with the office of Holy Communion, which was not only the one all important traditional act of Christian worship, but was at this time throughout Western Europe the central point round which all the controversies of the Reformation turned.

On comparing the first with the second Communion office, what is obvious at first sight is that, whilst the former, in spite of the substantial changes which had been made in the ancient Mass, manifested a general order and disposition of parts similar to the Mass itself, the latter was changed beyond recognition. Moreover, every minute point which in the first Book might perhaps, with some ingenuity, be twisted to a Catholic interpretation of the formulæ, is carefully expunged in this second revision. It is not a little significant that everything in the early

liturgy upon which Gardiner had fixed as evidence that this first Prayer Book did not necessarily reject the old belief, was in the revision carefully swept away and altered.

November 1, 1552, was the date appointed for the introduction of the second Prayer Book of Edward VI.; and there are evidences that up to the last moment changes were introduced with the object of lowering the reverence hitherto shown by the faithful to the Sacrament at its reception. As to the book itself, it will be sufficient to say that it is undoubtedly Calvinistic in its conception and in its doctrine. Even the slight outward similarity to the Mass which the first Communion service preserved, was now, as I have said, obliterated. To use the expression of one who lived at the time, the compilers of this new liturgy "had made a very hay of the Mass."

Of the ancient Canon, which the Apostolic See from the earliest ages possessed and had kept inviolate, nothing was allowed to survive. Great Popes like St. Leo and St. Gregory had inserted a few words with fear and reverence into this sacred inheritance of the Church. They would have considered it sacrilegious and impious to alter or reject any part of it. Cranmer and the Edwardine Reformers felt no such scruple. They mutilated, altered, rejected and inserted to their hearts' content in the first Prayer Book. In the second they got rid of every portion, no matter how slight, that could give any color to the suggestion that the old Catholic Sacrifice of the Mass had not been got rid of altogether.

I HOLD every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they to be a help and an ornament thereunto.

—Lord Bacon.

An Easy Descent.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

ELINOR TYRELL was a newspaper woman. She had begun her career doing specials for various papers. There was something about her that everyone liked, and she was such a little lady that even the most hardened could not find it in his heart to offer rudeness. There was a gentleness which appealed strongly to the masculine element, and her big blue eyes were so touching that her women friends always called her "The Baby," and wanted to give her things and be nice to her. She had a good education, writing English well and speaking several languages; and, despite the dictum of an elderly friend, not so successful—"It is surprising what editors see in that little Miss Tyrell, for she has no university training whatever,"—Elinor prospered.

At first it was something of a struggle to make ends meet. Her parents were dead, and her brothers married and full of their own cares and pleasures. She was, moreover, too proud and too plucky to dream of depending upon any one; and so she plodded on, doing whatever assignments came her way, and doing them so well that her work began to be noticed. Friends were kind and often gave her stories, and at last a stroke of luck afforded her such a splendid bit of news, and she worked it up so well, that the Editor (one always wrote his name in capitals) asked his assistant:

"Who is E. T., who wrote that story?"

Upon being informed, he continued: "Has she ever done anything else good, or is this just a spurt?"

The assistant editor, being a good sort of a fellow, and not above doing a kindness which could not affect himself in any way, said in reply:

"She is one of the best specials we have, and has written lots of good stuff. Shall I have her in?"

"Yes."

The editor's tone was gruff. He didn't like women: he had even been heard to say that their place was at home minding babies; but he worshiped his paper, and "worked" the women who worked for him whenever he saw they could help the paper.

Miss Tyrell was ushered into the sanctum, and entered trembling lest Fate had some adverse fling in store for her. It was her good fortune, if one looks at it from a worldly point of view, that she had on that day a new gown. She was a dainty little body, and looked very well in her frocks; and, having chanced upon a good tailor-made suit at a "sale," her trim figure was well set off, and the immaculate collar and cuffs gave her an air of neatness not always seen down town. The editor felt a pleasure in meeting her. Had she gone in looking in need of a position, or sad or dowdy, he would not have been attracted. Nothing succeeds like success, and Elinor on that particular occasion radiated prettiness and prosperity.

The mighty man said a few words, which she answered in her pretty way, in her soft English voice; and he was distinctly gratified. Emboldened, she said at length:

"Have you an assignment for me? I should like to do something really good to-day, since you liked my last work."

"I'm afraid there is nothing you could do,"—he spoke a little gruffly. "There's only one important thing that isn't covered, and that's too big to risk bungling. It's an interview with Señor de Perez and his wife, the celebrated Spanish travellers, at the Hotel N—; and it's especially important, since they speak no English, and no one

has succeeded in having an interview with his wife. I am the only one on the paper who speaks Spanish, and it wouldn't look well for me to go myself!" He smiled scornfully.

"It is the most beautiful language in the world," said Elinor calmly, in the most perfect Castilian.

The editor stared, and then answered with some commonplace remark in the same language.

Elinor said no more about the assignment, but in a few moments the editor inquired:

"Will you go to the hotel and interview the Señora for me, Miss Tyrell?"

There was a deference in his manner seldom seen by the people who worked for him; and the woman smiled as she answered pleasantly:

"I shall try to get the interview for you."

As she left the office, his editorship said to his assistant, who had been sitting near, transfixed with amazement:

"Make a place for Miss Tyrell on the regular staff."

That was the beginning. Miss Tyrell did her work well enough to satisfy the most particular, and she steadily rose. But the success for which she had so longed, and which she had supposed would be to her the perfection of happiness, did not seem so blissful as she had thought it would prove. It meant hard work, and this she did not mind. She liked her work, and it was delightful to feel that she had the power to please; but it tired her to be so constantly on the go, and she found it necessary to drop many of her former habits. She had always gone to confession every Saturday, and was of course strict in her attendance at Mass. Gradually she found herself too tired to go out Saturday after a long day at the office; and, although she never missed her Sunday Mass, it grew to be more and more of an effort. Sometimes it worried her, and her

conscience pricked her for her coldness to her religion; but these thoughts were quickly stifled, and she excused herself with the idea that she would begin to be religious when she was less busy.

At last she had an offer so dazzling as to stifle all thoughts except of her success. The editor of a paper, a rival to the one for which she worked, sent for her and offered her double the salary she was receiving to take the position of society editor on his journal. It was a "yellow" journal of the most virulent variety. She had always hated yellow journalism, and had vowed she would not demean herself to touch it; but a hundred and fifty dollars a month meant luxury. The editor urged her to accept the position. He had seen her work and knew she was the one for the place. He knew that his paper was not in favor with the fashionables, and also that Miss Tyrell had the *entrée* into the "smart set" as another had not. She would get stuff for his paper that it had never been able to touch before; for the select had always kept their doings out of the "Daily Jaundice," as the *American Citizen* had been wickedly nicknamed.

At last she consented to take the place, and old friends envied and regretted,—envied because it was financially a success, and regretted because her accustomed haunts knew her no more. She was busier than ever, but she received much consideration from the management. The editor knew that she could get news for him that no one else could get, and he smiled upon her accordingly. She kept her place and had money to lay up, but her treasure in Heaven grew less. It was not that she was less kind: she did a great deal of good for other women less fortunate than she. But it is easy to grow lax, and the atmosphere about her gradually told upon her. She read horrors until they began to seem natural; she saw irreligion all about her until to be

irreligious seemed the ordinary course to pursue. An intimate friend epitomized the situation one day by saying:

"Elinor, you are not the same girl you were before you began to work for the *Citizen*. What has made the change?"

"Am I different? I didn't know it," she said, surprised.

"You're different in every way," was the answer. "Take the one matter of divorce. You used to be so rabid against it. The Church disapproved it, and that was enough. You wouldn't even accept invitations from divorced women who had remarried, though they were non-Catholics, because you wouldn't countenance divorce that much. Now hasn't your point of view changed?"

"Well," said Elinor, slowly, "perhaps it has. It seems to me that it is too bad to condemn people to a life of perfect misery together, when perhaps each could be happy with some one else. Of course I could never be divorced, because I am a Catholic; but why should I say what is right for other people?"

"Of course happiness is the only standard," said her friend, tartly. "But are you sure you *are* a Catholic? It seems to me that your Catholicity consists in not being anything else."

"Well, once a Catholic you can't be anything else, no matter how poor a Catholic you are," Elinor answered. "I can't say I have been very religious lately, but as soon as I have more time—"

"Fiddlesticks!"—her friend was more than tart. "At least be honest with yourself. You know you are not a good Catholic any more, and never will be as long as you are on the *Citizen*. There isn't a Catholic on the paper; and one couldn't be on a paper that is ready to take up every anti-Catholic story, and exaggerate its bad points, if it doesn't actually invent more."

"But think of the good the paper does!"—Elinor spoke warmly. "Look at the benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, and the baby show for crippled children, and all the charities we have fostered!"

Her friend laughed.

"Every one of which was gotten up to advertise the paper, and to which the *Citizen* itself did not contribute one cent. The subscribers put up the money, and the paper takes the credit. My dear, I wish you would drop it. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and you're too lovely a character to be spoiled by this modern mania for sensationalism. Setting aside the religious point of view (for I am a regular pagan and have no religion, though I have always thought a good Catholic the best thing in the world), can't you see that this life is coarsening your fibre? You are growing accustomed to evil in its worst forms, as portrayed in the glaring light of yellow journalism. You—my nice, little, refined, gentlewoman, you—are every day helping to make up a paper which decent people don't want in their homes. Stop to think," and she laid her hand affectionately upon Elinor's arm.

"Nonsense!"—Miss Tyrell's tone was sharp, then she laughed carelessly. "I haven't time to think, and I'm not so bad as you fancy. Any way, I couldn't give up the paper. I'm just wrapped up in it. There is such a thing as being too prudish, and I think I used to be so."

Her friend said no more, but as Elinor left her she murmured to herself:

"Facilis descensus Averno."

THE miracle of love which turns human clay into the semblance of divinity, once wrought in the human heart, ripens swiftly or slowly into infinite compassion and the capacity for sacrifice.—*Anon.*

How my Great-Granduncle Made a Friend.

"IS it not terrible, grandmother," I said, "that the religious Orders should have been turned out of France?"

Grandmother mildly assented. Her needles clicked in and out for a while; then she resumed the conversation.

"English people are proud of their tolerance," she remarked, "and of the hospitality their country shows to foreigners. They are apt to forget that, a century ago, Catholics in England were oppressed by cruel laws."

Now, grandmother's words recalled to my mind the family hero, old Major B. He had died at the ripe age of ninety-nine, when I was a tiny tot.

"Your uncle, the Major, was in the British army. How did he enter, being a Catholic?" I asked.

Grandmother shook her head.

"A few did manage it,—that much I know. But so carefully were they obliged to conceal their faith that two Catholics were sometimes together in a regiment without being aware that they professed the same creed."

Here grandmother smiled reflectively.

"A story!" I cried. "Tell me the story, please!"

And the sweet old lady went on, nothing loath:

"The regiment was encamped near Quebec at one time, and my uncle's tent was shared by another young officer. The two men had known each other for some months, but no confidences had hitherto been exchanged between them. One night my uncle, unable to sleep, lay listening to the breathing of his more fortunate companion, when the latter began to mutter in his sleep, and words fraught with significance reached my uncle's ears. 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,'—that was all he heard, but that little was enough.

"‘The man is a Catholic!’ my uncle thought jubilantly. He resolved, nevertheless, to frighten him a little; and next morning he addressed the young officer sternly.

"‘Sir,’ he said, ‘I heard you mutter prayers in your sleep. How is it that you are in the army? Are you not a Papist?’

"He read confirmation of the supposition he had made in the sudden paleness which overspread the young man’s features.

"‘You are a Roman Catholic,’ continued my uncle. ‘I can denounce you to the authorities if I please.’

"‘Do so if you will,’ the young man retorted bravely. ‘God forbid that I should deny my faith!’

"He had turned and faced my uncle by this time; the two men stood confronting each other for a moment. Then my uncle’s hand came down on the other’s shoulder.

"‘Never mind, old fellow!’ he cried in a hearty voice, and his eyes were as kind now as before they had been stern. ‘If you are a Catholic and amenable to the law, why, take courage; for so am I!’

"And that was how your great-granduncle made a friend," said my grandmother. "Their intimacy lasted until, fifteen years later, Captain S. was killed at Waterloo."

"CHRISTIANITY," says Dr. William Inge, "is embodied in great personalities more adequately than in any philosophical systems or doctrinal formulas. It found its complete expression in the Person of the Incarnate Christ; and, after the Gospels, it is in the lives of His best disciples that we shall find its brightest illustrations." What an important thing it is, therefore, to be acquainted with the Lives of those who have followed most closely in the footsteps of Christ!

As We now See Ourselves.

SEEING ourselves as others see us is apt to be a somewhat disenchanting experience, especially if we are unduly prone in ordinary life to the policy of shutting our eyes to our defects and extravagantly given to insistence on our virtues and our glories. Americans used to be accused, with considerable show of reason, too, of asserting in season and out of season that they belong to the "greatest country on earth,"—greatest in the matter of liberty, wealth, opportunity, morality, and, in fact, every other matter. The charge is losing much of its justice nowadays, and our own writers (a good sign) are not reticent about showing up the dark side of American sociology. Witness, for instance, the following extract from a paper entitled "A Plea for the White South" in the *Nineteenth Century and After*:

Quite recently ex-Ambassador Andrew White declared that, with the single exception of Sicily, more murders are committed in the United States than in any other civilized country in the world. Not long ago a well-known white clergyman in Louisville, Ky., startled his congregation one Sunday morning by declaring that home life is safer in the dominions of the Ameer of Afghanistan than it is in Kentucky.

"There are more murders," said he, "in Louisville, Ky., with 200,000 people, than there are in London with nearly 7,000,000. There are more murders in Kentucky with its 2,000,000 people than in Great Britain with a population of 40,000,000. Finally, there are more murders in the United States than in the whole of Europe, with Italy and Turkey left out and Russia included." (This statement was made, of course, before the wholesale slaughter of the Russian Jews.) "No other civilized nation," said this Louisville clergyman, "approaches this in the matter of murders; and those which come nearest to it are Italy and Turkey, where the assassin's knife is freely used, and where men allow their anger and hatred and disgraceful passions to rule their conduct."

Several distinguished men in the congregation were so shocked at these statistics that they determined to study the subject themselves;

but, after a careful investigation had been instituted, they admitted these figures could not be truthfully denied.

At the annual dinner of the Authors' Club, given in honor of the Lord Chief Justice of England in December, 1904, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle devoted a part of his remarks to the laxity with which the law against murder is administered in the United States. During the Boer War, he said, Great Britain had lost 22,000 lives. But during the same three years the United States had lost 10,000 more—that is, 32,000 lives—by murder and homicide *in a time of peace*. Many of these crimes, he said, had gone unfinished. The Lord Chief Justice took occasion to corroborate what Sir Arthur had said.

Not very gratifying statistics, the foregoing; but advertence thereto may be an excellent remedy for that species of megalomania which used to be denominated spread-eagleism, and which, though on the decline, is still all too common among a considerable number of our fellow-citizens. This is a great country, but we will do well not to be too officiously active in throwing stones at other nations.

To Avoid Distractions.

PIOUS people of every class, in the cloister as well as the world, are frequently bothered by continuous distractions during prayer. The advice given by St. John Chrysostom to a penitent troubled in this way may possibly prove an effective preventive of these exasperating annoyances. St. John counselled his penitent to arouse himself by this comparison: "What! when I stand talking to a friend about news, trifles, and unimportant rumors, I am all attention; yet now, when I am conversing with God about the pardon of my sins, and the way for me to be saved, I am all torpor and negligence! Though my knees are bent, my mind goes wandering through the house and through the streets! Where is my faith, where my reason?"

Notes and Remarks.

The wisdom of the traditional Catholic stand upon the question of education—the absolute correctness of the Catholic insistence upon religious training in the schools—is from year to year becoming more and more generally admitted by the thoughtful men of all countries and of all sects. A recent outspoken advocate of the Church's attitude on the question is the retiring moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada, the Rev. Dr. Armstrong. As quoted in the *Catholic News*, Dr. Armstrong declared a few weeks ago in London, Ontario:

The State does not exist apart from the people who compose it. Christian parents should assert the right of their children to a Christian education in the schools they support. In a Christian country like ours, the Christian Church and the systems of education should know no disagreement as to aim or method, but move in perfect harmony to the attainment of a perfect training of the young. No Christian parent should be content to have his child attend a school where religion is ignored or put in a corner. He is thereby doing irreparable hurt to his child. And no government has a right to exclude religion from a school which it compels Christian people to support.

Not so many years ago this sort of argument coming from a Catholic speaker, or appearing in a Catholic paper, was anathematized by the leaders of the denominations as treason to the State and a tendency toward giving the Church undue influence in the upbringing of citizens. Experience, however—bitter experience, too,—has shown in more than one country, that Godless schools make Godless men and women,—intellectual athletes, it may be, but spiritual starvelings, and all too often moral cripples as well.

Many persons, we imagine, will be disposed to agree with a declaration of Secretary Bonaparte, made in an address delivered before the Cumberland

Chautauqua at Allegheny Grove, Md., on the 12th inst. After advocating the death penalty for any anarchist who takes or attempts to take human life, and rigorous imprisonment, characterized by complete exclusion and deprivation of all comforts and denial of every form of distraction, together with the use of the lash, upon the perpetrator of offences less than attempts to take life, Mr. Bonaparte declared that anarchism is the product of two conditions which prevail to a greater or less extent everywhere among the less enlightened classes of modern civilized society,—namely, the decay of religious faith, and a measure of superficial, and therefore unsound, popular education.

Though a bright man and as good as clever, our Naval Secretary is still, we believe, under the delusion that the public schools are capable of affording the kind of popular education needed in this country. He referred in his address to the increase of the homemade brand of anarchy, "large enough to gravely trouble," but he proposed no means of eradicating the evil.

The event has verified our prediction of a few weeks ago regarding the probable action of the Pope on French religious matters. Pius X. rejects the government plan of so-called "cultural associations," or civil corporations composed exclusively of laymen, to whom church buildings, as well as other ecclesiastical property, were to be made over. As is natural, the attitude of the French episcopate is one of respectful (and for the most part, we doubt not, joyful) submission to the Sovereign Pontiff. As is also natural, the secular French press is predicting all sorts of unavoidable evils and catastrophes to the Church as the direct result of the Pope's uncompromising stand. There will be a good deal of exaggerated denunciation and emotional oratory

indulged in during the next few months, but it is doubtful whether the government of France will actually proceed to the confiscation of church property. Should it do so, the world will be tempted to comment, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." Civil War is predicted by the *Eclair* of Paris, but that disaster can scarcely be considered imminent as yet. In the meantime the following opinion of the New York *Sun* will commend itself to most of our readers as a sane view of an admittedly important crisis:

To American observers it seems incredible that enlightened politicians would not gladly avert the danger of far-reaching commotion by a small concession, such as authorizing every "cultural association," composed of Catholic laymen, to be presided over by a clerical appointee of the bishop of the diocese. It may be said that duty to principle forbids such a compromise. Well, there are several kinds of duties, but one would think that for a French Republican the most essential of them all was that of upholding a republican régime. Beyond a doubt it was the inexorable war made on Catholicism by the Jacobins in the closing decade of the eighteenth century that rendered possible the subversion of free institutions by Napoleon. Those Frenchmen must have short memories who, behind an organized and universal desecration of the sanctuaries, can not see looming the man on horseback.

Summer is the season of conventions, and conventions are the occasions for eloquent speeches, generally wise and occasionally—otherwise. The Ancient Order of Hibernians convened at Saratoga two or three weeks ago, and one of the wise speeches made on that particular occasion was the address of Bishop McFaul, of Trenton. Quite naturally, the New Jersey prelate had something to say of the Federation of Catholic Societies, which already counts a million and a half of members; and, in discussing its work and influence, he remarked:

We Catholics have some grievances, it is true; but why do we have them? It is because of weak-kneed, jellyfish Catholics who are afraid to call their souls their own. When we speak of

grievances, there is always some person unconscious of our position in relation to the State and nation, who cries out: "You have no grievances." For the benefit of all who are thus disposed I ask: Is the Bible read, are Protestant prayers recited and sectarian hymns sung in the public schools of your district? Is the priest allowed free access to all public institutions, whether penal or charitable, for the purpose of administering to the religious needs of the inmates? Is the Mass or any Catholic religious service allowed in your public institutions? Do the inmates all gather together to attend Protestant worship? If Catholics are obliged to attend sectarian worship, what becomes of freedom of conscience guaranteed by both State and national constitutions?

This is refreshingly plain talk, and it is high time that more of it should be heard in other places than on Catholic convention platforms. Equally to the point was Bishop McFaul's pithy reference to the perennially interesting school question:

What is the compromise we propose? First, let our schools remain as they are. Second, let no compensation be made for religious instruction. We don't want it. We have seen what happened in countries where the clergy are the hirelings of the State. Our principle is, "Let the pastor take care of the flock and live by the flock." Third, let our children be examined by a State or municipal board; and if our schools furnish the goods, you should put down the cash. Mind you, we do not ask anybody else's money.

How long will it take the American people and their representatives in Congress to learn the elementary lesson that it is constructive injustice of the most flagrant kind to make Catholics contribute to the support of schools they do not, and conscientiously can not, use?

Perhaps the editor of the *Glasgow Observer* is not a real Scotchman; anyway, he is to be credited with a little story the humor of which must have appealed to him, though it is of the kind the Scotch are supposed to be incapable of appreciating. On the morning of July 13, many years ago, a page of type of a Catholic paper was "pied" just before going to press. What

was to be done? An Orange paper was appealed to, and the only page it could give was one containing lurid speeches made the previous day on the "Twelfth" platforms. The Catholic paper accepted the offer, as it was the only chance of publishing at all. But the sub-editor saved the situation. He put at the top of the speeches a heading which read: "This is the kind of thing served up to its readers by our Orange contemporary."

Those who believe in the mysticism of number will not be alarmed at the frequent reports of the Holy Father's failing health. Nine is the number which seems to have presided over the events of his life. It is said in Venice that when his Holiness gave a dinner to celebrate his elevation to the cardinalate, he remarked to one of the guests that he had been nine years at the seminary, nine years curate at Tombolo, nine years rector of Salzano, and nine years Bishop of Mantua. Pius X. was also Patriarch of Venice and Cardinal for nine years; and, as he laughingly said on the occasion just mentioned, it is only in the nature of things that he should be Pope for nine years, too.

So common is the tendency nowadays to transpose the relative economic values of philanthropy and Christian charity, so prevalent is the exaltation of the social worker in the city "settlement," and the minimizing of the religious worker in the Christian mission, that the following differentiation makes timely and profitable reading. We find it in the editorial columns of the *Catholic Universe*:

Between the religious and the social worker who give their lives to the work of humanity, there is all the difference between divine consecration and merely human service. One strives to uplift others to serve society, the other to serve God; one tries to bring heaven down to

earth, the other to lead earth to heaven; one would improve the body, the other the soul; one would make conditions satisfactory to men, the other would make men satisfied with conditions. The difference is not so much in method as in purpose. The sociologist considers merely the betterment of this life, so summing up in its brief span the whole of existence that when he can not cure an evil he must declare it incurable. To the religious nothing is hopeless, no social malady is beyond relief. He is buoyed up by the knowledge that there is another world beyond the transient wants and woes of this,—a higher destiny for human souls than human happiness. It is because only he who looks beyond this world can see it truly that society can never be served by any philosophy except that of religion.

This year's national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was rendered exceptionally noteworthy by the reading thereof of a letter of encouragement from the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father wrote: "We desire to encourage the efforts of the Union by a tender of spiritual gifts, and for this reason We confirm the privileges accorded the Union by Leo XIII. of happy memory, and grant especially those which follow."

Specific mention is then made of several plenary and partial indulgences to be gained on easy conditions by the members, actual and prospective, of the Union, after which the letter proceeds:

We permit all these indulgences to be applied as suffrages to the souls in purgatory. It is Our hope that by conferring such abundant favors, We may lead not only bishops, priests, and men of religious Orders, but also the rest of the faithful, to resolve that they will bear witness to their regard for the Union and become members of it.

The delegates to the recent Convention in Providence, R. I., represented a membership of 100,000 in this country, under the presidency of Pittsburg's energetic prelate, Bishop Canevin.

A Canadian exchange, discussing the acquittal of Dreyfus, notes the fact that of the forty-nine members of the court which recently proclaimed him inno-

cent, twenty-nine have been appointed since the case first became notorious. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* ("After that, therefore because of that") is of course a fallacious way of reasoning; but shrewd students of existing conditions in France will detect a relationship between the two events, notwithstanding.

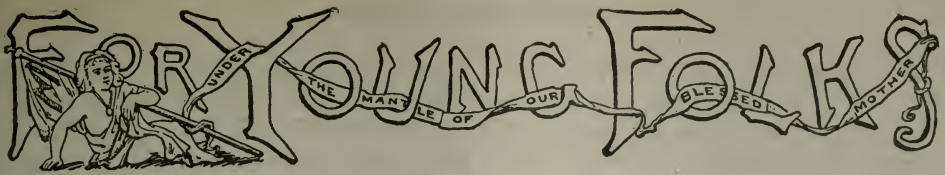
Says the Dublin *Freeman*:

The first quarter of 1906 should be marked with a red letter in the Irish Calendar. There was an actual increase of 1240 in the population of Ireland, according to the Registrar-General's returns. 26,369 were born, 20,685 died, and 4444 emigrated, leaving the small balance mentioned on the right side. We owe the balance to the facts that the birth-rate was slightly higher, the death-rate substantially lower, and the emigrants 1863 lower than in the corresponding quarter of 1905.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three fewer emigrants may not impress the general reader as a matter warranting any special jubilation; but if it marks the turn of the tide—if the emigrants for the successive quarters of this year and next and the year after grow fewer and fewer in a diminishing ratio,—then Ireland is to be congratulated.

The unfortunate Oscar Wilde once wrote: "There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all." Remembering "*De Profundis*," and the happy death of its gifted author, we do think that this opinion ought to be attributed to him. He suffered much and was sincerely repentant of his ill-spent life,—'his words of evil and his deeds of shame.' Unfortunately, however, the books which dishonor him are still in vogue; and the bright comment of the *Catholic Standard and Times* on the words quoted justifies their repetition: "There is no such thing as a moral or immoral man. Men are well dressed or badly dressed. That is all."

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Voices of Nature.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

THE meadow larks are singing
So joyously to-day,
That in the realms of Nature,
With birds, I long to stay.
The shady trees invite me,
And brooklets murmur low
To tell me what sweet flowers
Along their banks there grow.
The voices of all Nature
Seem pleading in my ear,
To make me linger with them,
And all their music hear.
The little fairy breezes
Such low, sweet airs will play,
While frogs down in the meadow
Will sing another way.
In varied voices, Nature
To my rapt soul will speak,
And in her charming presence
Sweet comfort I will seek.
No city pleasures give me
One half the joys I find
When in the realms of Nature,
Where all seems sweet and kind.

A Lucky Day.

BY JENNIE MAY.

II.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from the bush that sheltered our little heroine, there stood a large frame farmhouse. It was not a very imposing structure, and, in fact, was rather in need of a coat of paint; but the south wall was covered with climbing rosebushes, which in a week or two would be one mass of fragrant bloom. A large square in front of the house was fenced off, enclosing round and heart-

shaped flower beds, with gravelled walks between. Pansies, phlox, and the yellow marigold were already in blossom; while along the fence, the tall golden glow alternated with blue-flags and ribbon grass. Sweet-william was there too, along with many other flowers that the farmer's wife had planted because they reminded her of the old house and garden across the sea, which she had left so willingly in order to make a home for Michael Corcoran on the shores of Lake Ontario. Alas! her only child, when just budding into womanhood, had fallen a victim to that dread disease, consumption; and the heart-broken mother now slept beside her, far from the graves of her fathers.

Since his double bereavement, it was the sad-hearted widower's only pleasure to care for the things that his loved ones had cherished; though many people wondered at seeing so practical and close-fisted a man spend so much time in the cultivation of flowers. From his religion he derived no consolation; for he chose to consider himself ill-used by Providence. At no time a fervent Catholic, he had only gone to Mass during his wife's lifetime, in order to please her; and since the day of her funeral he had never entered a church.

On this particular Sunday morning, Michael Corcoran was in a distinctly unpleasant frame of mind. For one thing, his breakfast had not suited him. Upon his informing his house-keeper, Mrs. McClinty, of that fact, she had tartly replied that the late lamented Mr. McClinty had always considered her the best cook in Canada. Then the Jersey cow, the pride of her owner's heart (it had been given to his daughter Eily as a calf), was not to be found

at milking time; and Pat McClinty, the young spalpeen, had disappeared also.

Young Pat was the widow's son, and was hired on the farm to do the chores and the errands in general. Now, Mr. Corcoran, being a "near" man, did not at all approve of doing himself the work for which he paid others. There was, however, no help for it; so he set out for the bush to hunt for the missing Jersey.

The first bell was ringing for ten o'clock Mass at Durham when he started; and Mrs. McClinty, who had attended an earlier service, might have been heard to mutter something about "heathens and infidels" as he turned the pump-house corner. It was a great trial to the good woman that her master was so lukewarm a Catholic; but he lent a deaf ear to all her lectures on the subject.

As he walked through the bush, his ill-humor gradually wore away, and his thoughts reverted to a subject from which they were never long absent—his dead wife and daughter. Perhaps it was the beauty of the June day, or its Sabbath stillness unbroken by any sound save the birds' anthem of praise, that caused his mind to dwell more than usual on the unseen world.

The lost animal was not visible anywhere. As he was about to retrace his steps, a gleam of white through the varying greens of the underbrush caught his eye. Going nearer to investigate, he came upon little Irene sound asleep, her lips parted, and the golden curls falling like a veil over her rosebud face, flushed with slumber. Michael Corcoran paused, awestruck. The strong vein of superstition inherited from his Celtic forefathers made him imagine for an instant that it was Eily's spirit returned from the abode of the blest. His thoughts flew back to the time, years before, when his little girl had wandered from the house and had been found almost in this identical spot, asleep

also, with a big bunch of wild flowers clasped in her chubby hands. Eily's feet had been brown and bare, and this child's were encased in fashionable low shoes; but the expression on each childish face was the same,—one of peaceful innocence.

Michael gazed at her for a few minutes, wondering who she could be; then, memory proving too much for him, he buried his face in his hands, while the tears trickled slowly through his rough fingers.

At this moment Irene awoke. Though at first startled on seeing a strange man, pity soon overcame her terror. Standing up, she laid her little hand timidly on his coarse sleeve, saying:

"Please, Mister, don't cry!"

He uncovered his face then, and asked her name and where she lived.

"My name is Irene Edwards. I live with my Uncle Jim at Mount Zephyr Farm, in Glenvale," was the reply.

"And how do you happen to be here?" was his next question.

She related to him all the particulars of her morning walk, but concluded abruptly:

"I must hurry up or I shall be late."

What a lesson for Michael Corcoran! Here was this child, little more than a baby, undertaking a walk of four miles in order not to miss Mass on Sunday; while he, a man of mature years, thought it too much trouble to harness his blood mare, Fan, for a drive of two miles!

"You come with me, my little girl," he told Irene. "I'll drive you over to Durham. You will get there in half the time."

So they walked toward the house, hand in hand, the middle-aged man and the little girl. On they went, past spruce and hemlock, cedar and pine, and the beautiful sugar-maple whose graceful leaf is the pride of Canada and her national emblem.

Lo! when they reached the open,

there was the Jersey cow, calmly making her way to the barnyard, while Mrs. McClinty stood at the back door awaiting their approach, with an expression of amazement on her comely features. That expression changed swiftly to one of delight when she heard the story they had to tell. With her own hands she quickly harnessed Fan and brought out the top buggy, while her master hurried into his Sunday clothes. The mare broke all previous records that day on the road to Durham. And, after all, they were not so very late; so Irene said her prayers with an easy conscience, for she felt that she had done her best.

Father Kehoe was disrobing in the vestry after High Mass when he was surprised by a visit from his delinquent parishioner, Michael Corcoran, accompanied by a strange little girl. Michael frankly related the occurrences of the morning. In conclusion, he greatly cheered the good priest by promising to lead a better life in the future, and never again to miss Mass on Sunday.

Meanwhile at Mount Zephyr Farm things had gone on as usual for a time. Jim Edwards did not get up till noon, when his first inquiry was for his little playmate. It was only then that she was missed, and for half an hour or more consternation prevailed. Jim, with a pang at his heart, remembered the fact that a little boy had been carried off by a bear a few years before, right in that vicinity. There was talk of getting the neighbors to help search the woods, when Mrs. Jim, sensible woman, recalled her last conversation with Irene. Then, of course, the uncle knew where she had gone, and he ruefully told his wife of his broken promise to his brother.

The relief of both was very great when the subject of their anxiety just then drove into the yard, comfortably

seated beside her new friend in his top buggy. Explanations were in order; and it is needless to say that our heroine never had to walk to church again during her stay in Glenvale.

One happy day, a month afterward, Irene drove to the station with her uncle, to meet her mother, who was now fully restored to health. A few days after, they all, including Aunt Clara, visited "Irene's Bush" and dug up the ferns. Then they went over to Corcoran's farm, where the happy mother heard again the story of her little daughter's courage and fidelity to her Church. The roses and flower beds were duly admired, and afterward they adjourned to the house for a dinner which justified Mrs. McClinty's own opinion of her culinary skill.

Said the widow to Mrs. Edwards:

"Sure, and 'twas the lucky day for us all when the master went to the bush to hunt for the Jersey and found that dear child instead. It's to Mass he has been every blessed Sunday since; and he has gone to confession too. And if he hasn't given a hundred dollars for the new church!"

Which latter fact, in the good woman's mind, was the most conclusive proof of Michael Corcoran's conversion.

(The End.)

Alligators.

The reptile known as the alligator, akin to, but not identical with, the crocodile, is unusually slow of growth. At fifteen years of age it is only two feet long, so that "a twelve-footer," says Dr. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, "may reasonably be supposed to be seventy-five years old." While it is commonly known that alligators' hides can be tanned into an excellent leather, people generally are not so well aware that their teeth are of fine ivory, valuable for carving into ornaments.

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.—FACTS AND FLAGS.

"They are going to have a great celebration over at Tesora on the Fourth of July," said Alfredo one day, as he stopped to exchange a few words with Florian, who was irrigating his oranges. Alfredo had gone early to the little town, and was now returning to the ranch, about ten o'clock in the morning.

"Are they?" asked Louis. "What will it be?"

"Oh, a picnic and speeches, and the raising of the new flag over the town-hall! They have asked me to preside."

"Indeed!" remarked Florian. "Is that not a high honor?"

"It is meant as such, I believe," replied Alfredo. "There are many who are older by years, and more important in many ways, of course; but our family has been longest in the neighborhood, and my grandmother made the first California flag,—I mean the American flag. We were among the first also to acknowledge the new government. The people remember this, no doubt."

"Have you accepted?"

"Oh, yes!"

"The original flag is now in Washington. Your mother once told me about it," said Louis.

"Yes, but we have another, made a little later, though of much finer material," said Alfredo. "We keep it for holidays. My mother never fails to have it hoisted."

"Come in and have a cup of coffee with us," observed Florian. "We had breakfast very early, as you did also; and lunch is just ready."

"How many meals a day do you eat here?" asked Alfredo, as he dismounted.

"Really only one good one, and that is in the evening," answered Florian.

"A light breakfast, a bite at ten, and some fruit and crackers at one,—that is about all. The Hungarians eat often, but little at a time."

When they were seated around the table in the piazza, sipping Manuela's delicious coffee, Alfredo said:

"It is very interesting, the history of California and the different flags that have floated over this region. As I shall have to make a little speech next Monday, I have been turning the history over in my mind as I jogged along. Poor Spain! So insignificant as she now is, and so great as she once was!"

"I think," said Florian, "that Spain will soon be coming to the front again. The late war was a blessing to her. She has been more prosperous since, and will continue to be so, not having Cuba and the Philippines to look after."

"That is true," answered Alfredo; "and the Spanish people are beginning to recognize it. But for a long time her power has been waning. Only think of it, friends: when Cabrillo anchored in the bay of San Diego in 1542, Spain was mistress of the seas!"

"Did he establish a settlement near San Diego?" asked Louis, whose knowledge of California history was somewhat nebulous, as is doubtless that of some of my young readers, who think of it only as a land of sunshine, orange groves, and olive orchards, without being aware of the many vicissitudes through which it has passed.

"No, he did not," replied Alfredo. "He proceeded up the coast as far as what is now known as San Buenaventura, at the mouth of the beautiful Santa Clara River, where he found several populous Indian villages. It was there that the flag of Spain, the first ever raised in California, was proudly flung to the breeze. Later he sailed as far as Cape Mendocino; but, being buffeted about by storms, he returned to the island of San Miguel."

"How long did the Spaniards rule?" asked Florian.

"Only thirty-seven years, at that time. Then Sir Francis Drake, whom I call an English buccaneer, having pillaged and burned in South and Central America, secured a vast amount of gold and treasure. He sailed up the California coast in order to avoid pursuit. He failed to catch sight of the larger bay of San Francisco, and landed at what is now Drake's Bay."

"Then he set up the English flag, I suppose," said Florian.

"I do not know about that," replied Alfredo. "He was very kindly treated by the natives, and went a considerable distance into the interior of the country. But he did nail a brass plate to a post in honor of his Queen, Elizabeth, and as a token of English possession, and afterward resumed his journey. He had an idea that the English claim would hold good. At any rate, he named the country New Albion. From time to time after that the coast was visited by Spanish ships, whose commanders ignored the claims of Drake, as well they might."

"And when did the missionaries first come?" asked Louis.

"In 1769 the Cross and the Sword came hand in hand,—the Franciscans, to convert the Indians; the soldiers, to protect the missionaries, as well as to prevent the encroachments of the Russians, who, now established in a profitable and extensive fur-trade, were gradually advancing from the North. Several missions—that of San Diego being the first—had been founded before the standard of Spain was again formally raised in California."

"And when did Mexico obtain possession?" inquired Manuela, who had been quietly listening.

"In 1810 it began—the conflict between Spain and Mexico for the domination of California. Mexico was already a republic, but the inhabitants

of California were intensely loyal to Spain. The white people consisted principally of friars, soldiers and their families. The Indians, of course, had neither wishes nor voice in the matter. But there came a day when the security and indifference of these loyalists were completely overthrown. To me there was something very dramatic in the transition when, quite a small boy, I committed the account of it to memory. Shall I recite it for you?"

"By all means," said Manuela. "But first finish your coffee, Señor Alfredo."

"I have done," replied Bandini.

Then, throwing back his fine head, and assuming that unconsciously dramatic attitude distinctive of the Mexican when relating some striking or romantic incident, he continued:

"Fair was the morn, and blue the waters, and sparkling the sunlight on the bay, when there passed from mouth to mouth the news that a stranger ship was approaching Monterey,—one carrying a flag unknown to the beholders. From fort and sanctuary they came, soldier and friar. Ceased the ring of the anvil, and the whir of the loom, and the sound of the flail, and of corn grinding in the *matate*, as the Indians gathered on the beach, with their protectors, in wonderment and alarm. From the masthead of the slowly advancing vessel floated a flag they had never before seen,—red, white, and green, with an eagle and a crown in the centre. And as she came nearer, those who could read saw that the vessel bore the name San Carlos on her prow. 'It is the flag of the new government,' said one to another, and they were disturbed and afraid."

"Then came four and twenty oarsmen in a long boat, and into it descended a personage very august. He was clad in fine raiment, gold glinting here and there upon his garments, and the flash of jewels at his breast. And the four and twenty rowed him, as one man,

speedily to the shore; and, setting his foot firmly upon the landing-place, he exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'I am the Canon Augustin Fernandez de San Vicente. I am come from the imperial Mexican capital, with dispatches for the governor of this province, Don Pablo Vicente Sola. I demand to be conducted to his presence in the name of my sovereign, the Liberator of Mexico, General Don Augustin de Iturbide.'"

"And what followed?" asked Louis.

"Up to that time, Don Vicente Sola had been intensely loyal to Spain, going so far as to threaten with dire punishment, even death, any one who would speak a good word for Iturbide. But at the behest of the august Canon—probably knowing that opposition was useless, and perhaps fearing the extermination of his small garrison, should they resist,—he at once ordered the Spanish flag to be hauled down, and the red, white and green standard of Mexico lifted in its place. That morning the sun rose over a Monterey loyal to Spain and the King; that evening it descended on a Monterey which had renounced him; and the stars of midnight looked down upon a slumbering people weary and hoarse from the shoutings and *vivas* with which they had hailed the advent of independence and the new republic. So goes the world, Louis,—so goes the world!"

"But it was better for them, and they were helpless," said the boy.

"Very true. Yet I think I should not have denied my King."

"So said Peter once," remarked Florian. "Yet he denied a greater King."

"I would not have done *that* either," rejoined Alfredo.

"I do not believe you would!" exclaimed Rose, who had been listening silently at the end of the table. "Of course we have to respect St. Peter, as

God chose him, and he was the first Pope; but—I never cared so very much for him."

"It is one of the best lessons for us—that denial of Peter," said Manuela.

"And it is a great encouragement to the sinner to reflect upon it, I will admit," added Alfredo. "No doubt we are all too self-confident."

"But to go back to the story," said Louis. "Who first raised the American flag in California? Do you know, Alfredo?"

"That is a question," replied Bandini. "It is said that a man called Daniel Sexton was the first to do so, on the Fourth of July, 1842. In Southern California, you all know it was my grandmother who made one from the red petticoats of her two daughters and the blue flannel shirt of her little son. That is the flag which is preserved as a relic of those days in Washington. And now, Mrs. Vladych, having partaken of your excellent coffee, and wearied you with my stories, I will take my departure, hoping that you will do me the favor of accompanying us, with all your family, to the grand celebration at Tesora on the Fourth, which will be next Monday."

"We shall all be very glad," answered Manuela.

"You are not to bring lunch," said Bandini. "That day there will be a barbecue and a Spanish dinner in the grove, for the benefit of the new Hall—that they may purchase chairs, I believe,—and all the neighborhood is expected to contribute. It will also be a relief to you and my mother and Natalia from the usual picnic preparations. Come only yourselves, and leave care at home."

"What a fine Spanish grandee that young man would have made!" said Florian, after Alfredo had gone.

"*Would* have made?" observed Rose. "He *is* one now."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A cheap paper-covered edition of that excellent morality play, "Everyman," adapted for stage performance, has been brought out by Mr. B. Herder. The most inveterate enemy of the theatre need not deplore the multiplication of dramas of the "Everyman" type.

—Commenting on the publication, already begun, of several chronological bibliographical inventories by Dr. Dionne, of Quebec, *La Vérité* incidentally remarks that the first French book printed in Quebec Province was a religious work, "Catechism of the Diocese of Sens," by Archbishop Languet, of Sens. It was brought out in 1765.

—"Scanlan's Rules of Order" is a slender booklet, bound in boards, and coming from the publishing house of the M. H. Wiltzius Co. Its author, Charles M. Scanlan, LL. B., claims for the manual the special merits of clearness and of prominence given to the subject of motions. Codes of parliamentary law are not, perhaps, so superabundant in these days of multifarious societies that room can not be found, or made, for another one.

—Nos. 3 and 4 of the Pageant Booklets, from the Blue Sky Press, Chicago, are given up to the quatrains of Pibrac, a French poet of the sixteenth century. The version of Joshua Sylvester, who first did the quatrains into English at the beginning of the seventeenth century, has been modernized for the present publication. Although generally known as the "fifty quatrains" of Pibrac, they form one hundred and twenty-six four-line stanzas in this edition.

—The sudden death on the 13th inst. of Mrs. Craigie, better known by her pen-name of "John Oliver Hobbes," removes one of our foremost novelists and dramatists. Besides being the author of a number of books, all of superior merit and unusual popularity, she was a constant contributor to several of the leading English and American periodicals. Mrs. Craigie was a native of Boston, Mass., but most of her life was spent in England. Her sudden and altogether unexpected death will be mourned by a host of friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. She became a convert to the Church in 1892. *R. I. P.*

—Nos. 112 and 116 of the Lakeside Series of English Readings, published by Ainsworth & Co. —handy booklets with stiff paper covers,—are evidently designed for Catholic schools, and are quite suitable therefor. The first mentioned contains the "Story of Bishop Bruté" and the "Story of St. Germaine Cousin," with Rosa Mulholland's "The Builders" to break the

monotony of the prose; the second is made up of short biographies of Isabella of Castile, and Joseph Haydn, with Father Matthew Russell's poem, "St. Dorothy." The "suggestive questions" to be found in each number are discriminating and distinctly worth while.

—If good books in all departments of literature were not so abundant—cheap and easily accessible—there would be less excuse for reading anything inferior. Yet the yellow journals are the most widely circulated, and the most worthless books are often among the "best-sellers." There is food for reflection in the following lines of the late Lewis Carroll, quoted by the *Catholic Herald of India*:

We very soon learn what will and what will not agree with the body, but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favorite lines of reading are; and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by the usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence, —in fact, by mental nightmare.

—"Anglican Ordinations," by the Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J., is truly what its sub-title states it to be, the theology of Rome and of Canterbury in a nutshell. A neat, cloth-bound booklet of sixty pages, it is a capital summarized presentation of the whole case for and against the validity of ordinations in the Church of England from the year 1550 to the present time. This question of the genuineness of the Anglican priesthood is new, and will very likely continue indefinitely to be a live question; and the average intelligent Catholic should welcome so short, and at the same time so full and satisfactory, an exposition of it as Father Semple has condensed into this little volume. Benziger Brothers.

—There are several reasons why one who peruses the first few pages of "The Church of God on Trial," by Edward J. Maginnis—from title-page to preface inclusively—should begin the work proper with a predisposition in its favor. The author is a lawyer, and one naturally admires the layman who is a forceful apologist of Catholic truth. Then the Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Philadelphia's *Censor Librorum*, not content with the usual formula *nihil obstat*, adds the commendation: "This is an admirable work. I trust it will be spread broadcast over the country in millions of copies." Again, we like the loving dedication: "To Mary, the Spotless Mother of the Divine Child..." And, finally, the short preface breathes a modesty that is prepossessing. Witness its concluding sentence: "If the evidence and arguments herein adduced awaken a desire for the whole truth in one not of the Catholic fold, he or she will turn

for enlightenment to the instructions of those whom God has *ordained* to 'teach all nations.'

Apart, however, from any preconceived opinions as to the merits of the work, the attentive reader of its different chapters will perforce acknowledge its notable excellence. The Church of God being on trial before the tribunal of Reason, we are treated to the indictment, the opening address, an argument extending over twenty-four separate counts of the indictment, and the closing address. Each chapter consists of a succinct statement of the "Catholic Creed" as to some specific point of doctrine. Then comes the "Protestant Protest" as to this same point; and, last, abundant "Testimony" from Holy Scripture and the Fathers directly bearing on the question under consideration. While the matter of the book is familiar enough to the students of apologetics, the novelty of its presentment gives it a piquancy and a vigor that is quite unhackneyed, and the advocate's cogent address to the jury of readers who are to render a verdict on the case put before them is an especially strong bit of reasoning addressed to the average man. We cordially congratulate Mr. Maginnis on his able work, and sincerely echo the hope of Dr. Loughlin as to its large sale and wide distribution. Published by the Christian Press Association.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts.
- "Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.
- "The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.
- "Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.
- "At the Parting of the Ways." Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "Salvation and Sanctification." Rev. B. C. Thibault. 33 cts.
- "Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments." Rev. Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.

- "Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.
- "Bridget, or What's in a Name?" W. W. Whalen. \$1.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.
- "A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.
- "The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.
- "The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.
- "Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1.37.
- "Lay Down Your Arms" Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.
- "Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1 25, net.
- "In the Brave Days of Old" Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.
- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.
- "Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,
- "The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
- "Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Gallagher, of the diocese of Pittsburgh; and Rev. Paul Ryan, O. C. C.

Sister Josephine and Sister Marcella, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. William Hampton, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. M. Weaver, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Michael Dee, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Louis Ney, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. W. L. Hopkins, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. William Dorrian, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Josephine Beltz, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. J. Hunt, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Max Fuchs, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. David Buckley, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Catherine Hanlon, Medina, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Paschel, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. Jane Damrell and Mr. David Murphy, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mary Mulrean, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. John Martin, Harpers Ferry, W. Va.; and Mr. J. E. Carbonneau, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

NO. 9.

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Christus Consolator.

BY O. S. B.

TO Thee I come, O loving Heart,
When griefs and fears oppress me!
Show me, O Love, how sweet Thou art,
Then comfort, solace, bless me!

I have no words wherewith to speak,
But only these: Thou knowest!
Yet most of all when I am weak,
Thy grace to me Thou showest.

With peace that none can understand
My spirit Thou enduest,
And countless mercies from Thy Hand
With ev'ry day renewest.

Shed, Lord, Thy light about my way
When evening shadows lengthen;
And till the dawn of endless day,
In love Thy servant strengthen.

I have, on earth, but Thee alone;
In heaven, none beside Thee;
Safe to Thyself, O Love, mine Own,
Through light, through darkness, guide me!

India and Famines.

TO the average English or American mind, India, even to this day, connotes wealth, luxury, and exuberant harvests of a variety of staple products. Milton's phrase, "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," has colored the impressions of many generations of readers; and English novels of the early and middle nineteenth century, with their frequent Anglo-Indian nabobs and their civil

service commissioners of the Joseph Sedley type, have contributed to the formation of a very general idea that the country is uniformly and perennially prosperous. The prosaic fact is that India may with considerable truth be styled the home of famines, not always general in their scope, but recurring with lamentable frequency in one section or another of the vast extent of territory that comprises England's Eastern Empire.

Our attention has been attracted to the subject at this particular time by the perusal of a collection of Indian newspaper clippings, and private letters from Indian missionaries, all dealing with famine conditions actually existing in Eastern Bengal. As a very large number of recently converted native Catholics are at present reduced to the most distressful straits, and, unless generous aid be given to them, must inevitably succumb to sheer starvation, it may be worth while to attempt arousing the compassion of our readers by briefly sketching the rationale of Indian famines, and incidentally noting several circumstances that give the Bengalese Catholics of to-day a special claim on the prompt charity of their coreligionists the world over.

India is a continent in extent and a globe in population. Much of its immense area is proverbially fertile; but it should be remembered that abundant harvests are there dependent on very peculiar and often treacherous climatic conditions. Climatically con-

sidered, the year may roughly be divided into the southwest, or wet, monsoon, beginning about May 1; and the northeast, or dry, monsoon, setting in about October 1. The wet season in one district synchronizes with the dry in another, and under normal conditions each is conducive to the cultivation of the staple products—rice, jute, etc.—of the respective regions. The fickleness of the monsoons, however, the premature arrival of either the wet or the dry season before the growing crops are ready therefor, works havoc with the products of the soil; and this variability it is that constitutes the chief cause of the frequent dearth—commonly total in the stricken locality—of the necessities of life. While the very conditions which bring about famine in one part of India make for plentiful harvests, the same year, in other and distant portions of the country, and thus a general dearth need scarcely be feared, still a local famine in India, because of the crowded populations and the lack of rapid transport facilities, affects whole millions of people.

As for the manner of dealing with such local disasters, the usual plan is this. In the first place, the approach of famine is made known to the governmental authorities by reports from agricultural commissions. Once such reports are verified, the State gives out contracts to individual dealers to deliver, on specified dates, at certain central places in the affected territory, large quantities of food supplies. On the face of it, this is provident legislation, and at first blush is likely to impress the reader of this article as an adequate remedy for the dread evil it aims to cure. Were the contractors less susceptible to the allurements of the getting-rich-quick fever, the remedy would indeed be practically effective. Did they procure their supplies from foreign parts, or even from the more distant portions of India itself, many of the drawbacks

that offset the advantages of the present relief-system would be obviated.

As a matter of actual procedure, however, the contractor procures the food-stuffs which he undertakes to supply, not from distant regions, but from the unaffected districts immediately adjoining the famine-stricken localities; and instead of stamping out the dearth of food in such localities according to governmental intention, constructively extends the famine area beyond the bounds to which, by purely natural causes, it would be confined. Unusually high prices affect the Indian peasant much as they affect peasants the world over; and the result is that the people very often sell what they really need for their own support until the advent of the next harvest. Unaware of the dearth prevailing in neighboring districts, and calculating on the usual arrival of imports at stated periods, they part with what, did they thoroughly understand the situation, they would surely keep for their personal use. In this way an artificial famine is brought about in a district where the natural harvest has been abundant.

The government has been appealed to put a stop to this destructive system of speculation, and the answer to the appeal has been that the State does not see its way clear to interfere with the ordinary methods of trade. Eventually, without doubt, some practical statesman will break through the cut-and-dried maxims of conservative policy, do away with many of the obstacles which appear insurmountable to the devotees of official red-tapeism, and protect the people in their own despite from the wiles of the shrewd contractor; but in the meantime it is undeniable that the condition of the country and the temperament of the people render effective interference on the part of the government difficult, not to say impracticable.

None the less are the evils of this shortsighted policy—of selling to contractors the food-stuffs really necessary for home consumption—apparent to all as often as there occurs a shortage in the crops. A case in point is the famine at present afflicting Eastern Bengal, accounts of which and of the suffering resulting therefrom fill the columns of local Indian journals. The government district of Backergunj, on the coast of the Bay of Bengal, and in the very heart of the Ganges delta, has a population of about two millions. The staple product is rice, which is peculiarly favored by the climate and the alluvial soil of the delta. The average annual rice crop of the district is such that about one hundred thousand tons are available for exportation,—that is, normally, each inhabitant raises enough rice for his own needs and a hundred-weight besides, the sale of which provides him with the other—not very numerous—necessaries of life.

Now, the last rice crop in Backergunj was a failure. As a result, the two million inhabitants not only have no rice to sell, but they are destitute of the stores usually reserved for home consumption. In the neighboring districts where the crops did not so completely fail, the unsophisticated natives, learning nothing from past experience, readily accepted the temptingly high prices offered by the contractors, and disposed of the rice absolutely needed for their subsistence pending the harvesting of the next crop. Such rice as is actually available has been imported, and it sells at a figure notably higher than that paid in the early days of the famine by the contractors. Briefly, the famine area has been considerably extended by the commercial astuteness of the men to whom the government confided the work of securing food supplies. An Indian paper, dated July 15, states that sixty per cent of the Backergunj

population are actually starving,—that is, in one Indian district alone, a million two hundred thousand persons are in need of the barest necessities whereby existence can be preserved; and that district, moreover, is one ordinarily styled the granary of Bengal.

A realization of the mere lack of food does not, however, suffice to make one understand all that is involved in an Indian famine. The difficulty of locomotion, and the consequent enforced slowness of transportation, are, for instance, aggravating circumstances which must be borne in mind if one is to appreciate with some degree of accuracy the helpless condition of the Indian rice farmer in a year of dearth. In immense tracts of territory where the railroad is unknown, the means of communication and of freight-carrying are of the most primitive—and least expeditious—kind. The steam-boat plies on the few navigable rivers, but the oar is depended upon to move the huge rice-skiffs in the multiplied waterways that are at once shallow and dangerous.

Mention has been made in a preceding paragraph of governmental action when a famine is imminent. There are three ways in which the Indian government assists a stricken district: it offers the peasantry loans at a reasonable rate of interest; it prosecutes public enterprises, known as "relief works"; and it gives direct alms. The loans, laudable as they are in principle and helpful as they often prove in practice, do not and can not reach the most distressing cases. The granting of a loan presupposes security of future payment by the borrower. In this connection, an Indian paper of July 10 says: "But there is one point which should be noted. The government is granting loans at six per cent to those only who have either land or stability as to competency to repay the amount. Groups of five and six men

are collectively and individually bound to pay up the sum in January next. Those destitute poor who have no lands or who are not solvent in the opinion of the government officials, get hardly any relief."

Manifestly, then, the system of loans is not without its shortcomings. And so with the "relief works." These offer employment, it is true, to the vigorous, able-bodied members of the community who are put at the digging of canals, the building of roads and bridges, the construction of water-tanks, and the development of various natural resources of the soil. Here, too, however, the European or American needs to be reminded of the traditional attitude of the native toward such public works. In India each family has its specific mode of manual labor, almost religiously handed down from generation to generation. What the father did in his day, that and not much of anything else will the son do in his. So true is this that even starvation itself is hardly a strong enough incentive to induce the *pious* Hindoo to accept the governmental offer to the detriment of his family tradition.

Moreover, these "relief works" are at best an inadequate means of furnishing assistance where it is most needed. Some of the deficiencies thereof are thus pointed out by a Mr. Roy in an official report to the Indian Secretary of State:

"Test works are not always an absolutely reliable index of the true state of affairs; for whilst they may benefit the able-bodied, they do not afford relief to those incapable of manual labor. In Bengal, in addition to the agricultural population, there is a large community of indigent gentlefolk who are not reached by relief works or *takavi* advances; and, to keep them from starvation, gratuitous relief of the nature contemplated by the Famine Code is necessary. Relief works are useful up to a point, but it is as well

to bear in mind the fact that they assist only those able to labor, and do not help the infirm and aged, or the women and children."

The third means by which the government of India comes to the aid of an afflicted district is the gratuitous relief incidentally mentioned in the foregoing quotation. It is a truism that the recipient of charity from a government, English or other, must be poor indeed. Taking into account the political machinery needed for controlling such delicate operations as the proper distribution of public alms, and remembering the difficulty of ascertaining the actual want when the needed are to be counted in terms of millions, one can readily understand that, notwithstanding the best of intentions on the part of the State, thousands of deserving cases will pass unnoticed, and tens of thousands will die from sheer starvation before the proposed assistance reaches them.

It is manifest from what has been said that government aid to the sufferers from the ordinary, periodic famine in India, and, more specifically, from the present famine in Eastern Bengal, needs to be supplemented by the Christian charity of those in a position to exercise that virtue. Let it be remarked, incidentally, that while the native Indian papers give harrowing accounts of the Bengalese distress, certain of the government organs are seeking to minimize the suffering, some going to the extreme of styling it "a paper famine" only. We have before us the letter of a missionary priest who, writing from the stricken district, says: "Whether it be a rice famine, a paper famine, or any other kind of famine, the fact remains that the poor people here are in the extremest straits, and that I am destitute of funds with which effectively to aid them."

This brings us to a point alluded to in a former paragraph—the eminent

congruity of Catholic contributions to the sufferers in Bengal. The distress is greatest in the Gaurnadi section of the Backergunj district. Now, that is precisely the section in which our Catholic missionaries have been reaping, in numerous conversions, the reward of their evangelical zeal, as also the section in which the leaders of the sects are strenuously battling for converts from Hindooism and perverts from Catholicism. These Protestant missionaries—Baptists and Anglicans for the most part—are abundantly supplied with money contributed in Europe and America; and a famine period is a time when “money talks” with peculiar potency.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the proselytizing that was rampant in Ireland during the periodical famines which have darkened the history of that Catholic land, will remember the “soupers,” and the enticing offers of food and clothes and employment made to the starving “Romanist” if he would but give up his faith. The Irish Catholic, save in an infinitesimally small number of cases, stood firm and died true to his creed; but it is to be remembered that in the Irish Catholic the true faith was ingrained, forming an integral portion of the warp and woof of his nature. He was the heir of a long line of staunchly Catholic forefathers, and recreancy to his Catholicism would have been an upheaval of the basic principles of his life. On the other hand, these Catholic converts in Gaurnadi are Catholics of the first generation; and, fervent as they are in their recently adopted faith, they are not upheld and kept steadfast by considerations of family honor and traditional allegiance. Moreover, the virtue of Christian charity naturally appeals to a starving man most forcibly when it is preached in a concrete form; and it must be admitted that, owing to their lavish funds, the

sects display the concrete virtue much more conspicuously than our missionaries have thus far been able to do.

Let us hope that at least some few readers of this paper may be moved to lessen the handicap by which the Bengalese priests are at present affected. If only every tenth reader of *THE AVE MARIA* would give of his superfluity to the fund for the relief of the sufferers from this latest Indian famine, the missionaries would be strengthened a hundredfold, and the givers would assuredly receive the reward merited by a spiritual as well as a corporal work of mercy. That the need for charity is urgent we know from the personal assurance of the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, Bishop of Dacca, East Bengal, at present in this country; and *THE AVE MARIA* will gladly forward to the proper authorities any sums, large or small, contributed for the relief of our unfortunate coreligionists in the East.

Serfs and Nobles.

A TALE OF CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

III.

THE door was flung open, and for a moment Tatyana gazed in bewilderment. So changed was the man before her that for some seconds she failed to recognize her cousin, Paul Danilof.

“I have come to say good-bye,” observed the young man. “The Emperor has called for a fresh mobilization of troops, and I go to enlist and fight with our armies in Manchuria.”

The fine, boyish face was stern; the eyes alone shone as if illumined by some resistless inward fire.

But Tatyana started forward with a cry:

“O Paul, never, never! You are not meant for a soldier. The natural

sciences,—those alone are your forte.”

“Let him be!” said a deep voice, and the cousins turned as General Count Retvizan entered the room. Erect was the fine old soldierly figure. It was the *general*, a commandant of men and armies, who was uppermost now; the count and the aristocrat had disappeared.

“My boy,” said the veteran, holding out his hand, “I honor you! To be willing to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, to press forward eagerly, to give up the pursuits you love in order to fight for your country,—that is being a true Russian, that is the spirit that fought in the Crimea. If Nicholas II. had a few more hundred thousand men animated by such devotion, the glory of the Russian Empire would never be dimmed.”

There was something in his voice which carried his hearers away with him. Tatyana’s eyes were moist, while Paul’s fine, sensitive face showed in every line that his uncle’s approbation had touched all the depths of his nature.

“I leave in two hours for St. Petersburg,” he said. “I will have time to see Dimitri, uncle. Have you any messages?”

“Tell him,” replied the old soldier, proudly, “that his defence of our Emperor last Sunday has retrieved the honor of our house, and that I hope to hear yet greater things of him.”

“Do not worry about Dimitri, uncle,” said Paul. “He is loyal to the Emperor to the heart’s core. I think he has proved that.”

Tatyana’s hand slipped into her cousin’s for a moment, with a clasp of loving gratitude. Then she was gone. For the next two hours all was hurry and bustle, until the drosky drove up to take Paul and Tatyana to the station, the young girl having insisted on seeing her cousin off. Half an hour later they were standing on the station platform, the only figures visible in the

solitary wastes of snow, when Paul turned to his cousin.

“It has all been hurried,” he said, “but not unthought of for some time. Before I go I want you to know that I go hence to fight not only for my country but for you. Will it be well for me if I come back to you, Tatyana?”

The whistle of the engine sounded, and a second later the train swept around the curve above the station. Hurried and bewildered, the young girl had little time to think, but her instinct kept her true.

“I am afraid not that, Paul,” she said; “but always and at all times your cousin Tatyana will welcome you. You think now you love me, but real love you will understand some day.”

The train drew into the station; for a second both pairs of blue eyes met. Was it that, in that moment, each had a revelation of what lay behind the young girl’s words? For Tatyana it was the psychological moment of her life, when her own heart seemed to stand before her as if awaiting judgment. For Paul the dreamer it was the awakening to realities, the first step in the divine discipline of pain. What results would the future hold?

IV.

“Ivan is late,” said the young girl. “He went for the mail two hours ago; and my father is so anxious for the St. Petersburg news, and for some word from Paul!”

It was the 18th of February, nearly a month since “Red Sunday”; and Tatyana and De Roux stood in the restored library, looking out over the vast expanse of gleaming snow. Doctor Lomonosof had, that morning, pronounced his patient well enough to stand on his foot and walk. “You can return to St. Petersburg at the end of the week,” he had said.

Tatyana was called out of the room at that moment to see a young peasant

boy who craved speech with her, and the Doctor and the young officer were left alone.

"If you can persuade the Count and his daughter to go with you to St. Petersburg, it will be well," said the older man. "There are ugly rumors that the Retvizan peasants have caught the spirit of rebellion; they are crazy to seize this land and turn it to their own uses."

"I shall not leave here unless they go with me," was the answer. "It would be a poor return for all the kindness I have received, to leave my host and his daughter alone and unprotected."

The Doctor took up his medicine case and wrung the younger man's hand warmly. Like many of his profession in the smaller towns, he was almost as poor as the serfs; and the generous fee that the Frenchman had pressed into his hand would make him and his wife comfortable for months. Buttoning his well-worn fur coat closely around him, Doctor Lomonosof drove away. The burly, bearded Russian had a heart as tender as a child's, and he had taken a fancy to De Roux.

"If he were but a Russian," thought the Doctor, "and a member of our holy orthodox faith, he would be just the man for the good Count's daughter."

That the foreigner and heretic could overcome the obstacles in his path did not enter into the slow-thinking Russian's mind.

Eight weeks of daily companionship in the same house had made the young Russian girl and De Roux as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years. Nor was it long before Tatyana discovered how thoroughly the soldier was devoted to his religion. At first timidly, then more easily, she had asked about it; and he, on his part, was eager to talk to her,—an eagerness the outward expression of which he held in check. Now on this

morning, when they watched for Ivan, his heart and soul were full of the desire to tell her of his love, to persuade her that she and her father had better go with him to St. Petersburg, and leave an environment which he was convinced was every day becoming more dangerous for them both.

Should he tell her now of his fears, if not of his love? Yes, it was better he should, and quietly he did so; though, when he spoke of the danger to her, he was not able to keep out of his voice some tones which made the young girl tremble,—not with fear of the danger, but joy in the man so near her; for this was the springtime of life, a period when love and hope and happiness can be born amid scenes and incidents of sorrow and pain. With simple and exquisite grace and frankness, the young girl turned to him.

"I knew all you are telling me," she said. "One of the peasant boys, whose mother was my nurse, came here this morning to warn me. They say there is a fresh plot to burn down this house, drive us out, and to seize and apportion the land among the peasants; and yet our serfs are better housed, better fed, and better cared for than thousands of others in Russia."

"Your brother should be here," answered the young officer. "He alone might influence the peasants, especially as he sympathizes with them. The Count Retvizan, I think, can do nothing to stem the tide, because he would not persuade but command."

"In either case," said Tatyana, "I can not tell my father. Every excitement lately has been too much for him." She paused as she spoke, clasping and unclasping her slender hands, while her delicate brows contracted. "Perhaps the morning mail will help us to a decision," she added. "I almost think, though, that our only course is to do as the Doctor suggests, and persuade my father to close the

house here and go to St. Petersburg." "You may spare yourself any further planning, my child," said a deep voice. "I know the whole situation as well as you do, and I will not stir from this spot. Think you that your old father is so foolish as to be deaf and blind to the march of events around him?"

With an exclamation of love and alarm, Tatyana flew to the old man, who stood erect and soldierly just inside the door. Claspings her hands around his arm, she essayed to plead with him, a task in which she was ably seconded by De Roux. But it was in vain; Russian obstinacy and pride were thoroughly aroused, and there was a gleam in the old General's eye that boded no good to his rebellious serfs.

"I know whose work this is," he said. "Jaroslav is the ringleader in all disturbance on my estate. I will send for him this very day and give orders that he is to have fifty lashes with the knout."

But Tatyana wrung her hands.

"The Emperor has abolished the knout," she said; "and even if he had not, matters have come to a pass where such measures do no good."

"We will see," said the old Count, stubbornly. "I am still master here, knout or no knout."

The sound of sleigh bells announced the approach of the long-delayed Ivan, and the Count left the room. As the echo of his footstep died down the corridor, Tatyana made a little gesture of despair.

"It is in his blood," she said. "He can not help it. The Tsar is the father of us all; but the noble,—he is the father of his individual serfs. He must command, they have only to obey. It has been thus for generations until now,—and now, alas! my father is blind to the fact that his power is gone."

Even as she spoke, from the distance came a hoarse cry.

"Tatyana!" it said,—*"Tatyana!"*

Was it her father's voice, so changed it seemed? Simultaneously the two hurried from the room, De Roux only pausing for a second to lift the heavy curtain over the door, for the young girl to pass out first.

Down the long corridor they sped, and to the main entrance door, which was wide open. In the snow, ankle-deep, stood Ivan, with a group of peasants and serving men crowding around him. Near by was the drosky, the three handsome horses pawing the snow, impatient to be taken to the stable; while on the hall steps stood the old noble, in one hand a newspaper, in the other his fur cap, which he held aloft as if saluting some unseen presence. Tatyana never forgot his look or tone as he turned to her.

"The Grand Duke Sergius," said the old noble, "has been slain by an assassin. Oh, merciful Father, have pity on this stricken nation!"

The cap fell from his hand, the paper wavered, and, before the horrified spectators had time to act, the loyal old man fell prostrate on the steps which tradition said had more than once been crossed by a Tsar.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Long Road.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

THE road winds on, and up the lonely hill
I take my way; thick shadows falling fast
Obscure the light of day. [Dear Lord, at last,
Weary and footsore, sick with Pleasure's ill,
I turn to Thee, kind Father! Curb my will.

My passions, yea, have stained the soul's white
Past.

Though beggar, I, O prithee, do not cast
Me from Thy Heart! I have a child's love still.

The Home, by angels built, I long to see.

The kindly years have softened my cold heart;
And some day I shall reach the heavenly place,
When, through Death's door, glad, slow and silently,
I'll pass from out Life's noisy, troubled mart.

Father, I long to see Thee face to face!

Irish Saints in the Breviary.*

ST. CELSUS.

CELSUS, to whom the name Cellacus also is given, was born in high station about the year 1080. Even in childhood he gave marks of very great sanctity and aptitude for learning. Before he was thirty years of age, so well were his virtuous life and holy character universally recognized, he was selected by the clergy and people for the primatial See of Armagh. He set himself immediately to re-establish ecclesiastical discipline, which at that period was greatly relaxed, owing to the Danish incursions. Even in the very See of Armagh corrupt practices had gained a foothold; for certain overseers in temporalities, learned men of the Dalriadan race, who were not at all in Holy Orders, and who were appointed in the beginning to administer the temporal goods of the Church, usurping the Archbishop's authority, began in time to claim this privilege as a family inheritance. To safeguard this right still further, they had one of their own friends consecrated bishop, that he might perform the ecclesiastical functions incident to the position. Against this intolerable abuse Celsus set himself as a wall before the House of Israel.

To re-establish ecclesiastical discipline more fully and more firmly, he went throughout the length and breadth of the land, inspecting churches and exhorting pastors. Finally he called together a synod on a hill in the middle of Ireland, over which he presided, and at which there assisted fifty bishops and three hundred priests. The decrees of this great synod, whereby the morals and discipline of the Irish Church were restored to their

primitive rigor, were approved of by the Supreme Pontiff, Innocent II. By this council the diocese of Cashel, in Munster, was raised to a metropolitan See. Seven years after this, another great synod was held at Rathbrassil, in the province of Armagh. The Pope's legate presided at this, and among those present were Celsus himself and a very large number of bishops. At this council the number and boundaries of the Irish bishoprics were fixed and accurately defined.

After a very holy life of fasting, prayer, and devout celebration of the Mass, in the still unfinished fiftieth year of his age he gave up his soul to God, in the odor of sanctity, at Ardpatrick, in Munster, in the year 1129; and was buried in Lismore, as he had desired in his will. When the saintly Archbishop knew that the end of his life was approaching, he sent the pastoral staff which had been handed down by St. Patrick, and was commonly known as the Staff of Jesus, to Malachy, whom Celsus himself had raised to the deaconship, ordained priest, and consecrated bishop, and who was then governing the See of Connor. By this he signified that he looked upon Malachy as the most fitting before all others to succeed him in Armagh. And yet a usurper for six years endeavored to hold the See, until at the end of that time he was cast out, and Malachy began to bear the pastoral staff of Celsus in peace.

ST. COMGAL.

Comgal, the founder of the long-renowned monastery of Bangor, and its earliest ruler, was born in the beginning of the sixth century, at a place near the town now called Larne, in Antrim. As a boy he assisted his parents in the labors of the field and the work about a rural home. After this he was placed under a master to learn the sacred hymns and especially

* These Lives are compiled from the writings of the early ecclesiastical historians of Ireland, but especially from the works of the Dominican writer, De Burgo,—i. e., Burke.—R. O'K.

the Psalms. At that time a young man of great sanctity, named Fintan, had founded a monastery at Clonenagh, situated in the centre of Ireland. Now, such was the austerity which Fintan had imposed on himself and his monks that flesh, eggs, or butter were not allowed; but by the persuasion of St. Canisius he relaxed this mortification somewhat. In this monastery for a long time Comgal exercised himself in humility, obedience, and self-denial.

By the advice of St. Fintan, he determined on returning to his own people. While on the way he went aside from his journey to visit the Abbey of Clonmacnoise, which was already famous on account of the virtues of the holy founder, St. Kieran, who had lately died there. Comgal afterward received in all humility the dignity of the priesthood from the hands of St. Lugadius. Finally, having spent some time in solitude, he reached his native country of Dalriadia, and built there the monastery of Bangor, in a delightful spot by the sea. From this place, as from a well-stored beehive, monks for several centuries carried to the farthest parts of the earth the sweet food of virtue and science. Among the Irish missionaries who went out from this monastery were St. Columbanus, of Italy, and St. Gall, of Switzerland. The monastery itself, however, suffered by lapse of time and by the incursions of vandals; but about the beginning of the twelfth century it was happily restored by St. Malachy.

For about thirty years Comgal ruled the monastery of Bangor. He sailed many times into Britain to convert the Picts; and numbers of these, by preaching and by miracles, he won to the faith. At last, in the year 601, after receiving the Body of the Lord and the holy anointing from the hands of St. Fiacre, who had been divinely summoned to him, he peacefully passed away in his monastery, surrounded by

his disciples. St. Fiacre placed the holy body in an urn decked with gold and gems; and in the following centuries, according to the Antiphonarium of Bangor, the monks of his monastery with fervent hearts cried out in prayer: "Through the merits and intercession of St. Comgal, our abbot, guard us all, O Lord, in peace!"

ST. DYMUNA.

Dympna, virgin, was the daughter of an Irish King who was wholly given up to the superstitions of idols; thus as a rose among thorns did this maiden bud forth. Brought up in her father's house, and in the midst of allurements, she, nevertheless, generously abstained from all indelicate dances and songs; and, unknown to all, received the holy sacrament of baptism. Upon this the demon, envying the progress she was making, so inflamed her pagan father... that, contrary to the dictates of even the natural law, he wished to unite her to him in marriage.

But she, knowing his designs, fled from him; and, taking with her St. Gereban and some others, leaving her native land, and setting sail before prosperous winds, reached a town now called Antwerp. Entering the country, she came to a place known as Ghela; and there, having raised a modest dwelling, for three months she spent an angelical life, devoted entirely to heavenly contemplation.

At that time her father, having pursued her in anger, and having searched all places, found her out. His first order was to behead St. Gereban. That done, he ordered his daughter also to be beheaded. But no one would lay hands on her; he therefore drew the sword with which he was girt and cut off the virgin's head, while she was imploring God's mercy on him. Thus did the spouse of Christ, decorated with the double crown of martyrdom and-virginity, ascend to heaven.

ST. BRENDAN.

The blessed Brendan, Abbot, was born toward the end of the fifth century, in a remote part of the county of Kerry, by the western sea. His father, called Findloga, a man of noble position and of great piety, led with his wife a life of goodness and holiness under the rule of St. Ercus, Bishop. Now, this holy Bishop, who was a disciple of the Apostle Patrick, baptized at the sacred font this son of Findloga, and by divine inspiration gave him the name of Brendan. Afterward the holy Bishop Ercus took the child to St. Ita, that he might be brought up by her, in her famous convent at the place in the county of Limerick which, from the name of the holy virgin, is still called Killeedy (Kill-Ita). Having spent five years there, Brendan returned to St. Ercus, that he might learn the Latin tongue and the sacred ceremonies from the Bishop himself, who was now an old man. By him he was taken around in his visitations and other missionary journeys, as was then the custom; and thus both by word and example the young levite became perfectly instructed in all things.

Thus brought up, Brendan, who was not yet a priest, asked leave of his good master to go to see the other saints of Ireland, from whose advice and example he hoped to obtain rich fruits of grace and piety. His first visit was to St. Jarlath of Tuam; and, enriched by his wisdom and blessing, Brendan passed through many parts of Connacht, everywhere preaching the Gospel with his disciples, for whom he had written, under the inspiration of an angel, a monastic rule. But as yet he did not dream of founding a monastery anywhere until he had first obtained the approval of his master, St. Ercus. Returning therefore to the holy Bishop, he was by him ordained priest; and, having received full authority, he founded many monasteries in his native

place, the most famous being Ardfert, which became the seat of a bishop, and continues an episcopal See even to this day.

Brendan passed through many places in Britain also; and these still retain his name, and commemorate his virtues and wonderful works. Soldier of Christ, ever active, for seven years he never wearied of going through land and sea. It is said that he visited all the islands of the ocean, seeking the Land of Promise of the Saints,—or rather all places where the name of Christ had as yet been unheard, that he might preach it there. At last, by the advice of his angel, he returned to his native land. The tale of what he saw and did upon the ocean brought around him a crowd of disciples, so that he was able to found very many new monasteries in several parts of Connacht. The most famous of these was that which he established on the bank of the river Shannon, which later on became the episcopal See of Clonfert, and a most famous school of Christ. Another famous monastery he erected near the lake to-day called Corrib, in Galway, and which he handed over to his sister Briga. It was in this place that the holy old man, being now near one hundred years, breathed forth his spirit in the year 577. His body, according to his wish, was taken to Clonfert and buried there.

ST. KEVIN.

Kevin—that is, “nobly descended”—was born about the end of the fifth century in Eastern Leinster, where his family, it appears, possessed a large inheritance. Many saints are reckoned as belonging to this family. There were two brothers and two sisters, and an uncle on the father's side,—St. Eugenius, Bishop of Ardstra, who is honored as the principal patron of the diocese of Derry.

While Kevin was being taken to

the font to be baptized by the priest Cronan, it is related that an angel, under the form of a beautiful boy, blessed him. Afterward—that is to say from the seventh year of his age—he was placed under the care of a holy and learned man of Britain, whose name was Petroe, and by whom he was instructed for twelve years. Then he became helpful to his uncle, St. Eugenius, who, having returned from Britain, had founded a school and monastery in a place called Kilonamanach. There Kevin daily made such progress in wisdom and virtue that his uncle began to think of returning to his own monks in the north of Ireland, and entrusting this monastery which he had built to the young man. But as soon as Kevin heard of this proposal, he fled into the innermost recesses of Glendaloch....

Kevin was, however, made abbot by his uncle, St. Eugenius. Still, his love for solitude remained, but the numbers calling to see him prevented him from satisfying his wish. His disciples, seeing this, built for him, not far from the monastery, the famous House of Prayer, called Kevin's Desert. There, by the banks of the lake, he was accustomed to withdraw from the society of men, and to spend whole days and nights in prayer and in contemplating the wonderful works of God. Later on, warned by an angel, he assisted at the deathbed of St. Kieran, whose confessor he was,—or, as the Irish phrase of that time has it, "the friend of his soul." Returning thence to Glendaloch, he continued for sixty years in the same manner of prayer and contemplation, teaching by word and example, and confirming his doctrine by miracles,—although, as one of his disciples wisely remarks, his own life was the greatest miracle of all. At length, in extreme old age, Kevin was called to the reward of his merits, and was buried in his own church of Glendaloch.

The Blunders of Brian.

BY MARY CROSS.

HIS friends said of Brian L'Estrange that, along with being a trifle eccentric, he was so mistakenly good-natured he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain; and that there was some ground for the accusation was shown by his action one sunshiny afternoon in Harrogate, in which gay town he had elected to spend a summer holiday, chiefly in order to be near a certain fair neighbor of his from Liverpool.

He had been loitering about, amused and interested in watching the fashionable throng invading the pump room, and the varying expressions of those clustered on the pavement, sipping the famous waters and inhaling their far-reaching—fragrance. Brakes with scarlet-coated drivers swept by to Ripon or Fountains Abbey; carriages and motors dashed to and fro; all was life and light, color and brightness, from the baskets of lobelia and geranium dangling before every door to the dainty dames with be-ribboned poodles.

Brian strolled out of the glare and bustle to the shadier, quieter region of York Road. On a bench, in the overhanging coolness of the great trees, sat a man whose tattered coat and bursting boots indicated that he had seen better days. He was nursing a basket of carnations and sweet pease withered by the heat, and, as he gave a furtive glance at Mr. L'Estrange, coughed a hollow cough, and opened the campaign.

"Asking your pardon for the liberty, sir, but would you be so kind as to tell me the way to the nearest work'us?" he began. "I'm beat. I've stood at that there corner trying to sell these 'ere flowers till I'm fit to drop. Me legs is like bits of string. It's starvation for me wife and little uns—seven of 'em,

sir, and two down with measles,—just because nobody'll buy of me. I ain't enough of a swell for this place."

Brian rose nobly to the occasion.

"I'll sell the whole lot for you in a jiffy," said he. "Give me the basket, and wait here until I come back—"

"Best gi'me the price of it first, sir, 'adn't you? You might be run over, or took with a fit, and that'd be orkard for all parties," the man interrupted.

Brian smiled, and, producing a coin, handed it to his new protégé.

"That's for your wife," he said. "You shall have the proceeds of the flowers for yourself."

"Well, it's a fair enough offer," the other conceded, after due deliberation; and as soon as Brian had turned his back, he made off with what speed he could.

Brian took up his position near the Valley Gardens, in and out of which a continuous stream of people flowed all day long. Beholding a new competitor, the adjacent flower-girls indulged in personalities of an uncompimentary nature, and a severe-looking female on her way to the pump room with a green glass bottle paused to administer a rebuke.

"A strong young man as can afford to dress so well ought to be ashamed of taking the bread out of poor girls' mouths," said she.

"You're quite right, ma'am. But that's 'ow the working classes is kept down in this country," chimed in another. And Brian discerned that his efforts in the cause of charity were exposing him to a good deal of misunderstanding.

Then a smart shopgirl came along, stared, passed, returned, and exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Such impidence! That basket of flowers was stolen from our doors this very morning! There's our name on it. Where's the police?"

"What is the matter?" came a softer, sweeter voice.

And Brian, becoming aware of a dimpled chin, a rosy mouth, and soft brown eyes shaded by sunny tresses, endeavored to bow, and dropped all the flowers at the lady's feet. It struck him that that was their appropriate place.

"I know this gentleman, Sara Alice," she said to the girl. "It is quite impossible that he has stolen your flowers. There's a mistake somewhere."

"If *you* say so, Miss Turner, it's all right, I'm sure," declared the girl, recognizing a customer. She accepted Mr. L'Estrange's explanation with praiseworthy gravity; remarking that he had been "taken in," but otherwise no harm was done,—which closed the incident.

"My endeavors to earn an honest penny for another can't be accounted a success," said Brian, turning with his fair champion from the spot where he had achieved distinction; he had speedily recovered from the sensation of a trust betrayed, the experience not being a new one. "But for you, Miss Turner, I should be in a prison cell. The lion thanks the mouse. Is Mrs. Turner with you?"

"She and Ted are coming to-morrow," answered Ethel, who was always sent in advance with the luggage to get the house in order for her rich relation-by-marriage, who rewarded her many services with food, shelter, and discarded wearing apparel.

Mrs. Turner was a widow, less youthful than her "make-up" led casual observers to suppose. She intended that her brother Ted should marry Ethel Turner, and thus remove any obstacle in the way of her own capturing of good-looking, well-to-do, easy-to-manage Brian L'Estrange, in whom her quest for a second husband had ended.

Unconscious of the destiny thus arranged for him, Brian proposed a walk to Harlow Car; and, as Miss Turner had presented herself with a holiday, they strolled along the wide, white road that rises and falls between fine

residences and flowery gardens to the grey Observatory Tower. From its summit a lovely picture could be seen of open moor and deep-massed wood, smooth green pasturage and fields of yellowing grain, with villages clustered round stately spires. But Brian found the prospect less attractive than Ethel's eyelashes, and at length it became impossible for her to ignore his contemplation of them.

"I am glad you admire my hat," she said.

"I wasn't looking at your hat," he protested.

"I know; that is why I had recourse to violent measures to compel you to do so. For by that hat there hangs a tale. It is at once a hat, an evidence of Mrs. Turner's thoughtful kindness, and a rebuke to my complaining spirit. To-day is my birthday; and I thought everybody had forgotten it, and was silly enough to cry. Then by parcel post came a box addressed to me, and in it was this treasure. Wasn't it kind of Ada to send it?"

"I hope you won't shed any tears at all on your next birthday. Still, even without Mrs. Turner's present, this one hasn't been altogether unhappy, has it?"

He had possession of her hand, and a rose she had been wearing, and he was on the point of telling her how much he loved her; but there were others who wanted to see the view from Harlow Car, and his tender words were suppressed by the arrival of a family party, and the ejaculation: "Laws, what a climb!" He was certain, however, that Ethel understood him; her blush, her hand lingering in his, had been sufficiently eloquent. He felt as if life were only just beginning, as side by side they walked homeward through the soft radiance of late afternoon,—he, at least, too happy for speech.

Mrs. Turner's house overlooked The

Stray, that expanse of grass and trees that is to Harrogate what shore and sands are to seaside towns. As they approached it, a stranger asked Mr. L'Estrange to direct him to the station, and Ethel walked on, entering the garden, where, to her surprise, she found Mrs. Turner and Ted strolling to and fro with the usual retinue of pugs and spaniels. Ada's stony stare forced upon Ethel the consciousness of having committed some iniquity,—what, she did not know.

"O Ada, I didn't expect you until to-morrow!" she said.

"Evidently, or you would not be wearing my new hat," answered Ada, cuttingly.

"*Your* hat? I—I—thought—" Poor Ethel stammered an explanation, which sounded hopelessly feeble and inadequate. The light and joyousness faded from her face, along with the hope of a kindlier understanding between herself and Ada, and her gratitude for what she had believed to be her relative's sympathy with a girl's natural liking for pretty things.

"Oh, don't tell me!" returned Ada as Ethel concluded her apology. "You must have known that the parcel was wrongly addressed. As if I would give you a three guinea hat! You are too well used to getting things in charity, it strikes me; but you can keep the hat. I shall not wear it after you have been seen in it. Where have you been?"

"To Harlow Car, with Mr. Brian L'Estrange," replied Ethel; and Ada galloped full speed along the road of wrath to say:

"Upon my word, you are pursuing Mr. L'Estrange pretty openly, it strikes me! Of course you know that he is easily led, and so you think you can get him to propose whether he wants to or not."

"Hush—sh!" warned Ted, seeing Brian's approaching figure. "Why so much fuss over a misdirected parcel?"

You don't hear *me* moaning, though I've broken a bootlace, lost sixpence, and left my razors behind."

The progressive catalogue of calamity, invented on the spur of the moment to relieve the situation, had the desired effect. Ada composed herself sufficiently to smile sweetly on Mr. L'Estrange, and Ethel subdued a longing to weep. He had heard those cruel words; hearing, had he believed them? His placid exterior revealed nothing.

"I propose" that we drive to Knaresborough on Thursday," he was saying. "We four,—not Lancelot, not another." If you don't approve, Mrs. Turner, I shall become a lapsed mass, or something equally unmanageable."

But Ada fully approved, reading a meaning into the proposition that Brian had not intended. To her ears his "we four" was full of tender suggestion; it seemed to imply acquiescence in her plans for "pairing-off" for life. The arrangements made, Ted sauntered to the gate with Brian.

"Anything between you and Ethel?" he asked.

"I hope to win her for my wife," Brian replied.

"She has neither father nor brother, that's why I step in," explained Ted. "Good luck to you!"

"Not a bad sort, old Ted!" Brian told himself.

Long and dull were the hours when he did not see Ethel, and they became many. He did not meet her in town; and when he called at the house, he was told that she was out or engaged. He did not know that Ada's diplomacy was at work, and he reproached himself for his folly in not having asked the girl of his heart to marry him when he had had the chance. What a goose he had been to let the golden opportunity slip!

On the evening before the proposed visit to Knaresborough, he passed and repassed the house; but finding it

impossible to be content with gazing at "the bricks that contained her," he went boldly to the door and asked for her. There was no one at home, the maid said; she thought they had all gone to the opera.

Through the dewy darkness big white moths flickered; the scent of wet leaves and flowers filled the air; every step he took awakened the fragrance of roses and mignonette. In the half-deserted road wandering minstrels with harp and violin were playing "The Choristers," and the lovely melody added to the magic and mystery of the hour. Why was not Ethel with him? As if in answer to his question, he heard a slight rustle, and he discerned, on a seat at a little distance, a white-robed figure crowned by the memorable hat. Filled with exultation, he strode toward her, saying as he drew near:

"Ethel!"

She started, and, keeping her face averted, covered it with both hands.

"What is the matter, dear? Surely Mrs. Turner's foolish words are not distressing you? Forget them, and trust yourself to my care, and you will never hear a syllable that will pain you. I can't express how I love you and long to call you wife!"

The impassioned speech went down like a stone in a pond, and the chill waters of inappreciative silence closed over it.

"Don't you care for me?" he asked.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"Is there no chance at all for me?"

In the faintest of whispers the knell of his happiness sounded.

"There is some one else."

He turned pale under the blow. Some one else! And at this moment the rose she had given him lay against his heart, and in his memory burned a thousand shy, sweet glances, blushes, smiles. It was his fate to be imposed on, to be "taken in," he thought, the first drop of bitterness entering

the mellow vintage of his nature. He had been butchered to make a coquette's holiday.

"Please go!" she breathed; and he obeyed the scarcely audible request in rigid silence.

He all but prayed for rain to fall on the morrow. But the sun beamed from an absolutely cloudless sky, and no reasonable excuse for not carrying out his plan of visiting Knaresborough occurred to him. Possibly Miss Turner would have the grace to absent herself from the party, he thought. However, she appeared, rosy, smiling, dainty, and saluted him as if her conduct toward him had been irreproachable. Try as he would, he could not be otherwise than cold and distant to her; the wound was too new, too recent for him to feign that he did not feel it. He avoided meeting her eyes, and feigned absorbed interest in the scenery, until they reached quaint Knaresborough, like a page from the past, with its queer old shops and narrow streets, the red roofs of its houses reflected in the glassy river over which they were ferried in order to reach Mother Shipton's Cave and the Dropping Well; those they were in duty bound to see. A narrow path winding up and down through a wood led thither.

Ted, less dense than he sometimes affected to be for the safeguarding of his own peace, had discerned that something was wrong where he wished everything to be right, and he carried out a series of adroit manoeuvres which left him as escort to Ada, whilst Brian went on in front with Ethel. The scaling of a rough bit of rock achieved, Mrs. Turner quickened her pace. She had no intention of leaving "those two" together; she and would soon have overtaken them had not her brother suddenly sunk down on a boulder, pressing his hand to his side with a groan, and bending double.

"What in the name of patience is the

matter?" she asked, rather snappishly.

"I hope it may not be appendicitis," groaned he.

"Good gracious, Ted! I'll call Mr. L'Estrange!"

"No, don't. He'll make such a fuss. Don't leave me. Stay with me. I'll be all right presently."

He did indeed recover to some extent, though he continued to clutch his side and roll his eyes.

"I can't walk to the Cave, that's certain," he declared feebly. "We'll just wait here for the others. The rest will put me all right. Lend me your smelling-salts, there's a dear!"

It was not with the best grace in the world that Ada ministered to her afflicted brother. He might have chosen a more convenient time to be ill, she thought; and tartly expressed the opinion that he should have stayed at home if he did not feel well.

"So I should," he meekly assented.

Meanwhile Ethel and Brian had gone onward with scarce a word exchanged, each supposing Ada and Ted were following. The girl wondered what lay behind that dead wall of silence. How unlike the quiet, happy walk from Harlow was this frigid progress! She had looked forward to this day as a certain oasis in the desert of Ada's fault-findings; had counted the intervening minutes, and thrilled over the possibility of again being alone with Brian. Sadly different from her dreams was the reality. The only explanation of his altered demeanor was too humiliating to be contemplated.

They arrived at the Cave, once the residence of the famous sibyl, now a refuge for brooms and spades and spiders. Close by was the well, its waters dripping from the rock over petrified and petrifying gloves, baskets, stockings, and birds' nests.

Turning from a pretended study of these curiosities, Brian caught a glimpse of Ethel's pale, dejected face, and pity

crested the wave of resentment and wounded love surging through his breast. Still, she need not look so hopelessly miserable just because she was with him. She might have known that he would not persist in his wooing, or offend with unwelcome attentions.

Becoming aware of his unconscious scrutiny, Ethel looked quickly round.

"Where are the others?" she asked; and he resented her visible annoyance.

"I am not at all responsible for this arrangement," he observed stiffly. "I thought it could be avoided, but there is not always safety in numbers."

"How many more insults must I bear?" he heard her sob.

"I am incapable of deliberately insulting any one," he replied warmly,—
"you least of all, I hope."

"Yet you have just done so. I know that you heard what Ada said the other evening," Ethel told him, and her voice failed. After a moment or two she added, her head very erect: "It was unnecessary for you to defend yourself with the assurance that you are not responsible for being alone with me. So far as I am concerned, you don't require the protection of numbers."

"I certainly don't require that assurance from you after what you told me last night."

"I told you *nothing* last night; I did not see you," she returned listlessly.

"Have you so soon forgotten? Truly I have been less than nothing to you! Last night is a long time ago, yet I remember it all so well,—the dew, the darkness, the scent of roses, the sound of harps, and you, and what you said."

"I did not see you last night," she repeated. "I was at the opera with Ted. I don't understand you at all."

Her tone was convincing, and he stood in a bewildered silence. Yes, he saw it all again—the garden, the dusk, the hidden face; and he heard the muffled whispers,—but with a suspicion, a doubt, that came to him hand in

hand with a relief that was almost pain.

"Was Mrs. Turner with you?" he asked.

"She stayed at home because of a headache."

"You wore that hat?"

"No. I was in evening dress, since you demand details."

Ethel now made an attempt to pass him, but he caught her hands.

"I'll run no more risks," said he. "Forgive me, Ethel. Leave explanations until later. There has been treachery toward us both, but what matters now is this—that I love you, and, blunderer though I am, will do my best to make you happy. Will you marry me?"

Her answer was inaudible; but when they rejoined Mrs. Turner and Ted, that demure benefactor knew by their radiant faces that his stratagem had not been without results; and, pronouncing himself out of danger, he clamored for lunch. Ada, conscious of defeat and detection, with some difficulty warded off an attack of hysterics.

Vain Regrets and a Need that Cries.

REGRET that there should be so many Catholic students in attendance at State universities is vain. The number is large, and it is more likely to increase than to diminish. No doubt these Catholic young men are exposed to the danger of losing interest in their faith; but it is common-sense, instead of harping upon this danger, to do all in our power to minimize it. A university of our own, with the equipment and all the advantages of an average State institution, is out of the question. Our people as a class are poor; they have the burden of parochial schools to bear. The wealthy men amongst us, for the most part, are self-made; they do not comprehend educational needs, nor do many of

them see any good reason for the existence of denominational universities. These practical, level-headed men, when they give money, naturally want some assurance that it is not to be uselessly expended; and the best informed among them must be aware that there is now no demand for a Catholic university in England—where the experiment was made with disastrous results,—and they must know also that, with the express permission of the Holy Father, under certain simple conditions, Catholic young men are now free to attend the two great universities of England.

Why not profit by the experience of our English coreligionists, and do what they are doing to safeguard the faith and morals of young men attending Cambridge and Oxford? When the Holy See granted permission for Catholic students to frequent these national Universities, it was stipulated that they should attend lectures in which philosophy, religion, and history were treated from the Catholic standpoint. All idea of a university of their own was abandoned, and the bishops, clergy and laity of England resolutely set themselves to provide for the required lectures. This they have done for ten years, also supporting a Catholic chaplain at each university. The long-mooted question has been satisfactorily settled. No sane man would now think of advocating a Catholic university for England.

At a recent general meeting of the members and supporters of the Universities Catholic Education Board, which was formed for the purpose of rousing the interest of English Catholics in the work of supporting the Catholic lectures and chaplains at Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. James Hope proposed "that this meeting views with satisfaction the results of the attendance of Catholic students at the national Universities." The resolution was carried unanimously. In seconding it, Monsig.

Moyes said that the lectures had been of a very high class, and had "worked well." Monsig. Kennard was strongly of opinion that the maintenance of a special chaplain at each university was a wise and most necessary provision. The Very Rev. Father Murphy, C.S.Sp., a practical educationist well known in the United States, declared that it was a great blessing for young Catholics to attend the universities; and that, from what he knew of the Catholic students at Oxford, they were as good as if they were at a Catholic university.

Moreover, Bishop Hedley, in submitting the resolution to the meeting, said that he was convinced that the results of the attendance of the Catholic students up to the present date had been of great advantage both to the Catholic body, and, if he might venture to say so, to the universities themselves. It was no small thing that, year by year, in appreciable numbers, there were being added to the body of Catholics men with the breadth of mind, the habits of thinking, and the varied knowledge which could be obtained at a university. Neither was Catholic influence at Oxford and Cambridge to be undervalued. Wherever Catholicism showed itself genuine, consistent, and loyal, it produced a marked effect on its surroundings. The young Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge had proved themselves to be firm in their faith, exemplary in their life, and capable of holding their own both in the schools and in social intercourse. The Catholic body should be encouraged by the last ten years to make every sacrifice in order to maintain so desirable a state of things.

"So desirable a state of things." A gentleman who has been connected for six years with the Newman Club, the organization of the Catholic students at the University of California, writing in the *Ecclesiastical Review* on the

presence of Catholic students at our State universities, has this to say:

It should be recognized at the outset that the presence of these students in the State universities is by no means to be regarded as an unmitigated evil. Provided their interest in their faith can be kept up, invaluable aid may be rendered to the Catholic cause by their attendance at these institutions. Because of daily association, and a common discussion of the same problems in connection with their work, a feeling of trust and confidence is engendered between the Catholics and Protestants, which will continue and mark their whole subsequent relations in society. The difference in religious beliefs will continue, but each will have aroused in him a greater feeling of respect for the other because of this daily clashing of wits during four years. Each will appreciate that the other can adhere to a particular religious creed without any atrophy of his reasoning powers. Of course, persons of a certain turn of mind will object to this very tolerance; but undoubtedly the Catholic cause can be better promoted when a better understanding is brought about than when an uneasy feeling of distrust exists between the different denominations.

The same writer frankly admits, however, that the good that may thus be done by common attendance at the same institution may be outweighed by the Catholics' losing interest in their faith, or having roused in them a distrust of Catholic principles. On the moral dangers of the secular university, Dom Hunter Blair thus expresses himself ("Catholics and the National Universities"):

A different and a lower standard of morals, a widespread indifference to religion, both among his companions and frequently among his tutors and teachers, that is often indistinguishable from professed agnosticism; a systematic self-indulgence and absolute contempt of the ascetic spirit which the Catholic religion has taught him is inseparable from the practice of true Christianity; an exaggerated admiration of physical powers and athletic achievement—a tendency toward what I may call sentimental æstheticism,—these are only some of the pitfalls and quicksands which open before the feet of the newly-emancipated freshman as he starts on his university course, and which constitute a real moral risk to the young Catholic coming straight from a Catholic school or a Catholic home.

There has been no disposition on the part of those who advocate the

admission of Catholics to State universities to ignore the dangers to which young men are thus exposed; but it is reasonably contended that the helps and safeguards devised to minimize these dangers for the Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge should suffice for young men in this country; and it is earnestly advocated that a course of lectures such as the Holy Father prescribed be provided for them, with a special chaplain and a Catholic club at each institution.

An Effective Argument.

One of the biographers of St. Francis de Sales tells of a home thrust once given by that gentle prelate with excellent results. The Bishop had been laboring for some time for the conversion of an elderly Calvinist lady, who constantly importuned him about controversial matters. Finally, she began calling upon him every day, asking for the solution of this or that new doubt which had arisen in her mind. Although the Bishop could not see that he was making much progress in bringing her into the Church, he listened to her with unfailing patience.

One day, at last, she declared that her only remaining difficulty was about the celibacy of the clergy. St. Francis explained that the celibate life was necessary to clerics in order that, being free from the care of a family, they might the better serve the people. "For instance, Madam," he continued, "you will readily understand that if I had a wife and children to take care of, I should be unable to talk with you so often about your religious difficulties." The causticity of the remark was lost in the gentleness of its delivery; and the force of the argument did what theological discussions had hitherto failed of doing. The lady was forthwith converted.

Notes and Remarks.

What a calamity it would be to the journalistic world if the Papacy were to collapse and the office of Sovereign Pontiff be abolished! Of how fertile a source of "copy" would not the average scribbler be deprived, and how the learned pundits of the denominational press would mourn the passing of a perennially available subject for their benevolent approval, acrid criticism, or wire-drawn character-delineation! The calamity, however, will never occur. The Pope, like the poor, our separated brethren will always have with them. Of the present occupant of the See of Peter, the *Literary Digest* and an anonymous writer in the London *Church Times* have this to say:

Pius X. does not enjoy being Pope. In this he is entirely different from his predecessor, says the writer of a character-sketch recently published in a Protestant journal. "His Pontifical heart is broken and grief overwhelms him, so he says, when considering the state of the Church throughout the world." The underlying cause of the Pope's grief, we are told, is, whether realized fully by himself or not, his own unfitness for the high office into which he has been thrust. "He has disappointed his friends," continues the writer, "and is justifying his opponents, when they say that, for such a position as Pope, a mere *Santo* is no good." Men are wondering whether it may be within the bounds of probability for Pius to imitate Celestine V. by making what Dante calls the great renunciation.

And while they are wondering, Pius X. will continue quietly going about his business,—a proceeding in which 'tis much to be regretted certain editors and correspondents do not see fit to imitate him.

As in the case of California, it will never be known how many perished in the more recent South American earthquake, by which Valparaiso, with some adjacent villages, was ruined. The city had a large floating population, and it is now feared that the first reports of loss of life

were not greatly exaggerated. There could be no exaggeration, however, of the sufferings endured by survivors, most of whom, it would seem, were rendered homeless by the fire which followed upon the earthquake, destroying all that remained of one of the fairest cities in South America. Prompt aid was rendered by the government, and, along with expressions of sympathy, came proffers of assistance from many parts of the world. The situation will soon be relieved, and in due course a new city and new villages will replace the old ones; but in so Christian a country the lessons of the visitation will not soon be forgotten. Let us hope that the now waning year has no further catastrophe in store for any country,—that all peoples may be delivered from the scourge of earthquake.

A correspondent in Athens informs the *Civiltà Cattolica* that ecclesiastical circles there have been much disturbed by the publication of an article on the state of the orthodox religion in Greece. The author of the article, it is said, is an important ecclesiastical personage, who has had the courage to disclose the evils from which the dissident churches of the Levant are suffering. He reviews the patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem, describes their moribund condition, and does not spare even the Church of Athens. Stress is laid upon the religious indifference that is prevalent, and on the negligence of the clergy, high and low, who, it appears, are without scientific culture, and morally unworthy of their lofty position. Clerics have lost popular esteem because they have become a downright burden. The people content themselves with exterior forms, and religious sentiment is fast disappearing. The *Civiltà's* correspondent adds that the article might well have gone further and stated that the Greek Church is no longer even orthodox, but really

Protestant; its theology is not now the theology of the Basils, the Gregorys, and Chrysostoms, but that of Calvin and Luther. The wells have been poisoned, and the souls of the poor Christians of the Greek Church are suffering in consequence.

Apropos of the recently discussed question as to the veritable contents of the tomb of St. Peter, it is worth while noting that the much older question of St. Peter's presence in Rome has been practically removed from the field of controversy. "His residence in Rome for a longer or shorter period," says a non-Catholic encyclopedist, "is usually accepted not only by Roman Catholics, but by Protestant scholars of high rank." Harnack, indeed, sealed the sepulchral stone on the legend of St. Peter's "never-at-Rome"-ness; and the minor critics or pseudo-critics who attempt nowadays to score a point against the Church by revamping the oldtime arguments for the non-residence of the Prince of the Apostles in the Eternal City may very congruously be told that they are not up to date in the literature of the subject.

Thirty-four years ago, the late Mgr. Bonjean, Bishop of Jaffna, Ceylon, wrote thus to one of his priests: "Let all Catholics join, heart and soul, with you and me in the work of erecting in the vast deserts of Madu a splendid church to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. It will be both a monument to our piety and a rampart against the incursions of Satan and other enemies." It would have rejoiced the heart of the valiant prelate had he been alive to hear the recent exclamation of an English civil engineer as he caught sight of the completed edifice projected by Bishop Bonjean. "What a magnificent monument," said the Englishman, "you have built in the midst of these vast solitudes! Of a truth, it must be

convictions of the most robust kind that can thus realize the seemingly impossible." The church, which is now the objective point of the Pilgrimage of Madu, is about 197 by 82 feet, and is from 80 to 90 feet high. The columns sustaining the roof are splendid dressed *palai* trees 65 feet in height, and the interior decorations are of the most costly and beautiful native woods. The whole building is a striking piece of ecclesiastical architecture, and a notable instance of what can be done even by the poorest when they are animated by sincere piety toward God and a tender love for God's Blessed Mother.

Commenting on the favor with which the idea of the "English week" (half holiday on Saturday and full holiday on Sunday) is being received by the French workmen, the *Annales Catholiques* corrects an error into which some of its contemporaries have fallen. "We are told," it says, "that this 'English week' is an innovation for which the laborers across the Channel are to thank the progress of science and humanity. Even at the risk of saddening our freethinkers, we must disabuse them. The 'English week' is a legacy of faith. It is no modern conception as to the distribution of the forces of labor, but a survival of religious habits." The point is well taken, as any one familiar with mediæval English history must be fully aware.

It is a pleasure to note that additional care is being given to the religious interests of our Catholic immigrants, and increased facility being provided for their spiritual culture. *Extension* assures us that "the Church Extension Society is preparing to aid the bishops of the country in this all-important work. It is one of the hopes of its founders to supply here and there throughout the country priests who

will do nothing else than take care of the scattered immigrants....By an arrangement encouraged and adopted by the Right Rev. Bishop of Cleveland, a plan has been formed whereby the Society hopes to help solve this momentous problem. It is a plan which could be adopted with profit in every diocese in the country. It makes provision for a united effort on the part of the priests and people of the diocese to take care of all those who, whether born here or elsewhere, still call themselves Catholics, and who desire to live up to the teachings of our holy Faith."

The work is an eminently worthy one, to which we cordially wish the fullest possible measure of success. To keep our own within the fold is even more important than bringing strangers inside its pale.

If the average Catholic priest on the foreign mission were asked whether he believes in present-day miracles—in the direct intervention of Divine Providence in the affairs of men,—he would probably smile at the absurdity of the inquiry, and proceed to cite from his personal experience instances which to his mind conclusively establish the affirmative of the question. Such cases as the following are of not infrequent occurrence in missionary life; and, while of course no one is constrained to see in it anything supernatural or even preternatural, it is no evidence of extravagant credulity to classify the incident narrated as belonging to those prodigies which may fairly be accounted miraculous. A missionary is writing to the *Salesian Bulletin* of an expedition to the island of Tierra del Fuego:

On the eighth day after we set out, having distributed our provisions, with fraternal generosity to those even who did not accompany us, we found ourselves, in spite of having killed three guanacos, without any food....Matters were becoming serious, as the nearest *estancia*

was nearly sixty miles farther on; and you know that in Tierra del Fuego there are as yet no railways. Still, we were all in good spirits and quite cheerful, remembering the saying of the Blessed Curé of Ars: "The Cross is planted in all parts of the world, so that there may be a small piece for everyone." Placing our whole trust in our Heavenly Father, we commended ourselves to Divine Providence and cast the net. In a few minutes, to our great surprise, it was filled, and to draw it on shore we had to take the greatest precautions not to break it. There were a hundred and twenty fish, each about two pounds in weight, and these supplied us with the food required for the remaining four days of our journey. On seeing such a quantity of fish, we cast the net once more, but in vain: Providence had given us what was necessary, and no more were taken.

There is a "matter-of-courseness" about this acceptance of the wonderful draught of fish as miraculous that we frankly admire. And why *shouldn't* apostles of the twentieth century receive in time of need as direct assistance from the God they serve as did the Apostles of the first century?

It is gratifying to note with what creditable success the stray members of the Church are being gathered into congenial quarters of her extensive fold. We like to hear that the Italians, or Hungarians, or (as in Montreal) the Chinese of some particular city or district, have been organized into distinct congregations. The Church is of course universal, and there is nothing in her constitution or her practice to bar the juxtaposition in pew or at the Communion rail of American and Armenian, Irish and Indian, Neapolitan and Negro. Yet this is a specializing age, and doubtless better results may be hoped for from a parish of identical racial peculiarities than from a composite congregation. In this connection we welcome the news conveyed by the *Sacred Heart Review*:

It may surprise many Catholics who never give much thought to the work of the Church outside their own environment, to learn that there are now in Boston a sufficient number of

Catholics of the Negro race to form a separate congregation and to desire a separate church. For several years they have worshiped in the cathedral, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas J. MacCormack, chancellor of the archdiocese; but now they feel the time has arrived for the erection and maintenance of a separate church, and they have taken the first steps toward the accomplishment of this pious project. But the colored Catholics of Boston are, as a rule, not overburdened with the goods of this world. They need the help of their white brethren of the faith. They should by all means receive it.

And no doubt they will.

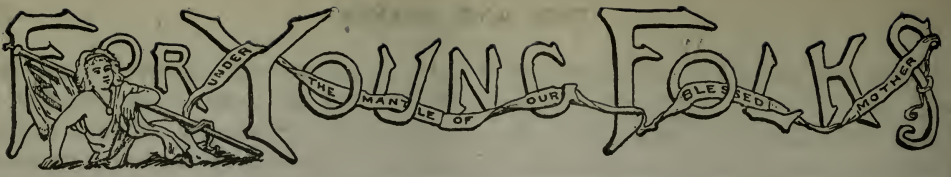
More detailed accounts of the dreadful wreck of an Italian emigrant ship last month on the coast of Spain reveal instances of heroism which should not go unchronicled. Among the three hundred and forty-five passengers who perished were several ecclesiastics, including the Archbishop of Para, Brazil, and the Bishop of San Pablo. Both prelates gave up to others the life-preservers offered to them, and went down, as did an unnamed priest, in the act of giving absolution *in articulo mortis*. Reuter notes the "stoic calmness of the worthy prelates," but our readers will prefer to have it called Christian fortitude. They were not stoical but truly brave, faithful to their trust. Those noble ecclesiastics standing on the wave-swept deck of the sinking vessel, undaunted where all was panic and terror, with no thought of saving themselves, but mindful in the very jaws of death of their sacred ministry, are a fitting subject for the poet's pen and the brush of the painter.

One sometimes meets with incidents so edifying and inspiring as to make one wish that they could be read the world over. The best things of this sort, however, often escape the attention of the exchange editors of the Catholic press. At least it frequently happens that what is calculated to do special good secures scant notice from them. The following incident, we are glad to

say, is an exception: it has gone the rounds of the best Catholic papers in the United States, and is beginning to appear in our foreign exchanges. A story so good is worth retelling. We are at a loss to know to which of our contemporaries it should be credited:

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves, side by side, of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had they been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped every Sunday and holyday morning their fourteen miles—seven in and seven out—to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to go to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till halfway back on the road home, when, sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them, and drink the sparkling water. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house, and they always prayed as they passed it by for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith. The years came and went and the answer to the prayers came also. The aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful church has been built within a stone's-throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after Holy Communion.

An interesting chapter of the recently-published "History of Berkshire" (England), by P. H. Ditchfield and William Page (Constable & Co.), deals with the Romano-British period, and gives a detailed account of some important discoveries at Frilford and Reading. At the latter place in 1890 was found a body, amid many Romano-British relics, lying east and west, with a leaden plate bearing three crosses of the Greek form, which was rightly concluded to mark a Christian interment. A few feet distant, at about the same level, was a male skeleton, with a small pewter chalice resting on his hand. This may certainly be accepted as the grave of a Christian priest.



Dame Fashion.

DAME FASHION'S a lady of talent who knows
All manner of things about customs and clothes;
She decrees the fit garments for morning and noon,
And what we should eat with a knife, fork, and
spoon.

She speaks with conviction of how we should walk,
Of how we should sit and of how we should talk,
And the colors befitting our joy and our grief,
And of garnishing proper for mutton and beef.

She knows and she says when poor mortals should
dine,
And also what shades and what colors combine;
And how oft we should dance when we go to a
ball,
At what intervals neighbor on neighbor may call.

She judges the shape of a shoe we should wear,
And the cut of our collars, the style of our hair;
To our houses, our tables, our chairs she gives
heed,
To the songs that we sing, and the books that
we read.

Of the flowers we plant, of the games that we
play,
This lady despotic has something to say.
Her slaves they are many, and yet the world o'er
Not a few of them secretly call her a bore.

Aunt Fanny's Cat.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

EMPHASIS was not wanting to Bessie's exclamation, "I can't bear cats!" as she started back with a shriek, when Puss rubbed, his black shiny back against her foot, and began to purr pleasantly, opening and closing his green eyes in a very contented manner.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Bessie," said Aunt Fanny; "because I have three, and we are all the best of friends."

"Oh, I shouldn't hurt them, or treat them badly in any way," rejoined Bessie. "But I want to get as far away from them as possible. They affect me strangely,—they make my flesh creep. Aunt Fanny, I really can't help disliking them."

"I wonder if it can be what I have heard called an antipathy, Bessie?" rejoined Aunt Fanny, thoughtfully. "Once I imagined I did not like cats either, but I got over it."

"I don't *imagine* it," said Bessie, stoutly. "I *know* it. Now I love dogs,—I just love them."

"So do I."

"Have you a dog?"

"Two of them—a Newfoundland and a cocker spaniel."

"Oh, I am so glad! Where are they, Aunt Fanny?"

"They are both down at the sheep-shearing to-day, with Oscar, the hired man. My dogs and cats are very good friends, Bessie. They dwell together in harmony."

"That is something unusual, isn't it, Aunt Fanny?"

"Yes, I believe it is not common. But mine have been together all their lives."

"Now just look at the creature!" exclaimed Bessie, drawing her dress away from the cat. "A white and black or a gray cat is not so bad, but I wonder you can endure a coal-black one, Aunt Fanny."

"Probably because it was that kind of cat which first taught me to like the race."

"Nothing could teach me to like them," protested Bessie. "And yet—and that makes it all the more disagreeable—the aversion is not mutual. They seem to like *me*: they always follow me."

"Then you are not a born cat-hater," said Aunt Fanny. "Very probably a kitten scratched you when you were little, and you formed an aversion to the poor animals on that account."

"How did you come to *like* them?" asked Bessie, drawing the edge of her blue cloth skirt still farther away from Puss, who stretched out a detaining claw, drew the garment over toward him, and rested his head upon it.

"Well, let him lie there, then. I don't like to hurt *your* feelings, Aunt Fanny," said the girl, in answer to the elder woman's amused smile. "And, besides, I like that much better than having the cat stare up at me as he does."

"You fascinate him. He is drawn to you, and is suing for approbation. He knows, perhaps, that after a little while, long before your visit is over, you will be great friends."

Bessie shook her head.

"When I was a child, and for some time after I had grown up," said Aunt Fanny, "I thought myself a cat-hater. I would not have one in the room with me, if I could help it; and I was always driving away stray kittens that would persist in following me home, to the great amusement of the rest of the family."

"It is just the same with me," said Bessie. "Isn't it strange?"

"When I came here first to take care of my grandmother," replied Aunt Fanny, "she was bedridden. But she loved cats. There were three of them, and every day she would want to see each of them, and have them play beside her on the bed. At first I could not bear to lift them; it made me shiver to touch them. But the dear old lady loved them so that I could not hurt her feelings by declaring my dislike for them. Of course I was obliged to feed them, and soon began to admire their cleanliness. How Tam, the grandfather of this cat, would wash and polish his jet-black coat

till it shone like marble! And how he would lick up every particle of milk from the saucer without spilling a drop! By degrees I grew less afraid of having the cats near me.

"One day I was sitting by grandmother's bedside writing a letter. I had my little desk on my lap. Tam was lying at the foot of the bed. I had heard him purring for some time, while he looked at me steadily whenever I lifted my eyes. At last he stretched himself, slowly got up and walked along the outside edge of the bed till he reached me. Then he deliberately lifted a paw and touched first one glass of my spectacles, then the other. He had never seen me wearing them before. I took them off. He rubbed his cheek against mine, quite satisfied, and went back to his station.

"Did you ever see anything like that, Fanny?" asked grandmother. "He was not sure it was you, with glasses, and he wanted to find out for himself. Let us watch him. Put on your glasses again."

"I did so. Tam had just lain down; but he got up once more, went through the same performance, and this time put up his paw and *knocked* them off."

"That was certainly a clever thing for a cat to do," said Bessie.

"After a while he became accustomed to seeing me wear spectacles," Aunt Fanny continued, "and did not try to remove them.

"One day he did something still more clever. I was reading in my own room, when I heard a scratching at the door. Tam had never visited me there before, and I was somewhat surprised, though not so averse to his company as I should have been some time previously. I opened the door, but he did not try to come in. 'Well, what is it, Tam?' I asked. He began to meow, and started toward grandmother's room, looking back over his shoulder to see if I was following. In

front of her bed he stopped, looked up at me and meowed again. The old lady had cut her finger with a small penknife, and it had bled profusely. Not wishing to disturb me, she had wrapped her handkerchief about the wound. Tam had been a witness of the accident, and, hastily jumping from the bed, had gone to summon me to her aid. From that time forward I had no difficulty in conquering my aversion to cats."

"Do they sleep on your bed?" asked Bessie.

"No. I have never gone that far. They do not sleep in the house at all. They have a corner in the barn."

"Tam must have been an unusually agreeable cat," said Bessie.

"Yes, he was certainly more than ordinarily intelligent. Strange to relate, however, and contrary to what I have always heard, he did not continue to go to grandmother's room after she died. On the contrary, he never entered it after the first time he came and found her gone. He seemed to transfer all his affections to me, and I could not help liking him. There is something else I must tell you about him."

"You are determined to convert me," said Bessie, laughing, as she looked down at the cat quietly sleeping at her feet.

"I hope to do so," responded Aunt Fanny. "I want you to be happy while you are here, Bessie. A short time after grandmother's death, a friend who was going away presented me with a beautiful canary bird. Neither she nor I thought of the danger that awaited it in a house where cats were part of the family. I hung its cage in the dining-room window, above the broad sill. An hour afterward, hearing a commotion in the room, I hastened in. The poor little bird was perched on top of the bookcase, trembling with fear. In the middle of the floor Tam sat watching it, wonder in his beryl

eyes. He had climbed on the sill and thrown down the cage. Fortunately, the fall had opened the door, through which the bird had escaped."

"What did you do?" asked Bessie.

"I took off my slipper and gave Tam a beating, pointing to the bird as I did so. He understood perfectly what I meant, for he slunk quietly away. After I had coaxed the bird into its cage again, I put it up higher, where no cat could reach it. For several days I watched Tam. He made no attempt to touch it, even when I was out of his sight. But again one morning I heard a noise, and, hurrying to the dining-room, found Tam vigorously chastising a neighbor's cat which had strayed in, attracted by the song of the bird. My workbasket was overturned on the window-sill, and the canary was flying about the cage, very much terrified. It was plain that the strange cat had made an attempt to reach it. I drove it away, after which Tam came to my side, looked up in my face for approval, which I gave him; and then he stationed himself quietly beneath the window-seat, on the watch for intruders. After that day I knew he could be trusted in the room with the bird.

"I could tell you many other things about him, Bessie, but have not time just now. We must have an early supper, and go for a walk. I want you to spend all the time possible in the open air while you are at the farm."

The sojourn with Aunt Fanny must have been effectual in banishing Bessie's dislike for cats; for when she returned home in the autumn, strong and well, she carried with her a pretty gray kitten in a wicker basket.

Names of the Popes.

The custom of each Pope taking a new name on his assuming the Pontificate originated A. D. 687, with Pope Sergius.

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVIII.—THE BARBECUE.

The day before the Fourth, Mrs. Mullen had arrived,—an unexpected but a welcome visitor. Excursion rates had been made at the time, and she took advantage of this to visit her friends once more. Her delight was unbounded when she saw that Martino had not forgotten her, though several months had passed since her departure. When she heard the story of the abduction, the good woman clasped the boy passionately to her breast, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"The villain, the villain!" she cried. "I wonder greatly you let him have his life. Such as he should be made short work of. God knows what harm he may do yet! You are all too easy,—far too easy."

"Now you know, Mrs. Mullen, you could not kill even a fly," said Louis.

"A fly is it,—a fly? No, I'd be loath to kill one of the little creatures, though they are a pest. But they're doing the best they know. They're not like that black fellow, preferring the wrong to the right always. And God never put a man on the earth to be doing harm to his fellows, like that one. What would he care about breaking the child's head or strangling him—God between us and harm!—if he felt like it? You did wrong not to have him arrested at least, and put in jail."

"That is what *I* thought," said Rose. "They were all too good to him."

"Rosie, you have a power of sense in that small head of yours; and you're growing more sensible every day. I'd be in terror of my life from him in this lonely place."

"There is no danger now, I believe," said Manuela. "He would hardly dare to come here again, as he must know

he could be arrested for horse-stealing."

After Mrs. Mullen had been with them a few hours they began to notice that she did not seem to be as cheerful as formerly.

"How do you like Los Angeles?" asked Florian, fearing that the change of residence did not please her.

"Oh, well enough!" she replied. "The flowers and trees are beautiful all the year round, and there are many fine buildings. But we're leaving it, Mr. Florian."

"Leaving it!" exclaimed Manuela. "Where are you going, Mrs. Mullen?"

"Now that is what I can't tell you, Mrs. Vladych. Dan and Pete have lost their job. That villain of a man has given in to the Union, and my little boys won't join. And the worst of all is they're wild to go to the mines. In fact, they're all ready to go."

"Where?" asked Florian.

"To Goldfield, where all the other foolish boys are going."

"There are some fine claims there."

"But what do the like of *them* know about it?"

"Everyone must take his chance," rejoined Florian.

"I'm afraid they'll spend what little they have, and come back with empty pockets."

"Well, they are no longer children," said Manuela. "You will have to begin to realize that now. And a little experience may be good for them."

"Yes, that's what I think myself sometimes. But I had planned for something far different. I had a letter from Ireland five or six weeks ago. My brother died there not long since, and left me a hundred pounds, besides a small farm. I thought to go over to sell it, and see the old place, and have the boys go along. To tell the truth, Mr. Vladych, I hoped they'd take a liking to the old country, and we'd all stay there. But neither of them would hear to it."

"They'd never be contented there," said Florian. "It would be a waste of time and money for them, however it might please you to return."

"Well, I wouldn't enjoy it to go without them. So none of us is going over."

"You can sell your farm through an agent."

"I'll not have any dealings with agents. It's to the parish priest I'll write, and let him pay himself for his trouble when the lease is sold. You know the land isn't mine,—I have only the lease."

"Yes, I know. But what do you propose to do when Pete and Dan leave you?"

"Give up my cottage and rent a room. I can get plenty of house-cleaning and washing."

"Why not come to us?" asked Manuela. "We should be so glad to have you. And I need some one very much."

"That is what would please me," said Mrs. Mullen, her face brightening. "It is terrible lonely I should be by myself."

After a few moments everything was arranged. The old woman was to receive small wages, instead of the board she at first insisted on paying. Her services would be welcome, and she was very efficient at cooking, cleaning, and sewing.

"Now you can go with me riding whenever I have the time to spare, Manuela," said Florian to his wife that evening. "What with the care of the house and the boy, I fear you have been working too hard. The presence of Mrs. Mullen will relieve you of a great responsibility."

"Yes, that is true," replied Manuela.

"And Martino is so fond of her. I could go away content, feeling that she would never let him out of her sight."

It was a merry party that, completed by the addition of Clearwater, set out for the barbecue on the morning of the

Fourth of July. They camped for the day, with many others, on the outskirts of the grove, in the midst of which, where a clearing had been made, the oxen were already roasting. Two large holes had been dug the night before, into each of which, at some distance from the bottom, four stout bars of iron had been driven crosswise and lengthwise, making a kind of huge gridiron. The skinned animals, all but the heads, were then deposited, by means of chains fastened around the upper portion of the bodies and the legs, on this gridiron, beneath which a great heap of coals had been lighted and allowed to burn red. The impromptu chefs—Mexicans who were familiar with this species of cooking—remained all night on the spot, turning the oxen whenever necessary. In the middle of the gridiron, on the lower bars, were placed two pans to catch the dripping gravy.

By noon the next day the savory feast was ready. Immense caldrons of potatoes were cooked at several fires in the vicinity; and not far away Indian women were making tortillas of flour, salt, and enough water to render them of the consistency of dough. Slapping them between their hands until they were thin enough to meet the requirement of these delicacies, they threw them on large griddles, holding a dozen each, turned them quickly as they began to bake, and continued to do so until they were a light brown. They were then heaped high on rough tables; each passer-by took as many as would suffice for his needs or those of his family, throwing down a nickel or a dime in payment. A few steps farther on, and the roasted oxen, now carved into small pieces, were being distributed. The tortillas served as plates, a juicy piece of the roast being placed on each as it was extended. Here again dimes and nickels came into requisition.

The Vladyches and Bandinis had brought two large japanned trays, battered and antiquated, but clean. Louis and Clearwater offered to be commissaries, and, having purchased a quantity of tortillas, laid them side by side on these trays. They then took them to the meat department, and there selected several of the most desirable slices, which they ordered cut in two, one half for each tortilla.

By the advice of the Señora, Louis had also taken a small tin pail, into which the Mexican who waited upon him poured some steaming sauce made of the rich juice of the meat seasoned with tomatoes, green peppers, and a little onions. With the addition of a few crackers, olives, and some fine potato salad prepared by Natalia, they made a most appetizing and healthful repast.

"What do the people do who have no tin pails?" inquired Rose.

"If you look around, you will see," answered Clearwater. "But first finish your own dinner."

"If you mean that I am going to be disgusted," said Rose, "you needn't worry. I am not so very fastidious any more."

"Look, then!" said the Señora, as a couple, clad in all the variegated bravery of Fourth-of-July attire, passed in front of them. Each was devouring a huge tortilla with its slice of meat; over all had been poured a quantity of sauce, now dripping on the ground from their fingers, which, as well as their lips, were stained with the bright red sauce.

Manuela was somewhat disgusted, but Rose remarked:

"I do not think it is any worse than eating watermelon the same way, as many do. And you know everybody can not come provided with trays and plates and pails. I am sure they enjoy it."

"They see nothing amiss in it," said

Clearwater. "And, after all, it is only a little primitive—not dirty."

"It is the best gravy I ever tasted," said Louis, pouring the last of it on his plate, and dipping another tortilla into it as he spoke. "And I don't believe I was ever so hungry."

Flag raising and speeches followed the dinner. Jumping and wrestling matches were also in order. The Indian band from the government school played some excellent music, and thus the day passed rapidly and pleasantly.

They were jogging slowly home in the cool of the evening, little Martino asleep in Mrs. Mullen's arms, when the horses swerved aside at the figure of a man lying on the grass, near the road. Apparently he had been asleep; for he sat up suddenly and looked about him in a dazed way, as though not recalling where he was. His skin was very much tanned, but his hair and curly beard were quite light in color.

"Hello!" said Clearwater.

Then, as a smile of recognition and another "Hello!" answered his greeting, he exclaimed:

"Why, it is Nils Jonson! How came you here, Nils? I thought you were up in Alaska."

The man stood up. He was of magnificent height and build, with fine features, and good, clear eyes.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said, extending his hand, which Ralph clasped warmly. "My time was up three months ago," he went on. "I have been working on ranches here and there ever since. I wanted a breath of the fresh country air. I was up all last night at a dance, and started to walk to Tesora about noon to-day. I was so dead tired, and it was so hot tramping, that I thought I would lie down and rest for a while; and I must have slept the whole afternoon away."

"That is too bad," said Florian. "You will have lost all the day's

fun. It is not quite over, however; there will be dancing in the grove this evening."

"I danced enough last night for a year," answered Jonson. "I don't mind at all."

"Where are you working?" asked Clearwater.

The man hesitated to answer, not wishing to impose on the kindness of his former benefactor.

"I have no job just now. I was through at the Orpin ranch yesterday," he replied at last.

"Come home with me, then, for a few days," said Clearwater. "Friends," he continued, "this is my old comrade, Nils Jonson, a Norseman of the Norsemen. Isn't he typical?"

"Indeed he is," replied Florian. "We are all glad to know you. Jump in and come along."

"Many thanks!" said Jonson, reaching into the bushes for a bundle and a stick.

"Poor man!" Rose whispered to her brother. "He must be very tired and very hungry."

In a moment he was beside Ralph on the front seat.

"Old friend," said Clearwater, "I am awfully glad to see you. Nils, I shall never forget that night in the cañon."

"Nor shall I forget it," answered the Norseman. "But for you, sir, my poor bones would now be whitening on the desert."

"Louis, Nils will tell you that story to-morrow," said Clearwater. "We found him by accident,—and not an hour too soon,—not an hour too soon. How strange that we should meet here again! And it's quite a pleasure, too, Nils, I assure you."

The party separated at Bandinis', Clearwater having agreed to bring Jonson over next day. Louis and Rose eagerly looked forward to the story they had been promised.

(To be continued.)

Some Literary Puzzles.

Among the recreations to which earlier generations gave more time and attention than does the present one, the literary puzzle deserves notice. The following, familiar perhaps to our older readers, may interest the young folk.

A complete sentence, hidden in the following formula, has frequently proved a poser even for clever people:

C C

S I.

Noting that S I spells "is" backward, and that the CC's are above, or on, the S I, we get: "The season is backward."

This plan of substituting actual position for such words as "once," "over," "under," etc., is often followed in the literary puzzle. An oldtime instance is,

Stand take to taking.

I you throw my,

which is read: "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking."

There is a story to the effect that the clerks in the New York post office were once at a loss to discover the proper destination of a letter addressed simply,

Wood

John

Mass.

Finally, an exceptionally bright employee solved the riddle, and forwarded the letter to John Underwood, Andover, Massachusetts.

Naked Eye.

This expression was first used by Galileo, in a letter written March, 1610, giving an account of his invention of the telescope. He says, after describing the mechanism of the new instrument: "Bringing the eye near the concave glass, I saw the objects, large and near enough. They appeared three times nearer and nine times larger than if seen with the *naked eye*."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A Life of Prince James Francis Edward Stuart, known to the Jacobites as King James III. and VIII., and usually called the Old Pretender, is announced by Messrs. Dent & Co. It is from the pen of Martin Haile, the author of the excellent Life of Queen Mary of Modena, the mother of Prince James.

—The new two-volume edition of W. B. Yeats, to be issued this fall by the Macmillan Co., will, it is promised, contain the entire works in verse of the Irish poet. The first volume will be devoted to lyrics and miscellaneous poems, while the second volume will contain those remarkable dramas in verse, "The Countess Cathleen," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The King's Threshold," "On Baile's Strand," and "The Shadowy Waters."

—Directors of choirs will welcome two new publications of Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro. The first, "Select Chants" (Solesmes Version), consists of motets, hymns for Benediction, and antiphons of the Blessed Virgin. It is edited and the organ accompaniment is arranged by Ignace Miller. The second is "Missa in Honorem S. Nominis Mariæ," for a two-part male chorus, with organ accompaniment, by Ign. Mitterer. Both works are excellently printed, and the former is provided with a convenient index.

—The perennially popular collection of tales known as "The Arabian Nights," or, more exactly, "The Book of the Thousand and One Nights," was first made known to Europe by a French Orientalist, Antoine Galland, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Between 1704 and 1715, he published twelve volumes of French translations of these Arabic tales. In their most complete form there are two hundred and sixty-two tales, conveniently classified as Beast Fables, Fairy Tales, and Anecdotes.

—Not the least important of the resolutions adopted at the Fifth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was on the subject of literature. It was resolved "that it is the sense of this Federation that a taste for good books and papers be earnestly cultivated by our Catholic people, as an antidote to the religious, philosophical, and historical errors prevalent in our time. And in this connection we take occasion to recognize and appreciate the liberal advance made of late years by non-Catholic publishing concerns in the number, the literary and typographical merit of the Catholic works issuing from their presses. Nevertheless, we wish to express our far greater satisfaction

at the many substantial improvements made by Catholic publishers in their publications along every line of Catholic literature. Moreover, we desire to signify in this convention our pleasure at the spread and enlargement of parish, sodality and society libraries among our Catholic people. We would, however, recommend that, in cities where a large Catholic population exists, greater and more ably stocked libraries be established, which would encourage and render possible wider and more thorough study on the part of the Catholic body."

—The makers of almanacs seem to be privileged to take Time by the forelock. Yearbooks for 1907 have already begun to make their appearance, and will soon be almost as numerous as the proverbial leaves of Vallombrosa. *St. Michael's Almanac*, published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., now in its ninth year, appears in German as well as English. Besides the information proper to almanacs, it contains a large amount of miscellaneous reading in prose and verse. The illustrations are not of a high order of merit, but they will interest and amuse the young folk.

—"There is no denying that, though the novelists of to-day do not venture upon the plain speaking of the past, they take far greater liberties with decency." Apropos of this statement of Joseph Dana Miller, it is pertinent to remark that one of the duties of Catholic reviewers of contemporary novels is to speak of them at first hand. Within the past three months we have read in several of our Catholic exchanges unstinted praise of a "best-seller" which we must charitably suppose the editors, or their book reviewers, did not read through. The book is marred by passages so salacious that no decent father would place it in the hands of his daughters or sons.

—We rejoice in any "signs of the times" that point to the lessening popularity, and the presumable eventual passing, of the miscalled "comic" supplement, and accordingly regret that we have space for no more than the following paragraphs of an excellent paper on those journalistic atrocities that appears in the August *Atlantic Monthly*:

The very element of variety has been obliterated by the creation of types—a confusing medley of impossible countrymen, mules, goats, German-Americans and their irreverent progeny; specialized children with a genius for annoying their elders; white-whiskered elders with a genius for playing practical jokes on their grandchildren; policemen, Chinamen, Irishmen, Negroes, inhuman conceptions of the genus tramp; boy inventors whose inventions invariably end in causing somebody to be mirthfully

spattered with paint or joyously torn to pieces by machinery; bright boys with a talent for deceit, laziness, or cruelty; and even the beasts of the jungle dehumanized to the point of practical joking. *Mirabile dictu!*—some of these things have even been dramatized. . . .

Physical pain is the most glaringly omnipresent of these *motifs*; it is counted upon invariably to amuse the average humanity of our so-called Christian civilization. The entire group of . . . pictures constitutes a saturnalia of pre-arranged accidents in which the artist is never hampered by the exigencies of logic; machinery in which even the presupposed poorest intellect might be expected to detect the obvious flaw, accomplishes its evil purpose with inevitable accuracy; jails and lunatic asylums are crowded with new inmates; the policeman always uses his club or revolver; the parents usually thrash their offspring at the end of the performance; household furniture is demolished, clothes ruined, and unsalable eggs broken by the dozen. Deceit is another universal concept of humor, that combines easily with the physical-pain *motif*; and mistaken identity, in which the juvenile idiot disguises himself and deceives his parents in various ways, is another favorite resort of the humorists. The paucity of invention is hardly less remarkable than the willingness of the inventors to sign their products, or the willingness of editors to publish them. But the age is notoriously one in which editors underrate and insult the public intelligence.

It may be a few years yet before the vulgarity and constructive indecency of the colored supplement will be generally acknowledged; but the ultimate suppression of the demoralizing adjunct to Sunday journalism is, we like to believe, inevitable.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts

"Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.

"The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.

"Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.

"At the Parting of the Ways." Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"Salvation and Sanctification." Rev. B. C. Thibault. 33 cts.

"Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments" Rev. Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.

"Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.

"Bridget, or What's in a Name?" W. W. Whalen. \$1.

"The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

"A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.

"The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.

"Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1.37.

"Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.

"Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.

"The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.

"In the Brave Days of Old" Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.

"The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

"The Witness of the Gospels." Monsig. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.

"Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters." Anthony Yorke. 85 cts.,

"The Annual Retreat." Rev. Gabriel Bouffier. S. J. \$1, net.

"The Attitude of Catholics toward Darwinism." H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.

"Paul's Offering, and Gates Ajar." 75 cts.

"The Irish in America 1000 Years Before Columbus." 75 cts.

"The Lover of Souls." Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Eugene Groulx, of the archdiocese of Ottawa; and Rev. Dennis O'Flynn, archdiocese of New York.

Mr. Andrew Glover, of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. J. E. Dunavon, Kansas City, Mo.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Dunavon, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Robert Hampson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Moore and Mrs. Margaret Garvey, New York; Mr. William Kaufmann, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss G. Doherty, Winchester, Mass.; Mrs. T. M. Smith, San José, Cal.; Mr. Peter Dogherthy, Capitan, S. America; and Mr. F. Reuille, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Angels' Lullaby.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

SLEEP, Mary, on thy mother's breast!
Sleep, Happiest and Hollest!

The time is long till Bethlehem
And Nazareth—God thinks of them,—
Thine eyes the first His eyes shall see;
Sleep, Blessèd One! He loveth thee!

Sleep, Mary, on thy mother's breast!
Sleep, Tenderest and Mournfullest!
The time is long till sorrow's sword
Shall wound thee with thy Son and Lord,—
Thine eyes the last His eyes shall see;
Sleep, Grieved One! He loveth thee!

Lourdes and One of Last Year's Miracles.

IF in the whole wide world there is one spot whereat, more conclusively than at any other, the bankruptcy of science with which Brunetière has taunted the oracular materialists of the age, is made manifest and glaring, that spot is Lourdes. The famous Grotto of Massabielle is a constant eyesore to the enemies, scientific or other, not merely of Catholicism but of any religious system, because it is a permanent, obvious, and irrefragable proof of the existence of that supernaturalism which such enemies deny. The recent exploitation of the trumped-up charges which M. de Bonnefon has seen fit to make against the most wonderful of Our Lady's shrines—that Lourdes is a hotbed of infection, and that

pilgrimages thereto are a menace to the public health, etc.,—is merely the desperate resort of impotent antagonists to storm by the foulest of means a position which years of beleaguering by all other possible methods have shown to be absolutely impregnable. Of the charges themselves (notwithstanding the importance constructively given to them by their editorial discussion in American papers, which ought to know enough to look with suspicion on present-day Parisian dispatches about religious matters), any one who has visited Lourdes and is at all conversant with conditions there will be tempted to say, with Prince Henry to Falstaff: "These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

In so far, however, as this latest organized attack has riveted public attention on the Pyrenean shrine, and reawakened cosmopolitan interest in the prodigies that are everyday occurrences on the banks of the Gave, it may really work for ultimate good. In any case, it will justify our mentioning here some of the most recent conclusions arrived at by competent investigators of the Lourdes miracles, and may perhaps warrant a summarized narrative of one specific cure which was effected at the Grotto just a year ago, and which we do not remember having seen referred to at any considerable length in such of our exchanges as are published in English.

The latest important contribution

to the literature of Lourdes to attract our attention is a study in the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* (July 1, 1906). The writer is Abbé Georges Bertrin, a distinguished professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and the author of an authoritative work on 'The Critical History of the Events at Lourdes.' In this supplementary study Abbé Bertrin maintains, and readers open to conviction will add, *proves*: first, that the reality of the cures operated at Lourdes is nowadays called in question only by superficial minds; secondly, that the number of such cures officially recognized is considerable; and, finally, that "suggestion," which, as is well known, limits itself to nervous maladies only, and which works slowly and progressively, can not explain so many cures of organic diseases that are remedied instantaneously. The Abbé cites in conclusion the statement of Dr. Vergez, of the Faculty of Montpellier, who has for a full quarter of a century made a very close study of the occurrences at Lourdes. "I am asked," says Dr. Vergez, "what I have seen at Lourdes. Two words will suffice for answer: through the examination of the most authentic facts altogether beyond the competency of science and of art, I have seen, I have touched work that is divine, the miraculous."

Apropos of "suggestion," or "auto-suggestion," as an explanation of the wonders wrought by Our Lady at Lourdes, it is pertinent to quote here the candid declaration of Dr. Bernheim in his work on *Hypnotisme, Suggestion, etc.* (p. 502): "Suggestion addresses itself directly *not to the lesion but to the functional trouble*. It can, the organic state permitting, assuage suffering, restore sleep or the appetite, augment the motive power, re-establish sensibility and suspended movement, suppress spasms, cramps, and nervous agony, and regulate divers functions.... But suggestion does not kill microbes,

it does not do away with tubercles, it does not cicatrize ulcers of the stomach."

Quite in line with the conclusions of Abbé Bertrin, and with those inferentially to be drawn from the statement of Dr. Vergez, is the following argument put forward by the late Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., in his "Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, and Its Miracles":

"In our investigation we shall have three different questions to examine:

"1. Can we find among the various cures wrought at Lourdes instances which are absolutely inexplicable on any other hypothesis except that of a miracle?

"2. In those cures which might possibly seem to be explicable in other ways, is there any special characteristic that renders such explanation inadmissible?

"3. Is the number of cures of an extraordinary kind sufficient to remove all possibility of fraud or of mere imagination, or of any other natural solution of the effects produced?

"If we can answer the first of these three questions in the affirmative, the reality of the miraculous character of the power that is at work at Lourdes will be sufficiently established. At the same time, if there were only one or two or even half a dozen such apparent miracles, standing alone and unaccompanied by a vast number of other cases which may possibly be explicable on natural grounds, we should be justified in regarding such exceptional cases with considerable suspicion. We should call them freaks of nature, and should look out for parallels to them (though we should look in vain) in the course of medical or other ordinary experience. We should say that they were very wonderful, and that we were completely puzzled by them, and could not understand or explain them; but when we had said this and exclaimed, 'Very extraordinary indeed!' we should shake

off the impression that they made, if they stood alone as singular phenomena. But if, on the contrary, these absolutely inexplicable facts were accompanied by a crowd of others, not perhaps absolutely inexplicable, but yet so difficult to explain by any natural laws as to afford a very strong presumption that they were miraculous, the proof would be not a little strengthened.

"If, moreover, there be added to these a further set of facts, which could indeed be explained naturally, and to which certain parallels might be adduced from the confessedly natural order, but which were nevertheless very wonderful and extraordinary when regarded in their collective entirety, then we assert that any man of sober sense, free from pre-existing prejudice and from any conscious or unconscious determination not to believe, would accept those various facts as containing among them many true and genuine miracles. He would divide such facts into three classes: (1) Those undoubtedly supernatural. (2) Those probably supernatural, but not so clearly above the powers of nature as to enable us to found an argument upon them in themselves. This class would be valuable as affording evidence or confirmation of the reality of the miracles belonging to the first class, but would have no other value. (3) Those which might indeed be explained on purely natural grounds, but which nevertheless, by reason of some curious coincidence or concurrent circumstances, assume a quasi-supernatural character."

Of cures of the first class, those that were undoubtedly supernatural, THE AVE MARIA readers do not need to be reminded of Francis Macary, the cabinetmaker of Lavaur, of Pierre de Rudder, and of the "Lupus of Metz,"—to mention only a few of the more notable historical prodigies that have glorified Our Lady and nonplussed the devotees of agnostic science. Whether

or not those readers will place in the same class the case of Marie Thérèse Noblet which we are about to relate, we know not; but we shall miss our guess if they do not decide that it belongs at least to the second class of facts enumerated above.

Marie Thérèse Noblet, who is at present sixteen years of age, was born at Signy l'Abbaye, in the Ardennes, of worthy Christian parents. Left an orphan when six years old, she was placed in a boarding-school at Rheims, where almost immediately she fell so dangerously ill that her grandfather, a physician of repute and an excellent Catholic, requested the chaplain to give her the Last Sacraments. Contrary to all expectations, the child recovered. As she put it, herself, later on: "The Immaculate Virgin wished even then to show herself my Mother." Her health remained delicate, however, up to 1903. In that year she began again to experience notable fatigue, and her anæmic condition superinduced extreme weakness.

In 1905 she took to her bed; and a specialist, Dr. Chipault, recognizing a localized vertebral lesion, ordered her to wear a plaster corset. This contrivance, so speedily did the patient waste away, soon became too large. It was taken off, but within a week Marie Thérèse had to be encased in another corset of the same kind. The girl did not fail to notice that this second one was put on on Good Friday; and her remarking the coincidence emphasized her expertness even at that tender age in vanquishing suffering by sacrifice.

In May, 1905, the patient was taken to Avenay and placed in the convent of the Sisters of the Divine Redeemer. It was the parish priest of Avenay who first conceived the plan of having Marie Thérèse transported to Lourdes. The project being broached to her, she heartily applauded it.

"I am sure I shall be cured," was her comment.

"And if you are not cured," said the Curé, "shall you become discouraged?"

"No. If the Blessed Virgin doesn't cure me, I shall easily resign myself; for I'll be certain that if *she* doesn't wish it for me, it would not be for my good."

So admirable a response from a maiden of fifteen will, at the outset, impress the ordinary Christian as presumptive evidence of her fitness for our Heavenly Mother's favors. In the meantime, pending the date of the departure for Lourdes, new complications arose. Her left arm became paralyzed, her legs grew powerless, and her sufferings waxed all but intolerable. Nothing, however, could alter her determination to go to Lourdes; her sole anxiety was as to the probability of her becoming so extremely feeble that the journey would be forbidden her. "They tried to comfort me," she has since declared, "by telling me that these pains were the last I'd have to endure; that the Blessed Virgin always augmented the sufferings of those whom she intended to cure. All the same, I was very much afraid of missing the journey."

Before setting out from Avenay, on August 28, 1905, it had been decided to make an opening in the plaster corset, so that the miraculous water might touch the afflicted portion of the body, and that the doctors might be able to verify any amelioration that might take place.

Marie Thérèse did not go directly from Avenay to Lourdes. The journey was broken at Ars, to the Blessed Curé of which town the young girl had a tender devotion. She had made several novenas in his honor, hoping for some improvement in her health; but she implored him chiefly to intercede for her to the Blessed Virgin. Naturally enough, the devoted clients of M.

Vianney would like to magnify the rôle of their patron in the matter of Mdlle. Noblet's cure; but she herself says of that rôle: "That he helped and protected me I am firmly convinced, but it was at Lourdes I was cured."

The manner of her cure was this. She reached the Pyrenean shrine in a state of such extreme fatigue and weakness that she herself asked not to be moved from the hospital of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, whither she had been taken on her arrival. Nevertheless, the zealous litter-bearers carried her forthwith to the Grotto. She spent there the afternoon of August 31, a prey to deep emotion and to the most atrocious sufferings as well.

Very, very slowly, with infinite precautions, Marie Thérèse was being borne back to the hospital, when, perceiving the cortège, and thinking that the girl was worse, the Curé of Avenay came up. "My poor child," he exclaimed, "how you are suffering!" She burst into tears, quite overcome. Then all at once she seized Abbé Dieudonné's arm, saying excitedly, "Father, Father!" Instinctively, the litter-bearers halted. Was the child going to die even before reaching the hospital? Not she. Her next words were: "Thank God, thank God! I am cured!"

The girl was actually transfigured; her countenance radiated the purest joy; her arms were stretched up toward Heaven. As usual, doubting Thomases were not wanting to the scene; in default of others, the Curé of Avenay filled that rôle. "Tut, tut!" said he, "you don't know what you are saying. Do you suppose 'tis here on the highway that the Blessed Virgin works miracles?" The truth was that the Curé really thought Marie Thérèse to be delirious. One of the bearers, however, answered him bluntly: "It's a fact, all the same, Abbé Dieudonné. I know

what I'm talking about. Marie Thérèse is cured."

In vain, nevertheless, did the girl assure him that if they would only set her on her feet she could walk quite well: the Abbé ordered her to be carried back to the hospital. Once there, and a witness of the fact that she could move her legs to which sensibility had been restored, the good Curé was rather perplexed and scarcely knew what to say.

The next day Marie Thérèse again asked permission to walk. The Abbé once more refused. "That's all right," said he; "we'll see about it later." Even he, however, had to give in to the evidence of his senses. The girl smiled, walked, ate, and slept like a person in normal health. Later on, she slyly remarked to Abbé Dieudonné: "How can you expect me to obey you, who forbade me to obey the Blessed Virgin?"

Finally, Dr. Boissarie and the other physicians of the Board of Medical Verifications pronounced the cure to be perfect. The plaster corset was broken, and not a trace of the malady was visible. Meeting shortly afterward Canon Bonnaire, director of the pilgrimage from Rheims, Dr. Boissarie said to him:

"So 'tis to you that this girl belongs, eh? Well, you may congratulate yourself."

"I do, of course," replied the Canon. "But is the cure a sure thing?"

"Oh, yes, altogether certain!" rejoined the Doctor.

Writing on July 11, this year, the Curé of Avenay said: "The health of Marie Thérèse continues to be perfect. She will return to Lourdes this year to make her thanksgiving."

THE dearest word in our language is Love. The greatest is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three together make the greatest and sweetest duty of man.—*Anon.*

Serfs and Nobles.

A TALE OF CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

V.

A WEEK later saw the old Count walking around, and, apparently, physically as strong as ever; but his mind was gone, never to be restored.

Dimitri had wired his inability to leave, and then wrote, urging his sister to close the house and bring their father to St. Petersburg, under De Roux's escort; and this the young girl decided to do. The terrible tragedy at Moscow had made her realize more forcibly than ever the danger of their isolation in the country, and the fact that St. Petersburg was safer than any place in Russia at present.

Two days sufficed to do the necessary packing, and the trunks and boxes were dispatched ahead to St. Petersburg, under Ivan's care. The last arrangements seemed completed on the day preceding their departure; and, too tired to retire immediately, Tatyana flung herself, fully dressed, on a lounge in her room. The soft light from two silver lamps illuminated the vast apartment that had been hers since she was a child. Would she ever see it again, she wondered. It was bare and dismantled, and dim shadows seemed to lurk in the corners. The young girl shivered and drew the heavy fur robe more closely around her. Almost before she knew it, the warmth and relaxation, after days of planning and packing, had their natural result, and she was sound asleep.

Hours passed, and still she slumbered. Her sleep, which at first had been heavy and profound, became restless. Was she dreaming of that horror of two months ago, or was it again a hideous reality? She awoke, gasping for breath. In her ears the sound of

confused shouts mingled with the roar of flames. Even as every sense became acute, a dark figure groped its way to her through the smoke-laden room, and a voice, whose every tone had become dearer to her than life itself, called her name.

"My father!" gasped the young girl.

"They are all searching for him," was the answer; "and I shall join them as soon as I get you outside. There is no time to lose."

She could do nothing but yield, though the thought of her father was agony. At the door a rush of blinding smoke nearly drove them back, and Tatyana swayed for a moment as she felt the fierce heat. Resolutely De Roux put one arm around her waist and drew her down the hall in a direction away from the main staircase and flames. There was at this end of the corridor a narrow flight of stairs, that led down to the first floor, through some offices, and out into a small enclosure on one side of the house. Here indeed was safety and salvation; the air was less stifling; and in a few moments they had safely reached the outer office, whence it was only a step to the enclosed yard.

De Roux uttered an exclamation of relief. On the wall hung two long fur coats. Lifting one down, he wrapped it around the young girl. Their eyes met. With a little cry, born of past terror and present joy, she yielded herself to the strong encircling arms that had twice saved her life.

Even joy unutterable could not linger in the face of fire and flame. There were a few broken words—of promises exchanged, of a future to be lived together in some happier environment,—and then, leaning on his arm, she passed out from her father's house forever. Quickly De Roux hurried her some distance from the house, to where her former nurse stood watching the flames,

the tears streaming down her eyes.

"Oh, this is a sorry day!" said the woman. "And no one knows who did it. That fellow Jaroslav declares he is innocent, and he and the peasants are working like mad to try to save the house."

No sooner had De Roux handed Tatyana over to the nurse than he hurried away. Where could the old Count be? His room had been entered and was empty, nor could any one find him elsewhere.

Distracted with anxiety, Tatyana was going to follow De Roux in spite of the entreaties of the nurse, when she saw him come hurrying back, accompanied by Alexis, one of the serving men.

"Every part of the house is now in flames," he said; "and the men tell me they were in every room before the fire gained such headway. They declare the Count is not within. I have sent a party to search the woods, and am going myself to look for him there."

"Let me go with you," said the young girl, to whom the thought of inaction was intolerable.

But before De Roux could answer, a deep exclamation from the man Alexis directed everyone's gaze toward the roof of the house. There, untouched by the flames, with folded arms, and tall, powerful figure silhouetted against the eastern sky, where the sun was slowly rising in undimmed splendor, stood the Count. How had he got there? In a flash De Roux realized that it must have been the old man himself, with unbalanced mind, who had not only set the house on fire, but had clearly sealed his own doom. The flames had almost reached the roof, and the lower floors were a glowing fiery furnace.

Tatyana sank on her knees in the snow, shuddering and trembling. De Roux and the man Alexis, with all the peasants present, encircled the house, trying to find some place where an entrance could be effected; but it was

in vain. With pale, blanched faces, they knelt and watched the fire eating its way upward. These souls, so soon to be one in faith, were one already in their cry to the Pitiful Mother to soften the old man's inevitable pain.

How full of splendor and misery was the scene!—the sun rising behind the snow-clad Valdai hills, scarcely more bright than the flames bursting from every corner of the once magnificent house; the frightened peasants on their knees in the deep snow; and near by the little circle of mistress and nurse, soldier and serf, in their sorrow and woe,—true type of the mingled greatness and misery of the once mighty Russian Empire.

Tatyana's hood had fallen off; but she knelt, unmindful of the wind and cold. With pale, uplifted face, and agonized eyes, she seemed to De Roux, as for a second his gaze wandered from the terrible scene to her face, an incarnate picture of the Mother of Sorrows.

"Oh, Jesus," prayed the young girl, "have pity! Shorten his agony!"

Even as the whispered prayer ascended, there was a stronger current of wind, and simultaneously from every corner of the great building there was an upward sweep of flame. One moment the tall form of the old man stood rooted, immovable, on the roof that had sheltered generations of his name; the next, smoke and flame had hidden him from view.

De Roux and his sister took the young girl to Paris, where she was received into the Church, and a week later she and her lover were married. Then came the news that Nicholas II. had granted freedom of religion to all. Did it come too late, thought Tatyana, to save the Russian Empire? Behind lay the persecution of millions of Ruthenian and Polish Catholics. What would the future bring?

(The End.)

The Dying Summer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WITH what magnificence sweet Summer dies!
And how impassionate her breath grows cold!
How bright she sinks in agonies of gold,
Her wandering thoughts the brilliant butterflies!
How like to Danæ's dew the death damp lies,
Where soft the mists of morn her brows enfold!
How each new pang more lovely than the old
Imbues her face with color like the skies
Where sunset blooms to sleep! O heart of mine,
How sweet immortally to die like this:
Assured of wealth in waste, of loss divine!
To be undone and grasp Time's fruit of bliss,
And breaking Life's great heart with eyes that shine,
How sweet to meet Corruption with a kiss!

A World-Famed School.

BY R. M. SILLARD.

ON the occasion of his Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli's visit to Ireland, one of the things which greatly impressed him was the large share which the Irish Christian Brothers take in the educational work of the country; and at an early date he expressed a desire to see the world-famous institution known as the Artane Industrial School. Accompanied by Archbishop Walsh, he drove from Dublin to the northern suburb of Artane, which is just three miles from the city. The Cardinal was amazed to see the splendid buildings comprising the schools and workshops, and spent several hours going through the different departments of the institution, in which some eight or nine hundred young boys are taught various trades and equipped to fight the battle of life.

Those who would see mankind in the making—youth moulded to useful manhood,—will find an object lesson well worthy of notice in this vast institution. Education, we know, is one of man's necessities. Even the lowest

savage must educate his children after his fashion. He teaches them the use of their hands and their feet, of their eyes and their ears. He teaches them to run and to leap, to climb and to swim. He instructs them in the use of the bow and the spear, the club and the tomahawk. He discloses to them the mysteries of the chase, and initiates them into the stratagems of war. He teaches them love and respect for their parents, obedience to the chief of their tribe; as well as bravery, cunning, order, and industry.

Education is indeed coeval with humanity. By education I mean substantially what is received at school, the training of children and youth,—a religious, literary, physical and technical training. And no one can visit this home of industry at Artane without realizing how admirably fitted it is to serve as a model for practical instruction. One is at first struck with the strong personal interest which the Christian Brothers take in the welfare of each boy, and their intimate knowledge of his character and capacity. This is well known to Irish Catholics, who are proud of these teachers, and willingly bear witness that the poorer and the more friendless the boy, the surer is the provision made for his future welfare.

The Artane School was established by Brother Alphonsus Hoope just forty years ago. Like the revered founder of his illustrious Order, he was often moved by observing the sadly neglected condition of the poor waifs and strays of the Dublin streets. In an unpretentious dwelling-house and partially dilapidated farm yard, he began his labors by providing for some seventy boys. Owing to his untiring zeal and that of his worthy *confères* and successors, and aided by the generosity of the citizens of Dublin, buildings which cost upward of \$350,000 have been erected, and now accommodate 800

boys, of ages varying from eight to sixteen.

This industrial school should not be confounded with reformatories for criminal children. Children are sent here on a magistrate's order, because of destitution, or want of proper guardianship. The taint of crime is wholly absent.

The site is an ideal one for the purpose. It is on high ground, in the heart of a well-timbered, fertile tract of country, and the inmates receive the full benefit of the bracing sea breezes from Dublin Bay. From the outset many of the boys were trained to agricultural pursuits; and, as time advanced, various trades were introduced by the Brothers,—the boys being taught, if they so desired, the same trade as that followed by their relatives; but they were never coerced to any particular trade.

To carry out the training of the boys, the rules of the school direct that the *industrial* education be distinguished from the *scholastic* instruction. The industrial education embraces twenty-two different trades, as also farm and garden work; and practically everything consumed or used is produced upon the premises. In the bakery, for instance, on an average 4200 two-pound loaves are made by the boys every week, from flour ground in the mill attached to the bakery, and from wheat grown on the estate. A three-story building for the manufacture of flour is fully equipped with modern machinery.

Here we see the old or stone system, and the new or the American patent roller system. The various machines—fourteen in number—are perfectly automatic in their action. From the time the wheat enters the first machine (the stones) to be crushed, it requires little attention until it has passed through the whole system and emerges from four shoots, in four different

grades—viz., flour, sharp, pollard, and bran. The progress of the milling may be observed by the boys at each machine as the grain passes through. The motive power is supplied by a thirteen horse-power gas engine. The wheat is kiln-dried, ground, and as completely dealt with as at any mill in the country. The average quantity annually ground is about two thousand barrels. The ordinary number of boys at this trade is ten. These are instructed by an experienced foreman and two assistants.

Another most important section of this beehive is the weaving department. Here are manufactured the tweeds and other fabrics for the use of the boys. As a rule eight of them daily receive instruction at this trade, which is one of the most time-honored industries in Ireland. The lads are not only taught weaving, but the good Brothers take exceptional pains in teaching them the method of warping and beaming. In the show-case attached to this department may be seen specimens of work done by the boys. These include patterns of tweed, serge, stair carpets, travelling rugs and wraps, blankets, quilts, and flannels. Another case shows materials which, though not manufactured in the school, are not of less importance to the young weavers. This comprises silk in all its stages, from the silkworm's eggs to the finished cloth; flax, from the rough straw to the finest cambric; also wool in all its stages.

No expense has been spared to make the equipment in all the departments as complete as possible. In the cabinet-making shop, some excellent specimens of the usual articles of household furniture in white wood are made by the boys, superintended by a competent foreman, who frequently goes among them, points out their mistakes and how to avoid them.

Turnery is also an important feature of this shop. In the painting, deco-

rating and glazing shop, a dozen or so boys are given a lesson each morning in graining. All the ordinary woods, such as oak, birch, maple, and mahogany, are imitated. One of these is selected for a morning's lesson, during which each boy in the class gets his turn at the brush. From time to time a competition in painting and graining is arranged amongst the lads. The earnestness and anxiety to excel on the part of the juvenile painters are well calculated to produce good results. By this means a standard of efficiency and self-confidence is secured.

In the carpenters' and joiners' work-room it is most interesting to see how the junior boys are employed at unimportant repairs, and tending the foreman and grown boys. The little fellows are encouraged to utilize waste pieces of wood for the purpose of practice at planing, jointing, and making toy articles of their own fancy, tending to train the hand and eye and make them dexterous in the use of tools.

Attached to this department is the shop for cartwrights and wheelwrights. Here is the usual machinery—wood-lathes, circular and patent hand-saws, and a sawmill fitted up with the most modern type of high-speed, horizontal log-sawing machine with self-acting carriage. This admirably designed machine turns out a maximum of work with a minimum of labor. Everything about it is so well adjusted that a boy of ordinary intelligence can control it, and cut the largest logs into any desired scantlings. One special advantage is that all shapes and sizes of crooked timber may be cut with equal ease as straight logs. A great deal of timber can thus be utilized which formerly had to be cast aside for firewood.

The shop is furnished with specimens of rare and common woods from all parts of the world. A portion of each specimen is polished and another portion is plain, showing different effects.

A card attached to each gives English and botanical names and derivation, the purpose for which the wood is suited, the place of origin, and whether the tree it represents is deciduous or evergreen. The museum case here is exceptionally instructive and attractive.

So also is the show-case in the tin-smith shop, containing various articles made by the boys; and to each exhibit is attached the name of the boy who made it. The workers in this shop have considerable scope and opportunities of gaining a practical knowledge of plumbing, as they assist the foremen in the extensions and repairs of the roofs, the sanitary fittings, and the gas and water pipes belonging to the institution.

Between fifty and sixty boys are engaged in the tailoring department. All hands are busy here, making and repairing the clothes for the entire school. In the boot and shoe workshop, the making and repairing of boots for the children and the rest of the staff occupies almost all the time of the fifty boys engaged. The quality of the work done in these two important workshops is excellent; and if a boy, on being apprenticed to a tailor or shoemaker, is asked what he can do, he has only to show his own clothes and boots.

The most interesting and certainly the most useful and important department of the institution is the juvenile work-room. Here we have about one hundred and fifty little fellows who are being taught practical "hand-and-eye" work. The room is spacious and lofty. Fret-saw work, leather mat making, bead making, hearth-rug making, crochet work, as well as stocking "darning" and the "patching" of clothes, are systematically taught. There are also quite a number of sewing machines, knitting machines, and machines for making braces. What is known as the "dual system" is in operation here,—

that is, the boys who understand the various machines have each a younger boy in training, to take his teacher's place as soon as the time comes for the latter to be advanced. By this method the boys for a period of two years receive the most varied hand-and-eye training.

Such boys as have no taste or claim for a trade are generally trained as gardeners or farm hands. One of the Brothers directs all farm arrangements. He is assisted by a steward and a number of men. About eighty boys are engaged at farm work, and about twelve at gardening. Many of those on the farm work for only a few hours during the day, but those who have attained their fourteenth year give six hours to the labor. A very instructive botanical section adjoins the garden plot. For the information of the boys, various experiments are here tried, especially with regard to potato growing,—different seeds tested, and in different ways. Here also are seen different kinds of grasses, useful and useless grass seeds; samples of artificial manures; the elements of plant life, organic and inorganic; as well as the various kinds of veterinary medicines.

The stables and cow-houses are very superior buildings. Forty milch cows have to be attended to, and a well-appointed slaughter house in connection with the farm is managed by a butcher and some assistants. The poultry farm is a veritable "chickens' paradise." It is four acres in extent, and contains many hundreds of fowls—ducks, geese, and so forth. The water for the duck pond is supplied by means of a windmill from an extensive river in the vicinity.

We have now run through the industrial section of this noble institution, in which the boys are taught to regard labor as a *duty*, to take kindly to it, and persevere at it.

The scholastic instruction consists of reading, spelling, writing, the elements

of history, geography, money matters, drawing, and geometry. Eleven school-rooms accommodate all the pupils. Once a year a Government Inspector of Industrial Schools spends about ten days here in the annual examination. In his report for the year 1905 I notice this passage: "It is satisfactory to have to record that each successive year shows an improvement in the methods employed for training the children at Artane, and that most of the schools have already attained a high level of efficiency in the manner in which the training is carried out. The several trades are well taught; and, as a result of the training they receive, little difficulty is experienced in securing places for the lads when they leave school."

Whilst the boys are afforded every facility regarding their moral and industrial training, their physical development is by no means neglected. A very extensive playground, with a fine gymnasium, is provided. Large fields are likewise at the disposal of the boys for all manner of games, and they are trained to dumb-bell and bar-bell drill. Several classes are taught dancing. The spirit of discipline and obedience, inculcated with their general training, shows itself to great advantage in the playground and recreation hall. Indoor entertainments for the amusement of the children are well provided for. The concert hall is a splendid room, one hundred feet long. It is tastefully decorated by the painter-boys themselves. The theatre is a larger building, and accommodates thirteen hundred persons. The scenery and decorations here are also the work of the boys.

The revered founder very properly regarded vocal and instrumental music as essential factors in the curriculum of the school; hence from the beginning he secured the services of efficient musical professors. For the past twenty-five

years the Artane Band has held a foremost position in public estimation. About one hundred boys are taught instrumental music in connection with the bands,—string band, brass and reed band, and fife and drum band.

The three most important departments in an institution of this kind—the refectory, the dormitory, and the infirmary—are models in every sense of the word. Cleanliness, comfort, and cheerfulness characterize the whole place.

The staff consists of twenty-seven Christian Brothers, nine assistant teachers, and twenty-eight experienced workmen, many of whom were educated at the school. There are also eighteen farm and garden laborers, with over fifty boys in training. The usual daily routine is: Officers rise at 5 a. m., boys at 5.30. School from 6 to 7. Seniors then go to their various trades and duties. Juniors remain in school till 7.30. Breakfast at 8. Inspection of the whole establishment at 9. Shortly after 9 all repair to their occupations for the day. Recess at noon. Dinner, 2 p. m. Work at trades till 5, when both Seniors and Juniors attend school. Supper at 8. All retire before 9.

The beautiful chapel attached to the institution is a gem of good taste, and elicited warm praise from Cardinal Vannutelli on the occasion of his visit. The decorations are the work of the Artane painter-boys and their skilful foremen; while the altar, of Cecilian marble, the organ, and the Stations of the Cross are the work of Dublin artists.

In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to say that the boys receive excellent instruction in every branch of Catholic doctrine; for nowhere is true Catholic education more zealously and accurately imparted than in the schools under the charge of the Irish Christian Brothers.

SENTIMENTS sway men, ideas sway humanity.—*Guizot.*

The Whip-Minder.

BY E. M. WALKER.

I.

THOSE who visited Covent Garden Market a year or two ago, during the busy hours of the day, must often have noticed a quaint little figure seated between King Street and Henrietta Street, a bundle of whips under her arm. It is not a very lucrative profession, that of whip-minding, considering the responsibilities attached to it; but still one can manage to make a living out of it at a pinch. Of course one has to be economical. I should be sorry to say how many years Mrs. Gregg's old brown skirt had seen; it was of a tough, enduring fibre, calculated to resist successfully the most inclement weather. Her bonnet was still more ancient; and it was impossible to tell what had once been the color of the shawl that was fastened so neatly across her breast by a large, rusty safety-pin.

Mrs. Gregg was a celebrity in her way, and it once fell to my lot to interview her. I hope I was not rude enough to scrutinize her attire too closely; but doubtless she remarked my discreet glances, for she said apologetically: "I've got to that age now as it don't seem worth while buying anything new." Yet she was not so very old when she died: only seventy-three,—but thereby hangs a tale.

She had a pretty pink-and-white complexion for an old woman who lived in a den of a room not half a mile from Drury Lane; and she was scrupulously clean. She used to rise very early in the morning, sweep and tidy her room; and then, after a very light breakfast (often nothing more than a drink of water and a crust of bread), she would sally out to her day's work. Sometimes, between ten

and eleven o'clock, she would treat herself to a cup of coffee at the stall, and even, occasionally, to a stale bun. She would mind a whip a whole day for a penny, and there were some skinflints hard-hearted enough to bargain her down to a halfpenny. Others, again, would keep her hanging about till six or seven in the evening, and then drive off, regretting that they had no change. One or two of her clients contracted with her for a fixed sum a week; and these, on the whole, were the most satisfactory; for the money came in handy on a Saturday for the rent, and rents are high in Drury Lane. If she allowed a whip to be stolen, she had of course to make it good; but this rarely happened, for she was a very careful old lady; and, moreover, I think that even the loafers came to respect her, and would not willingly have done her an ill turn. At dinner time she would produce another crust from her basket; and often she would have with it a bit of raw carrot or turnip, plenty of which she could get for the asking. It must be confessed that she was very thin; indeed, it was wonderful how she managed to keep body and soul together.

On Sunday you might have supposed that Mrs. Gregg would take advantage of the day's rest to lie in bed, but not a bit of it! Certainly she did not get up quite so early, but, all the same, she was astir in good time. After her Sunday morning cup of tea (a great treat), she proceeded to wash and dress herself. Her holiday attire was kept, during the week, carefully folded in a clean cloth, in a brown tin box under her bed. Every seventh day she drew it forth, shook it out admiringly, and donned it with pride. It consisted of a very old black silk skirt, and a bodice profusely trimmed with jet ornaments. Ancient though it was, strange and antiquated though its

shape, it transformed Mrs. Gregg into a highly respectable, proper old lady of the lower middle classes,—the sort of old lady whom an omnibus conductor addresses as “Mum,” and rescues with respectful officiousness from a wavering position on his step. Not that Mrs. Gregg often rode in omnibuses. Only when it was very wet did she feel justified in climbing into one of the yellow vehicles that run to the north of London.† Generally she walked,—and a long walk it seemed to one who took such little, trotting steps.

In North London lived her married son,—a big, plump, rosy-cheeked fellow, with by no means a bad heart. Unfortunately, he did not possess much strength of character, and allowed himself to be ruled, often against his own better judgment, by his wife. They kept a little miscellaneous shop where you could buy cooked ham, tinned provisions of all sorts, note-books, cottons, hairpins, candles, and so forth; and, of course, sweets. In these last they did a roaring trade; but, as the returns were mostly in farthings, they were not exactly on the road to amass a fortune. Still, they were comfortably off, and Mrs. Billing saw to it that there was no waste.

The said Mrs. Billing was a thin, sharp-faced woman, of so domineering a character that those who lived with her generally found it convenient to let her have her own way, if only for the sake of peace. In addition to this, she was both penurious and proud,—probably it was her pride that made her penurious. The dread of failure—an ominous foreboding that some day they would be sold out—hindered her from enjoying the moderate prosperity which she meanwhile possessed. She might stand all day long behind the counter serving a continuous stream of customers; but this did not prevent her from going to bed and dreaming of a bailiff in possession, and the inquisitive face

of a none too friendly neighbor peering out from behind every dirty window-blind down the street. In these days of competition, Mrs. Billing could not feel otherwise than slightly triumphant when misfortune removed a rival from the vicinity; and she had no doubt that others would adopt the same attitude toward her, if only they had the chance. Even in the case of clients (with most of whom she was not on very cordial terms) there was always the hope that some more satisfactory customers would come to take their place.

Yet, looked at from another point of view, these same neighbors were very important to her. They constituted her world, her public. Highly as she valued her own opinion, she was yet sometimes known to change her mind; but from the opinion of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Robinson, the Delareys, the Smiths, and the Macdonalds, taken conjointly, there was absolutely no appeal. Her attitude toward them, as representing the great public, was almost servile; but as individuals, she despised them, and was wont to criticise them severely in their absence. For instance, she declared with disgust that the Delarey children were dirty and untidy; that it was ridiculous, the amount those people had to eat; and that it would be a great deal better if their mother would get the miserable little objects some decent boots, instead of giving her great lout of a husband eggs and bacon for breakfast every blessed morning. On the other hand, she remarked that it was no wonder Mrs. Macdonald could afford to buy her little girls such smart clothes, when it was a well-known fact that their poor father never tasted anything more substantial than a kipper for his dinner, year in, year out.

Poor Mrs. Billing! She had many troubles, and by no means the least of them was her mother-in-law. She

considered that whip-minding was anything but a reputable profession, and lived in perpetual terror lest some prying neighbor should discover how Mrs. Gregg earned her living.

"How you can sit there smoking your pipe, and all the time your poor old mother minding whips in a market, I really can't think," she said to her husband. "But there! It's all one to you whether your family keep themselves respectable or not."

Yet when the poor man mildly suggested that they might now afford to make the old woman a small weekly allowance for her modest needs, she snapped him up with:

"Just like you again! You'd take the food out of your own children's mouths; and dear knows it's little enough they get as it is! You'll never be content, *you* won't, till you see me begging my bread from door to door."

This was another of Mrs. Billing's nightmares. She was haunted by the fear that one day or other Mrs. Gregg would come to them for pecuniary assistance, and she earnestly desired to defer that day as long as possible. Certainly the whip-minding business *did* provide a means of livelihood, though at times Mrs. Billing would remark, somewhat bitterly:

"Surely an old body as wants next to no food could find some *respectable* way of earning a few shillings, if so be as her head was screwed on same as other people's."

It was quite true that Mrs. Gregg *did* live on "next to no food." There was once a horse that did the same, and we all know the result. Probably it was the Sunday dinner at Camden Town that got her through the week. If you had penetrated into the stuffy back parlor on those occasions, you would never have thought that the tidy little old lady in the neat black dress was the same person as the curious old woman you had seen on

a weekday sitting on an overturned basket and munching a raw carrot. And yet I am not sure that those Camden Town dinners were an unmixed blessing to Mrs. Gregg. It costs something to be neat and tidy, however long one's clothes may last. One can not associate with people who have more money than oneself without running into expense; neither can one be a satisfactory grandmother for nothing. Mrs. Gregg had a reputation to keep up; she stinted herself in necessities, and paid the price ungrudgingly. People supposed to be wiser than she are doing the same thing every day.

Great is the power of clothes! Those who make light of outward appearance must be strangely unobservant. Mrs. Gregg in her Sunday best made an evident impression on any neighbors who happened to drop in; and there were moments when Mrs. Billing, gratified by their deferential manner, felt almost affectionately toward her mother-in-law.

"She's a dacent ould sowl entirely, an' has a gran' sort o' way with her," said Mrs. Delarey; while Mrs. MacDonald was of opinion that the Billings would come into a tidy bit of money when she died.

There were other occasions, however, when Mrs. Billing sat as it were on thorns, and when the agitation of her mind would not allow her to feel the gratification she might otherwise have experienced. One Sunday, for example, Mrs. Smith was taking-tea with the family.

"Dear me, ma'am," she said, eyeing Mrs. Gregg enviously, "you be very lucky to be able to go to business at your great age,—not but what it's someways tiring."

"Oh, her work is not laborious!" interposed Mrs. Billing, who had an uneasy feeling that the neighbors were inclined to attach some blame to her in the matter. "It's mostly sitting."

"It is *that*," agreed the old lady. "My patience! If I didn't sit close, there would be trouble at the end of the day."

"And do you get your dinner there, same as I used to do when I worked for my firm?" pursued the inquisitive Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, I do," returned Mrs. Gregg, who was not without a spice of malice, and liked to see her daughter-in-law squirm; "and you'd be surprised sometimes if you saw what it was."

Here Mrs. Billing, in mortal terror of some awkward disclosure, adroitly turned the conversation into another channel. It must be said in excuse for her that she had never been to Covent Garden Market, never seen the odd little figure faithfully mounting guard over the whips, never handled the paltry pile of coppers at the end of the day, or tried the taste of raw carrot and turnip for dinner. Like many of her betters, Mrs. Billing often permitted herself to form judgments in matters about which she knew little or nothing.

Happiness is apportioned more evenly than we think. "He that hath found a faithful friend hath found a treasure." Mrs. Gregg had two, both of them children, and both endowed in an unusual degree with that sympathetic, though unconscious, penetration which we often lose as we grow older. One was her six-year-old grandson, Philip. He was a curious child, dreamy and backward, and somewhat of a trial to his mother's temper. He had long, curly, fair hair, and large grey eyes that seemed to see very little in spite of being so big and wide open. He loved his grandmother sincerely, kept close to her side all Sunday, treasured every little present she made him, and often dreamed about her in the week. There was a touch of mystery about her which appealed to his childish imagination; and, then, he had never had a cross word from her, which means

so much to a nervous, sensitive child.

Besides her little grandson, Mrs. Gregg had another friend, a lad of fifteen who did odd jobs about the Market. He was an orphan, but he was fortunate in the possession of an uncle who had a little cobbler's business in Soho, and who allowed him to sleep under the counter, on condition that he fended for himself and asked for nothing. His name was Moriarty. If any one wanted to know his Christian name, he would answer nonchalantly: "Ain't got none." He was pale and thin and wretched-looking, his clothes in rags, his hair dusty and untidy; but his bright, restless brown eyes were full of intelligence, and he took life as it came, with a certain gay *insouciance*, having nothing to lose, and hoping for nothing. Only sometimes, when he had a bad attack of toothache, did he suffer from what he termed indifferently "the Ump," or the "blue devils."

Moriarty, with fifteen years' experience of the world, had by no means a high opinion of human nature. He had discovered that few people were to be trusted. Mrs. Gregg, however, could be trusted; he was sharp enough to know that. And he liked her for it,—a liking mingled with just the slightest touch of contempt. He thought her a bit of a "flat." Moriarty himself was by no means a "flat"; rather he was fast on his way to become a "sharp." One can scarcely be hard on him when one remembers that he had had to live by his wits since the age of ten. He knew well what it was to be cold and hungry and tired; this gave him a fellow-feeling for the old woman. Sometimes, when he had had a lucky day, he would get her a cup of tea at the stall and carry it to her with a "Get it inside of yer quick, Old Un! It's the scaldingest stuff as warms yer the most."

Many a conversation had the two

friends under the sheltering arch of St. Paul's Church. I do not think Mrs. Gregg confided her family troubles to Moriarty; but she told him endless tales of Philip, the darling boy with the yellow curls. In his heart, Moriarty thought of Philip as of an angel in a stained-glass window; but he was careful not to show his reverence, and usually alluded to him as "the rum little old un."

Once the pair were the interested spectators of a funeral. Moriarty got one of his friends to take care of the whips,—“so as yer should 'ave a bit of pleasure for onst,” he said. They sat in the very last pew of the church, and gazed fixedly at the coffin, black and ominous.

“Queer thing, ain't it, that a real person like you an' me is screwed down in that there box?” whispered Moriarty.

“Eh, but he's lucky to have done with his troubles,” said the old woman, who at seventy-three began to feel the burden of life somewhat heavy.

“That's true; 'e can't feel the wet no more,” replied her companion, shivering in his damp clothes. “But, then, 'e's not up to a lark neither, an' *that* ain't lucky. It'd give me the creeps to die. Seems to me it's onnat'ral. Yet I didn't want to be born,—'tain't worth it.”

So these two, the old woman and the young boy, discoursed of the mysteries of life and death in the heart of Christian London!

(Conclusion next week.)

No reasoning can create faith in those who have it not, for faith is the gift of God. The soul to whom grace is not given is insensible to argument; but the soul to whom grace is given hardly needs argument. Simple instruction is all such a one needs; the difficulties in the way of faith vanish of themselves, and he believes almost as spontaneously as he breathes.—*Dr. Brownson.*

The Duchess d'Aosta.

THE beauty of person and cultivated intellectuality that excite universal admiration in Helena of Aosta, are, nevertheless, subordinate to the piety and benevolence that add fresh glory to the illustrious title she bears. It would be difficult to find in modern Europe a more exquisitely ideal figure than this descendant of the Bourbons. The disaster of Vesuvius recently brought before the world those qualities of devotedness and abnegation so well known throughout Italy, where Duchess Helena is loved and revered as “The Good Angel of Turin.” The record of her days is a refutation of the pessimists who dwell on modern vice and declare that Christian heroines no longer exist outside the cloister. Happily, we have still among us those charitable, noble chatelaines who are thus erroneously relegated to past ages. The haven of Christianity is ever working and ever producing the same fruits. No more striking illustration can be produced than the heroic woman who is the subject of these lines.

When the family of Louis Philippe was forced to flee with him from France, it took refuge in England; and the residence of the royal exiles at Twickenham brought them into close contact with Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. As the playmates grew to age, it was not unnatural that a warmer feeling than mere friendship developed between the young Duke of Clarence and the charming Princess Helena of Orleans, second daughter of the Comte de Paris. Public rumor even destined her to the throne of England, without reflecting on the religious obstacles which barred the way. Prince Albert himself, indeed, did not despair of surmounting them; but all projects of an arrangement failed before the uncompromising attitude of

the Princess herself. What even Rome might yield, she would not herself concede; and so she travelled abroad to make the parting final.

At this time it was rumored that she contemplated embracing a religious life, and also that her health was breaking down under the strain of mental suffering. But it was the young Duke of Clarence who succumbed shortly after he had complied with Queen Victoria's behest and plighted his troth to another. His tender frame was ill fitted to bear the shocks which he had undergone in prolonged struggling against fate. After combating the political opposition of English statesmen to an alliance which might give serious umbrage to the French Republic, he was met by the steadfast refusal of the lady herself to sacrifice any one of her privileges as a Roman Catholic. The knowledge, however, that his affection was returned weighed on him so heavily that, as we have said, Princess Helena left England in order to make the estrangement effectual. Both before and after the death of the young Duke of Clarence, she remained in close correspondence with his mother, then Princess of Wales, and his sister, Princess Victoria, who is still her most intimate friend. As for Queen Alexandra, her affection for the Duchess d'Aosta is such that she makes a point of visiting her every year during her cruise in the Mediterranean.

Many years passed before the sad romance which had clouded Princess Helena's young life disappeared in the invigorating intercourse with the family of Aosta, to whom she felt drawn by a similar attachment to creed and simplicity of life. The Holy Father gave a special benediction to her union with Duke Emmanuel, and the intellectual and benevolent aims of the young pair have made them beloved and respected by the inhabitants around Turin. The bounty of the Duchess knows no restric-

tions, and it has been remarked that the Duke is perhaps the only husband in Italy who makes no murmur when his cellars and storehouses are plundered for the benefit of the sick poor.

Their example has inspired like charity in those who surround them; and the influence of the Duchess, in particular, is far-reaching for good. Not content with devoting the greater part of her revenue to schemes for the better housing of the working classes, she teaches in person order, thrift, and self-resourcefulness to the denizens of those sorrowful haunts of misery to be found in Turin as in all great cities. If unable to grapple with ever-recurring poverty, there is one misfortune which never finds the heart or the purse of Duchess Helena closed. An authenticated case of sickness will draw her as a magnet from the walls of Castle Mandria; and her daily round of visits includes, besides the hospitals, a number of destitute homes wherein languish invalids dependent on her for sustenance.

As a patroness of art and literature, she upholds all that is pure and elevating in modern Italian culture. Her own mind, richly stored, is a fount of knowledge whence many aspirants draw their loftiest themes. The penetrating charm of religious enthusiasm runs through all her words and is reflected in all her deeds. Faith, living and acting, is the undercurrent of her daily life.

Never were Duchess Helena's remarkable qualities of energy and courage more nobly demonstrated than in the recent rescue work in the villages near Vesuvius. As might have been expected, she and her husband hastened to Naples at the first news of the catastrophe, and were undeterred by the rain of ashes from visiting the ruined hamlets. While the Duke supervised the works of clearance, directing and assisting firemen and engineers, the

Duchess helped actively in the work of rescue. With her own hands she succeeded in extricating a number of children from a pit where they were almost buried in cinders. Her efforts were impeded by the hysterical peasant women who clung around her, crying: "Save us!—save our children! We know you, Duchess Helena! God will listen to you! Pray for us!—save us!"

The Duchess kept up bravely during the day. Enveloped in the clouds of red dust, her hands scorched, her cloak rent, she toiled unceasingly, never betraying horror or anguish at the dire calamities she witnessed; so that her presence was a source of hope and comfort to the sufferers. During these terrible days, however, she never retired to rest without shedding a flood of tears.

When calm at length was restored to those much-tried regions, the Duchess made a hasty return to Castle Mandria to embrace her little son, from whom she had never before been so long separated. (This is the child who was until lately heir presumptive to the throne of Italy, and as such, being his mother's son, was already a terror to certain "freethinking" Italian "patriots.") She soon, however, returned to the environs of Vesuvius, where Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria of England came to meet her; and together they revisited the scene of the eruptions, the Queen of England giving a munificent sum to the fund raised by her friend for palliating the misery of the sufferers. It was on this occasion that Queen Alexandra cancelled all other engagements in order to pass an additional day in the society of her friend, the heroine of Vesuvius, the angelic Duchess of Aosta.

B. H.

REMEMBER that what you possess in the world will be found at the day of your death to belong to some one else; but what you are will be yours forever.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Proper Handling of a Timely Topic.

INACCURACY in the use of words is, according to a dictum of Cardinal Newman, one of the worst as well as one of the most common faults of youthful writers. With equal justice it may be asserted that inaccurate thinking, loose expression, and indulgence in a vocabulary of cloudy generalities, combine to form one of the most common distortions of sound reasoning nowadays prevalent on the platform and in the press. Induce the average loud-mouthed advocate of some popular cause to declare the specific meaning which he attaches to a number of terms that he tosses about as a juggler tosses balls in the air, and the untenableness of his views becomes manifest. Dr. Barry, writing in the London *Catholic Times*, punctures the pretentious-appearing but sadly defective argumentation of a Mr. James Murphy on the subject of socialism and its promises, simply by calling for the specific meaning of that gentleman's words. Here is a sample of the Rev. Doctor's method:

Like Mr. James Murphy of Liverpool, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. It happens also that I am a priest, and, by Roman diploma, may term myself a theologian. All these words in common use are clearly defined. But what is socialism? What, again, is democracy? These, the shibboleths of a "new dispensation," bear many meanings. To Mr. Murphy, one article which they cover is, I conclude, that "private" property was never intended to exist. But in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," every citizen has a large private income which he can spend as he chooses. Yet "Looking Backward" expressed the convictions of many socialists and democrats. Moreover, the scheme which is technically described as "collectivism" does not propose to do away with individual possessions. It would abolish private capital, not private property. Under it I may hold movable goods to any extent, so long as I do not use them as my stock-in-trade. Will Mr. Murphy draw up a series of propositions on which all who march under the flag of socialism are agreed? Until that is done, we can not from the name itself get any light on its relation to Catholic

doctrine. For we know that there are Christian socialists in England who quote Holy Scripture as he does. And there are anti-Christian socialists here and abroad to whom the Catholic Church is an abomination, the Bible a parcel of legends, the supernatural a myth, and religion a disease. Which of all the kinds now going about are we to welcome as Catholics and Irishmen?...

I strongly advise our Irish brethren to stand by liberty and the Catholic Church. We do not require to be taught the meaning of brotherly love by strangers to our faith, our ideals, and our creed. The Church rises far above socialism, far above anarchism. She denies no rights, she inculcates all duties. She did not create the social misery which drives men mad to see it. She condemns all sweating, usurious bargains, sacrifices to Mammon of the mother and the child. She declares that covetousness is the root of all evil. But she believes in the life to come; therefore she can not agree with revolutionaries who bound their horizon by the grave. She fears nothing; she hopes all good things. And she knows the heart of man, as they do not who flatter him with pernicious dreams. I commend to Mr. Murphy these words written by the great American, Lowell: "We have begun obscurely to recognize that popular government is not in itself a panacea,—is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so."

The foregoing is, to our mind, an excellent example of the sort of writing that is becoming increasingly necessary in this age of popular discontent, of multiplied economic theories, and of numberless sociological fallacies. As Father Gerard said at the Catholic conference in Birmingham, two years ago:

We need, in fact, a new school of writers to meet the needs of the twentieth century,—men not less thoughtful or learned than those of old, but who instead of folios will write sixpenny tracts; and will write not with an eye to the pundits of the schools, but to the man in the street. They must be thoroughly familiar with whatever subject they treat, so as nowise to misrepresent those with whom they are in conflict, and thoroughly to appreciate whatever there is of value in hostile arguments. They must be scrupulously fair to opponents; garble no quotations; eschew rhetoric, sarcasm, and above all abuse; be prepared to bring solid proof for whatever they advance; assume nothing which cultivated men of the world will not be obliged to admit, and thus demonstrate that theirs is the cause of reason itself, quite apart from any authority of Scripture or the Church.

Their language withal must be thoroughly modern, and understood of the people; so that he who runs—even on the rail—may read; and, reading, may comprehend.

On the particular subject discussed by Dr. Barry, there have appeared during the past year or two several Catholic pamphlets which are effective antidotes to much of the pernicious literature nowadays devoted to the propaganda of socialistic extravagances. "Socialism," by the Rev. E. J. Kelly, D. D.; "Socialism in America," by Father Boerman, S. J.; "The Question of the Hour; or, What About Socialism?" by the Rev. C. M. Van Aken; "Socialism: Its Economic Aspect," by Father Poland, S. J.; and "Questions of Socialists and Their Answers," by the Rev. W. S. Kress,—are all worth thoughtful perusal; and Father Kress' work, in particular, is an admirable repertory of effective replies to the sophistries of socialistic theorists. Of larger works on the same subject, Bishop Stang's "Socialism and Christianity" merits especial mention for the adequacy of its treatment of the whole question involved. One point that will be made abundantly clear from the perusal of any of these works is the utter absurdity of the contention that socialism deals only with economic questions and has nothing to do with principles of religion and morality. And it is a point that more and more needs emphasizing.

CONFORMITY to the divine will is a most powerful means to overcome every temptation, to eradicate every imperfection, and to preserve peace of heart. It is a most efficacious remedy for all spiritual ills. It includes in itself in an eminent degree mortification, abnegation, indifference, imitation of Christ, union with God, and in general all the virtues, which are not virtues at all save as they are in conformity with the will of God, the origin and rule of all perfection.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Notes and Remarks.

That the American Federation of Catholic Societies has superabundantly justified its existence has been made clear within the past year or two, even to those who viewed the project originally with considerable doubt, not to say downright disfavor. The bare list of topics on each of which the members of the Federation passed practical resolutions at the fifth national convention recently held in Buffalo, furnishes further evidence of the efficiency with which the organization is being developed, and of the ever-widening field of the influence it is intended to cover. These topics were: socialism, divorce, sanctification of the Lord's Day, parochial schools, the Indian question, the stage, immigration, the press, literature, church extension, missions to non-Catholics, the use of languages in the Federation, the deaf-mutes and blind, places of innocent amusement for Catholic youth, the patronage and support of Catholic institutions of higher education, the Catholic Educational Association, sympathy with English Catholics, Catholic Young Men's Union, and finally the distribution of Catholic literature.

Were the Federation to do nothing more than to inculcate in each of its million and a half of members orthodox, sane, and practical ideas on this wide range of subjects, its work would need no further *raison d'être*. As it is, the Church in this country may well bless the organization, and the children of the Church pray for its further extension and prosperity.

The late Russell Sage, the multi-millionaire, had an inveterate aversion for vacations. He could not understand why any one should want a vacation, or how such a period of relaxation could be enjoyed. His pleasure was to

make money, and he coveted no other. He lived and died under the obsession of money-getting. Commenting on his sad condition—he was poor in all but wealth,—*Forest and Stream* says:

An office dig who digs voluntarily is as uneasy and as unhappy on a holiday as were those Pennsylvania mine mules which on the occasion of the coal strike were for the first time in many years lifted to the surface and turned out into the green fields in the sunlight. The poor creatures were in actual pain until they got back again into the darkness and the close atmosphere of the mine. The trouble with them was that their whole nature as surface-dwellers had been supplanted by the attributes common to moles and the blind fishes of Mammoth Cave; and they could not stand the open air and the light. So with a human being under the obsession of inordinate money-getting. The loss of time is only one component of the restlessness which attacks him after he gets away from the rut. His nature has become so molded and restricted to the ruling passion that he has lost capacity for finding enjoyment in other things, least of all in vacation surroundings and vacation ways.

At the recent general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, the reverend moderator-elect stated that to him it was "a very sad and a very humbling thing that practically the whole of the distinctively church work done for the relief of poverty, helplessness, and suffering should be in the hands of one church. That church was wise in her generation. Her orphanages, her rescue homes, and her hospitals were at once her 'glory and her strength.' How meagre," he added, "is our record of well-doing! The reproach falls not on Presbyterians alone, but on all, if not equally on all, our Protestant churches."

Quoting these words in an address delivered at the blessing and opening of a new convent, the Archbishop of Adelaide remarked:

I make one reservation. In making it, I must not be taken as challenging the substantial accuracy of the reverend moderator's words; nor shall I, I am sure, give offence to him. That

reservation is of the Salvation Army. The Salvation creed is, I assume, a form of Protestantism. If Salvationists are Protestants, there is at least one Protestant denomination which the regrets of the reverend moderator-elect do not touch, which I do him the justice of saying he did not mean that his regrets should touch. Salvationists have this in common with us Catholics, that they gather the bulk of their adherents from among the working classes. Against the Salvationists the reproach does not lie that the helpless, the suffering, and the poor are treated by them with either forgetfulness or neglect.

The Archbishop, it will be seen, was no less just than the Presbyterian preacher was frank. A good word in favor of the Salvation Army ought to be generally gratifying.

A shrewd business man is Devlin, with his grey eyes and keen hatchet face. How is it that the Yankees have picked up the Redskin type of head? It must be some subtle effect of climate and surroundings. I knew a Yorkshire man who spent thirty years in China. He had a typical Yorkshire face when he started,—and an unmistakable Chinese face when he returned.

Commenting on these words of a writer in the English *Catholic Weekly*, the editor of the Canadian *Casket* observes:

We have heard it remarked several times before that Americans seem to be losing the distinctive physical characteristics of the nations from which they sprang, and acquiring those of the North American Indian. And the remark concerning the Englishman in China reminds us that when the Bishop of Osaka was last in Boston, he was taken by many for a native Japanese. To those who asked him about it, he explained that he was a thorough Frenchman in appearance when he left his native land, but that he gradually grew to resemble the people among whom he had lived so long, not merely in complexion, but in the peculiar shape of the eyes and other lineaments supposed to be distinctly Japanese.

There may be no mistake about Devlin, the Yorkshire man, and the Bishop of Osaka; but our friends are certainly "off" as regards the Yankees. The greater number of Americans, strange as this statement may seem to the Londoner, have never set eyes on a Redskin. For half a century or more

the vast majority of the Indians in the United States have been segregated on reservations. It is hard to understand how our people could possibly acquire the physical characteristics of a race with whom for so many years they have had no communication to speak of. There must be some other way, therefore, to account for the "keen hatchet face" which we are said to be developing. Possibly it may be the result of being obliged to keep so sharp a watch on certain of our foreign—admirers.

There is no accounting, however, for the ignorance of the average European regarding most things American. Only a few years ago a learned gentleman, the curator of a famous museum, requested the late Bishop Gilmour to secure for him some specimens of the pottery, blankets, etc., made by the Indians of Cleveland; and expressed the hope that his Lordship, on his return to America, would find it convenient to visit a brother of the petitioner, residing in Quito! The specimens were duly forwarded, but the gentleman was not informed where they were obtained. The Bishop held that he did not deserve to know that they were not from Cleveland, where an Indian is almost as rare a sight as an Alaskan.

Among "sayings which everybody repeats, but nobody knows where to find," is to be included the celebrated dictum so generally ascribed to St. Augustine: *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas*. According to his recent editor, Father Weiss, these words can not be found in any of the holy Doctor's voluminous writings. In view of the fact that non-Catholic authors frequently quote the saying in support of heterodox opinions, it is some satisfaction to be assured that it did not originate with St. Augustine. However, as the writer

of Literary Notes in the *Tablet* remarks, the pseudo-Augustinian utterance may convey a much-needed and much-neglected lesson. There is the error of mistaking doubtful opinions for necessary doctrines, as well as the error of treating as doubtful things which are really necessary. On this point the writer quotes some excellent observations of the late Father Lockhart, in his review of Pusey's "Eirenicon." After remarking that many had long been kept back from the Church by the exaggerated assertions of certain Catholic writers, such as those quoted by Dr. Pusey, Father Lockhart continues:

This, we think, has arisen partly from their having attributed to such statements an authority which they did not really possess, and from their not distinguishing between matters of faith and matters of pious opinion; partly also because they did not make allowance for the exaggeration of rhetorical statements and the use of words in the second intention. Catholics, on the other hand, especially those who have been always Catholics, are not much troubled at these things. They know that the Church, while requiring *unitas in necessariis*, is most free in conceding *libertas in dubiis*; that there are schools of opinion in the Church, that great latitude is permitted in the unauthoritative expression of devotional sentiment, and that almost any amount of bad taste is tolerated; in a word, that the Church does not aim at creating a dead and soulless level of uniformity, but tolerates great liberty of opinion in matters of opinion, provided her children accept her as their mother and mistress in Divine Truth, and are ready at any time to submit to her decision should she, through her legitimate mouthpiece, think fit to pronounce a judgment.

In the August issue of the *Nineteenth Century* and *After* there appears a more or less interesting symposium on "The Report on Ecclesiastical Discipline." The writers who discuss the findings of Mr. Balfour's Royal Commission, appointed to inquire into the illegalities stated to be practised in the Church of England, are Lady Winborne, the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, Sir George Arthur, and Herbert Paul, M. P. The conclusion of the last mentioned gen-

tleman's paper is perhaps as well worth while, at least to Catholic readers, as anything else in all four articles. Says Mr. Paul:

We all understand the position of Roman Catholics. They believe in an infallible Church, with an infallible Head at Rome, which has the sole right of interpreting the ways of God to man as set forth in the Bible or elsewhere. Protestants believe in neither one nor the other. Private judgment, guided of course by knowledge and wisdom, is as essential to Protestantism as an open Bible, which has its own lessons for the human mind. These, it may be said, are private and personal questions, with which a stranger should not intermeddle. But, then, Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends have chosen to proclaim the contrary position, and to assert, at least by implication, that no one has a right to remain in the Church of England who does not agree with them. If they are indeed the Church, the Church as a national institution is at an end. The Church of England has endured and flourished because it afforded ample scope and latitude for all varieties of Protestant opinion, from the Highest of the High to the Broadest of the Broad. If it is to sink into a small "Anglican" clique, its severance from the State, as from the main body of English opinion, will be speedy, definite, and complete.

This foreshadowing of church disestablishment in England will not surprise any student of English politics, especially in the latest phase, emphasized by the election to the House of Commons of so many members of the Labor Party. A good many publicists think that the abolition of the English House of Lords is merely a question of time—and no very remote time, either; and it may well happen that the death-struggle of the Lords will be their ineffectual attempt to save the Established Church.

Even at the risk of giving our readers the impression that we are something of a faddist on the question of latent life after apparent death, we can not refrain from citing additional testimony as to the soundness of the position taken on the subject by the Spanish Jesuit, Father Ferreres. Asked by a

correspondent about the bearing of the question upon the administration of Extreme Unction, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (July) replies that "the practical conclusion to be drawn from what has been said is that both in the case of newly-born infants and in that of adults who are apparently dead, the sacraments ought to be conferred conditionally till advanced putrefaction has set in."

It will be noticed that not putrefaction simply, but *advanced* putrefaction, is given as the condition which precludes the administration of the sacraments. The reason therefor is thus stated by the *Record* writer:

Whether death is sudden or arises from protracted sickness, it is not certain, even in adults, till putrefaction has appeared in its advanced stages. The apparent cessation of respiration and of the beating of the heart is not a certain sign of death. Doctors generally hold that when the heart has certainly ceased to beat life is extinct, but it is practically impossible to tell when that has occurred; and, moreover, there are some experts who hold that even after the complete cessation of the heart-beats the soul may still remain to perform the lesser vital functions. It is evident, then, that in this cessation there is no certain sign of death.

Congeaed blood can not be looked on as affording a sure indication of death, because there are some who still live—choleries, for instance,—and whose blood will not flow when a vein is pierced.

Cadaveric rigidity is generally regarded as a certain sign of death; but it is not always easy for the inexperienced to know when that is present, since rigidity coming on after spasms, asphyxia, etc., is often mistaken for the *rigor mortis* by those who are not experts.

There remains putrefaction, which must be considered as the only certain sign of death,—not the incipient mortification which sometimes takes place in gangrene, for example; but the more or less advanced putrefaction which is present usually after twenty-four or twenty-six hours have elapsed from the moment when, to all external appearance, death has taken place.

One consideration that is distinctly pertinent to this matter is the inadvisability of embalming supposed corpses until after the lapse of a full day and night.

Notable New Books.

The Valerian Persecution. By the Rev. P. J. Healy, D. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We have in this volume an intensely interesting presentation of an important period in the Church's struggle with the power of Rome. The author wishes to show the relation between these two forces in the third century, during the reign of Valerian, when we find what is characteristic in each most pronounced. While he does this clearly and admirably, he very justly satisfies our demand for a completed picture by tracing the first stages of the conflict through its variations up to the time that he has rightly chosen for special emphasis.

The subject of the persecutions of the early Church, and the difficulties this infant institution had to overcome in following the command of its Master to embrace all nations, has always appealed to the Christian mind and heart; hence a clear statement of what this really meant merits attention and thanks. The opening chapter, on the Church and the Empire, is to our mind a splendid summary of the relative positions of these contending factors, bearing out with succeeding chapters the following statement of the Preface:

The opposition to Christianity on the part of the Roman authorities arose from a deep-seated adherence to time-honored State policy rather than from blind hatred for the followers of the new religion. This view of the subject does not tend to diminish belief in the intensity and bitterness of the struggle, while it brings into clearer light the herculean task which confronted the first Apostles of Christianity in promulgating doctrines which were to revolutionize all old ideas regarding the political, social, moral, and religious relations of mankind.

In reading the volume, we are struck by the similarity of the faithful of the early Church to the faithful of to-day. Side by side with those who bore witness to Christ with a constancy and heroism that we glory in contemplating and recounting, we find those in whom the love of the Master was not sufficiently strong to make martyrdom welcome. Again, we note the sameness of methods used by the persecutors of the Church in her early days and those who are determined to oppose her progress at present. The shedding of blood for the mere sake of shedding it was not as a rule the object of the persecutors: it was only a means to effect their end; and we find this means employed with varying degrees of violence depending on the object the persecutors had in view.

The author clearly shows that Valerian at first directed his aim against the teachers of the people, knowing that if they ceased to exist the utter destruction of Christianity which he proposed to bring about would easily follow.

It was only when this failed that we find a wholesale persecution ordered. History bears striking evidence to the frequent repetition of this way of proceeding. Thus, beyond the value of getting the facts of the Valerian persecution, and the principles underlying it, we can take courage from the implied inference, and learn that the Church will come out of all storms stronger and purer.

The Tragedy of Calvary. By the Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D.D. Christian Press Association Company.

The informatory sub-title of this volume states that it gives "the minute details of Christ's life, from Palm Sunday morning till the Resurrection and Ascension,"—the said details being taken from prophecy, history, revelations, and ancient writings. In the author's preface we are told that, "to combine all known about Christ in one complete story, we [have] read the Lives of Christ in different languages, Jewish literature, histories of His time, revelations of the saints, prophets of Jew and Gentile; searched the libraries of this country, the British and Vatican Museums, and visited the Holy Land, seeking information of the Victim of the world's sins." Thus fairly-well equipped, the author has woven multitudinous threads of scattered narratives into the warp and woof of a consecutive story, and a story that can not fail to attract every genuine lover of the Crucified. He takes care, however, to give a warning to unwary readers and to forestall ultra-captious critics: "The statements given here must not be taken as equal in authority to the inspired Gospels, although the writer thinks them true."

The book is divided into four parts: The Jews at the Time of Christ; The Preparation for the Passion; The Sorrows, Sufferings, and Death of Christ; and The Triumph. It is well printed and bound, contains five hundred pages, and has both a good table of contents and an exhaustive index. An edifying volume for spiritual reading at any season, it will be found peculiarly appropriate to Advent and Lent, when the faithful are especially admonished to cultivate that penitential spirit which is the only congruous attitude of those who by their personal sins have had some hand in bringing about the tragedy of Calvary.

The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary. By Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder.

It is difficult to classify this book; for it has elements of history and biography, with some evident admixture of fiction. The story purports to be a translation from an incomplete French manuscript in a monastic library in Rome. The manuscript which furnished the events chronicled

was itself a translation from a sixteenth-century English or Latin document, and contained in part the life of a solitary named Richard Raynal. This narrative throws no inconsiderable light on the times which form the enveloping action; and, besides the interest attached to the solitary, the story gives a good picture of the wandering monk of those days; or rather of the solitary who was a religious without a fixed abode, and without adherence to any special Order.

There is much of mysticism in the story of Richard Raynal, but all is in keeping with the character and the times.

Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels. Translated from the French by the Religious of the Visitation. In two Volumes. B. Herder.

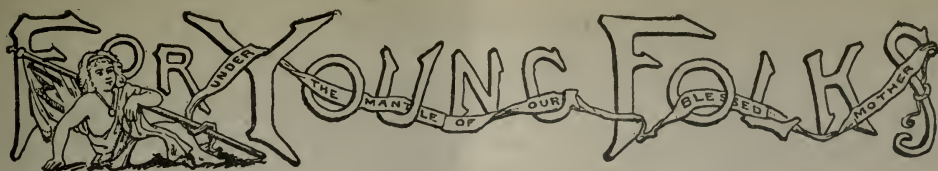
Of this collection of holy thoughts the late Bishop Becker, of Savannah, wrote: "These very thoughtful meditations suit every believer. Their beauty is incomparable, for they are simplicity itself. We have been both edified and instructed whilst merely reading the translation. It seems to be correct, and is in terse English. We highly commend the work, and deem it worthy of approbation."

To this we need only add that the meditations are translated from the French of a monk of Sept-Fonts, and are designed for the faithful in general, though they may be used with advantage by religious. The meditations are divided, after the plan of St. Ignatius, into three points; but the affections, colloquy, etc., are left to the devotion of the individual. The subjects follow the ecclesiastical year, offering, besides, special meditations on particular feasts and private devotions.

Out of Due Time. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

The inherent qualities of this book are beyond question; they are all that make for distinction in style as well as interest in subject-matter and treatment. One's verdict on its merits as a novel, however, will depend on whether the didactic or purpose novel is looked upon as art. Very many will be drawn to the characters so well portrayed by Mrs. Ward in this study of souls, both by reason of the traits delineated and the sympathy of kindred spirits,—those who feel, like Paul, that they are born "Out of Due Time."

Lamennais and Lacordaire suggest themselves more than once in the course of the story, even before they are mentioned by the hero; and unconsciously one feels as if one were reading pages from real life. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's book will hardly become a popular novel, but it will be appreciated and remembered by those who read it.



The Birthday of Our Lady.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

A GALA day, of jubilant cheer,
When joy bells echoed from sphere to sphere,
And sin-dark earth saw the light come near,—
Was the Birthday glad of Our Lady.

A Halcyon day, of tranquillest peace,
That presaged the bond-slave world's release,
And spoke of death's doom, as of woe's surcease,—
Was the Birthday sweet of Our Lady.

A Red-letter day in the book of Time,
The dawn of an era of love sublime
To illumine the remotest age and clime,—
Was the Birthday bright of Our Lady.

The Day of days since the world was new
And primal sin poisoned Eden's dew,—
A day of salvation for me and you
Was that Birthday blest of Our Lady.

The Habits of Plants.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

ID you know that flowers have habits very much as boys and girls and men and women have,—not merely habits of breathing and eating and sleeping, but curious, whimsical habits which seem to be peculiar to certain families? Perhaps you didn't know that some flowers are meat eaters. If you have a sort of suspicion that that's a fish story, I'd advise you to go down along the edge of the nearest marshy wood in your neighborhood and look out for a pitcher-plant. Just examine it closely and see what you find. If you've been reading up on insects this vacation, perhaps you will find an interesting collection already at hand.

However, it wasn't the entomologist the pitcher-plant had in mind, you may be sure, when it put all that sweet, sugary liquid deep down its throat to entice the confiding flies within its treacherous mouth. No, indeed; the innocent-looking pitcher-plant has all the instincts of a bloodthirsty pirate. Seemingly an innocent and peace-loving merchantman, it wins their confidence; and then when they are enjoying the hospitality of its feast it pounces on them and literally sucks their blood.

Fortunately for one's interest in flowers, only a few of them are as cruel in their ways as the pitcher family. There are, of course, a few plants which carry about a poison in their juices or in their berries, or, like the poison ivy, seem to give off a poison in the air about them. Many people, you know, are so susceptible to ivy poison that they can not so much as pass a fence on which the ivy is climbing without having a very painful rash break out on them. But, after all, perhaps this poison is only the plant's way of protecting itself. You know people don't break off and carry away armfuls of the poisonous plants as they do of their more amiable neighbors. Besides, quite frequently these very poisons are extremely useful. For instance, there is the digitalis which you may see growing in old-fashioned flower gardens. Its tall stalks covered with bell-shaped flowers, sometimes blue or purple and occasionally red—for there are many varieties of digitalis,—are decidedly ornamental. Yet it is so poisonous that not infrequently the enterprising chickens which sample its leaves turn up their toes very shortly afterward. But digitalis, or rather the extracts made from it, are almost

indispensable in the treatment of certain diseases.

Some of the most peculiar habits of plants are said to be a sort of heritage from the Ice Age. This is the only way scientists can account for the queer habit some plants have of sending out their blossoms the first thing in the spring, before they begin to work at all on their leaves. Haven't you noticed that the swamp maples are always covered with bright red fringes long before the leaves begin to show as even tiny buds? And the catkins give the alder a gray dress long before its mid-summer green one is made. Perhaps long ago—when the ice coat was receding to the north, the air was full of melting snow, and the sun heat might be shut off any moment,—instinct told the alders that the important things were blossoms and seeds. If they wanted to leave any progeny to take their places, they must hustle along with their seeds. Leaves were only a matter of living longer; they could wait for the leisurely life. And so they devoted all their attention in the early spring to seeds. By and by, as the ice receded more and more, they found time to make leaves too; but they have never gotten over their hurry about their flowers and seeds.

This, you know, is quite the opposite of the habits of most plants. Usually they devote a long time to preparing their stalks and leaves before they begin to produce flowers at all. There is the century plant which we sometimes see in collections of house plants. It doesn't really take a whole century to prepare its flower, but it certainly must fill the hustling alders with contempt because of its slowness. In the West Indies, where the century plant grows wild in great profusion, it grows for thirty years before flowering; and after this first flowering, the great stalks wither away. It is quite a blossom, to be sure, which is prepared

in these years of growing. A botanist who went to Jamaica to study the wonderful flora of the West Indies, tells me a forest of the giant flowers sometimes fifty feet in height is a truly impressive sight. The thought that if he came back next year he would find all these great flowers a mass of dried leaves filled him with sadness, until he remembered the great seeds that the plant has given its life to produce.

Some families of plants have habits peculiar to themselves, just, I suppose, as human families acquire queer little ways which stick from generation to generation. Some plants climb by twisting around any support which happens to be handy. Haven't you noticed pole beans and hop vines and wistarias and honeysuckles, how they twist and twist around everything they come across, and around themselves when they can find nothing else? They are very persistent about it too, and always try to reach the top of anything they set about climbing. Perhaps that's what gave rise to the Jack and the Beanstalk story. There really is no telling where a climbing bean would stop, if the pole only kept ahead of it.

Then there are the clingers that put out little claw-like fingers that grip the trunks of trees or tack themselves on fences or houses. Poison ivy has innumerable little claws along its stems, and they are so strong and tenacious it is almost impossible to tear it away from a fence once it gets a hold. Its harmless cousin, the Virginia creeper, on the other hand, sends out a series of long, curling tendrils, which it attaches to any handy support. The ends twist around and around like fingers. They are very tough and strong, and you will find considerable difficulty in dislodging them. Grapevines have a similar fashion of holding themselves up.

There is some difference, of course, between the habits of plants and the habits of humans. Men and women—

and boys and girls too, for that matter—may change many of their habits whenever they like. To a very large extent, at any rate, we choose our habits to suit ourselves. And we can change our habits very quickly, if we are persistent enough. With plants it is different. They rarely change their habits unless man interferes with them, and even then the process is a very slow one. Some scientists have lately been trying to discover just how long it takes a plant to adapt itself to a new environment, which of course means to form new habits. They have about concluded that it takes eight or ten generations for a plant to change its ways. Now, if humans were as slow as that, we should make hardly any progress at all.

The way the scientists ascertained this fact is extremely interesting. They found a grain which grew in one of the countries up near the north pole, where the summers are abbreviated. Just because it had only six weeks or so of warm sunshine, this grain grew and ripened its seed in that short space of time. Its entire life had all to be lived in six weeks, or not at all; and so the sensible little plant accepted the situation, and managed to get it all in, and to produce a very good quality of grain.

"What will happen," these curious people asked, "if we take some of this grain down where the summer is six months long instead of six weeks? The grains in this climate take nearly the whole six months to go through the same processes the northern grain accomplishes in six weeks. Will the immigrant wheat bring its hustling habits along, or will it be glad of the leisure?"

So they brought it south by easy stages,—first to a climate where the summer was only slightly longer than that of its native land, and later to the country of the long summers. What

happened was this. The first and second year the grain did things in the ways of its ancestors. But the grandchildren probably said to themselves: 'What's the use of all this hurrying when you don't have to? Let's be like other folks and take our time.' And in the course of eight or ten generations the northern grain was acting, in most respects, very much like its neighbors.

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIX.—NILS JONSON'S STORY.

Clearwater and Jonson came over to the ranch quite early next day, with the intention of taking Louis for a long drive. On arriving, however, they found he had sprained his foot and would be unable to leave the house for a few days. He suggested that they spend the morning with him, saying there would be plenty of time after dinner to take an excursion.

"I can hobble out to the arbor," he remarked. "It is cool and shady there. Mrs. Mullen will make us some lemonade, and Manuela will give us a plate of her fine cookies,—won't you, Manuela?"

"Yes, indeed," said his sister-in-law. "Anything to help you bear your pain and imprisonment."

"The pain is not great nor the prison very narrow," answered Louis. "But I hate not being able to rush around."

"Oh, yes, do stay, Mr. Clearwater!" pleaded Rose. "Louis and I want your friend to tell us his adventures."

"Let us stay," said Jonson, smiling at the earnest little girl. "It is so good to be in a home again."

"I am perfectly willing," answered Clearwater. "And, as you say, it is good to be in a home again. Since I have been living in this place, near the

Bandinis and Vladyches, I have fully realized it."

Leaning on Clearwater's arm, Louis reached the arbor, followed by Rose bearing cushions, while Jonson carried the tray of lemonade and cookies.

"You are such a big, splendid-looking fellow!" said the boy, gazing with admiration, at the Norwegian. "Are all the men of your country like that?"

"Not all, but many of them," replied Jonson.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Clearwater," said Mrs. Mullen, appearing solemnly at the entrance of the arbor, carrying a blue envelope. "The boy stopped here with it, as he said he knew you might have come over this morning, sir."

Clearwater opened the envelope with trembling fingers.

"My brother is dead!" he observed briefly, when he had glanced at it; and he hastily left the arbor.

"That is sudden news, if not very sad," said Nils Jonson. "He will now have to go to England. He will be 'Sir Ralph' now."

"A lord?" exclaimed Rose, with bated breath.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Mullen; "but not one of them tyrants and starvers of the poor, I'll be bound. He will be a kind landlord."

"How sorry we shall all feel to have him go!" said Louis. "He has been a great friend and companion to us."

"And as simple and plain as one of yourselves," said Mrs. Mullen. "But a real gentleman is always like that."

They soon heard the clatter of horse's feet hurrying away.

"He has gone to answer the cable dispatch," said Louis.

"How little we know from one day to another what is before us?" remarked Jonson. "Now perhaps we shall be sailing homeward together, as we came out together seven years ago."

"Did you know Mr. Clearwater in the old country?" asked Louis in surprise.

"That is where I saw him first—in Norway," answered Jonson.

"Would you mind telling us how you met him?" asked Rose.

"That is what I intended to do," replied Jonson. "I want you all to know how good he is."

"We do know already," said Louis. "I have never seen any one so fine in all my life as Mr. Clearwater."

"Of course you know the English are great travellers," continued Jonson,—"I should say the greatest in the world. And it must be from the pure love of change and travel; for it is among the highest classes that this passion exists,—those who have the most comfortable homes on earth leave them to endure every possible kind of discomfort. Mr. Clearwater had made several trips to Norway before I met him. I think our country must be the most wonderful country in the world. I have never seen a traveller who did not praise it; and once having visited it, people return to it again and again."

"Excuse me, Mr. Jonson," said Rose. "But how is it that you speak such very good English?"

"That is easily explained," answered Jonson,—“if it is really a fact that I do speak good English. I had an aunt, a sister of my mother, who went, when very young, to England, with a lady who took a great fancy to her. She lived with this lady as a companion for many years, coming home to see her relatives every third summer. She learned to read English beautifully, as that was part of her duties, and she became familiar with the best literature. When the lady died, my aunt came back to live in Norway, and taught me English. She said it would be of great service to me. And so it has been."

"Did you teach?" asked Rose.

"I teach!" exclaimed Jonson. "No indeed! My father was a sea captain who sailed a small vessel from Bergen to Molde. Bergen is the great fish-

market of Norway; Molde was our home. It is a beautiful place, lying on the bank of a fiord, commanding a view of a chain of snowy mountains. All our family had followed the sea, and of course I loved it also. Mr. Clearwater came on our ship from Bergen, and he talked to me very kindly. He remained with us, sailing backward and forward several days; and by the time he was ready to leave I had been persuaded that America was the finest place in the world. He was bound for this country, and I promised to come with him. He had great ideas of starting a ranch in California."

"How could you think of leaving your own people and coming to such a distant country with a stranger?" asked Rose, somewhat reproachfully.

Jonson smiled, hesitated, and then replied:

"Here is a little girl who must get at the root of things. I will tell you, then. My father, an old man, had just married a very young wife,—one whom I myself had hoped to marry. I was displeased and unhappy, and glad to get away. I first went to England with Mr. Clearwater, and saw his beautiful home. His brother I did not see, but his mother and sisters are fine people. Then we came to America and to California. He became aware very soon that ranching on a large scale was not for him, and after a while we thought we would do some prospecting."

Jonson paused, cleared his throat, and shook his head.

"I can not yet bear to think of that time. I will shorten the account of it as well as I may. We were new to the business, though there were with us two other men who had done considerable work of the kind. In some way I became separated from my companions and was lost in the desert. For three days I roamed about, having no food, and only a little water

in my canteen, which I took by sips until it was all gone. On the third night I lay down to sleep in a dry cañon, where it was cooler. In the morning I found some calabashes, or bitter gourds. They made me sick, but they were moist and grateful to my parched mouth. That day the mountains began to dance before my eyes, and the cactus and chaparral seemed waving to and fro and coming to meet me. That night I fell prostrate, weak for want of food, and unable to walk any longer. Once more I lay down in a cañon, and, strange to say, thought I heard the sound of horse's hoofs all through the long, silent hours. It was impossible that I should have done so, but the next morning I awoke from a doze to find Clearwater bending over me."

"Weren't you delighted?" asked Rose.

"Well, no: I did not care to live any longer; my suffering was too great."

"But how did he come to find you?" inquired Louis.

"That is the fine thing I am going to tell you about him," replied Jonson. "When they began to see that I was really lost, the other two men proposed that they return, as it would be death to the whole party, they said, to wander from the usual road. But Clearwater refused to do this; he gave them each a twenty dollar gold piece for their water canteens, and resolved to keep on. 'He is my friend,' he said, they told me later; 'I brought him here, and I will find him if he is to be found. If not, I shall die in a good cause. My life is not worth much, anyhow.'"

"That was fine!" said Louis.

"He poured some water between my lips," resumed Jonson. "I could not swallow at first, my throat was so dry; but gradually it began to go down, drop by drop. When I could sit up, he gave me some more, and it revived me. Then he flung me over the back of his horse, tied me fast, and

walked by my side. How he found the way was miraculous, but he did find it. When we got on the Yuma Trail again, we saw a camp there, and he took care of me for several days. I was almost as black as a Negro; my hands and feet had no feeling in them, and my mouth was all scorched and blistered inside. My lips were parched and cracked. Whenever I moved, it seemed to me that my bones would break apart. Shall I tell you what really cured me?"

"Yes," answered Louis.

"Well, it was watermelons. In those four dreadful days I had lost thirty pounds. After a while they put me in a wagon, and Clearwater paid another twenty dollar gold piece to have us conveyed to the little desert town. When we came to Yuma, I saw a load of watermelons being carried to the station. 'Give me some of them!' I cried; and I devoured all I got that day, and the next and the next. I think I must have eaten a dozen large melons in three days. They put new life and coolness into my veins."

"Did you go back to ranching afterward?" asked Louis.

"No: the heat became intolerable to me. It is intensely warm in that desert region in summer time. After I got better we went over to Indio and Palm Springs. I did not know at that time how much cooler it is down here. Clearwater had decided to go with a surveying party; but I knew nothing of that kind of work, and began to long for the sight and sound and smell of the sea. So we parted, and I made my way down to San Diego, where the Pacific Squadron, or part of it, was anchored, and I enlisted in the navy."

"Did you like it?" asked Rose.

"Pretty well," said Nils. "It has its disagreeable features, of course; but, nevertheless, I liked it. I had a chance to visit some parts of the Pacific coast

I might never have seen otherwise; and, on the whole, I enjoyed it. But I am glad to get out of it, all the same."

"I wish you would tell us something about your life there," said Rose.

"I will," rejoined Jonson. "But I hear some one coming on horseback. It may be—yes, it is Clearwater."

They looked out; but the Englishman, riding very hard, did not stop.

"He is in a hurry now," said Louis. "But he will come back."

(To be continued.)

Antiquity of the Compass.

Although the first reference in literature to the compass occurs in the writings of Alexander Neckham, an author of the twelfth century, there is no doubt that the instrument itself was known hundreds of years prior to that date. It was used for purposes of navigation as early as the third or fourth century of the Christian era, and possibly still earlier. While the precise date of the introduction of the magnetic needle into Europe is unknown, there is not much question about its having been introduced by Arab sailors and traders, who in their turn learned of its use from the Chinese. To these latter people, indeed, the compass in a rough form was familiar centuries before the Birth of Christ.

Mississippi.

The name of this great river is a slightly corrupted form of the original Indian name *Miche Sepi*, Great River, or literally Father of Waters. It is the longest river in the world; its length, from its mouths in the Gulf of Mexico to the source of the Missouri, being upward of 4500 miles. Father Marquette named the Mississippi the River of the Immaculate Conception.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—No. 121 of "English Reading for Schools," Lakeside Series, contains well-written biographical sketches of Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The poetry of the number is Anna T. Sadlier's "A Miracle of Arrows."

—Although sixty per cent of all the periodicals in the world are published in the United States, it ranks last as a book-producing country. Even benighted Russia publishes more books per year in proportion to its population than the United States.

—Lovers of Catholic poetry who are familiar with the charming lyrics in "A Round of Rimes," published a few years ago by Denis A. McCarthy, will welcome the announcement that the same gifted Irish-American singer has in press a new volume of poems, "Voices from Erin."

—Tertiaries of St. Francis, more particularly clients of St. Anthony of Padua, should welcome the useful and interesting yearbook published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Most Holy Name. *St. Anthony's Almanac*, as it is called, is neatly printed, profusely illustrated, and contains a goodly amount of miscellaneous reading suited to old and young. The issue for 1907 is a distinct improvement over former numbers of this popular annual.

—"Illogical Geology," by George McCready Price, comes to us in pamphlet form from the Modern Heretic Company, Los Angeles, Cal., with a note to the effect that succeeding editions will be in regular book form. The sub-title of the work, "The Weakest Point in the Evolution Theory," indicates its purport. Mr. Price claims that his book marks a new era in modern science, and possibly the distinctive feature of that era may be inferred from the concluding sentence: "With an appreciation nurtured by centuries of study of God's larger book, baffled often though she has been, and disappointed many times in the words she has endeavored to spell out, Science to-day proclaims its subject, its title-page, which she has now at last deciphered, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'"

—A contributor of the London *Tablet* pays a feeling tribute to the late Mrs. Craigie, whose sudden death came as a great shock to the world of letters. After reviewing her literary labors, the writer (evidently an intimate friend) gives an appreciation of her character, which was no less noble than strong. "Though Mrs. Craigie did not write all her books with the direct apostolate of the 'Science of Life,' she never

wrote one which did not incidentally do good to somebody. Of all of them she has written, 'They were executed with a conscience.' And she was often heard to say: 'I should never let a book go out of my hands with the feeling that it was likely to do any one harm or in any way lower his standard of life'. . . . When her lifeless body was found, her rosary was in her hand and her crucifix on her breast. . . . She had accomplished, if not all she valiantly set out to do, at least enough to make her mark upon the English literature and the English life of her time."

—The thorough manliness of President Roosevelt and the general excellence of his executive work entitle him, perhaps, to the public's good-natured tolerance of his temperamental eccentricities, his habitual foibles, and his occasionally mischievous fads. Such tolerance, however, is likely to be strained to the breaking point by the President's latest ill-advised action in the matter of endorsing the "reformed" spelling of English. In point of law and justice, Mr. Roosevelt has every right, of course, to spell as suits himself, and to have his dozen or so of volumes transliterated to harmonize with the spelling of the "simplifiers"; but equally of course he has no shadow of right to mutilate the public documents of this country by deforming them as he has ordered. His successor at Washington will doubtless undo the mischief, but it should never have been done in the first instance. Our language is a matter of growth—very slow and deliberate growth,—and the President and the amiable scholars who have deluded him are no more competent to "reform" English spelling than they are to increase forthwith the stature of the average American by saying: "Go to; let us all be six feet two in height!"

—We are gratified to notice that sympathetic reviews of Catholic books in leading English journals are becoming more and more common. Formerly Catholic publications were almost entirely ignored by the secular press, and authors known to be members of the Church were generally discriminated against. Times have changed and prejudice has lessened. In the current number of the *Athenaeum* we find an exceptionally appreciative review of the Life of Marie Jaricot, just published by the Art and Book Co. Referring to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, of which Mlle. Jaricot was the foundress, our scholarly contemporary says:

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith—an organization which now sends its trained missionary priests forth all over the world, to the dark races of Africa, the yellow hordes of China, and the multitudes of Asia, among

which human life is held of so little account, to spend themselves, be killed, or die off unnoticed, except by the organization which sent them forth, and be replaced by others ready and eager to take their places,—this Association, whose wide-reaching work is so much a part of the Catholic Church that it is difficult to realize the void which would be made were it to fail, owes its origin entirely to the conception and initiative of this unnoticed woman. The manner of its origin was characteristic of her simple, unobtrusive methods. Her brother was in training as a missionary priest, and they had often corresponded upon the need of some scheme for the support of missionary organization. While Mlle. Jaricot was sitting over her needlework, and her family were playing a game of cards, the idea of the scheme came to her—the contribution of periodical halfpennies, within the means of the poorest sympathizers, all over France, the organization of the collections, and their final transmission from the local and provincial centres to the headquarters in Paris. She jotted down the details of the scheme on a fallen playing-card which lay near her. When she communicated it to a priest, he at once declared it was God's doing, she was 'too stupid to think of it herself,' and encouraged her to proceed. At first put into practice among her own friends, the working-girls and others over whom she exercised influence (already a numerous and extensive circle), it existed for a year or two on a small scale and with but little effect. Then it began to receive official attention, and spread rapidly—with the usual results. A Council was appointed, on which but one man was in a position to know the origin of the idea; and thenceforth every one—and none more devoutly than the Council itself—believed that the Council had originated the whole scheme. The actual foundress was forgotten—with the more ease that, satisfied with the success of her design, she was content to let who would claim the credit of it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.
- "The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.
- "Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols. \$4.
- "Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.
- "Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts

- "Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.
- "The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.
- "Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.
- "At the Parting of the Ways." Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.
- "Salvation and Sanctification." Rev. B. C. Thibault. 33 cts.
- "Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments." Rev. Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year." Rev. P. Baker. \$1.10.
- "Bridget, or What's in a Name?" W. W. Whalen. \$1.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.
- "A Manual of Theology for the Laity." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.
- "The Confessor at Court." Rev. L. A. Reudter. 50 cts.
- "The Unseen World." Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. S., Th. M. \$1.60, net.
- "Across Widest America." Edward J. Devine, S. J. \$1 37.
- "Lay Down Your Arms." Baroness von Suttner. 75 cts.
- "Cross and Chrysanthemum." Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Gospel According to St. Luke." Madame Cecilia. \$1.25, net.
- "In the Brave Days of Old." Dom Bede Camm. 70 cts., net.
- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.
- "The Witness of the Gospels." Monslg. A. S. Barnes. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Molitor, of the archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister Anna Stanislaus, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. J. F. Gates, Jr., of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Sophia Heinemann, Connersville, Ind.; Miss Alice Phinn, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Anthony Vogel, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Bridget McDermott, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Eliza Ward, Mr. James Ward, and Mr. John Dougherty, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. James Boucher, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Thomas Cumiskey, Dover, N. H.; Miss Margaret Bateman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Victorine Bonway, Hudson, Mass.; and Mr. Ferdinand Ritz, Cox-sackie, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



QUEEN OF MARTYRS.

(Schola art Beuron)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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What They Said when He Died.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

No man is so good or so holy as not sometimes to have temptations.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

FOR many a year, with no complaining word,
He strove with fiends without and fiends within;
And those who loved him best and dearest, heard
No faintest echo of his fight with sin.

But when he died they gazed upon his face,
Which bore no trace of suffering or strife,
And said: "He sleeps serenely. By God's grace,
He never knew the storm and stress of life."

Some Lady Churches of Old London.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

PERHAPS nowhere do we find former devotion to Our Lady more strongly marked or more practically demonstrated than in Old London; indeed, a reliable authority on this subject has observed that "a volume would not suffice to enumerate all the foundations and pious acts of the citizens in her [Mary's] honour."

To begin with, take the ancient cathedral of St. Paul. Here it is abundantly evident that the Marye Mass and Office of the Blessed Virgin were daily said; for we find that, in the reign of Henry III., a specified sum of money—viz., "five marks issuing out of the church of Finchingsfeld"—was set apart by the Bishop of London, in order that "six clerks should be made choice

of every day, with one priest of the quire, to be at the celebration of the Mass of Our Ladye, and also to say Mattens and all other canonical hours at her altar"; which altar, according to Dugdale, "stood in a certain chapel dedicated to the honour of Our Ladye in this church"; whereunto the executors of Hugh de Pourte, in the second year of King Edward II., "gave eighteen *sol.* yearly rent to maintain one taper of three pounds weight, to burn before it every day whilst her Mass should be solemnising, and at every procession of the quire before the same altar."*

There was also an image of Our Lady in that part of the cathedral, called the "New Work." This image was "above the quire"; and history tells us that Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, in the year 1345, granted an indulgence of forty days to "all such as, being truly penitent and confest of their sins," should go thither and say a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave* "with a pious intent, or give in books, vestments, or other ecclesiastical ornaments, etc., any considerable matter thereunto."

Again, there stood an image of Our Lady in Sir John Pultney's chapel. This same Sir John, who had been four times mayor, left the following instructions in his will, dated the 14th of November, in the twenty-third year of the reign of King Edward III.: "I will and ordain

* Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral in London," pp. 18, 20.

that in the church of St. Paul, in London, ... there be three priests celebrating divine service in a certain chapell newly to be built at my cost in the north part thereof. In which chapell it is my desire that one of those priests shall every day say the Mass of the Blessed Virgin for my soul."

The testator then goes on to express his wishes in regard to the solemn keeping of his anniversary; for this he assigned "yearly pittances" to the principal canons, the minor canons, the vicars-choral, and officers of the church. He also desired that "the Lord Mayor, being present thereat, should have six shillings and eight pence; the recorder, five shillings; the two sheriffs, six shillings and eight pence; the common cryer, three shillings and four pence; the Lord Mayor's sergeants, six shillings and eight pence; and the master of the college of St. Laurence, six shillings and eight pence." But—and this fact is most significant, as showing the truly Christian and Catholic spirit of the times—if any of these persons were absent, their portion was to be distributed to the poor.

It is interesting, too, to note that Sir John bequeathed the yearly sum of twenty shillings to the almoner of the church for "the summer habits of the choristers," on condition that the said choristers "should every day, after Compline ended in the quire, go into the before-specified chapel and sing an anthem of the Blessed Virgin before her image there, solemnly with note"; then, after the prayer to Our Lady, the psalm *De Profundis*, and the prayer for the dead.

In the reign of Edward II., as we are told, one Roger de Waltham, a canon of St. Paul's, "amongst many other good works, founded out of his piety a certain oratory on the south side of the quire of this cathedrall." In this oratory were no fewer than three different images of the Blessed Mother

of Christ, one of these being contained "in a glorious tabernacle"; another, in which she held the Divine Child in her arms, stood upon a beam; and the third was a crowned image of Mary by the side of our Saviour, also crowned, "sitting in one tabernacle."

A word must be said, in passing, about these crowned statues. Some writers assert them to have been of comparatively recent date. But this statement is not borne out by facts. Indeed, it is beyond all question that the practice of crowning images of Our Lady was observed in Rome as far back as the first half of the eighth century. We are told by Anastasius, a church librarian, that Pope Gregory III. had built a chapel in honor of the Holy Mother of God, with an altar and statue. This statue was adorned with a golden crown, richly jewelled, and a necklace of gold with pendant gems.* Again, we have the anecdote recorded by Henry of Huntingdon, describing how, at Winchester, King Cnut placed his crown on the head of the great image of our Lord Crucified. Old illuminations also, as well as ancient missals, give us numerous examples of these crowned statues; and from the year 1300, and onward, until the time of the "Great Pillage," the practice of representing images of Mary crowned "had," we are told, "become almost universal in England."

These crowns were often very costly, being made of gold or silver, and enriched with many gems. Sometimes they must have been carved in wood, as we see from the will (dated 1463) of that pious citizen of St. Edmundsbury, John Baret by name, who, referring to the new crown he desires to have made for the image above "Seynt Marie's altar," expressly states that "it must be of metal gylte, or else well done in timber." The great silver image of Our Lady of Lincoln was adorned with a

* "Hist de Vitis Rom. Pontificum."

crown of silver gilt. This image, it is hardly necessary to add, was an ancient one.

It is interesting to note that in 1473 amongst "the jewells that longeth unto Oure Ladye cherche within the town of Sandewich, there was a crowne of sylver and gylte for Oure Ladye in the high autre" (altar). Nearly a century earlier, in the inventory of the eighth year of the reign of Richard II., we find enumerated several crowns for the image of Our Lady and her Divine Son, in the royal chapel at Windsor. There is also mention of "four lilies which are wanting in the crown of the little image of the Blessed Virgin Marye."

Space forbids us, however, to dwell longer upon these crowned images, about which, in truth, a whole volume might be written. We must return to St. Paul's, and to the oratory built by good Canon Roger de Waltham, of whom it is recorded that "neither was there any part of the said oratory, or roof thereof, but he caused it to be beautified with comely pictures and images; to the end that the memory of our Blessed Saviour and His saints, and especially of the glorious Virgin, His Mother, might be always the more famous."* In the year 1360, as we read, "John, King of France, lay down at the Annunciation [in St. Paul's Cathedral] twelve nobles." This, Stow tells us, was for the altar of the Guild of the Annunciation.

Lastly, St. Paul's possessed another "glorious image of the Blessed Virgin," which stood in the body of the church, and to which "many and frequent oblations and pilgrimages were made by devout people." This statue, formerly known as Our Ladye of Grace, was fixed to the pillar at the foot of Sir John de Beauchamp's tomb,—that is, the second pillar on the south side of the nave from the steeple westward. In the thirty-ninth year of the reign

of Edward III., John Barnet, at that time Bishop of Bath and Wells, made a grant to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's "of one watermill, seventy-six acres of arable land, five acres of wood, and forty-three shillings yearly rent lying in Nastoke, in the county of Essex." The grant was made, like so many others in the almost endless list of mediæval benefactions, in order that a lamp might be kept burning every *night* before this dearly-loved and deeply venerated image of "Our Ladye of Grace in Poules."

It is sufficiently indicative of the devotional spirit of the age, that Bishop John gives the following minute instructions: "After Mattens celebrated in the quire every day, and those present thereat gone out, an antheme of Our Ladye shall be sung before the said image, with a versicle; which being performed, the gravest person then present to say a collect of the said Blessed Virgin."

Amongst the many churches dedicated to Christ's Mother in Old London, St. Mary Aldermary was, we are told, "the oldest of all the churches of Our Ladye in the city"; hence its name elder, or alder Marye.* Another very ancient city church, to which many bequests were made, was called St. Mary Abchurch, or Upchurch. Here, in the church, or church-hawe (yard), John Weryn, citizen and goldsmith, desired to be buried, bequeathing at the same time "ten pence among the people in worship of the five wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the five joys of Our Ladye."

St. Mary Colechurch, so "named of one Cole that builded it," says Stow, "is celebrated as having been the place where St. Edmund, King and martyr, and St. Thomas of Canterbury were baptized." Owing to this fact, Henry IV., in the first year of his reign, gave permission to William Marshall and

* Dugdale, p. 29

* See Stow, bk. ii, p. 18.

others to found a brotherhood of St. Katherine in the said church; and we find, on consulting the old records, that this guild was confirmed in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Henry VI. St. Mary Axe was formerly called St. Mary at the Axe, because of the sign of an axe "over against the east end thereof." It was also known by the curious title of St. Mary Pellipar, "in allusion to a plot of ground lying to the north side thereof pertaining to the Skinners of London."*

St. Mary Hill, or Atte Hill, was another famous London Lady church. Referring to its history, we learn that the great festival here was the Assumption; and in this connection we find, in the year 1489, an entry for "ale and brede on Our Ladye Day, the Assumption." It is also set forth in the churchwarden's accounts, 1353, that "John Causton, mercer, left the rents of certain tenements for one priest, and five tapers to burn before the image of Our Ladye at the high altar of the Salutation."

The beautiful Temple Church, which was consecrated by Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, during his visit to England in 1185, was dedicated to Christ's Most Holy Mother; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the grand priors, or provincial masters of the noble order of Knights Templars, whose rule was drawn up by St. Bernard, and sanctioned by the Council of Troyes in 1127, took oath "to defend with their lips, by force of arms, with all their strength and their life," not only the mysteries of their holy faith, but also "the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin Marye."

Another very noted and extremely ancient church of Our Lady was that of St. Mary le Bow; it also went by the name of St. Mary de Arcubus, or St. Mary ad Arcus, because of the stone arches, or bows, on the top of the

steeple; "which arching," says Stow, "was as well on the old steeple as on the new." Time-worn documents record the fact that, in 1469, it was ordered by a common council that the Bow Bell should be "rung nightly at nine of the clocke." This bell was given by one of the churchwardens, William Copeland by name; and in 1472 John Dunne, mercer, left instructions in his will that "two tenements with the appurtenances in Hosier Lane, then so called," were to be made over to the priest and churchwardens of St. Mary Bow, "for the maintenance of Bow Bell." It is from the church of St. Mary ad Arcus that the "Court of Arches" derives its name; because, says Blackstone, the judge of this court of appeal, who is called the Dean of Arches, "anciently held his court in the church of St. Mary le Bow" (*Sancta Maria de Arcubus*).

Our long list of city Lady churches is by no means exhausted. We may give a passing mention to St. Mary Aldermanbury; St. Mary Somerset, sometimes called Summer's hith; St. Mary Staining, in Staining Lane, which lane, it is supposed, took its name from the painter-stainers who dwelt there, though other authorities hold that the word staining, steining, is derived from *stein*, a stone, and hence signifies a stone church; St. Mary Woolchurch, so called because of the weighing of wool in the churchyard there; St. Mary Boat-haw, "near unto Downgate on the river Thames," and adjoining a yard "wherein of old time boats were made and repaired";* St. Mary Mount-haw, also called Mounthauts, on account of its having been built for the Mounthaut family, who had their house there; Our Lady of All Hallows, Barking, and others.

A few words must be written about the celebrated chapel of Our Lady Barking, which is said to have been

* Stow, bk. ii, p. 86.

* Ibid., p. 198.

founded by Richard Cœur de Lion. It stood on the north side of the large churchyard of All Hallows, near the Tower. This particular church of All Hallows—there were eight other churches of that title in London—became the property of the abbess and convent of Barking, hence its distinguishing name of All Hallows, Barking. The chapel within its precincts was one of the most noted shrines of the Blessed Virgin in England. The famous representation of Our Lady at Barking would appear, in this instance, to have been, *not* a statue, but a painting, or picture, like the still more famous and miraculous Madonna of Genazzano, in Italy, familiar to us all under the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

"Many oblations," it is said, "were made to Our Lady of Barking"; and in the privy purse expenses of Henry VII. we read: "For offering at Our Lady Barking, six shillings and eight pence." Other examples might be drawn from the household accounts of royal and distinguished persons, but this one will suffice.

Edward IV., it is interesting to learn, gave permission to his cousin, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, to found in Barking "a brotherhood for a master and brethren, which he richly endowed, and appointed to be called the King's chapel, or chantry, in *capella Beatæ Mariæ de Barking*." This "gylde or fraternite in the worschipp of Our Ladye, in the chapell of Our Ladye, in the cemetorie of Berkyng church of London," is mentioned in an act of the first year of the reign of Henry VII.; and John, Earl of Worcester, is described as being the late master thereof.

In the churchyard of All Hallows, Barking, that holy man, John Fisher of Rochester, was first buried, though eventually his remains were removed to the church of St. Peter, in the Tower.

"He was martyred," his biographer relates, "on Tuesday, the 21st of June, 1535, the feast of St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England. His body, after lying all day on the scaffold, was, towards eight of the clock in the evening, carried on a halberd by two of the watchers, and buried in a churchyard there hard by, called All Hallows, Barking, where, on the north side of the church, hard by the wall, they digged a grave with their halberds."

In this grave, the body of the sainted prelate was placed with unseemly haste, "and so covered quickly with earth." The church of St. Peter ad Vincula, to which it was ultimately conveyed, would appear to have possessed several memorials of Our Lady; for we find Henry III. giving orders concerning stained glass windows,—one with our Blessed Lady in the White Chapel; another, with "a certain small figure of Marye holding her Child." And, again, the King commands the keeper of the Tower works "to have white-washed the chancel of St. Mary in the church of St. Peter; and the image of our Blessed Lady, with its tabernacle, to be coloured anew, and refreshed with good colours."

Our Lady of Graces, near the Tower, was another celebrated city church, which Edward III., "inflamed with love for Jesus Christ our Lord Himself, and Our Ladye His most beloved Mother Marye," built and endowed, together with a "house for the monks of the Cistercian Order."

These examples sufficiently prove that London, during the Ages of Faith, was in very truth behind no other city in the world in practical devotion to Our Lady.

FAITH draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do all this.

—J. G. Holland.

The Story Grandmother Told.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

THIS is a story grandmother used to tell. She had it from her mother, who, as a young girl, heard the romance many times recounted around the peat fires of her native village in the west of Ireland.

I.

It was nearly sunset on a summer evening in south County Galway in the year seventeen hundred and eighty. The wind-swept Slievebaughty Mountains were like a purple cloud in the distance; the valley pastures were azure with bluebells; in the marshes the marigolds shone like yellow ore; and the cuckoo flowers raised their pink faces like rosy-cheeked children, coy but confident. Here and there, among the hollows, clumps of the royal fern stood up straight and slender, like a company of elfin-folk clad in olive and russet.

Almost as much a part of the landscape as the graceful fronds and mid-summer blooms seemed the lithe figure of a young girl in a gauzy green gown, who, with a firm, free step, hastened along the road from the little village we will call Arran, toward an old stone house, whose grey walls and chimneys, sheltered by the shoulder of a hill, were just visible, and about half a mile distant, from the point she had reached.

A tawny setter dog bounded beside her. Sometimes, humoring his antics, his young mistress raced with him for a few rods; or, picking up a pebble from her path, cast it as far as she could throw and bade him bring it back.

"No, no, Turlough," she cried, halting at last, and laughingly short of breath, "I can not romp any more. You must understand, sir, I am quite grown up now, and should walk staidly instead of tearing along as if I were afraid of being stolen away by the fairies."

For answer, the setter fawned upon her and thrust his nose into her hand, begging for one more frolic.

Suddenly, however, he broke off from his demonstrative pleading, pricked up his ears, uttered a low growl, and darted forward, barking vigorously. The girl started in alarm; but the sound of a familiar voice speaking to the animal reassured her, and her face beamed with a smile as a young man came around a turn of the road.

"Ah, Ethna, I knew you were not far off when I was held up by your bodyguard!" he said gaily. "There, there, Turlough, old friend!"

"Down, Turlough!—down!" commanded Ethna, ungratefully.

The dog, with canine sagacity, realizing that, for the nonce, his day was over, ceased his gambols and gravely stretched himself in the road as if sure of a period of rest. For the newcomer and his liege lady had paused beside a wayside hawthorn bush, and Turlough had evidently been the third party at some such meeting before.

"At the house they told me you had gone to the chapel, so I set out to find and walk home with you," said the young man, simply.

He was about one and twenty years of age, tall and well-proportioned, with a handsome, smooth-shaven face, in which the color came and went, showing an ardent temperament. As he took off his cap and boyishly twirled it in one hand, the breeze ruffled his brown locks, making him look less the glass of fashion from Dublin, Ethna thought approvingly, and more like a youth bred among the deep valleys and the hills that she loved.

Though Arthur Gore was, in fact, half English, and had been educated at Cambridge, he declared himself to be, like a few of the descendants of the sixteenth-century settlers from across the Channel, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He possessed a comforta-

ble fortune, was a distant connection of the Earl of Arran, and until his recent coming of age had been a ward of Mr. Farquhar, who acted as the Earl's proxy in dispensing so-called justice in the district. For the time being, young Gore made one of the family at the beautiful manor which Magistrate Farquhar had built in the centre of a park whose main avenue extended five miles from gate to gate.

As Ethna O'Neil raised her long lashes and met his gaze, he exclaimed impetuously:

"Ethna dear, though your white skin and hair dusky as the raven's wing proclaim you a true Kelt, your eyes like the sloes are surely a heritage from the days when Spanish galleons sailed into the bay yonder."

The girl laughed.

"Grandmother tells of an ancestress of mine who married an hidalgo," she said. "He came to these shores aboard a merchant ship in the long ago, and was so charmed with the country that he lived here for the remainder of his life. Before he died, he spoke of having great possessions in his native land. Heigh-ho, I often wish that my inheritance from this grandee had been, not alone a pair of black eyes, but a veritable castle in Spain, to take the place of the dream castles which arise before me from the mists of the hills, and the clouds that come up out of the sea as I look off to the west."

"If I knew your daydreams I should try to make them come true," said Arthur, earnestly. "Dearest, I can not pose as a hero of romance. I am only a plain fellow. My English blood ties my Irish tongue. I do not know with what words to woo you. I can only say, I love you. Marry me, mavourneen, and I will do my best to make you happy."

He eagerly leaned forward to take her hand, for, like every brave young lover, he was bold enough to hope

his love had awakened a responsive emotion in her breast. They had known each other since they were boy and girl together, before she went away to France with her father, and he, Arthur, to school in England. Since his return, had he not been a welcome visitor at the old stone house where she lived with her grandmother, Madame O'Neil?

But now, as he poured out his heart, his ardor seemed to frighten her. Checking the words upon his lips by her startled glance, she drew back, sank down upon the little bank under the tree, and covered her face with her hands.

"Ethna," he began again, surprised but not discouraged; "what troubles you? For the whole world I would not have you troubled. Only say, dear, that you will be my wife."

Ethna raised her head and met his gaze. The unusual glow in her cheeks was something more than a reflection of the roseate light of the sunset, and surely it was passionate affection that looked out at him in the intense and unspeakably sorrowful expression of her soft dark eyes.

"Your wife?" she echoed. "It is impossible!"

"But why?" he asked, with a lover's ready jealousy. "You are not bound to any one?"

The girl shook her head, and, as she noted his trepidation, a slight smile played about her mouth. The flicker of coquetry quickly passed, however.

"No, no!" she protested. "But remember, Arthur, I am, thank God, of the old faith, and you are not. The Church always disapproves of the marriage of one of her children with a heretic."

"It is true," he said gently, "I have been reared as my father was, and his father before him; yet, I suppose, back somewhere my lineage must, of course, be Catholic too. I can not profess a

faith I have not, but be assured I will never prevent you from practising your religion. Father Tom shall have in writing any pledge he may require of me. Give me your promise!"

"O Arthur, do you not know? There is another, an insurmountable obstacle!" cried Ethna, clasping her hands in a gesture of despair. "In this enthralled and unhappy country the Papist has no rights, not even that of choosing a mate for life. The union of a Catholic and a Protestant is still forbidden by law. Further than this, by a yet more unjust and cruel enactment, renewed scarce fifty years ago, any priest who shall solemnize such a marriage is thereby guilty of felony, and incurs the penalty of death. How, then, could we ask Father Tom or any other priest to marry us?"

"A curse upon such laws!" exclaimed young Gore, striking his forehead with his clenched fist in the anger of desperation. "I have been absent so long from Ireland that the remembrance of these enactments against the freedom of three-fourths of her people had faded from my mind. But surely, even as nowadays the priests are no longer proscribed and hunted, and you and other Catholics may openly attend the Mass, so this decree against the marriage of those of different creeds has become a dead letter."

"Not at all, Arthur. You will find it as tyrannically upheld as ever," she answered sadly.

"And you mean to say that Father Tom would be hanged as a felon if he should marry us?"

"Since a few bold spirits among my countrymen have begun to agitate the Catholic claims and are pressing them upon the English Parliament, it may be the courts would hesitate to enforce the extreme penalty; but I doubt not it would be a serious matter for Father Tom," said Ethna, brokenly, while the

tears that had gathered in her beautiful eyes overflowed.

"Then if we can not wed here, let us go to France or Spain," Arthur persisted. "Take some woman friend with you, and as soon as we reach that happier shore, sweetheart, you and I will be married. We will spend our lives in exile; but, being together, we shall be content."

"Arthur, do not urge me any more!" cried the girl, springing to her feet with decision. "I can not go away. You know my father left home because of the disabilities that, until two years ago, prevented our people from holding land, or even owning a decent horse. Having joined the French Army, he crossed the seas with the Comte de Lafayette, and is now fighting under General Washington in the struggle of the American colonies for independence. Before he went away I promised to stay with his mother and care for her during the rest of her life. I must keep my word. Learn to forget me, Arthur. It will be better for you and for me. Good-night! Do not come with me. Let me go my way, now and for the future, alone."

"Ethna, my darling, say at least that you love me!" burst out the young man passionately, laying a hand upon her arm.

"God knows I love you, dear, now and forever! Though I can not be your wife, I vow I will marry no other man. Good-bye!"

In spite of her effort at self-repression, her spirit thus rose to meet his. But when she had uttered this acknowledgment, she broke from him as a frightened deer eludes the hand that would caress it, and sped down the road toward her home.

Turlough, instantly assuming from her flight that young Gore was no longer in favor, warned him by a low growl not to follow, and bounded after her.

The Mother of Sorrows.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

THE Mother of Sorrows, whose heart was rent
By every wound that her Son received;
Her feet blood-stained, and her shoulders bent
'Neath the weary load that was unrelieved,—

The Mother of Sorrows, whose pitiful face,
Deep-lined with anguish and pale with woe,
Is pleading with Jesus that light and grace
May come to all of us here below.

Deep in our hearts let us speak her name
When the Master gives us a cross to bear;
And let us remember, with burning shame,
How tiny is ours, how great *Her* share.

O Mother of Sorrows, our hope and strength,
Be still our guide on the rough, dark sea;
And steer our course till we find, at length,
Eternal rest with the Lord and thee!

In the Land of Saint Fiacre.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

IN THE AVE MARIA for the 26th of August, 1905, under the title of "The Avenger of Agincourt," I gave a sketch of the life of Saint Fiacre, the Irish patron of Brie. I shall, therefore, confine myself now to an account of my recent visit to the ancient village which bears his name, and is so intimately associated with his voluntary exile, and to which, early in the month of September, a great annual pilgrimage is made.

Foulcoy de Beauvais tells us that all Brie once rang with the miracles of Saint Fiacre: *Tout la Brie retentit des miracles de Saint Fiacre*. And, even now, after over a thousand years, his name is still a household word throughout the length and breadth of Seine-et-Marne. Year after year, and at this season in particular, pilgrims come from far and near to pray at his tomb, to kneel where he knelt, and to drink from that miraculous spring,

sacred to his memory, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak. Many and touching are the souvenirs of saintly lives passed in this singularly favored spot. Indeed, it is a question whether any other department of France can claim, as sometime residents, so many pious men and women as this heaven-privileged Seine-et-Marne.

In the seventh century alone, through which the fame of Saint Fiacre blazes with meteor-like splendor, a whole galaxy of other saintly names shine too, bright and glorious as stars. It was then that Faron, afterward Bishop of Meaux, came from the gay court of Clotaire, leaving with joy all the pomp and pleasure that surrounded earthly royalty, for the painful service of the King of kings,—enlisting as a soldier of the Crucified, beneath the despised banner of the Cross.

Then, we find Saint Faron's sister, Fare, and Saint Syra, sister of Saint Fiacre; Saint Aile, Abbot of Rebaix; Saint Philibert; Saint Kilain, kinsman of Saint Fiacre; Saint Authaire, father of Saint Owen, and of the Venerable Adon, founder of the Abbey of Jouarre; Saint Telchide; Saint Bertille, and Saint Furcy, Abbot of Lagny. This abbey was also called "the Irish monastery," because of the large number of Irishmen placed there by Saint Fiacre. And, as a matter of fact, several of the illustrious names I have just mentioned are Irish. The Island of Saints contributed much to the sanctification of the adopted country of its glorious son, Fiacre.

The annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Fiacre takes place, as I have said, early in September, and, as a rule, upon the Monday following his feast. It is advertised for weeks beforehand, and the various contingents meet at Meaux, where the procession is organized by the zealous priests of Saint Stephen's Cathedral. It leaves the historic city in the morning, and, with

chanting of canticles, and singing of hymns in praise of Saint Fiacre, or fervent recitation of the Rosary, wends its way through the verdant and smiling land, once blessed by the presence of the humble anchorite of Erin, the holy patron of Brie.

I had long looked forward to visiting the French home of Saint Fiacre; but it was only within the last fortnight that I had, at last, an opportunity of doing so. I travelled from Paris to Meaux, thus literally following in the path of the exile, who is said to have passed some time in the French capital before seeking his memorable interview with Saint Faron, then Bishop of Meaux.

Notwithstanding the civil and religious wars that have desolated Meaux, at one time ruthlessly grasped by the English invader, and at another ravaged by her own sons, it has conserved its principal ancient characteristics. In many respects it must look much as it did when the noble Irish youth knelt at the feet of Saint Faron and craved permission to live a hermit's life in the neighboring forest of Breuil. Nor is there anything in the hoary aspect of the old cathedral to lead one to suppose that it has altered since the sonorous accents of the great Bossuet, "the Eagle of Meaux," resounded through its venerable aisles.

The famous shrine, in which the bodies of Saint Fiacre and Saint Kilian lay side by side, was for many years in the cathedral of Meaux. While Bossuet lived he guarded it jealously; for he rightly considered that its possession added much to the renown of Saint Stephen's. To preserve these priceless relics from profanation by the Huguenots, they were transported from the grave in the forest of Breuil to the cathedral. When peace was restored, the monks of the Monastery of Saint Fiacre, who had formerly had charge of the relics, naturally wished to regain

possession of them. But all their efforts were unsuccessful. Even an appeal to the King of France failed, although it is probable that he fully sympathized with the request. Louis XIV. was then the reigning monarch. In 1683 he visited Meaux, with his Queen, and afterward dined at the Monastery of Saint Fiacre.

The King, like his parents before him, had a great devotion to Saint Fiacre; so the prior thought the occasion a favorable one in which to make known his wishes. He accordingly complained bitterly to his royal guest of the refusal of the Bishop of Meaux to restore the relics to their original resting-place in the crypt of their chapel. He argued that now, as the religious wars were a thing of the past, there could be no reason why Saint Stephen's should continue to guard the relics of Saint Fiacre, or of Saint Kilain, who had desired to be buried with him in the grave at Breuil. But the Bishop, who was none other than Bossuet himself, was present, and made a valiant defence. He exonerated himself from all blame or responsibility in the matter by explaining that the relics of both the Irish saints were in the keeping of the magistrates and town of Meaux, and that, therefore, neither he nor his chapter could give them up. And there the matter was allowed to rest.

Three years later the King fell dangerously ill, and Bossuet returned to Saint Fiacre, where he began a novena for the recovery of the royal invalid. Robed in full pontificals, he said Mass at the altar of the saint, and afterward preached a moving sermon, exhorting all present to join in prayers for the stricken King. Several nobles and other persons of distinction had accompanied Bossuet, and the party dined that evening at the Monastery of Saint Fiacre. Before he left, the Bishop charged the monks with the completion of the novena. Thanks to

their unceasing prayers, Louis, who always regarded himself as under the especial protection of Saint Fiacre, was quickly restored to health. He proved himself one of the greatest benefactors of the monastery, and spent large sums upon its preservation and embellishment.

Bishop Bossuet, too, had a profound veneration for the name of Saint Fiacre. In the catechism authorized by him for the use of his diocese, we read in the lesson for the 30th of August:

Q.—What feast do we celebrate to-day?

A.—The feast of Saint Fiacre, patron of Brie.

Q.—Who was Saint Fiacre?

A.—A holy recluse to whom Saint Faron, one of our bishops, gave for a retreat the holy spot, near Meaux, where the monastery and church dedicated to his name now stands.

Q.—What is it that has rendered this monastery and church so celebrated?

A.—The miracles by which God wished to honor the humility of His holy confessor.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution, such relics in the cathedral of Meaux as escaped destruction were buried in a garden near the church. But the names on many of them were effaced by the damp, and when they were at length dug up only a few could be identified. Among these were some bones of Saint Fiacre and Saint Kilain. They are now preserved in two glass chests, small enough to be carried in the hands. With them are some relics of Saint Faron and other holy personages connected with the history of Saint Fiacre and of Brie.

Bidding farewell to Meaux, I took the train to Trilport, which is the nearest station to Saint Fiacre. As it turned out, however, I could hardly have gone a more roundabout way to reach my destination. Let future pilgrims learn wisdom from my inexperience. Meaux, it is true, is more distant from Saint Fiacre than is Trilport; but a car can easily be hired at Meaux, which, as I ascertained too late, is an impossibility in little, out-of-the-way Trilport. I

had, consequently, to walk every foot of the seven kilometres [four and a quarter miles] that stretched between me and the object of my pilgrimage,—for, of course, I never thought of turning back. Worse still, the sky was lowering, and everything pointed to a coming thunderstorm. Indeed, scarcely was I well beyond reach of shelter when the heavy drops fell thick and slow, and then faster and faster, till, with a sweep and a rush, the rain descended in a veritable sheet of water, that speedily soaked me to the bones. A thick mist lay over the clustering cabins of vanishing Trilport, and shrouded the distant hills. The yellow corn and blushing vines were crushed and flattened by the relentless downpour, that studded the fields and meadows with myriad dancing pools, and made a rushing river of the solid road.

My pilgrimage was certainly an uphill one, in every sense of the word; and, for the most part, a lonely one as well. Once I met a rural postman trudging wearily toward Trilport; and at long intervals a belated reaper, surprised by the storm, and far from shelter. But these were exceptions to the general rule of solitude. Scarcely a sign of human life was to be seen anywhere. At length, in a very limp condition, indeed, as regards exteriors, but with my enthusiasm in no way damped, I entered the tiny village of Jublains. It is a mere handful of rickety houses propped against a more modern-looking church.

The French peasant is far too well-bred to be personal. Still, I felt that my advent was viewed with some astonishment by the elders of the place, while it created quite a sensation among the small population. And, indeed, I must have presented rather a woeful appearance,—a stranger in a strange land, dropped from the clouds, for all they knew, and taking an apparently aimless ramble in such

inclement weather. I had come out without an umbrella; and, although I succeeded in obtaining a parasol upon the way, it sheltered only the top of my hat, while my arms and shoulders did duty as water-pipes. Added to this, my aching feet were shod in light summer shoes, utterly unfitted for a seven kilometre walk. But when I explained my mission, and added that I came from Ireland, the native land of Saint Fiacre, all wonder vanished, and there remained only a desire to be of use, and speed an Irish pilgrim on his way.

After a short rest in one of the cabins, I set off again. The weather had cleared, and the sodden road was drying with amazing rapidity in the cloud-bursting sun. The corn and wheat once more lifted their bowed heads, and the straggling vine stretched glistening leaves in the welcome warmth. For cultivated fields flourish now where, in the days of Saint Fiacre, stately and well-nigh impenetrable forests stretched for miles and miles.

At last, at long and weary last, patches of dull red, with here and there a streak of vivid coral, peeped through the spreading branches of a clump of hillside trees, and, as I drew nearer, shaped themselves into the tiled and slanting roofs of a group of closely packed and venerable houses, topped by an old church spire. A woman with a reaping-hook in her hand, and a bundle of freshly cut grass upon her head, waved her glittering steel in the direction of the village, and, in response to my inquiries, bade me be of good cheer; for yonder, in very truth, stood Saint Fiacre. I had reached the end of my pilgrimage.

Looking at St. Fiacre from the road, it seems to be, as in fact it is, built upon a height. But, nevertheless, as you enter the town—if town it can be called,—you have the impression of walking downward, of descending into

a hollow. The unpaved and narrow streets appear to have sunk beyond their original level, as if trodden down by the pilgrim feet that came and went through over a thousand years; and the foundations of the toppling houses seem to have sunk, too, beneath the crushing weight of the remorseless centuries.

Turning to the left on entering the village, I found myself quite suddenly in front of the queerest, quaintest, and altogether oddest-looking little building that could well be seen anywhere. Indeed, apart from its historical associations, its quaintness is its only attraction; for, it must be admitted, it has scant claim to architectural beauty. It is as lopsided in design as if each individual inhabitant of Saint Fiacre had had a hand in its construction, and plastered an idea of his or her own into its walls, according as the fancy of the moment led. Its exterior, formed of stones of various sizes and of every shade of color, held together with a kind of pink cement, is not unlike that of some homely patchwork quilt. Windows, some round, some almost square, are set in front with bewildering irregularity, as if stuck there at random and with no regard to utility,—a fact that must have been realized later on; for here and there a window has been filled up with brick and plaster, so that only its jagged outline remains.

I guessed at once that it was the famous chapel of Saint Fiacre; for in a niche above the door stood his statue. And when I reflected upon the tragic history of the old chapel, and the innumerable difficulties under which it was constructed and reconstructed, all other feelings were quickly lost in admiration. That it should have survived at all through so many stormy centuries is in itself a marvel. It may, in a sense, be said to be still standing after more than a thousand years; for,

although it has been rebuilt, its stones are the identical ones used in its first erection, nearly twelve hundred years ago. It is a pathetic tribute to the memory of the humble hermit of Brie, and an eloquent witness to the touching fidelity of the people of Saint Fiacre, who venerate their great patron's name to-day, even as their seventh-century ancestors loved and venerated it in the past, with childlike faith and trust. The history of the church and monastery of Saint Fiacre is, briefly, as follows.

Saint Fiacre made his religious vows in the Abbey of Sainte Croix, to which, by order of Bishop Faron, the oratory and hermitage he had built for himself in the forest of Breuil were attached as a dependency. Indeed, all the territory now known as Saint Fiacre was included in this regulation. The Bishop also sent a prior and five monks to help to start the infant monastery connected with the hermitage. When the holy hermit passed to his reward, these early monks had charge of his remains, which lay in the crypt of the little chapel he had built with his own hands. But as time went on, and rumors of the miracles worked at the grave spread far and wide, the number of pilgrims increased, and obliged the monks to construct a new and larger chapel for the convenience of the visitors. Then some enterprising inhabitants of Meaux built houses near the monastery for the accommodation of the pilgrims. Here board and lodging were provided, and a considerable trade done in the selling of tapers and candles to burn at the tomb of the Saint. This was the origin of the town of Saint Fiacre.

In the course of eleven hundred years the Monastery of Saint Fiacre was partially destroyed, ruthlessly pillaged, and restored a number of times. But it was reserved for the year IV. of Liberty to witness the utter destruction of the old convent. The work of vandalism

began on the 26th of April, 1792; and on the 2d of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, the tomb of Saint Fiacre was carried from the ruined monastery to the parish church, where it lies at this hour, in the little side chapel already alluded to. A school known as L'Ecole de Saint Fiacre now stands on the site of the ancient monastery, one crumbling wall of which alone remains.

A full-length, recumbent figure of Saint Fiacre, clothed in a brown habit and black cowl, is sculptured on the tomb, the lower edge of which is thickly sprinkled with the drippings from innumerable candles burned there by countless pilgrims in the past. The eyes of the figure are closed, and the pallid and emaciated face looks livid against the jet-black cowl. The slender fingers of the joined hands point toward the peaked and whitewashed ceiling of the chapel, whose sky-blue walls are bordered with a wainscoting of brown.

At the foot of the tomb the miraculous stone, also formerly preserved in the Monastery of Saint Fiacre, stands on a low pedestal. It is of a dark grey color, and about the size of the top of an average baptismal font. It is still boulder-like in appearance, although now hollowed out like a basin. Invalids sit in this cavity, and many, praying with faith to Saint Fiacre, have been cured of their maladies in consequence. The following is the history of this interesting relic.

When Saint Fiacre obtained Bishop Faron's permission to enlarge his territory, he was told that he might have as much more land as he could mark out with his spade and surround with a ditch in one day. Accordingly, with spade in hand and the prayer of faith upon his lips, the hermit set to work. And as he advanced the great trees fell down on either side of the way, and the ground, opening of itself, formed a ditch. But even in the very moment that God worked this prodigy on behalf

of His faithful servant, He was pleased to put his humility to a severe test.

A woman named Becnaude was a witness of the miracle, and wickedly attributed it to black magic. She rushed off to the Bishop and denounced the holy hermit as a magician, a sorcerer, and, in short, as all that was the reverse of saintly. Bishop Faron listened in silence, and, when she had finished her tirade, promised to come and judge the matter for himself. Becnaude was triumphant. Without waiting to hear more, she returned with all speed to Saint Fiacre. He was still walking calmly along, the giants of the forest falling in the track of his spade, and the ditch lengthening as he went. The furious woman overwhelmed him with insults and reproaches; and arrogantly ordered him, in the name of the Bishop, to cease working, for that the prelate was coming in person to judge his conduct.

Saint Fiacre was filled with sorrow. He uttered, however, no word of self-defence, but meekly went and sat upon a stone a few paces off, to wait for the Bishop. His humble submission was rewarded by another extraordinary favor. The stone grew soft as wax, and received the impression of his body. When Saint Faron arrived, shortly after, he was an eye-witness of the double miracle. Needless to say, the humble hermit of Brie rose higher than ever in his estimation, and he thenceforth consulted him in every difficulty. As for Becnaude, she became the object of universal execration; and, because of her impious behavior with regard to Saint Fiacre, his chapel was forbidden to all women for centuries after his death. The old French rhyme,

Ni Becnaude ni Becnelle,
N'entreront dans ma chapelle,

alludes to this prohibition. Nor is it unusual, even in our own day, to hear a peasant of Brie call a spiteful-tongued woman "a Becnaude."

Anne of Austria, in 1641, made a pilgrimage to the chapel of Saint Fiacre. She walked barefooted from the neighboring village of Montceaux, to return thanks for the birth of her son, afterward Louis XIV. Pope Urban VIII. had sent her a set of blessed baby clothes for the royal infant, and she hastened to present them at the shrine of the saint. But she did not go into the chapel. Remembering her sex, she knelt outside the door, with a crowd of pilgrims of every degree, high and low, rich and poor.

Among other illustrious pilgrims to the tomb of Saint Fiacre were Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Vincent de Paul. There is an oil-painting of Saint Francis de Sales in the chapel to-day. He is represented in surplice and stole, rapt in contemplation of an apparition of Saint Fiacre, to which he has just directed the attention of a kneeling nun.

A stained-glass window, picturing Saint Fiacre in the act of reading his Breviary, is above the high altar; and to the right stands a small altar in his honor. On this latter a handsome, arm-shaped case is exposed all day long. It contains a relic of the saint; and, on a ledge above it, there is a smaller reliquary with bones of both Saint Fiacre and Saint Kilain, as well as of other saints of Brie.

An altar of the Blessed Virgin is now in the body of the church; and the side chapel is used exclusively as a shrine for the tomb and for the miraculous stone of Saint Fiacre. A chapel of Saint Joseph, with a statue of Saint John the Baptist in a niche, stands just within the entrance, and is separated from the remainder of the church by a door. Indeed, a stranger visiting the sacred edifice might easily suppose there was nothing more to see, till he opens the said door and enters the larger building beyond.

Between Montceaux and Villemareuil

is the celebrated spot known as La Fontaine de Saint Fiacre. It takes its name from one of the last, if not the very last, of the many miracles worked at the intercession of the saint. When he felt his end drawing near, he wished to have a farewell interview with Bishop Faron, in order to receive his benediction, and recommend himself to the prayers of the monks. He, therefore, set out on foot for Meaux, although he was now old in years and ill in body, and in spite of the great heat, for it was the month of August. On his way back to his hermitage he was seized with a violent thirst, but there was no water near. Kneeling down, as was his custom in every difficulty, he prayed to God for help; and a cool, clear spring bubbled up immediately at his very feet. Having quenched his burning thirst, he offered up thanks to Heaven; and, in his exceeding charity for others, asked Our Lord to bless the spring, so that it might never run dry, and that all who drank of its waters with faith might be benefited both temporally and spiritually.

The September pilgrimage to Saint Fiacre always winds up with a visit to the holy well, close to which is a small chapel—La Chapelle de la Fontaine. When the pilgrims have all drunk of the water, and filled bottles with it for absent friends or invalids, they listen respectfully to the priest whose duty it is to address to them some parting words of good counsel.

I was struck, both at Saint Fiacre and in its near neighborhood, by the number of robust old people I encountered. The industrious, outdoor life they lead is probably conducive to longevity. At all events, besides harboring several brisk and active folk of eighty or upward, Saint Fiacre can boast of at least one centenarian—the widow Marcadet. Her little cottage is almost exactly opposite to the Church of Saint Fiacre, so that I had only to

cross the street to visit her. She is a hundred and three years of age, and, it must be admitted, looks every decade of it. But her mind is as clear as ever it was. She describes the day of her First Communion as graphically as if it were an event of twenty-four hours back. Nor are her reminiscences of more worldly things less vivid. She has seen France in its brightest as well as in its darkest hours. The most stirring events of French history for over ninety years back were witnessed by this marvellous old lady, who was a girl of eighteen when Napoleon died at Saint Helena; and she talks both intelligently and well about everything she has seen or heard.

Next door to the church is the house of the Abbé Roussel, curé of Saint Fiacre, to whom I am indebted for much of the information contained in this article. It may be interesting to remark here that the Irish and English Russels are descendants of the Norman ancestors of the present curé of Saint Fiacre. For the Roussels, as the name was originally written—and is still written in France,—took part in the French conquest of England under William, Duke of Normandy, and then settled in the country and married there.

Night was closing in when I at length found myself once more upon the road, with another seven kilometres' walk between me and the rustic station of Trilport. Above the belt of tall black trees that girdled the peaceful village I was leaving, the harvest moon gleamed like a silver disc upon my right; while, toward the left, a pink and amber sunset streaked the purpling sky and slanted over the undulating fields, till it rested like a glory on the silent, far-off hills. I looked back more than once as I walked in the deepening shadows; and ceased to do so only when, in a bend of the winding road, I lost sight of Saint Fiacre.

The Whip-Minder.

BY E. M. WALKER.

II.

ALMOST at the corner of Maiden Lane, and within a stone's-throw of the Market, is the little Catholic church of Corpus Christi. Mrs. Gregg and Moriarty used to take refuge there sometimes. They preferred it to St. Paul's, for they felt more at home in it; and then, as Moriarty said (in utter ignorance of the deep meaning of his words), "Some'ow it don't seem empty." The boy's eyes would wander from statue to statue, and on to the row of lamps that hung before the altar, until perhaps the door would creak, and some one would come in—some one probably almost as poor and ragged as himself,—and he would watch the newcomer's proceedings with the greatest interest.

At the bottom of the church, fixed to one of the pillars, is a picture of the Mother of Perpetual Succor, before which people often pause to pray. This picture had a fascination for Moriarty; and one day, in the absence of Mrs. Gregg, he tried to get a little information about it from a match-seller. The match-seller was an old man who had lost an arm. Moriarty saw him shuffle in, put his tray of match-boxes in a pew by the door, and kneel down before the picture. The boy could not hear the muttered words, so after a few minutes he came softly up behind the old man.

"Say," he whispered curiously, "are yer askin' 'er for somefink?"

The match-seller nodded, glancing up half suspiciously at his questioner; for he was not over sharp-witted, and boys often took advantage of it to torment him.

But Moriarty was serious.

"Does yer ever get anyfink?" he continued.

"Of course!" replied the old man, indignantly. "Wot d'yer think?" And he rose, picked up his tray, and stumped out of the church.

When he was gone, Moriarty hesitated a moment, looked round furtively to make sure he was alone, slipped to his knees, folded his hands, and said in a very low but very distinct voice:

"O Lidy, send us along a bit o' luck, Old Un an' me! We're awful poor. If you'd only let us 'ave some money, we wouldn't do no 'arm wiv it,—true, we wouldn't."

He waited, but the picture, of course, made no sign, and nothing happened. He went back to his place in the Market, feeling a little ashamed of himself for his "softness," as he called it; and he took care not to mention the matter to Mrs. Gregg.

Day after day passed, and it seemed as if no event of importance would ever come to interrupt the dull discomfort of their existence; but (fortunately or not), in real life even more than in fiction, the unexpected is wont to happen. I have read in more than one novel of a certain fateful letter in a blue envelope, announcing the inheritance of a fortune, which arrives just in time to prevent the despairing hero from taking the final plunge. In sober earnest, such a missive came to Mrs. Gregg one dreary November day. It produced no sudden dramatic effect, however; for the simple reason that, it was so long since she had had a letter, she could make neither head nor tail of it. Even the signature baffled her, and she resolved to consult Moriarty.

The lad studied it attentively for some time, but refused to commit himself.

"Seems to me there's money in it, Old Un," he said, waving it round his head. "Let's 'ave the law on it."

Moriarty had noticed a solicitor's office in Henrietta Street. Thither he dragged the bewildered Mrs. Gregg. It was only owing to the lad's unabashed

persistency that they were able to push past two astonished young clerks in the outer office, and penetrate into the inner sanctum of Jeremiah Ackerley, Junior. That gentleman was inclined to bundle them out without a hearing; but, yielding to Moriarty's impressive "Read that yere," he condescended to take the letter in a gingerly manner between his thumb and forefinger.

"Well, it's quite simple, my good woman," he said. "One James Rakes, deceased, of Ohio, United States of America, has left you the sum of six hundred pounds."

"Call *that* simple!" cried the delighted Moriarty. The next minute he grew suddenly grave and his face flushed a little. "*She* done it!" he muttered to himself with conviction.

"Rakes! Rakes!" murmured the old woman, half dazed. "Why, he was a sort of cousin of mine once! There be some good in cousins, after all, then."

It took them quite a quarter of an hour to realize the fact, for fact it was. Finally the solicitor lent them ten shillings on the strength of the inheritance, and they went off to get a good meal.

"Wot shall we 'ave?" asked the boy, anxiously. "Finny 'addies?"

"No: liver and bacon," answered Mrs. Gregg.

After the feast, Mrs. Gregg went back to her whips, and astonished the good-natured porter, who had taken charge of them in her absence, by presenting him with sixpence.

"If it ain't deprivin' yerself, Missis," he said, apologetically, as he jerked it into his pocket.

Moriarty meanwhile had slipped off to visit the church. The sacristan was just preparing to lock the door; but the boy pleaded for "Jest a minute!" and, without waiting for an answer, pushed in, went straight up to the picture of Our Lady, and, looking up with glowing eyes, said simply:

"Thank yer, Lidy!"

On the morrow, Mrs. Gregg went to work as usual. It never occurred to her to desert her post because she had come into a fortune, nor did Moriarty propose it. They talked the future over, however, and made many plans. The one which finally commended itself to them was to rent a house and take lodgers. Mrs. Gregg had once been considered a good cook; Moriarty professed himself capable of cleaning unlimited knives and boots, and offered to wait at table.

But it is not for man to dispose of the future. One day Mrs. Gregg was missing at the Market. Moriarty waited some time, and then went to look for her with a sinking heart. Loath as he was to acknowledge it even to himself, he was not without a lurking fear that the unexpected stroke of luck might have sent her "on the booze."

He was soon in the dingy little street; and, after repeated knocking, the door was opened by a tousle-headed young lady in *deshabille*.

"Is it the lidy in the back basement ye're after?" she inquired.

"That's 'er," said the boy.

"Why, don't yer know? She's gone."

"Gone! Where?" cried Moriarty.

"Gone, I tell yer. Dead. Foun' dead in 'er bed this mornin'."

"Dead!" gasped the lad, his pale face growing a shade paler.

"Yes, dead," said the young lady, a trifle more gently. "Come in a minute, won't yer? Are yer a relation?"

"No, I'll not come in," said the boy,—"leastways not jest now. An' I'm not a relation of no kind," he added, with great dignity. "I'm a *friend*."

With that he turned hastily away to hide his distress. During the whole of his short life, he could not remember having felt so upset before; but he would not have let any one see it for the world.

There was an inquest, of course, at which no account was taken of the

possible effect of several good dinners in succession on an aged woman accustomed to exist on one square meal a week. The verdict was "death from heart failure." Then Mrs. Gregg's relations arrived on the scene, and took the "Old Un" away to Camden Town, and gave her a funeral which greatly impressed the neighbors, though in Mrs. Billing's eyes the ceremony was marred by the presence of a disreputable-looking lad, who stood, certainly, at a discreet distance from the mourners, but held his head in the air with an insolent, devil-may-care expression, plainly implying that he thought himself as good as anybody else. Fortunately, Mrs. Billing, solemn and important in her new black clothes, had the presence of mind to explain to Mrs. Delarey that he was just one of her dear mother's "poor prodigies."

"Sure! — sure! I'm not surprised, ma'am, secin' what a kind old face she had on her," murmured the sympathetic and unsuspecting neighbor.

The daughter-in-law's grief was tempered by the reflection that it was "a mercy she was took sudden, for a long illness would have cost a sight of money." Her husband, on the contrary, was inconsolable, fretting because he had not done more for the old woman when she was alive, and turning a deaf ear to his wife's comforting assurance that "what was to be, would be."

It never for a moment entered Mrs. Billing's head that Mrs. Gregg had anything valuable to leave, and she was therefore very much surprised the day after the funeral to receive a visit from a certain Mr. Ackerley, an imposing gentleman in a black coat and silk hat, who asked her if she could furnish him with any information about a boy named Moriarty, for whom he had a communication of some importance in connection with the deceased Mrs. Gregg. "A communication of some importance" could mean but one thing.

Mrs. Billing sniffed money, and a question or two soon put her in possession of the facts.

"She came back by herself the same afternoon," concluded Mr. Ackerley, "and made a will in favor of the ragged boy who was so often about with her. It was duly executed and attested, and is now in my possession."

"She couldn't have been in her right mind," said Mrs. Billing promptly, "or she wouldn't have been so unnatural."

"Do you think it unnatural?" asked the solicitor, who began to grasp the situation. "She seemed to see more of that lad than of any one else."

"The young serpent! Creeping and scheming to get everything away from my children!"

To this Mr. Ackerley, like a wise man, said nothing. He made his escape as soon as possible, and it was with a sigh of relief that he found himself safe outside the house.

Next morning, as Moriarty was lounging disconsolately about the Market, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, looking up, saw a face he knew.

"Come with me, my lad. I want to talk to you," said Mr. Ackerley; and he led him to the gloomy little office and told him the great news.

But Moriarty had been a street Arab so long that he had no ambition to be anything else.

"It's a sight o' money, six 'undert poun's," he remarked; "but it don't no way make up for 'er goin' an' dyin' on me like that." He thought for some moments, then added: "I'll not care to let lodgin's wivout 'er."

"Well, I think it would scarcely be, feasible," said Mr. Ackerley, mildly.

Suddenly the desponding boy gave a cheerful chuckle.

"Ain't they jolly well sold up in Camden Town?" he asked. "Ain't they jest a dancin' wiv rage?"

"The daughter-in-law is pretty wild, I believe," said his legal adviser.

"The little fair-aired chap, I'm sorry for 'im. It should 'ave been 'is, after all. For 'e is 'er gran'son, an' I'm nuffink at all. See, could I give it to 'im, an' keep the old uns from gettin' at it? Could you manage it that way for me?"

"Oh, but—" began Mr. Ackerley.

Moriarty, however, stuck obstinately to his point.

"'Tain't only wot's fair," he kept repeating. "For 'e is 'er gran'son, an' I'm jest nuffink at all." Then, with a weary, expressive gesture: "Wot'd I do wiv it?"

So Mr. Ackerley promised that, if Moriarty was of the same mind when he came of age, the money should be settled on Philip; but he persuaded his client to take enough to buy an outfit and pay his passage to Canada. The lad snapped at the idea. Many a half hour had he spent gazing into the fascinating windows of the Canadian Emigration Offices in Charing Cross.

"An', then, I couldn't stay 'ere," he remarked. "I'd murder the new lidy wot minds the whips. I 'ate the sight of 'er."

"A new whip-minder already!" said the solicitor, interested.

"Garn!" responded Moriarty, with philosophic scorn. "D'yer think a bloke can afford to lose 'is whip 'cause some ole body's 'ooked it?"

The light had come back to his eyes.

"Ooray for the Rockies an' fightin' bears!" he exclaimed, with a vague remembrance of tales told him by more fortunate comrades who were in a position to purchase whole series of exciting penny periodicals.

The matter was arranged through an Emigration Society. Mr. Ackerley almost envied Canada her citizen as he wished the lad good-bye.

"Good luck to you in the New World, my boy!" he said.

"Same to you, Guv'nor! An' I'll send yer along a few big skins the first time I goes out shootin'."

(The End.)

The Sense of Religious Proportion.

WE have from time to time reproduced in these columns, from the Anglican magazine, the *Lamp*, extracts which might quite congruously find a place in any Catholic periodical. So far, in truth, has the *Lamp* strayed from the paths of orthodox Protestantism—unless indeed the farther one strays the better one's claim to the title of Protestant, a *protesting* man—that the magazine is sometimes misplaced in the categories of religious publications. Only the other day, for instance, we saw it referred to in the *Literary Digest* as a "Roman Catholic organ." This, of course, it is not, as the *Digest* editor should know; for *ex officio* it is his business to be informed as to the religious professions of the periodicals which he quotes. At the same time the general reader of articles written by Anglicans of the advanced *Lamp* standard may be forgiven for mistaking the creedal affiliations of the writers. A case in point is the contribution of Sir George Arthur, Bart., to the *Nineteenth Century's* symposium on "The Report on Church Discipline," reference to which was made in our "Notes and Remarks" last week. Here is a page from the contribution in question:

It is the unenviable distinction of a large proportion of the Anglican clergy that they are the only ministers of any religious cult in the world, Christian or non-Christian, who systematically set at naught their obligations to render public homage to the Deity they profess to worship. How do the Commissioners comment on this grave subject? They busy themselves through many pages of their Report with censures directed against various practices and usages. They express sore displeasure with certain churchmen who are unable to believe that the body of the Ever-Virgin Theotokos became a prey to corruption, and who accordingly keep the feast which their forefathers knew as "Lady Day in Harvest." They are very severe with some whose devotion to the Redeeming Love of Christ takes the concrete form of the worship of His Sacred Heart,—a devotion which

no more rests, as they suppose, on the visions of Margaret Mary Alacoque than does the observance of Michaelmas postulate a belief in the Apparition of the Archangel on Mount Gargano.

The Commissioners denounce such illegalities as Corpus Christi processions and the rite of Benediction. They mention in order to condemn, as though it could somehow be included under the term "Invocation of Saints," a form of petition addressed to Christ to hear the prayers of the saints,—a confusion of thought of which not even a theological tyro should be guilty. The list of things censured is a long one. Nothing is too small for the finely-meshed net of the Commissioners' reprobation. To take a single instance. They solemnly quote the testimony of a witness who himself "saw a young girl wearing a white veil" pick up a candle "near the Mary altar" and then place it lighted on a stand! One is tempted to wonder whether the situation could have been saved by the substitution of an old girl with a black veil....

Surely a plea may be put in on behalf of a sane estimate of relative values. Can any just comparison be drawn between the case of the man who, in the exuberance of his devotion, commemorates the Falling-Asleep—if you will, the Assumption—of Christ's Mother, and that of the man who, in his utter lack of devotion, forbears to commemorate the Ascension of Christ Himself? Yet one or more instances of this grave omission are to be found in every English diocese but three. In the diocese of Carlisle, where only one parish exhibits a Eucharistic vestment, there are actually 14 churches without an Ascension Day service; 190 in which no service is held on holydays; and no less than 241, out of a total of 293, which have no daily service at all. Manchester has nearly as strange a record, with its total of 543 churches, in 383 of which daily service is neglected; while 268 have none even on saints' days, and 13 leave Ascension Day unhonored.

Yet, while the Commissioners wax indignant at what are, after all, signs of overzeal, they view these evidences of laxity—irreligion would hardly be too strong a word—without turning a hair. That a parson who is bound by his promise to the Church and his duty to the State to celebrate divine service every day twice in his church should defraud God and his parishioners by leaving the parish church unused from Monday morning till Saturday night, is a fact that strikes the Commissioners merely as a "deviation from the legal standard resulting from negligence or inadvertence," and as not possessing any further significance. Can it be a subject for wonder if the plain man regards the Report as sadly lacking in indication of a due sense of proportion?

Notes and Remarks.

A somewhat thorough examination of the annual report of the superintendent of Catholic schools for the diocese of Fort Wayne, and also of a number of pamphlets containing a development of the course of study in the different grades of those schools, emphasizes in our mind a point about which the general Catholic public have still, we fancy, altogether erroneous notions. It is that our parochial schools are by no means so well organized, so systematically graded, and so effectively taught and supervised as are the public schools. No doubt many of our schools are below the required standard; but it is equally true that earnest efforts are being made to improve them, and that the majority are now distinctly superior. (The parochial schools of the diocese of Fort Wayne bid fair to rank among the best in the country.) In consequence, the excuse or pretext once offered by the Catholic parent for sending his child to the public rather than the parochial school—viz., that the former was by far the better conducted—has no longer even the semblance of validity. So far as mere *instruction* goes, the average parochial at least equals the average public school; while as for real *education*, the one is to the other as "Hyperion to a satyr."

One characteristic of religious life in our colleges, according to the dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., writing in the *Outlook*, is an increased interest in the study of the Bible. In 1877, he informs us, there were only thirty Christian Associations in all the colleges of the United States and Canada. "Now there are so many that nobody except the statistical secretaries is able to keep account of them." Dr. Hodges is

of opinion that a large opportunity for the churches is offered in State universities. After reading what he has to say on this subject, our readers will probably agree that we did not exaggerate, in a recent article, the opportunity offered to The Church, or the necessity of making special provision for the religious needs of the ever-increasing number of Catholic students attending State institutions of learning. Says Dr. Hodges:

So far as I know, these institutions are making no direct effort to form character by means of the influences of organized religion. They are probably precluded from such effort by the conditions of their existence. The ministrations of religion at these schools are exercised within the college by a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and outside the college by the clergy of the town. The fact that in most of these universities the emphasis of interest is rather in science and "practical" studies than in the humanities may also have some effect upon religion. These conditions present a problem of great interest, the value of whose various factors is not yet determined. It is at least plain that there is offered here a large opportunity for the churches. These academic towns, under such circumstances, are strategic places. The wise church will see to it that the incumbency of the local parish is not left to chance, but that, by a policy of prudent subsidizing, the denomination shall provide these pulpits with strong men who know the truth and are made free thereby, and who understand the needs and aspirations and perplexities of youth.

We should like to comment on this paragraph; but a word to the wise ought to be sufficient, and Dr. Hodges has spoken it.

Businesslike statements appeal with especial force to a people so practical and in great part so commercial as are Americans; and our readers may accordingly be interested in the discussion, by a bankers' magazine, of church growth in New York. We quote from the *Catholic Union and Times*, which reproduces the extract in its issue of Aug. 23:

Here is a trial balance for 1905 to close with. In the district through which Fifth Avenue

runs, which we have been studying, there are twenty-two Episcopal churches worth ten millions, with 23,331 members. Their net loss in membership was 80. Seven Dutch Reformed churches, worth roundly \$4,000,000, with 4275 members, reported a net loss of 283. Fifteen Presbyterian, worth \$11,000,000, with 10,356 members, gained 99. Forty-four churches with property worth \$40,800,000, members 38,000, net loss in members, 262. The Catholic parishes of the same district, with 75,000 members and \$13,000,000 of property, gained 1000. The worldly affairs may bring cash dividends, but how about converts? That is the interest, the increment expected.

The statement contains, of course, nothing that is new to our readers, but it is decidedly notable in view of the quarter from which it comes. We congratulate the financial magazinis on the sentiment expressed in their concluding lines.

Among the cures recently effected at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, three fairly notable ones were wrought in favor of pilgrims from Boston. The *Pilot* has, through its representative, investigated all three cases, and publishes an interesting report thereof. In its editorial comment on the matter, our contemporary says:

We carefully avoid claiming these cures as miracles; but that they are noteworthy, and inexplicable by ordinary means, seems difficult to disprove. Two of them were wrought on men; and men are less subject to those emotional exaltations which oftentimes measurably affect the bodily condition. If a man has been completely blind in one eye, and entirely unable to distinguish colors with the deficient sight he possesses, the recovery of sight can not be set down as a delusion. It is a gain too definite and easily tested to be attributed to a pious emotion, which, however strong at the time, could not remain for ten days at high tide, so to speak. As much may be said in the case of a person unable to move without a crutch, and only painfully with one, when she drops her crutch after the prayer of faith, and remains for an equal length of time able to take fairly long walks and endure fatiguing exertion unaided.

With no disposition whatever to minimize either the potency of St. Anne's intercession, or the genuineness of the

supernatural aid received in the cases under consideration, we can not refrain from stating that, at Lourdes, these specific cures would be subjected to so searching an investigation by that "devil's advocate" in the matter of miracles, Dr. Boissarie, that pious readers of the *Pilot* would probably be scandalized at his apparently irreverent incredulity. When the Lourdes Board of Medical Verifications does certify to the genuineness of a cure impossible by natural agencies, there need be no hesitancy on the part of any one in proclaiming that such a cure is supernatural. In the meantime, this further comment of our contemporary is well worth while reproducing:

We Catholics believe that the prayers of the saints are availing. There should be no difficulty in admitting the cases in which they have apparently availed. Some of our non-Catholic friends, even those who, like the Ritualists, are steadily approximating toward our faith and forms of worship, nevertheless greatly misunderstand us in the matter of special devotions, like pilgrimages, etc. There is much more in a pilgrimage than merely getting to the favored shrine, and applying the relic of the saint there venerated. Every pilgrim makes, as a matter of course, a sincere confession, receiving also Holy Communion, and resting his hope for such favor as God may be pleased to show him purely on God's power and mercy. He asks the saint to intercede for him, but he looks to God for his cure.

One of the strongest indictments of secularized education that has ever come under our notice appears in a recent number of the *Advance*, an organ of the Congregationalists. The writer's object is to call attention to the fact that the wondrous progress which we have made in public education, and for the express purpose of improving the character of citizenship, does not seem to check crime. "Education increases and crime increases. The more school-houses we build, the more jail room we seem to need." The statistics dealing with education and crime, which the writer quotes, would not be new

to our readers; besides, they do not furnish the explanation demanded by him: "Why is it that there is so much of the criminal inclination and so weak an inclination to condemn and punish crime, notwithstanding the fact that we have been adding so much to the public school system and to higher education for the purpose of improving the character of our citizenship?"

According to the writer, the answer to his question seems to be this: "We have depended too much on mental culture and done too little to cultivate the conscience and the will. We are long on head, short on conscience, and in the shallows on the sense of personal accountability."

Various explanations are given, in different denominational organs, for a condition whose existence is admitted by them all—the falling off in candidates for the Protestant ministry. While the subject possesses scarcely more than an academic interest for us and our readers, it may be worth while to note what, to the mind of a writer in the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, is the underlying cause of the increasing hesitancy to enter the ministerial ranks. He says:

Everyone knows...that a formal creed need not bind any one against his conscience, that he can at any time renounce one creed in behalf of another [sic]....The honest young man does not stagger here. It is the dishonest older man who wishes to renounce and denounce the doctrine, but hold on to the shakels which belong to its organization and the position and prestige of connection with it, that is burdened by the "fetters in a dead world of thought."...The manifest impairing of their moral integrity on the part of this class turns the mind of many away from the ministry.

According to a writer in an Italian review, a somewhat similar condition exists in Protestant Germany:

Gradually the young pastors issuing from the university find themselves placed in an impossible position. They have to carry a double conscience, a double Christianity. Only herculean endurance

can sustain the burden. On the one hand, they are attracted by a Christianity without dogma,—a Christianity aristocratic, professorial, intelligible only to the intellectual *élite*. Lower down than this they find imposed upon them another Christianity, which is scoffed at in the university, at which in their heart they themselves scoff, while all the time they celebrate its rites before the people, so long at least as they can quiet the qualms of conscience that beset them.

Qualified without euphemistic verbiage, the conduct of both categories of ministers, American and German, as delineated above, is purely and simply double-dealing and hypocrisy,—rather unlovely attributes in any representatives of God to men. Qualms of conscience, we should think, would be a frequent experience of all Protestant ministers of average education and honesty.

In a clever duologue, contributed by E. P. Seeley to the *Nineteenth Century and After*, "International Art" is the topic under discussion, and one of the speakers makes the following rather sane remarks:

I deny that the business of art is to copy life: we have enough of life as it is. We go to art for a world seen through other eyes. And the only question is whether we prefer to be shown the world of men like Mason, Calvert, Samuel Palmer, and the great Frenchmen Corot and Puvis de Chavannes (to mention a few only), or to look through the eyes of—well—they would rather appear to be the eyes of waiters, scene-shifters, and attendants at lunatic asylums.

You see, I was right. Here we are both as unconverted as before you gave me this very nice tea. I hardly like (under your roof and in your club) to tell you what I once heard a clever painter say of modern Continental "realism." He said it seemed to him a sort of "diabolical possession."

The characterization is a felicitous one, and, more's the pity, not less applicable to realistic literature than to realistic art.

A study of the volume issued by the Bureau of the United States Census on the Blind and the Deaf is calculated to open the eyes of those who have

no horror of marriages among blood relations, and who contend that the danger to the offspring of such marriages is remote. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the author of the report, is of an entirely different opinion, and he has good grounds for it. His statistics, in the first instance, are altogether startling. We quote his own comment upon them:

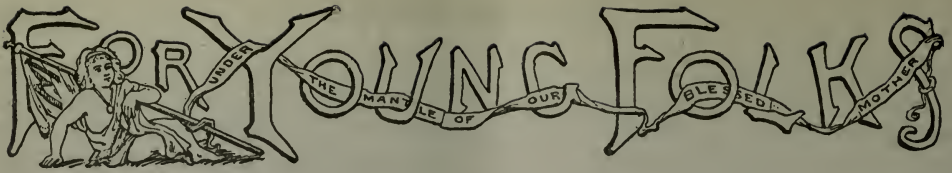
The most significant fact to be derived from the figures given in Table XIX is found in the showing that of the 2537 blind whose parents were cousins, 632, or 25 per cent, are congenitally blind, of whom 350, or 55.4 per cent, also have blind relatives of the classes specified; while among the 55,980 who were not so related, the number of congenitally blind is but 6.8 per cent; and of these only 1.023 per cent have blind relatives.

As regards the influence of consanguinity in producing congenitally deaf children, Dr. Bell says:

The most striking feature seems to be the large proportion of congenitally deaf among those whose parents were cousins. The percentage of the congenitally deaf is nearly three times as great among those whose parents were cousins as among those whose parents were not.

Horrible as is the condition of affairs in this matter, more exact statistics would doubtless prove that the defective offspring of consanguineous marriages are even more numerous than the report shows. The *Messenger*, which was the first of our exchanges to call attention to it, has a comment upon Dr. Bell's figures well worth quoting. It says:

These statistics with regard to the greater number of those born deaf or dumb from consanguineous marriages absolutely prove the advisability of the old ecclesiastical regulations, and demonstrate only too amply how wise beyond their generation were the ecclesiastical authorities in making such regulations.... If there has been, as seems to many, a decrease of the natural repugnance to such marriages in recent years, and if there has been a tendency to allow dispensations more easily than before, especially to our foreign-born populations, it is to be hoped that this recent report will tighten the bond of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and reinvigorate the old natural feelings that the contemplation of such marriages used to arouse.



Some English Surnames.

BY NEALE MANN.

Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley; Colquhoun, Cohoon; Marjoribanks, Marshbanks; Strachan, Strawn; Ruthven, Riven; Duchesne, Dukarn; St. John, Sinjin; Beauclerk, Boclare; Cockburn, Koburn; and Sandys, Sands — *English Paper*.

MARVEL not I study, glumly,
English names, and balk so soon;
Look at this fantastic Cholmondeley,
And this other gem, Colquhoun.

Easy banks I've seen and harsh banks,
Checks at both sorts have I drawn;
Some were signed by Mr. Marjoribanks,
Others by his cousin, Strachan.

Surely never chief "Big Injin"
Use such names as these would dare,—
Patronymics like to St. John,
Or its fellow-word, Beauclerk.

Is it strange to wrath I'm driven
When, in spinning out a yarn,
Here I trip on crazy Ruthven,
There on crazier Duchesne?

So, let anger fast or slow burn,
Every reader understands
What's the reason. Just see Cockburn,
And this last offender, Sandys.

A Little Tyrant.

I.

THEODORA PAYNE was the only daughter left to her father of a family of six girls and three boys. Her sisters had all died in infancy; her mother, when Theodora was five years old. Her three brothers, almost grown when she was born, had petted and idolized her until she had become a spoiled child. Mr. Payne had also made a great pet of his little daughter, but would not have spoiled her had she been left to him alone, for

he was wise as well as kind and gentle.

One by one Theodora's brothers left the paternal home. Charles, the eldest, entered the Army; Paul, the second, chose the Navy; and Mark, the youngest, having decided to become a physician, was studying in a medical college.

About this time Mr. Payne was obliged to submit to a very critical operation, which confined him to the hospital for three months. On his return home he remained quite ill for some time, and thus Theodora was left almost entirely to her own devices. True, she had a governess who gave satisfaction as a teacher, because she was competent, and Theodora, who was extremely clever, really loved to study certain things for which she had a taste. But Miss Deane, the governess, had been with them so long, and was of so yielding a nature, that Theodora completely dominated her, as indeed she did the rest of the household.

It is said that ill weeds grow fast; and during the time of her father's illness, the ill weeds of Theodora's character verified the saying. Little by little whatever fine and amiable qualities she possessed gave place to an arbitrary and haughty temper. "Do not mind her,—she is but a child," the governess would say as, one after another, the servants came to her with the complaints they dared not make to Mr. Payne, on account of his illness.

But living in the house with Theodora soon became almost unendurable. If one of the servants forgot any little duty, she was laden with reproaches by her young mistress. If another did not fly to answer Theodora's bell, she was scolded by that young lady

when she made her appearance, and threatened with dismissal on a repetition of the offence. The cook came in for a large share of reprimands; the waitress was denounced as "a stupid"; the chambermaid, as "a lazy thing"; and the seamstress, as "not knowing how to thread a needle," and a person of "horrible taste."

To her father alone Theodora was uniformly kind; and not until he had left his room, and resumed his usual habits, did he see what strides she had made in the odious habit of tyranny during the past year. As he grew better, the servants came one by one to say that they 'could no longer live under the same roof with Miss Theodora. Would Mr. Payne kindly provide himself with others in their place? They were sorry to leave so good and generous an employer, but departure was inevitable.' All promised, however, to remain until he had obtained substitutes.

It soon became evident to him that what they complained of was quite true. Without saying a word to his daughter, he kept his eyes and ears open; and, after taking counsel with the governess, finally decided upon a plan.

One night, after Theodora had retired, Mr. Payne asked Miss Deane to summon the servants to the library. They came in a body—coachman, gardener, cook, laundress, waitress, chambermaid, and seamstress.

"Are you all here?" he inquired pleasantly, looking around.

"All here, sir," answered the coachman, the only one who had not given warning.

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Payne. "I am still weak, as you see," he went on; "I have not been a bad master to any of you, I believe—"

"There never was a better, sir," said the gardener; and the expression on the faces of the others showed that he echoed their sentiments.

"And you have all lived with me a long time, which proves that you must also have given me satisfaction. Now, good people, have you any idea of the trouble and annoyance it will give to all of us if you persist in making this contemplated change? It will be almost impossible for me to fill the vacancies satisfactorily; and for you it may also be difficult to find desirable situations, though I promise to furnish you with excellent recommendations. I am sure you all have some regard for me—"

"Indeed we have, sir!" interrupted the cook.

"Perhaps you do not know that my physician has enjoined upon me entire freedom from care."

They looked at one another, but said nothing.

"And yet you are all determined to plunge me into an ocean of care."

A subdued murmur ran round the group.

"Now, I have a plan to propose. I am going to ask you to give us one more trial. You all know that Miss Theodora is a motherless child. That counts for a good deal."

"It does, sir," answered the seamstress, emphatically; though only that morning she had been in tears under the lash of Theodora's tongue.

"I do not excuse my daughter," said Mr. Payne. "She is now fourteen,—a very critical age, when she is hardly a child, yet far from being a woman. I wish to teach her a lesson, and am going to ask you all to help me. Will you do it?"

The group exchanged glances.

"We will, sir," answered the gardener.

"It will be a very simple affair,—just this. I enjoin upon you, each and all, not to do anything she commands you to do; not to look or act as though you were displeased when she reproves you; only to smile—smile most amiably—whatever orders she may

give, whatever reproaches she may heap upon you. Will you try this little experiment for a time just to oblige me? It will, I hope, do the child great good."

The servants replied with one voice: "We will try it, sir."

"Thank you very much!" said Mr. Payne. "If it fails, you will be at liberty to go as you had at first intended. But I do not believe it will fail. My little Theodora can not be wholly irreclaimable. Remember how very fond you were of her once, and still have patience."

The new arrangement began next morning. Theodora came late to the table,—her father always breakfasted now in his room.

"Horrible coffee, Miss Deane!" she exclaimed. "Ring the bell! And this poached egg is cold. Ring the bell, Miss Deane! Why does that waitress leave the room as soon as I come to the table?"

Miss Deane smiled—though inwardly trembling, gentle creature,—and kept on eating her very excellent breakfast.

"Miss Deane!" cried Theodora.

There was no response, so the young girl rang the bell herself.

The waitress appeared.

"Take that horrible coffee and egg away!" she said. "The kidneys are cold, too, I am sure. Bring me some hot cakes and chocolate."

The girl smiled, and left the room.

For a moment Theodora sat in astonishment, then rushed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where the tranquil cook, with folded arms, listened smilingly to her upbraidings. Dismayed and still furious, Theodora returned to the dining-room, her healthy young appetite proving superior to her former disdain of the food before her, which now really had had time to grow cold. But the kidney and buttered toast in their covered dishes were still hot, and she managed to make a very tolerable repast.

After she had finished her breakfast, she went in search of Miss Deane, with whom she felt very angry. But that lady had gone for a walk, wishing to avert as long as possible the evil day which she knew must eventually come upon her.

The sight of fresh linen spread on the grass recalled to Theodora a fancied omission of the laundress. She espied Felicia in the act of depositing a large basket of clothes near that portion of the grounds used for drying purposes.

"Felicia!" she called, sharply. "What do you mean by starching my dresses so stiffly? They can not be worn. I have bundled the clean ones you sent up yesterday into a little heap, so that you will have to wash and iron them again. I believe you do those things on purpose."

Felicia prepared to hang out the clothes with a most gracious smile, but made no reply. Yesterday she would have had an excuse of some kind; or perhaps, if not in the best of humor, a tart rejoinder.

Theodora stared, and after a moment went on.

"Has Miss Deane come this way lately, John?" she inquired of the gardener, who lifted his eyes from the plants he was bedding—and smiled, but said no word in reply to her question.

"Hem!" ejaculated Miss Theodora, driving the point of her parasol into the ground. "This is beginning to look like a conspiracy. But I shall have you all punished for your insolence. Perhaps it is what they call 'a strike.' If you treat papa this way, he will make short work of you all, I assure you."

The gardener did not turn his head again in her direction, and she went back to the house, and up to her own room, which the chambermaid was setting in order for the day.

"I do not see why you can not make up my bed while I am at breakfast, Hannah," she said angrily,

throwing her parasol on the lounge, and seating herself in the rocking-chair. "Besides, it takes you such an interminable time to do it, that I believe you spend most of it looking in the glass and trying on my things. Some day I will catch you at it."

The girl smiled and continued her dusting.

Theodora flung herself out of the apartment, and, seeing the door of the sewing-room open at the end of the hall, walked quickly toward it. A pile of pink lawn lay on the floor. Dorothy, the seamstress, was cutting out a waist at the long sewing table.

"No wonder my gowns are all mussed and not fit to be seen before I have ever worn them," exclaimed Theodora, "when you throw the material on the floor like that! It is safe to say that if it were your own you would be a little more careful of it."

Dorothy continued her occupation, without answering a word, or even turning her head.

"How dare you act like that when I speak to you!" cried Theodora, now furiously angry. "You are a rude, impertinent creature!"

Dorothy slowly glanced behind her—smiling.

"Oh, you are in the plot also!" said Theodora. "I will see what papa has to say about all this."

A moment later the click of her sharp little heels could be heard going swiftly along the corridor and then descending the stairs.

Her father was standing on the threshold of the library.

"Good-morning! What is the matter, my dear?" he inquired. "You look disturbed."

"Come into the library, papa, and I will tell you," she replied. "I *am* disturbed and angry, and so will you be when you have heard what I am going to tell you."

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XX.—LIFE IN THE NAVY.

"I can not say why it is," remarked Nils Jonson, as he stretched his long limbs on the arbor bench, with his arms folded behind his head for a pillow, "but it is a fact that of late years the Navy finds it far more difficult to secure enlisted men than formerly. Life is easier there than it used to be; the food is better, and wages higher; merit and bravery are fully recognized; the opportunities for advancement are greater; yet the 'Jackies' are slow to come in. It must be, I think, that the world is changing, and everybody is looking for an easy job."

"I should think that the desire of seeing foreign countries would cause a great many to enlist," said Louis.

"That is probably one of the reasons that induce many young fellows to join," replied Nils.

"Well, the pay is very low," said Rose. "No man wants to work for sixteen dollars a month."

"A sailor really gets more than that almost from the first," observed Jonson; "and when you consider that he does not have to spend anything, unless he pleases, it is not so bad. He can save nearly all of it, if he wishes."

"But usually he does not wish, I have heard," said Louis.

"Oh, there are thrifty fellows in the Navy, I assure you!" said Jonson. "I know plenty of them."

"What is the age for admission?" asked Louis.

"A man must be eighteen, and he is obliged to pass a rigid examination. This examination is held at every re-enlistment. When a sailor gets his discharge and wishes to continue in the service, he must go through the same programme over again."

"That is right," said Rose.

"Yes, it is. Sometimes seamen, owing principally to the canned food they are obliged to eat, contract diseases that people on land seldom have. The new recruit is generally a landlubber who has never seen any craft larger than a small steamboat; sometimes not even that, if he has always lived inland."

"Are there recruiting offices in inland towns?" asked Louis.

"Sure. Otherwise Uncle Sam would have but a poor show for sailors. All the seaboard recruiting stations have branch offices through the interior of the different States. When the recruit is taken to the principal station in his neighborhood—they go in batches,—he is given an outfit of clothing worth forty-five dollars. Before he has had time to strut about and admire himself in his new clothes—or, if he be a modest man, before he is able to overcome his embarrassment at wearing the low-necked jacket and flapping trousers,—he is placed on board a training ship to learn to be a seaman. Unlike many apprentices on land, who work for nothing during the first six months, Landsman Smith or Brown, as he is now called, draws sixteen dollars a month, besides his clothing and rations. It depends upon himself how soon his condition will be improved, and his title changed to that of 'ordinary Seaman Smith,' at nineteen dollars a month."

"I see," said Louis. "He has every inducement to mount higher."

"He has. In a few months he may, if he has shown himself to be prompt, clever and obedient, giving evidence that the smell of the sea is good in his nostrils, and the life of a 'Jackie' agreeable to him,—he may find himself called 'regular Seaman Smith,' with twenty-four dollars pay. And at the end of a year, by efficiency and good conduct, he may become a third-class petty

officer, with wages at thirty dollars."

"That's fine!" said Louis. "I had no idea a man could be advanced so rapidly in the Navy."

"As I have already told you," replied Jonson, "nowhere else are there such opportunities for promotion. But the trouble is people do not know it. The facts should be published broadcast, so that the right sort of men might be induced to fill these places; and, in my opinion, not making them more widely known is a mistake."

"I agree with you," replied Louis.

"At the end of his second year," continued Jonson, "petty Officer Smith may, depending on vacancies, and his own conduct of course, become a second-class petty officer, at an increased pay of thirty-five or forty dollars. And the close of the fourth year may find him 'chief petty Officer Smith,' with a salary of seventy dollars a month to his credit. Of course such a case as this—so rapid a rise, I mean—may be exceptional, but it is possible."

"His wages are continually increasing, if he behaves?" said Louis.

"Yes. Even as a 'Landsman,' should he be given some special duty, say that of a lamplighter, he receives five dollars a month extra. He can either have his rations provided or have nine dollars a month given him to purchase them. That is not much, you will say; but when several club together, as they often do, better food can be obtained, and something still be left for appetizers and luxuries, if the men desire them."

"Is the food usually good?" inquired Rose.

"I consider it pretty good," was the reply. "It is regularly inspected, it is scientifically wholesome and nourishing, and has the sauce of a good appetite. All Jack's surroundings are clean and healthful; nowhere can you find as good housekeeping as on an American man-of-war. I have seen and boarded ships of almost every nation, but

America easily carries off *that* prize."

"Another feather in the cap of the United States!" said Rose, proudly. "Why does not every able-bodied boy go to be a sailor?"

"All have not the same tastes, of course. Besides the general good living, there is always on board a doctor, whom one may consult free of charge; there are papers and magazines in plenty, and a very good library, and on the flagship a chaplain."

"What do you mean by the flagship, please?" asked Rose.

"Every squadron is under the command of an admiral; his ship is called the flagship, and the chaplain of the squadron is quartered there."

"There are a few Catholic chaplains, I believe?" said Louis.

"Yes; and, though I am not a Catholic, and never expect to be one, I must say that the squadron that is under the ministrations of a Catholic priest has always the best men, and preserves the finest discipline. He enters into the lives of the sailors in a way known to none of the other chaplains, whose duties seem to be comprised in reading the Sunday service. This is known and acknowledged everywhere. But in this regard there is something to be said against the Catholic people in general."

"What do you mean?" inquired Louis. "The Catholic people can have nothing to do with the ships."

"They have, or ought to have," said Jonson. "I will tell you what I mean. Naturally, not being interested, I did not observe it myself until I heard Catholic sailors speak of it. While persons of all other denominations, wherever the ships stop, come on board with tracts and invitations to church and Sunday-school, and send the sailors piles of all kinds of interesting magazines, the Catholics never do it, unless in some places that I have not heard of. If they would occasionally dispatch boxes of magazines and Cath-

olic papers to the sailors who belong to their Church, the boys would be very grateful, and would enjoy them very much. A sailor once said to me that he had known of several conversions to the Catholic Church having been made through one little catechism that some person had sent on board."

"We take only two Catholic magazines—*Benziger's* and *THE AVE MARIA*," said Rose; "and one Catholic paper, that Father Garyo sends us. But we save them all, because Manuela thinks they may come in good sometime. I am going to put them in a box and carry them down to San Diego next winter when the ships come in. Florian said he would take us to see them."

"Then you will be a little missionary," observed Jonson. "Be sure that you do not forget it."

"And now is there anything else about 'Smith'?" asked Louis. "I want to see what becomes of him in the end."

"Well, we will suppose him to be obliged to face actual warfare. He is ready for it, as the daily drill has prepared him for every possible phase of it; besides making him physically, morally, and mentally strong, through the splendid discipline he has to undergo, and which soon becomes second nature to him; also fitting him, I might say, for almost any other occupation he may undertake when his time of enlistment has expired. But let me tell you, friends, that the more excellent the sailor, the more likely he is to re-enlist."

"That seems natural," said Louis. "If he is good at it, it is to be supposed he likes naval service; and, liking it, remains in it."

"Why did you not re-enlist, Mr. Jonson?" asked Rose. "And were you a petty officer?"

"Of the second class—yes," answered Jonson. "I would have re-enlisted were it not that I wanted to go home once

more. I am longing for my rocky-coasted, mountainous Norway."

"A good reason," said Louis. "But you may return?"

"Probably. I want to see, though, whether my seven years' absence will have resulted in making me discontented with my native land. But, as I was saying, if our comrade 'Smith' goes to war, and shows himself to be a brave man, he receives all sorts of extra allowances, medals and honorable mentions. If he should fall in battle, his family is pensioned, his funeral expenses paid, and he is numbered among the heroes of the nation. After thirty years' service, if the enemy's guns have not picked him off or disabled him, he is retired with a pension. If they *have* disabled him, his pension is larger. We will suppose that such a man as I have described has saved considerable money. If he is married—and in nine cases out of ten, in spite of his wandering life, he *is* married,—he generally settles down in some seaport town, builds himself a neat cottage, always with a flower-garden around it, and a flag-pole near the front door, from which wave the Stars and Stripes,—if not on ordinary occasions, at least on high-days and holidays. There he sits and smokes his pipe, when he is not working in his garden, or sailing the trim boat he usually owns, or fishing. There he sits and smokes, and recalls the people and places he has seen during his journeyings of thirty years. In my opinion, to finish one's days in this way is to end them pleasantly."

"You have not shown us the dark side, Mr. Jonson," said Rose, archly.

"I leave that to your imagination," answered the sailor. "And believe me, to one who likes the life, it is usually bright."

"Except when there is a terrible storm," said Rose.

"Sailors enjoy a storm. It is a relief from the monotony of the sea."

"And the typhoons?"

"They are infrequent."

"And deaths at sea?"

"A lovely place to die and be buried," said Jonson.

Rose shivered.

"That I should not like," she replied.

"If you will come in now," said Mrs. Mullen, suddenly making her appearance, "the dinner is ready. And I'll be asking you, Mr. Jonson, since Louis isn't able, to drive me to the station behind the quietest horse that ever stepped."

"Are you going to-day?" asked Rose, in surprise. "Why in such a hurry?"

"Oh, I want to say good-bye to my boys, and put up my little things for coming back. You'll see me again on Monday."

Then they went in to dinner.

(To be continued.)

A Story of St. Antoninus.

St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, was the first prior of the celebrated Convent of San Marco, of which he may be said to have been founder; for he personally superintended its building, and at his request Fra Angelico adorned its walls with the now world-famous frescoes. In St. Dominic's Church in London there is a figure of St. Antoninus with a pair of scales in his hands. The story is, that one day when some one arrived at the convent with needed food, for which the saint returned a hearty *Deo gratias!*—"Thanks be to God for the same!"—the donor, having expected to receive some more material reward, retired murmuring. St. Antoninus, calling him back, wrote the words *Deo gratias* on a piece of paper, and placing the gift in one of the scales, and in the other the paper on which *Deo gratias* was written, it was found that the latter outweighed the former.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The fall announcements of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. include a new romance of the struggle of French Canada for independence in 1837-1838, by Mary Catherine Crowley. It is entitled "In Treaty with Honor."

—"The Dream and the Business," which is said to be the most brilliant of the late Mrs. Craigie's books, has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. A cheap edition of her first story, "Some Emotions and a Moral," is announced by the same publisher.

—"Lord Acton and His Circle," just published in England, is a book of unusual interest. It is edited by Dom Gasquet. Besides nearly two hundred of Acton's letters, mostly on religion and literature, the volume contains some important Newman correspondence.

—A book of special interest to Americans is about to be published by Messrs. A. Constable & Co.—viz., "Letters and Recollections of George Washington," being his correspondence with Tobias Lear, and the latter's diary of the last days. Lear, it will be remembered, was Washington's private secretary. Besides many letters hitherto unpublished, the volume will contain some rare portraits.

—On the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress held at Tournai, August 15-19, the Society of St. Augustine (Desclée, De Brouwer et C^{ie}) have published a handsome and richly illustrated album entitled *La Sainte Eucharistie*. Like the Society's *Ave Maria* and *Noël! Noël!*, notices of which have appeared in recent volumes of our magazine, the present publication is a genuine work of typographical art; and the literary contents, borrowed from the most eloquent clients of the Blessed Sacrament, are quite in harmony with the purely decorative portion of the splendid album.

—While there is at present no official division of Europe known as Macedonia, that name has of late years come into wide use in connection with the strife of nationalities in the Turkish dominions. Ever since the Congress of Berlin in 1878, the "Macedonian Question" has been more or less to the forefront of Eastern European politics. This being so, it was a happy thought of Miss Annie O'Brien Christitch to do into English the luminous pamphlet, "Remarks on the Ethnography of the Macedonian Slavs," by Dr. J. Cvijic, professor of Belgrade University. As the latest authoritative word on what has from time immemorial been a vexed question, the work is of genuine utility to all students of European ethnography and to

students of world-politics as well. The excellent translation has been privately printed for the author by Horace Cox, London.

—"Winona and Other Stories," by William J. Fischer, is a book of excellent Catholic short stories, recommended to the reading world by an appreciative introductory word from the pen of one whose own success in the field of good, healthy fiction renders his approbation distinctly worth while, the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. In speaking of the contents of the book as "these eight delightful tales," Father Copus is not unduly generous: his characterization will be assented to by all discriminating critics. From the literary viewpoint, this volume, Dr. Fischer's first in prose, gives evidence of a surer artistic touch and of finer technique than marked his initial volume of verse, "Songs by the Wayside"; and we cordially commend the book to all our readers, young and old, simple and sophisticated. Published by Mr. B. Herder.

—We congratulate Mr. Herder on his latest undertaking—viz: "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica," to consist of select works of such authors as Blossius, St. Francis de Sales, Ven. de Ponte, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Teresa, etc.; and to be edited by Father Lehmkuhl, S. J. The first volume has already made its appearance, and gives promise of a collection which will reflect the highest credit on all concerned in its production. Nothing more appropriate to begin the series could have been chosen than Arvisenet's "Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis," and Bona's better known work, "De Sacrificio Missæ." The editor's notes, though brief, are quite satisfactory; and the short introductions to each treatise add interest and value to the volume. Type, printing, paper and binding are all that can be wished for. Booklovers will delight in the form of the work, and marvel at its durability and lightness. We hope "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica" will have the wide success it deserves.

—The *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, Ohio, notes a lengthy editorial appreciation, by the Antigonish (N. S.) *Casket*, of "Véra's Charge," by Christian Reid, which was lately concluded in THE AVE MARIA. The *Universe* refers to the story as "one of uncommon merit," and adds:

Christian Reid is known to most Catholics since their schooldays as a graceful writer of wholesome and interesting stories; but in her latest production she has struck a new note of power, and handles with force as well as with grace a question which is of the deepest timely interest. She has always written in a clear and refined style, which we wish were oftener the model for Catholic young people than the slipshod and overstrained English of the ordinary

"popular" novelist. But it is not for its style so much as for its opportune lesson, presented plainly but without pedantry, that we hope "Véra's Charge" will find a large public when it appears in book form.

The *Casket* describes this story as "certainly one of the most delightful that its author has written," saying further:

The sprightly dialogue; the clear, vivid, yet delicate character-drawing; the indefinable air of distinction that lifts all her work to a plane so infinitely removed from the commonplace; and the noble purpose and ideals that inspire the whole,—all these, which thousands of readers have learned to love in the author's stories, are here in very marked degree; while the theme, the world-old story of the conflict between good and evil, each with its champions among men, the influence of whose example we trace in all the breadth of its reach—all combine to make a novel of that rare charm which lingers in the memory of even the casual reader (alas that such books should have casual readers!) like some exquisite perfume. How delightful to reflect that already this charm has been felt by tens of thousands of readers throughout the English-speaking world, and especially by that class which is perhaps in the greatest danger from bad novels—our young girls! Given a taste for such stories as this, they should be far on the road that leads away from the miry and miasmic swamps and fens of evil fiction, up to the bright sunshine and pure atmosphere on the heights of Catholic literature.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Bibliotheca Asctica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.

"Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.

"The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.

"The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.

"Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols. \$4.

"Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.

"Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts

"Scanlan's Rules of Order" 25 cts.

"The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.

"Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.

"At the Parting of the Ways." Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. \$1.

"Salvation and Sanctification." Rev. B. C. Thibault. 33 cts.

"The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. T. Westerman, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. M. F. Walsh, diocese of Portland; Rev. Denis Ryan and Rev. Cleophas Demers, diocese of Manchester; Rev. Thomas Walsh, D. D., archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. James McNally, diocese of Sioux Falls; and Rev. James Trahey, C. S. C.

Mr. Thomas Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. John Jones, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Margaret Reilly, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. J. E. Forster, Petoskey, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Murphy, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mr. Valentine Arding, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Cornelius Mulherin, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. K. M. Green and Mr. James Malloy, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Charles Pugny, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Irene Hartmann, Brookville, Ohio; Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald, Mobile, Newfoundland; Mr. Henry Benson, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. John O'Connell, Antioch, Cal.; and Mr. George Haberkorn, Sherrill, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine sufferers in Bengal:

B. J. M., \$1; Mrs. M. B., \$2; C. C. C., \$2; Rev. T. F., \$40; "in honor of the Sacred Heart," \$2; Rev. A. V. S., \$10; Mrs. W. T. S., \$1; "in honor of Mary Immaculate," \$5; "in honor of Holy Mary and St. Anthony," \$2; E. Moore, \$2; Friend, \$2; M. J. Walsh, \$15; Peter Cunningham, \$1; Margaret O'Connor, \$1; Shaun Duibhidir, \$20; William McGrath, \$5; T. F. Hagan, \$5; Mrs. C. W., \$1; E. M. C., \$1; M. A. C., \$1; F. A. S., \$1; C. Bros., "in honor of our Blessed Mother," \$10; C. J. S., \$3; Friend, 25 cts.; James C. Bourke, \$2.

For the leper priest of Mandalay:

Friend, Ohio, \$10; Friend, Mattoon, \$1; M. J. W., \$5.

Two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$5; M. J. W., \$10; B. J. M., \$10.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 12.

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Repentance.

BY S. M. R.

IF I through all the years have held my own,
And if I stand to-day with honored name,
No human voice uplifted to defame,
No hand upraised to cast at me a stone;
There still are sins that I may see alone,
And inner voices cry, "For shame, for shame!"
While spirit fingers trace my guilt in flame,
That only Love Divine can e'er atone.

And can I yet, O God, have thoughts of pride,
And from my erring brother turn away,
Accepting mercy unto him denied,
As with the lordly Pharisee I pray?
No: with the Publican let me abide,
A sinner, humbled, contrite, from this day.

In the Land of Miracles.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

EVERYONE has heard of the great national French pilgrimage to Lourdes, that takes place annually at the end of August. This year it was more numerous attended than usual. Reports had been spread that the government contemplates closing the Pyrenean shrine, and its clients naturally held to visiting it before this drastic and unjustifiable measure shuts up the road that the sick and suffering have come to know so well. Then, again, the political horizon in France is daily becoming more threatening; the future is fraught with

danger, and the hearts of anxious Catholics instinctively turn to her who has been aptly called *Salus Infirmorum*, *Auxilium Christianorum*. And, as it is an answer to the imploring supplications of her children, the Queen of Lourdes has this year proved herself more lavish than usual in the bestowal of extraordinary favors.

Our readers know that one of the most impressive ceremonies of the pilgrimage is the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The sick, carried by the devoted *brancardiers*, are laid in rows; and harrowing indeed is the sight of the different forms of human suffering that are congregated on the wide platform in front of the church. The maimed, the blind, the paralyzed, lie side by side, waiting for the advent of the Divine Healer.

Some of them seem actually dying. Thus a young girl of twenty-one, afflicted with heart disease, lay motionless, with closed eyes, in a state of such extreme weakness that then and there it was thought necessary to give her Extreme Unction. Next to her lay a little Parisian workwoman, far gone with consumption. It is her third visit to Lourdes; and, though it has not pleased God to cure her, her faith, sweetness, and resignation are unimpaired, and her prayers are offered for her companions rather than for herself. Beyond lies a paralyzed child, whose anxious father is kneeling by him; an infirm nun, a consumptive young priest, and then a group of sufferers

whose faces and limbs are covered with hideous sores.

Among the stretchers, men and women, many of whom bear the noblest names in France, hurry to and fro, accompanied by the devoted Little Sisters, the guardian angels of the sick pilgrims. Gently and lovingly they encourage their charges, curb their impatience, smooth their pillows, and allay their thirst. The August sun beats down upon the scene, and through the still air is heard the sound of distant hymns. The procession slowly draws near; and when the golden monstrance appears in sight, a concert of supplications, ardent, loud, intense, rises from the platform: "Lord, Thou canst do all things: give them health! Our Lady of Lourdes, come to their assistance! O Lord Jesus, cure them!"

Then, separating himself from the group of bishops that escort the Blessed Sacrament, the priest who carries the monstrance passes slowly between the stretchers. A girl who for two years has not put her foot to the ground, Mdle. Albertine Duvelleroye, from Aulnay-sur-Odon, Calvados, rises and walks behind the priest. Marie Loiseau, aged twenty-four, from Vendée, does likewise. The little workwoman from Paris looks anxiously at the dying girl by her side, and those who are nearest distinctly overhear her heroic prayer: "Our Lady of Lourdes, I offer you my life: cure my neighbor rather than me!" As if this generous self-forgetfulness brought an immediate answer, the inanimate girl rises and clasps the monstrance. "Thank you, Holy Virgin!" murmurs her neighbor. "Now do with me what you please." And with the inspiring strains of the *Magnificat* mingle cries of "Hosanna! Glory to God on high! Glory to the Son of David!"

Other sick persons, eight or nine in number, join the first. They walk close behind the Blessed Sacrament,

hustled by the eager crowd; and the devoted *brancardiers* are obliged to guard them against its fervent but indiscreet demonstrations. Scarcely less striking, perhaps, are the acts of faith that break from the lips of those who remain infirm and motionless as before. A young man terribly maimed and disfigured, who, alas! had longed and prayed to be cured, is heard to say: "My God, I believe in Thee! Holy Virgin Mary, I love thee all the same,—*quand même!*"

Thirty thousand people took part in the torchlight procession that crowned the festivities of the 19th of August. The soul of Catholic France asserted itself in the supernatural atmosphere of the place. That soul, although hampered and even apparently crushed, is still a living power, and occasions like these call forth its latent vitality and hidden strength.

Besides the sick persons who were restored to health when the Blessed Sacrament passed among them, others were cured at the fountain or in the church during the days that the pilgrims spent at Lourdes. A striking case is that of Madame Ernestine Courcel, a blind woman, forty-six years of age, well known in the district of La Maison Blanche, a suburb of Paris.

Madame Courcel related her experiences in the vivid, picturesque, untranslatable language of a quick-witted *faubourienne*. They are all the more impressive, the speaker being far from devout; indeed, she unwillingly consented to join the pilgrimage to please her husband, just as three months before she let herself be baptized at his earnest request. Although she had become a nominal Catholic, she was wofully deficient in religious knowledge, and she candidly confessed that *le bon Dieu* and the Blessed Virgin were to her no more than mere names.

The oldest of nineteen children, she began to work when only seven years

of age, and had not time to go "either to school or to church." She married before she was twenty, but the ceremony was a purely civil one. Her pseudo-husband evidently considered the tie as one to be held lightly; for when the poor woman became unable to work, through failing eyesight, he left her. She had so far earned her living as a washerwoman, but this now became impossible; and, after going through different treatments, first in one hospital, then in another, she was driven to sing in the streets in order to earn her daily bread. A worthy workman, who played the guitar, took pity on her forlorn condition; he married her (in the Church this time), accompanied her songs in the streets and in the courts of the populous faubourg, and when at home cooked and kept the room tidy, his wife's complete blindness making these household duties impossible.

Now and then he spoke to her of religion, and finally prevailed upon her to be baptized. He then touched upon the subject of Lourdes, but here she confesses to have proved rebellious. "You had better go there," he urged. "If you are not cured, you will, at any rate, learn to pray." After much resistance, she finally consented to join the pilgrimage,—“not believing for a moment,” she adds, “that I could be cured.” She owns that the journey seemed to her very tedious, and that the hymns and prayers with which the pilgrims beguiled the long hours of travel were to her an unknown, and therefore an uninteresting, language. “I knew none of their canticles, and, in consequence, could not amuse myself by singing. I was bored to death.” She instinctively felt that the street songs that appealed to the population of La Maison Blanche would hardly have been welcomed by the devout company, in the midst of which she was horribly ill at ease.

This feeling became so strong that, on arriving at Lourdes, she begged to be sent home immediately. The charitable ladies who devote themselves to the care of the pilgrims implored her to remain, and carried her off to the fountain to bathe her eyes. She at first declined to do so. “I have been told,” she urged, “never to wash my eyes in cold water. Besides, I am not a believer in Lourdes. I did not come here to be cured.” The young girl who was in charge of this rebellious patient gently insisted, and finally prevailed upon Madame Courcel to bathe her sightless eyes in the icy-cold water. A sharp pain in her head and in her eyes made the sufferer utter a cry, then she began to see. “I see the Grotto, the fountain, the Blessed Virgin, the mountains,—I see everything! I see quite well!” she exclaimed; and, in the midst of indescribable excitement, the poor woman was hurried to the Bureau des Constatations. Here the doctors present examined her eyes, and compared their excellent condition with the hopeless symptoms described in the medical certificate delivered to Madame Courcel by the Paris oculists, who had vainly endeavored to relieve her. Next day she was again examined, and again the result was most satisfactory.

Not less striking was the effect produced on the soul of one whom circumstances had kept for long years outside any spiritual influence. Madame Courcel, grateful though she was for the wonderful favor bestowed upon her, owned that she was still more happy and grateful because she had now learned to pray. “I love the Blessed Virgin so much,” she added, “that I would gladly die for her sake.”

It has been asserted—and in some cases the assertion may be justified—that there is an element of auto-suggestion in certain cures at Lourdes; that, for example, in nervous diseases, the influence of the surroundings must

be taken into account as a powerful factor. In the case of Madame Courcel nothing of the sort can be maintained. Here is a woman of forty-six, who has lived outside all religious influences, whose mind and imagination are void of any religious impressions, who is certain that Lourdes will *not* cure her, and who, being hopelessly and totally blind, recovers her sight suddenly on bathing her eyes with the icy-cold water of the miraculous fountain.

Surely to any dispassionate mind the fact carries its own conclusion. Let us add that the case of Madame Courcel is, in some respects, a rare one. Generally it would seem that the miraculous cures obtained at Lourdes are, in some measure, the reward of prayer and of faith on the part of the favored object of Our Lady's compassion. In this instance prayer and faith were both wanting in the subject of the cure; but they existed in the devoted Paris workman, whose simple confidence speeded his wife on the memorable journey, where he meant her, if she was not cured, at any rate "to learn how to pray."

The wonderful story of Madame Courcel was, as we may well suppose, the leading event of the day. But on Tuesday, August 21, there took place several other cures that seem undoubtedly miraculous. Our readers know, however, that the doctors who at Lourdes have the mission of investigating the different cases do so in a spirit of severe criticism, and are far more reluctant than the general public to admit that a miracle has been worked. Their attitude in this respect can not be too highly commended; and their scrupulous attention and enlightened and well-balanced judgment have won the praise of those who were inclined to look upon them as ignorant fanatics. Moreover, all medical men, whatever may be their religious opinions, are permitted—nay, invited—to be present when the different cases

are examined at the Bureau des Constatations; and discussions on the subject are sought rather than avoided.

Among the most striking cases that came under our notice are the following. Marguerite Besson, from Aix-en-Provence, a girl of fourteen, whose arm had been paralyzed for twelve years, can now use it freely. Another young girl, Marie Antoinette Desmarie, also from the south, had for the last twenty-two months been confined to her bed with hip disease; she was suddenly cured during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, rose from her couch, and can walk without pain or stiffness. Almost similar is the case of Rose Arnichaud, aged twenty, who not only was unable to walk, but suffered acute pains, that have now disappeared. A little girl from Cannes, Marie Louise Monteverde, also a cripple, was twice bathed in the fountain without any result; when the Blessed Sacrament passed by, she rose and began to run. She can now walk, run, move her limbs freely; though, with the stern conscientiousness that distinguishes them, the doctors notice that some of her movements are still "imperfect."

Some of the cures are, as we have seen, sudden and complete; others more gradual. Our Lady distributes her favors according to God's mysterious will and pleasure. Occasionally, only a slight improvement is observed at first; this increases by degrees, and finally ends in a perfect cure.

One of the most interesting features of this last pilgrimage was the number of persons who, having been cured the previous year, either partially or completely, returned to thank their heavenly Benefactress, and also (an important detail) to show that her gracious work on their behalf was lasting. They came from all parts of France, carrying in their hands the certificates of the local doctors, who, having seen them crippled by disease

and suffering, now write that they have for the last year enjoyed perfect health. Thus a child from Angoulême, who in 1905 had been cured of spine disease, brought a certificate attesting that "since her return from Lourdes her cure had been maintained, and that her health was very satisfactory,"—an attestation confirmed this year by the Lourdes physicians.

The pilgrimage came to an end on August 22. At 3.50 the White Train, in which are the sick pilgrims, left the station. Many were cured; others, alas! in greater number, returned much as they had come, as regards their bodily infirmities; for, since the days when Christ walked this suffering world of ours, miracles have been the exception, not the rule. But it is safe to say that none returned *just* as they had come; for, instead of the physical relief that they hoped for, they received graces of resignation, submission, and divine peace. A bystander remarked that the invalids who were not cured sang the appointed hymns of thanksgiving with as much fervor as their more privileged companions. This is one of the standing wonders of Lourdes: the utter absence of bitterness and envy, the generous self-forgetfulness that leads those who have been disappointed to rejoice freely and fully at the happiness of others. These are symptoms too contrary to human nature not to be the result of a special grace.

Many pilgrims wept as they looked for the last time at the City of Miracles, where the veil that separates the seen from the Unseen seems almost transparent even to our blunted human senses. With streaming eyes and hearts filled to overflowing, they gazed at the mountains rising grey and grim under the blue sky, at the sparkling Gave, the great white church, the holy Grotto, where so many sufferers in mind and body have found health, light, and peace. And, turning from the hallowed

spot to the country that lies at present under so threatening a cloud, they gratefully welcomed the hope that devotion to the Mother of God may, at this crucial point of their history, strengthen the Catholics of France for the struggles that lie before them. The long-expected voice of Christ's Vicar has pointed out the course that it behooves them to follow,—a course in which, if they prove themselves loyal, courageous and faithful, the gracious protection of Notre Dame de Lourdes will never fail.

The Story Grandmother Told.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

"IF Miss Ethna had what belongs to her by right, she would be the richest heiress in the county," said the country people.

But the O'Neils, having clung to the ancient faith, had seen their estates pass from them under the iniquitous penal laws. Nothing remained to the old Madame but the dilapidated stone house beside the hill, and in this her ancestral home she was now only a tenant. She kept a roof over Ethna's head, but at her death the girl would be almost penniless.

Arthur Gore had long been a favorite with Madame O'Neil. From his boyhood she bestowed upon him a share of the maternal affection she had once lavished upon a son of her own who died young. Since he and Ethna had been playmates, was it strange they should now be friends?

"When I am gone, Ethna will go to her father in America, and he will make a great match for her there," she answered gossiping neighbors. "He writes that Madame Washington herself has expressed an interest in the dear child. What is it you say? Arthur and

Ethna in love with each other? Not at all: they are like brother and sister."

Nor would Madame believe there was a deeper affection between the young people, until they had woven about themselves a web of circumstances that drew in several individuals besides, and altered the course of at least one other life.

Youth and love are seldom wise. Had Arthur accepted his dismissal on the summer evening when, beside the hawthorn tree, Ethna bade him forget her, perhaps her grandmother's plans might have come true. But what lover will acknowledge himself rejected when he finds his love returned? Ethna's faltering admission in answer to the cry of his heart was to him like the plighting of her troth. He continued, therefore, to spend many an hour with the old and the young lady, as he had always done. And often he and Ethna walked together along the green lanes of the neighborhood or across the fields, "both looking as happy as two children," the gossips said. So the time passed, and the seasons came and went until it was summer again.

.

One Sunday morning, as Ethna O'Neil, having delayed until all the congregation had left the chapel, came down the aisle, it chanced that the priest, Father Tom O'Connor, stood at the door. Though not more than thirty years of age, he had been appointed to the parish upon the recent death of the old pastor. And very pleased he was at the apparent dawn of a fairer era for his country and his flock. For, though the atrocious laws against the celebration of Mass and assistance thereat were still on the Irish statute books, it was no longer necessary for priest and people to steal away to the fastnesses of the glens and hills for the Holy Sacrifice.

Father Tom had a pleasant, ingenuous

countenance, a good word for everyone, and a jest for many. But his kind blue eyes could be stern on occasion; and his firm mouth denoted a strong, resolute and independent character. Every man, woman, and child of the countryside loved and respected him; for the earnest piety and whiteness of his life were Christlike.

As the girl stepped into the sunshine, he spoke to her cheerily, and asked for the old Madame.

"Grandmother was unable to come out, but she is feeling better to-day, thank your reverence!" Ethna said, and then, with a graceful inclination of her head, hurried on. Her face had brightened at his friendly salutation; yet, strangely enough, her smile smote him to the heart, it was so unconsciously patient and pathetic.

A number of people still lingered in the chapel yard. Some of them had walked miles from their holdings. Now that the services were over, there was news to be exchanged,—inquiry must be made for the health of all the parish, bargains must be concluded, the bereaved condoled with, perhaps even plans for a wedding might be settled.

Like the ghost of herself, Ethna passed the different groups with gentle dignity, looking neither to the right nor left. No smiling visages greeted her, no blessings were called down upon her head. Even the poor whom she had befriended drew back lest her gown should touch them. No one was so needy as to ask of her an alms. The priest stared, noting with astonishment the averted eyes, the shrugging of broad shoulders.

By this time the young lady had taken her place in the little trap in which of late she had several times been seen driving. As she disappeared down the road, an old woman near the chapel door lifted up her withered hands and exclaimed, with a shrill laugh:

"Wirra, wirra! 'Tis the old story of beggars riding!"

It was the last straw added to the burden of indignation heavy on the heart of Father Tom. Had he followed his impulse, he would have wrested a stick from the hand of the nearest man and plunged among the throng, wielding it vigorously. The habit of self-control stayed his arm but it did not subdue his anger.

"In the name of Heaven, my people, have I taught you so ill that you have not the fear of God in your souls at all?" he cried, stretching out his arms over his amazed and bewildered flock. "Have the poisonous little snakes that the blessed St. Patrick drove out of Ireland crept back, in the form of venomous tongues? Woe to the scandalmongers! If the wind scatters a measure of corn that the farmer had for sowing, or whirls away the feathers of the wife's bed, can grain or down be gathered together again? How, then, can you expect to gather up false words spoken? Yet for every one of them account must be made to the great God."

"Och, Father Tom, it's hard speech you have for us!" said the crone whose ejaculation had loosed the floodgates of his wrath. "But there's no upbraiding for others that need it more."

Her protest evoked a murmur of assent from those who stood by, and a name was lightly bandied to and fro. The priest caught it up.

"Ethna O'Neil? Who dares cast reproach upon a noble woman?" he broke out once more,—“a woman who, I see, has endured insult and calumny in silence for your sakes and—God help us!—to shield the priest who blessed her marriage. Be it known to all now! A twelvemonth ago I married Ethna O'Neil and Arthur Gore. Fearing for me the legal penalty I risked by performing the ceremony, she has kept the marriage a secret. Yes, in the exercise of my

priestly faculties I defied the unjust law of the land, and I am ready to accept the consequences of my act. But what God has joined together let not man put asunder."

Heedless of the consternation his declaration created among his people, who loved him, with these words Father Tom O'Connor turned abruptly and re-entered the chapel. Striding up the aisle, he knelt a moment with bowed head before the altar; then he passed on, through the sacristy to the humble rectory,—the home wherein, though it was little better than a cabin, his days had been filled with peace.

Yes, the year before, Father Tom, at Arthur's earnest pleading, had united the lovers. Young Gore had adduced his own connection with the Earl of Arran and his friendly relations with the district magistrate as assurance that he possessed sufficient influence to protect the priest from the enmity of petty government officials who might make use of the incident against him.

In truth, Father Tom had thought little of the danger he incurred. He had done what he thought right, under the circumstances. Madame O'Neil was too infirm and unpractical to be a proper chaperon for her granddaughter. Arthur Gore was an honorable man; he had accepted the necessary conditions, and by the marriage Ethna gained a protector. Since then, with the young couple life had drifted on like a buoyant boat upon the tide of happiness; and Arthur had postponed from day to day the announcement of his marriage to his powerful friends. To reconcile them to what they must consider his folly, and obtain their support, appeared a less simple matter than it had seemed in the first ardor of "love's young dream."

But now the priest, heedless of the fact that his safety was at stake, had taken the affair into his own hands; and, as the men of his congregation

dejectedly told one another on this summer morning, "there would certainly be the devil to pay."

"But, why need the tale go farther," argued one of the anxious group gathered under the chapel eaves. "There's many a fact known to the whole countryside that yet is guarded from the magistrate and his underlings."

"True for you. Even the prattling children learn to be dumb before those they do not know," answered another. "The story could be kept to ourselves well enough were it not that, to silence the scandalmongers and protect a woman's good name, his reverence will take every opportunity to proclaim the marriage."

"Faith he may spare himself the trouble!" chimed in a third. "The report will spread fast enough. Did ye mark Thaddy Hannen among us this morning? He would have it thought he was coming back to do penance before Trinity Sunday, but I'll hold ye a shilling he was lingering around to see what news he could pick up as an informer. Thaddy stood not six feet from the door when Father Tom spoke against any one hindering him in the performance of his priestly offices. Mind my words, these happenings will make us sup sorrow."

The rustic prophecy was, unfortunately, only too soon fulfilled. Father Tom's bold avowal was like a blow at a hornets' nest, and it quickly brought the stinging swarms about his ears.

In vain Arthur Gore appealed to the absentee lord of the district. The Earl of Arran replied only by a cold letter, in which he declared the matter must be settled by the magistrate. The young man pleaded with his former guardian. He could never regret that he had married Ethna, he manfully said; but he would pay out half his fortune, or even go to prison, rather than that Father Tom should be injured or suffer for having united

them. But Magistrate Farquhar was not to be propitiated. Back of his antagonism was a surging current of personal resentment. He had selected his own daughter to be the bride of his recent ward, for the Gore property would have yielded her an excellent settlement. Disappointment and chagrin, therefore, not only whetted his anger against Arthur, but determined him to wreck his vengeance upon the priest who had performed the marriage ceremony.

At the time, indeed, no court in the land would have dared to decree the death penalty for the offence. A sentence of transportation might be unwise, even from the judge's point of view; for in his jurisdiction he began to have many evidences that the patient endurance of the people had been strained to the utmost. Nevertheless, he flattered himself that he still possessed an effectual means of satisfying his animosity, and of getting rid of the peasants' *soggarth aroon*.

Father Tom was apprehended and brought before the magistrate's court. His people were carefully excluded, upon the plea that it was necessary to prevent a disturbance. Thaddy Hannen was the chief witness. The others, a scurvy band of well-dressed hangers-on of Farquhar's, attested only what the informer had told them.

When Thaddy had testified to having heard the priest's own declaration that he had ignored the law in performing the marriage, the magistrate leaned over his desk and asked, with a sinister smile:

"Has the prisoner anything to say? Can he deny the truth of this testimony, or bring forward any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him?"

Father Tom made no denial. But he had much to say, and many reasons why he should be left untrammelled in the performance of his duty. It was a noble defence,—not an appeal for

clemency for himself from the pompous man before him, but a demand of those higher in authority for the release of all his race and faith from the disabilities of the tyrannous penal laws under which they had so long been bowed.

The burst of fervid eloquence held even his enemies spellbound. But the result was not a jot altered, nor had he expected otherwise. When he ceased to speak, there was a moment of silence. Then the magistrate proceeded to pronounce sentence.

"Mr. O'Connor," he said in a hard and measured tone, "for the breach of the law of which you have been guilty, the extreme legal penalty is death. Were you tried in Dublin, I doubt not your fate would be at least banishment to the penal colony of Australia. But I will be more lenient. Hear, then, the decree of this court. You shall leave Ireland, never to return. You are allowed a fortnight for your preparations. If at the end of that time you have not departed, you will be re-arrested and imprisoned."

Standing immobile as a statue now, the priest heard the inflexible words, so terrible to an ardent and enthusiastic Irishman, every pulse of whose heart throbbed with love of country. Exile from his native land, from his old mother, from the little chapel lately reared on the site of the old abbey destroyed at a time of still more cruel persecution; from his flock, and the little children that were, like the new lambs, especially dear to the shepherd! Exile! A sentence of death would have been kinder. Old Father John's one regret in dying had been that he must leave his people. Father Tom was to be parted from them, not by the summons of God, but through a travesty of justice.

"Exile from all that life holds dear, and for so long as life shall last! This is what it is," the young priest said to himself. Yet he received the

decision with no betrayal of emotion. And, when dismissed, he walked from the court room, carrying his head high, and with as firm a tread as ever.

What should he do? Appeal from the judgment, make his case a test in the struggle the pioneers of Emancipation had already begun? Father Tom was keen for the contest as is a war-horse for the battle. The thought of his people restrained him. If he should take a bold stand against the decision of the court, they would assuredly rally around him. But a fire is more easily kindled than kept within bounds. He would only bring further trouble upon them. No: submission, galling though it be, was wiser. He would go away quietly.

Where should he go? To France, seething with unrest? To India, and devote himself to the conversion of the heathen? Voluntarily to choose the career of a missionary was one thing; to have it thrust upon one, without even the palliative of obedience to spiritual authority, was quite another. Father Tom had felt that his vocation was to minister to the inhabitants of his native hills and valleys. Now that he was driven from them, his heart still yearned toward his own race.

At this time the efforts of the Americans to achieve their independence were watched with an intense interest in Ireland; for in that struggle was hope for her. A few brave Irish exiles were fighting with Washington. Wherever the children of the Church have wandered, the missionary has either led the way or followed, like the Good Shepherd, in search of the sheep that might otherwise be lost.

Father Tom decided that he would go to the Colonies. To cross the seas was like to be, indeed, exile for life. Yet it would be best.

"We will never let him go!" declared his people.

But, though the young priest's heart

was breaking, he counselled patience and obedience to authority, just as the wily Magistrate Farquhar had been sure he would do.

"One last favor I ask of you my friends," said the priest. "As you love me, make no outbreak."

And, because of their love, they yielded to his wish.

Lest his flock might not be able to restrain their anger and sorrow at the last, however, Father Tom set off secretly for the Cove of Cork two days earlier than it was supposed he would start. Thus he was spared the sad good-byes, and the sight of Ethna Gore's grief for the calamity her romantic love for "the stranger" had brought upon the parish.

When it became known that their *soggarth* had sailed away unbeknown to any of his own, there was lamenting for a month of Sundays and more. Long before it ceased the new priest appointed by the bishop came. He was a kindly man, and discreet enough to sympathize with the people in their loss. And thus, though none, from the sexagenarian to the seven-year-old child, could forget Father Tom O'Connor, the new priest gradually took his rightful place in their hearts.

Time passed. Beyond the ocean, the Colonists gained their Cause. At the Gates of the West arose a new nation, that stretched forth her welcoming arms toward the worthy poor and oppressed of all the earth. And in her hands were the golden gifts of opportunity and freedom.

Ever and anon to the little Irish village came news of its exile, oftenest in letters to the priest's old mother. Her loneliness was comforted at last, and she slept in peace under the chapel window, almost within the shadow of the altar where he had said his first Mass. The Gores and others heard from him too. He told of his labors in a seaboard town, which was destined

(so he predicted, and truly) to become one of the most important centres in the United States. "Even here," he wrote, "our countrymen have to contend with prejudice against their race and creed. The majority of them are poor, but already they are building chapels. With God's help, they will make their way."

Despite the occasional merry anecdotes, however, and the enthusiasm of Father Tom for his work, there was a something unexpressed, which his people well understood,—the echo of a longing for home, that he only half acknowledged to himself.

In the village of Arran there were changes, too. The marriage of Arthur Gore and Ethna O'Neil proved happy. But for this happiness the young man paid with all his possessions. The fines imposed upon him, because of his defiance of the law, crippled his resources. For the rest, much of his property was still in the management of Mr. Farquhar, and he found himself powerless to demand an accounting. Thus his lands passed from him.

Madame O'Neil was dead, and the stone house was occupied by the new owner. The Gores, having lost their standing among the gentry of the neighborhood, withdrew into the solitudes, and finally, to all outward appearance, became in their poverty like the peasants of the hills.

(To be continued.)

The Den.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

IN my heart is a den—a fearful place,—
And the names of the Beasts I have to face
Are Greed and Envy and Anger and Shame;
And they wildly fight for my good name.

They rise with the dawn, and their restless tread
Awakes in my bosom a sense of dread.
But I walk secure from claw and tooth,
When I hold my heart in the light of Truth!

A Patriarchal Pastor.

BY THE REV. J. GUINAN.

ALAS and alas, their grand old *soggarth* was no more! The venerable nonagenarian pastor of the "Island Parish," Father Kieran Kilroy, was dead, and his people were inconsolable. The sad event moved the whole countryside as no other news had done for a period beyond which the memory even of the oldest did not go back. Indeed, Father Kieran had been among his flock for so lengthened a span that they came somehow to regard him as quasi-immortal, and consequently found it hard to realize that he had left them at last. Hence, even though he "had a good long day of it," they sorrowed grievously for that they should see his dear old face no more.

He came among them as curate a few weeks after his ordination; eight years later he was appointed their parish priest, on the transfer of the then pastor to a "better parish"; and he remained in the Island Parish to the end. It was his first and last mission; the parish of his first and only love; the beginning and the end, the cradle and the grave of his priestly life. He was only thirty-four when he was privileged to write P. P. after his name—the term of apprenticeship for the pastoral charge being much shorter in those days than it is now,—and his reign as parish priest extended over full fifty-six years. This period added to the eight years of his curacy left him sixty-four years among the Island people ere he was gathered to his fathers, having outstepped the Psalmist's allotted span of life by a score of winters. It was, in truth, a good old age, an honored age, and a meritorious one. No wonder his people grieved for their patriarchal pastor with "great and vehement lamentation."

The little village of Ballyvora, where he lived so long, could scarce recognize itself without his dear familiar presence. It had seen him in the vigor of his young manhood, in the prime of life, in declining middle age, and in the "sere and yellow leaf." It had seen his raven hair turn gradually gray, and then snow-white, and his smooth cheek become wrinkled and shrunken. It had seen his fine, erect form bend slowly under the burden of the years, and the firm, elastic step of youth become tottering; and the eye that was once bright as an eagle's, and quick of sight as a hawk's, it had known to grow dim and lack-lustre with age toward the end. Hence it was that the village regarded Father Kieran as part of its existence, and inseparable from itself; and, in pride and sorrow, it felt that his passing left a void which no other could fill.

For some years before his death, the appearance of Father Kieran was very venerable-looking and impressive. When he crossed the street of a morning to say Mass in the old chapel down the lane, opposite his house, a hush of reverence fell on the hamlet, as they watched his bowed form and snow-white head, and the kindly old face beaming with grandfatherly affection for them all. It was a sight that called up in his flock feelings of tender pity, and of deep and strong affection for their revered and aged *soggarth*. It was an object lesson which the young people scarcely ever forgot, and a silent sermon inculcating the lessons of gentleness, simplicity, and goodness.

Those who were young men and women when Father Kieran first came to the parish, he had seen drop out of the ranks one by one, year by year, till the few survivors who still marched by his side on life's journey might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Father Kieran dearly loved the sight of those few old familiar faces which

called back the pleasant memories of life's halcyon days; and whenever he met one of those ancient men or women, he generally had a long chat about old times, and often they had a good cry together at parting. In the last years of his life, as those old friends of his curate days became fewer and fewer, Father Kieran used to feel strangely isolated and alone; and, like the "Ancient Mariner" awaking from sleep in the midst of the dead men, could almost fancy himself also departed and become "a blessed ghost."

When he went into the schools of the parish, and saw there the grandchildren of those whom he himself had baptized, he felt dreadfully old, and would almost believe himself born in some far-off age, and forgotten by the reaper Death. In the last year of his life he used to tell the following unique experience,—an experience which few priests but himself were privileged to narrate. The women referred to in the story were wedded very young, of course, in all three cases.

In the first year of his ministry in Ballyvora he married a couple, whose daughter, Mary Mullery, he also baptized; and, nineteen years later, married to one Bryan Moran. Their daughter he baptized, and some twenty years afterward married to a Peter Coolaghan. The daughter of these latter he baptized in like manner,—aye, and married her, a blooming young bride, to Mick Rowan some sixty-two years after he had married her great-grandmother. And—wonderful to relate—in the last year of his long-drawn career Father Kieran baptized Mick Rowan's child, Brigid, whose great-great-grandmother he had married, and whose great-grandmother he had baptized.

In his latter days, Father Kieran became very garrulous and anecdotal about the past when he preached of a Sunday to his flock; and if he happened

to notice in the chapel one of the parish patriarchs, he would give him a welcome from the altar, and perhaps deliver a sort of panegyric on him for the edification of the younger members of the congregation. And, what with one incident suggesting another, he would go off at so many tangents of reminiscences, and wander into so many by-roads of parochial recollections, that the young people would begin to grow weary of the dear, old, prosing preacher. But he frequently wound up, for all that, by making everyone cry.

After he had celebrated his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee he used to be very affecting and reminiscent in his sermon on each recurring New Year's Day. It was a solemn thing to hear him say, in his simple, dignified way: "I am now more than half a century among you." And, as time went on, and he had celebrated the "Diamond Jubilee" of his ordination, the young people used to regard him with unfeigned astonishment, and the old with reverential awe, when he would say: "I am now sixty years among you as your priest." He would then recall so many tender memories associated with those vanished years—how he had baptized some there who were now grandfathers and grandmothers; how many hundreds of deathbeds he had attended, and so on,—that his voice would become husky from emotion, and finally he would break down and cry; and then the entire congregation would cry with him.

Father Kieran was, as we say, easy-going and simple and old-fashioned in his ways and habits, as became a priest of the old school. Single-minded, pious, quiet and inoffensive, he passed his days in the delightful occupation of doing good according to his lights. He was not, however, what one might call progressive, or strenuous. He believed in "letting well enough alone"; and in his own parish, at any rate, he never could see any urgent necessity

for drastic changes or reformations in things spiritual or temporal. His successor considered this take-it-easy disposition in Father Kieran to be the weak point in his otherwise admirable character. Be that as it may, however, he was so invariably affable and agreeable that when he died he had not an enemy in the parish, and that is no small testimony to his worth.

Father Kieran was noted for his hospitality. The ancient men of the parish were accustomed, whenever they came to the village, to drop in uncereemoniously for the purpose of having a chat with "ould Father Kieran"; and they always met a cordial welcome and a warm shake hands. It was, however, only those who remembered the time when he first came to the parish who approached him on easy, familiar terms like these. The younger generation—that is, those under sixty or so—Father Kieran never could regard otherwise than as children—mere *gossoons* and *girshas*, whom he saw going to school only a few years ago, as he was fain to imagine after the pleasing, delusive manner of old age.

It was an understood thing, too, between Father Kieran and the old women of the parish that of a Sunday morning, when they came fasting to "go to th' altar," they might go round to the priest's kitchen after Mass to break their fast before going home. On those occasions Father Kieran's ancient housekeeper, Ellen, who had been in his service full forty years, was accustomed to hold a sort of informal *conversazione* in the kitchen, when she got the latest news and gossip of the parish at first hand, while she served out cups of strong tea to her old cronies from her big black parochial teapot, that seemed to be always simmering on the cosy hob in hospitable preparation for visitors.

Ellen was very fond of news as well as of tea, and hence she utilized those

Sunday levees to get the earliest information of every stir and move and tittle-tattle going on in the parish. Indeed, in her capacity of general parochial intelligencer, she frequently proved herself invaluable to Father Kieran, who was of an incurious disposition, and astoundingly unsuspicious and simple-minded. To Ellen might be traced many a piece of authentic information anent abuses at dances, wakes, or fairs, which formed the principal subject-matter of Father Kieran's discourse on many a Sunday. And hence the youths and maidens held her and her story-carrying cronies in great abhorrence.

Nevertheless, Ellen was a faithful and devoted servant to her kind old master, whom she loved and revered deeply and well. She quarrelled with him occasionally, no doubt, and more than once gave him notice to leave,—a notice which she had no intention whatever of carrying out, or he of accepting. She believed in her heart there was no one in the whole world like Father Kieran, and he considered Ellen the pearl of housekeepers. Indeed, such was her grief for him when he died that she pined away and followed him to her "long home" in less than a year afterward.

Father Kieran had lived so long among a simple, primitive people that he unconsciously adopted many of their countrified ways and habits. He had about him the unmistakable look of a country parish priest, and a poor country parish priest at that. Rural simplicity shone out in his faded silk hat, in the cut of his ill-fitting coat, and in his weather-worn umbrella, which bore a close resemblance to that of Mrs. Gamp in the pictures of "Phiz." For all that, however, Father Kieran Kilroy was a perfect gentleman of the old school. He was grave and serious for the most part, but in no way severe or stern. On the contrary, he was invariably paternal and kind, and so very

gentle that all the children loved him.

He was quite content to dwell in an old thatched house, and to live on fare as humble and plain as the dietary of his neighbors. He drove an ancient asthmatic side-car, drawn by a horse absurdly sober and easy-going; and his coachman was only seven years his junior, and had been in Father Kieran's service all the time since he first came to the parish as a curate. The two old men on the side-car drawn by the slow old horse formed a spectacle that was the very personification of the good old fair-and-easy-going times. The familiar equipage was a sight that always gladdened the hearts of the parishioners, who used to know Father Kieran was coming long before they saw him, by the heavy jog-trot of the fat old horse and the prodigious rumbling of the old car,—which had celebrated its golden jubilee, by getting newly painted, the same year in which its owner celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his ordination.

For more than forty years after his appointment as parish priest, Father Kieran dispensed with the services of a curate, and managed the benefice, so to speak, as a "one-horse parish." After that, however, a curate was sent to him; although the old man took his turn at parochial duty almost to the last, and might be said in literal truth to die in harness. And what a peaceful death it was when at last it came! Like St. Martin, he had ever been content to live and resigned to die.

It was a small parish, and a poor one, and could badly afford to maintain a second priest. Father Kieran was in no way fond of money; and hence absentees from parochial collections of "dues" were readily excused by him when poverty was their plea. Consequently, he saved no money during his long career, and at his death had scarcely sufficient to defray his funeral expenses. As a characteristic incident

of his kindness of heart, it might be mentioned that on his deathbed he wished it to be made public that he forgave all debts due to him by parishioners, to whom he lent money from time to time when they were hard pressed; for, practically, they sometimes had no source open to them, except Father Kieran's purse, to save them from eviction or want.

It was also his custom to give at least one copper to every vagrant that called at his door; the consequence of which was that his house was besieged by tramps, who abused his generosity in the most shameless manner. When his friends remonstrated with him on the demoralizing effects of this indiscriminate charity, telling him that those vagrants were often known to have spent his money on drink in the nearest public house, he would charitably excuse them by saying that maybe "the poor fellows were thirsty and weak, after a long tramp, and needed a glass of porter to keep them up." It was his way. He was ever indulgent to the weakness of human nature; delightfully optimistic and unsuspicious; and, in the guileless simplicity of his nature, was loath to attribute evil to any one.

Well, Father Kieran had a funeral of such dimensions that, as some of his old friends remarked, it would make "his heart glad if he could only see it." His friends, the vagrants, gathered to it from the four winds, partly to do honor to his memory, and partly, of course, with the instincts of their profession, in the hope of picking up some crumbs in so vast a concourse of people.

His Month's Mind soon came round, when the chapel, as on the day of his funeral, was again crammed to the door. And then his auction soon followed; and the parishioners once more crowded round the priest's house, in their anxiety to purchase some little article of his effects, more from the

wish to have it as a relic of him than because of its intrinsic value, which in many cases was nil. Indeed, his house was almost as scantily furnished as an anchoress's cell; and, moreover, most of such furniture as he possessed was in a state of tottering decay, and could be regarded only as curios.

Truly a good and kind old soul was Father Kieran Kilroy, and it was no wonder that the countryside deeply mourned his loss; for he was a typical parish priest of the old school, and the peasant's beau ideal of his *soggarth aroon*.

London's Monument.

BY E. BECK.

ON Fish Street Hill, London, which was once the approach to that place of tragedy, old London Bridge, there is a curious column known as "The Monument." It is said to be the loftiest isolated column in the world. In the interior there is a spiral staircase of black marble leading to an exterior gallery, from which in days gone by so many suicides were committed that it was found necessary to protect it by a cage. This column was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of Saint Paul's Cathedral, to mark the spot where in 1666 the great fire of London broke out, and raged with unabated fury for six days and nights, destroying streets, churches, and houses, from the Temple to the Tower. "God grant," wrote John Evelyn in his diary, "that mine eyes may never again behold the like! Ten thousand houses all one flame. The noise and thunder of the flames, the fall of towers and churches, the shrieking of women, were like a hideous storm."

A year before, London had been visited by the plague, of which Defoe has left so graphic an account. The fire following so soon after effected good, in that it

burned away the unsanitary dwellings and all traces of the terrible disease, and left the way open for wider streets and healthier buildings.

It was during the time of the fire of London that Charles II. showed, for once at least, to advantage. The King and his brother, the Duke of York, were foremost in the work of relief. Wherever the danger was greatest, the royal brothers were to be seen giving help and aid with their own hands; yet in the years that followed, their heroism and help were forgotten. The house in Pudding Lane, where the fire was supposed to have originated, was said to have been fired by the Duke of York and the Jesuits for evil ends; and, among the other crimes laid to their charge, the Catholics were accused of spreading the flames far and wide. So prevalent was this belief that when The Monument was finished it bore an inscription attributing the fire "to the treachery and malice of the Popish faction." This inscription was obliterated when the Duke of York came to the throne; but it was re-cut in the reign of his son-in-law, William of Orange. For two hundred years it continued to perpetuate the calumny, till in 1831 it was removed by order of the Common Council. Pope wrote of this slander:

Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.

That a calumny so base, so utterly devoid of foundation, won credence is attributable in great measure to the ambition of one bad man. Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, was an avowed atheist, believing in neither the old faith nor newer creeds. The "Merrie Monarch" was no bad judge of men, and to him Shaftesbury was "the wickedest man of his age." His one aim was to succeed, and he was quite willing to secure wealth and the world's applause by infamous acts and treacherous conduct. He joined

the Cabal ministry, and became Lord Chancellor in 1672.

In the following year, through the efforts of Shaftesbury, was passed the Test Act, which required all persons serving the Crown to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to receive the sacrament of the Church of England. It struck at all Catholics, but chiefly at the Duke of York, whose second wife, Mary of Modena, was a Catholic. He at once refused to take the Test, and resigned all offices under the Crown. This open avowal of his religion exasperated Shaftesbury. He urged Charles to divorce his wife, Catherine of Braganza, by whom he had no children. The King refused indignantly. "If his conscience allowed him to divorce Catherine it would suffer him to behead her." The Lord Chancellor was dismissed and imprisoned. On his release, he resolved to copy the policy of a statesman of another reign by discovering a plot. The instrument he used was Titus Oates.

This person had been a Baptist minister previous to the Restoration, and a navy chaplain after it. Owing to his infamous character, he was dismissed from the latter calling, and afterward became a seeming convert to Catholicity. He entered a Jesuit college at Valladolid, from which he had to be expelled. In spite of all this he was brought forward with his alleged plot. The King listened to it with amused incredulity; but Oates made affidavit of it before a London magistrate. The Duke of York and the Jesuits, he declared, had sworn to burn Westminster and assassinate the King; the Pope had appointed certain Catholic nobles to all the great offices of State; and a Spanish army was ready to sail for England.

This nonsense seized on the ready imagination of the people; and when the London magistrate, before whom Oates had made his depositions, com-

mitted suicide in a fit of insanity, it was asserted that he had been murdered "to stifle the plot." The popular cry was raised against Popery. Shaftesbury laughed. "I will cry a note louder," he said; and, though no one could exactly say what the plot was, the Catholic noblemen were sent to the Tower, two thousand humbler persons were arrested, and a parliamentary proclamation ordered all Catholics to leave London.

Time passed, and the panic created by Oates began to subside. It was necessary to get another informer; and Bedloe, a convicted felon, came forward with tales which put those of his fellow-perjurer completely in the shade. He swore to the existence of a plot for the landing of a Catholic army and a general massacre of Protestants, and reached a climax when he accused the Queen with trying to poison the King. The Commons would fain have committed the unhappy Catherine to the Tower; but Charles stood firm in defending his consort, and the charge was abandoned.

Such, however, was the madness of the people and the Parliament that upward of twenty Catholics, among them seventeen priests, were executed after a series of trials, which, even Lord Macaulay admits, were "as infamous as they could be." It was at this season of "judicial murder" that the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, Oliver Plunket, was executed. The last victim of Shaftesbury's plotting was Lord Stafford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in December, 1680. Three years later Shaftesbury was driven from England, and died in exile in Holland.

Among the lies sworn to by Oates and Bedloe was one to the effect that the great fire of London had been the work of the Jesuits and the Duke of York. Out of pure malice they had set fire to the city; and, silly as the statement was, it was believed, even

though Titus and Bedloe were regarded as perjurers. Some years later the former was publicly whipped; but on the accession of William of Orange he was granted a pension of five hundred pounds a year.

For two centuries The Monument continued to bear its shameful and lying inscription. Now it offends the eyes of Catholics no longer; but the gilt vase on top of the pillar, symbolic of fire, recalls the great conflagration of London.

A Royal Revenge.

BEFORE starting for the African missions, on one occasion Father Louis de Casoria, a Franciscan religious who died a saintly death about twenty years ago, paid a visit to Ferdinand II., King of Naples, by whom he was held in high esteem. The King made him promise to repeat his visit on his return from Africa, whither the Father was going to seek a band of little Negroes whom he wished to instruct and prepare for sacerdotal and apostolic work among their countrymen.

In the course of his journey, the Franciscan encountered on a wharf in Alexandria the inveterate revolutionary, Danieli, whom Ferdinand had condemned to perpetual exile. Recognizing the priest, and infuriated by hatred and a sense of misfortune, Danieli struck him a brutal blow on the face, saying:

"Take that for me to your master and friend, King Bomba!"

The priest quietly withdrew, as imperturbable, apparently, as if he had neither felt the blow nor heard the insult.

Eight months later, when he returned to Naples, he betook himself forthwith, accompanied by his group of black boys, to the palace, where he was awaited by Ferdinand and the whole royal family. The monarch advanced to meet him with open arms; but

Father Louis fell at his feet, saying: "Before anything else, sire, permit me to ask a favor of you."

"Well, what is it? Speak!" said the King. "You know how I esteem you. Have I ever refused you anything? Still silent! Why, from your confusion one would imagine that you were about to ask me for half my kingdom!"

"For more than that, sire. What I ask is pardon for Danieli, exiled in Egypt these many years—"

"Who? Danieli!" interrupted Ferdinand, his brow lowering,— "he who was condemned to the galleys, and who, when I commuted his sentence to exile, has shown his gratitude by conspiring against me from January to December!"

"The very man, sire! Insignificant as I am, I would have you practise the most beautiful of virtues—the forgiveness of injuries."

"Very well!" said Ferdinand. "He is pardoned. But how have you been induced to take in hand so unpropitious a cause?"

The Franciscan's embarrassment returned with redoubled insistence. How could he tell of the blow received from Danieli, and of the latter's commission to pass on the blow to the King?

"Sire," he stammered, "I can not. Let it suffice your Majesty to know that Danieli has rendered me a great, a very great service."

The King, suspecting something in the heroic-virtue order, insisted no further. He ordered Danieli to be officially informed that, thanks to the personal intervention of Father Louis, a free pardon was granted him. He further ordered the chief of police to bring the exile to the palace as soon as he returned. Ferdinand, in truth, was curious to know from the revolutionary himself what Father Louis had refused to tell him.

Danieli, although abashed at first, showed himself worthy of the favors

he had received, and, throwing himself at the feet of his Majesty, confessed everything.

Less moved by the insult to himself than by the magnanimity of the holy Franciscan, Ferdinand raised the repentant criminal, and said:

"All is forgotten. The man of God has shown me my duty as a Christian. Since both he and I were injured, both shall share in the pardoning. He has given you your country again, and I will have you placed upon my list of pensioners."

On leaving the palace, Danieli hastened to discover Father Louis, at whose feet he knelt in a paroxysm of grateful tears. Nor was his repentance ephemeral. He forthwith left the world, and entered as a lay-brother the monastery of which Father Louis was superior, remaining there a steadfast penitent till his death.

If comment on the foregoing were not superfluous, one might add that King, friar, and revolutionary were equally great: the first, in clemency; the second, in holiness; and the third, in his repentance. Nothing so ennobles human nature as Christian charity.

A Prince of Scientists.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Irish Monthly* says of Lord Kelvin: "He lived so many years in Scotland that some may have overlooked the fact that he is an Irishman, and he is so great a scientist that others may have taken it more or less for granted that he is an atheist. Yet he has borne testimony both to his Irish descent and to his belief in God; and in these days, when so many second-rate teachers of science take it on themselves to question the fundamental truths of religion it must be an encouragement to all believers to be reminded of the words in which this

'prince of scientists' confessed the faith that was in him."

The testimony as to his descent, borne by the world's greatest physicist, occurs in a lecture on "The Six Gateways of Knowledge," and runs:

The only census of the senses, so far as I am aware, that ever made them more than five, was the Irishman's reckoning of seven senses. I presume the Irishman's seventh sense was common-sense; and I believe that the possession of that virtue by my countrymen—I speak as an Irishman,—I say, the large possession of that seventh sense which I believe Irishmen have, and the exercise of it, will do more to alleviate the woes of Ireland than even the removal of the "melancholy ocean" which surrounds its shores.

Of considerably more importance nowadays, however, than Lord Kelvin's having been born (1824) in Belfast, is the fact that he, the undoubted peer of any scientist now living, frankly admits the impossibility of science's ever explaining, apart from the admission of a Creator, the facts of nature:

I can not admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies creative power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing power which science compels us to accept as an article of our belief. We can not escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all round. Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We know God only in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a directive power—or an influence other than physical or dynamical or electrical forces.... There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power and the theory of a fortuitous concursus of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal.

It is the old story versified by Pope. Of science in particular, still more clearly than of learning in general, is it true that

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Notes and Remarks.

We noted some weeks ago the appreciative and encouraging Brief which Pius X. of his own accord sent to the promoters of the Marian Congress at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. The Congress has since been held. Present thereat were eight archbishops and bishops, the Abbot of Einsiedeln, and numerous representatives, clerical and lay, from eighteen different nations. Of the foreign countries, France sent the largest number. In an address to the Holy Father, they said: "Five hundred French priests and lay Catholics assembled at the Congress of Einsiedeln express their sentiments of filial attachment to the Holy Father, and thank him enthusiastically for his Encyclical." His Holiness sent two telegrams,—one thanking the Congress as a whole for a dispatch conveying homage, and the other assuring the French Catholics in particular that their address was especially grateful to him.

Every additional manifestation of French devotion to the Mother of God must strengthen the conviction of so devoted a client of Mary as is the Sovereign Pontiff that Our Lady will yet save, even though it be "so as by fire," or blood, the country which for long centuries ably vindicated its proud title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

It is a sad circumstance that criticism of Mr. Anthony Comstock, president of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, for seizing and suppressing an edition of a certain art journal because it contained improper pictures, should have been so general and so adverse. Only a few of Mr. Comstock's critics were just or generous enough to give him credit for high motives, or even to characterize his

action as ill-advised. He was denounced as a prude, an enemy of art, and what not; abused, ridiculed and condemned on all sides. His reply to his critics was delayed so long as to be hardly worth while; and the more intemperate among them deserved no attention whatever. But we are gratified to have Mr. Comstock's assurance that he has not lost heart in his great work, and that the opposition which he has encountered will not in the least relax his efforts for the suppression of vice. He says in conclusion: "I cheerfully take my stand between the advocates of the nude in art and the beloved children of this country, sneers, ridicule, and derision to the contrary notwithstanding." Bravo!

Mr. Vance Thompson is not complimentary in his references to the worthies who now rule the destinies of the French Republic. Of Jaurès, the socialistic leader, a mainstay of the government, and one of the fiercest of anti-clericals, Mr. Thompson says: "Jaurès is a renegade from conservatism. Such a man was bound to make his mark in a government which is kept in power solely by the socialistic vote. With Jaurès, and after him, there came into the party of political socialism many ambitious men (and a few sincere ones), from the schools and universities, who secured place and power. Splashed to the eyes with swill, they are squealing and crowding round the governmental trough. For years such men have succeeded each other, and have fattened until crowded from the public feeding-place. Behind such socialistic leaders, mainstays of the government, are aligned seven hundred thousand voters,—no more. They are the humble or noisy helots of organized socialism. To amuse them, leaders spin up promises into air as a juggler tosses plates. Jaurès, of all men, excels in beating the drum in front of a closed

booth,—behind the drawn curtains lurk what reforms the voters please to fancy. Hypnotized by hope, these patient and laborious voters obey the voice of Jaurès, and follow his white, fat, beckoning hands. Now and then they murmur. Thereupon Jaurès rises and gives them a war-cry. Usually it is: 'The Church,—there's the enemy!' And so, across the trail of social discontent, the French government drags the familiar red herring of anti-clericalism."

Nor does Mr. Thompson mince words in dealing with other French politicians. His language is not always urbane, but allowance must be made for honest indignation; and it is interesting to know just what is thought of the enemies of the Church in France by one who has seen them at close range and taken the pains to interview their more intimate associates.

Our bright contemporary of the Nutmeg State, the *Catholic Transcript*, grows ironical in commenting upon a recent event of Church history:

Remember the newspaper story about an entire New England congregation seceding from the Church a few years ago? All the papers printed it. Last week the offending pastor and flock begged to be taken back, professing sincerest loyalty to Rome. The dailies that published the first report have not heard of the return of the erstwhile seceders.

The newspapers published the story of the defection because it was sensational; they heard of the return of the seceders, but took no notice of it, because the event was not calculated to excite unusual interest or emotion. Scandal is what the average newspaper thrives upon; but it is consoling to know that the number of readers who take the daily press very seriously is constantly diminishing. Most persons have become so accustomed to "humbug" of all sorts that it is now almost an axiom in advertising that notoriety has little actual selling value. The

influence of the newspaper of the near future will be in proportion to its regard for sober truth and avoidance of sensationalism and one-sidedness.

Apropos of the proposal of Premier Carruthers (New South Wales) to abolish the fees in the public schools of that commonwealth, the *Catholic Press* of Sydney says:

It is not enough that Catholics should be paying one-fourth of the present cost of the State school system, while their conscience obliges them to support a system of their own as well, without a penny of State aid. Premier Carruthers now demands an additional contribution from them of over £22,000 a year toward the secular schools. Since the Education Act came into force in 1880, Catholics have relieved the Treasury to an enormous extent by educating their own children. If the primary education of the children of the State performed in denominational schools were effected in State secular schools instead, the State would be called to bear an additional net expenditure of £174,000 per annum.

We quote the foregoing simply to show our readers in what light conditions to which United States Catholics have long been subjected are viewed by a people on whom such conditions are being imposed for the first time.

* *

In another column of the same issue of the *Press* we find this paragraph:

Our Catholic women have hitherto shown some aversion to their electoral privilege, and not a few congratulate themselves upon the fact that they have never entered a polling booth. Such an attitude is not only foolish, but mischievous in the extreme; for the women of the enemies of their religious ideals—of their husbands and brothers and children—pride themselves not only on recording their own votes, but on influencing others to do the same. If New South Wales is the home of religious intolerance and is mainly represented in the Federal Parliament by anti-Catholic anarchists, it is precisely because our Catholic women have not sufficiently availed themselves of one of the most glorious privileges ever conceded to their sex. It is the bounden duty of the head of every Catholic household to examine the roll and see that the name of every adult member of his family appears thereon; and it is his duty, too, to see that each one of

them casts a vote on election day. If all Catholics are properly enrolled, and if they all use their privilege, they have it in their power to send back to the House of Representatives a majority, instead of a minority of decent, broad-minded men, representative of the best ideals and cleanest thought of the community.

While we are not particularly favorable to the entrance of women into politics, we can quite sympathize with our contemporary's views. Given the existence of women's suffrage and its exercise by non-Catholics, self-defence would seem to demand that Catholic women should go and do likewise.

In connection with the recent cordial exchange of greetings, through Bishop Gabriels, between President Roosevelt and Pius X., the conservative *Transcript* of Boston published an interesting editorial on the theme, "The Relation of Mr. Roosevelt as President to the Roman Catholic Church." To the question, "What has President Roosevelt done to bring to pass such a change in the general attitude of a large body of American voters [the Catholics], and correspondingly to arouse the suspicion of such surviving remnants of the A. P. A. interests as may still be found?" the *Transcript* replies:

Answers to this question would ordinarily fall under three heads: his appointments, his Indian policy, his Philippine policy. And still it is probable that these far from furnish an adequate explanation of this source of Roosevelt's support. An attitude of general tolerance, of whole-heartedness in his personal relations, of hospitality to the leaders of the Church, may have done something; but his general policies concerning questions with which the Church as such sustains no relation whatever, have accomplished more in bringing him a larger Catholic vote and support than any Republican candidate to the Presidency before him has ever had.

Another interesting paragraph in the *Transcript's* editorial is this:

Unlike Germany, the United States has no Catholic party; it is to be hoped it never will have. The division of the so-called Catholic vote between the two great parties, now more widely seen than ever before, is on grounds of public

policy greatly to be welcomed. How long it will stay divided, even in the present extent, is a debatable question, the answer to which will depend much on the respective nominations of the two parties. The Taft family have a long history of liberality toward the Catholic Church, and of outspoken resistance to anything that smacked of A. P. A.-ism, much like the record of the late George F. Hoar. It was Taft who set the American pace in the Philippines, giving the Church a larger recognition in popular education than it has here, and also providing for the extinction of the friar titles to lands by a complete recognition of their validity and prompt payment therefor, to the satisfaction of Rome.

This reference to the Secretary of War as a possible candidate for the Presidency in 1908 is natural enough, all things considered. In the event of Mr. Roosevelt's fulfilling his pledge not to be a candidate for the next term, Mr. Taft himself should appeal to the country as the representative of all that is best in Rooseveltian policy. With no political axe to grind, we are free to say that the United States would be fortunate in having William H. Taft for its chief executive.

We heartily commend the idea underlying the establishment of St. Joseph's Catholic Student Fund Society of America, duly incorporated two years ago in the State of Wisconsin. The encouragement and fostering of vocations to the priesthood is a work of prime importance at any time and in any country, and assuredly not least so in this twentieth century and in these United States. Two among the articles of incorporation of the Society are especially noteworthy:

This corporation is formed without capital stock, and no dividends or pecuniary profits shall accrue to the members thereof.

This corporation shall not incur any indebtedness or liabilities in excess of the fund actually in the treasury.

Quite in line with the conservative sanity of the foregoing articles is the following paragraph, which, because of its general interest, we quote in full from

the booklet issued from the Society's headquarters at La Crosse, Wis.:

The beneficiaries shall be young men making the classical course or preparatory studies for the holy priesthood. They must be actually in need of assistance, so much so that if they do not receive it they shall have to abandon their studies. They shall in each and every case have completed two years of the ordinary six years' Latin course in some school in the United States before receiving aid. They must have good recommendations from their pastors, and from the president of the college where they may have studied. They must also show marks of a vocation for the priesthood. Their conduct must be unimpeachable, and their talents must be at least mediocre. They shall not be under fourteen years of age. They shall be physically sound. They shall be natives of the United States, or residents thereof for at least five years. They shall not be compelled to attend any particular college, but may attend any first-class college or ecclesiastical seminary subject to the approval of the Board of Directors. They shall not receive over \$200 per year from this Society. They shall sign a contract to the effect that if they should give up and cease to study for the priesthood, they will refund to this association within a reasonable time, according to their circumstances, the full amount which they may have received; also, if they shall be ordained priests, they shall become members of this association.

The Student Fund Society has inaugurated an excellent work, and we hope to be able to report from time to time a constant increase in its membership.

The Holy Father's Encyclical to the French bishops in regard to the Separation Bill has caused a great commotion among the enemies of the Church in France; and, as was to be expected, they accuse him of disturbing the peace of the Republic! It is an old accusation, the meaning of which is thus given by the Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Weekly* of London:

It means, let us do as we like, fetter, cripple, maim, enslave, and rob the Church, and spit on religion unless it be ready to dance to our tune, whatever we like to play. Let us do what we will; and if the Pope cry out against it, or if bishops protest—"Oh, they are wanting to stir up strife!" The victim whose character is carded to pieces by a cutthroat must not complain,—

he will not let the scoundrel pursue his way in peace, is objecting and stirring up strife; the victim who is set on by a brigand and is asked for his money, must hold his tongue, lest he should disturb the public peace by protesting.

The comments of the English press on President Roosevelt's adoption of the new spelling are extremely severe. He is reminded that "in literature the United States still remains a province of England"; and many another oldtime slur is cast on us. Dr. Emil Reich, the well-known lecturer on Plato, declares: "Roosevelt's plan breathes that scorn of history which is natural in a nation of yesterday, but is not acceptable to the old historic English nation." No action of our worthy President has given more general offence than his attempt to reform our spelling. It will prove as abortive as it was ill-considered. The Big Stick should be left in the corner until there is some better use for it than to belabor the lexicographers.

We clip the following interesting paragraph from the *Monitor* of San Francisco:

The Los Angeles *Graphic* remarks that the disarmament of the anti-Catholic forces in the Southern city was effected by Archbishop Montgomery during his incumbency of that episcopal See, covering a period of nine years. When he came, says the *Graphic*, the A. P. A. element was aggressive; before he left he had delivered an address to the Methodist students of the Methodist University of Southern California. Surely disarmament could have gone no further than that. The peace that Bishop Montgomery brought about, without sacrificing his faith, his dignity, or his manhood, has been strengthened by his successor, Bishop Conaty, adds the same journal.

With no desire to detract from the credit due to the prelates mentioned in the foregoing expression of opinion, we may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that the *Monitor* itself, then under the editorship of the Rev. Peter C. Yorke, had much to do with the disarmament of the A. P. A. forces.

Notable New Books.

The Founders of the New Devotion. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated into English by J. P. Arthur. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; B. Herder.

This delightful book contains a sketch of the lives of Gerard Groote, Florentius Radewin, and their followers. It is the first English translation that has ever appeared of À Kempis' "Lives of Gerard Groote and His Followers," and is admirably done. The translator informs us in his preface that he has given the present work the title which it bears, in view of the fact that the Brotherhood of the Common Life, to which À Kempis belonged, owed its foundation to Groote and Florentius, and was referred to by À Kempis himself as "The New Devotion." The period covered by the lives of these saintly men is the hundred years that elapsed between 1340 and 1439. A scholarly introduction explains the significance of the movement to which À Kempis gave the name of "The New Devotion,"—a movement erroneously supposed by some writers of repute to be a forerunner of the Reformation.

There is a mystic charm about this entertaining book which will captivate every lover of ascetic literature. The style sparkles with such telling imagery as: "There he called back his heart from its former wanderings; there he wiped away the mildew of his old life and restored the image of his inner man to purity; there he broke the rising storms of passion by watching and by fast, and overcame the various assaults of devils by prayer and tears." The work is neatly published.

Humility of Heart. From the Italian of Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo, Capuchin. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. Benziger Brothers.

The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., informs us in his preface to this volume that for more than thirty years the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster had known and studied Father Cajetan's treatise on Humility, and "that he had made it during the last fourteen years of his life his constant companion, his *vade mecum*."

Holy Scripture calls pride "the root of all evil." The present inestimable work gives us the fulcrum and lever wherewith to remove this vice from our souls. A veritable treasury of Scriptural and Patristic citations apropos of humility will be found interwoven with the text. The first chapter, "Thoughts and Sentiments," begins with these striking words: "In Paradise there are many saints who never gave alms on earth: their poverty justified them. There are many saints who never mortified their

bodies by fasting or wearing hair shirts: their bodily infirmities excused them. There are many saints, too, who were not virgins: their vocation was otherwise. But in Paradise there is no saint who was not humble." The quotations from the writings of the Fathers are remarkably well chosen. Here is one from Saint Augustine, the prince of expositors on humility: "Dost thou wish God to draw near to thee? Humble thyself; for the more thou raisest thyself, the more will He be above thee." We most sincerely recommend "Humility of Heart" to our readers.

Teacher's Handbook to Bible History. By the Rev. A. Urban. Joseph F. Wagner.

There is no preface to this work. It needs none. It is self-explanatory. A uniform method of analysis has been successfully adopted throughout. This plan may be illustrated by the very first selection in the book. The subject is the "Creation of the World." There is: A, Preparation; B, Narration; C, Explanation; D, Commentary; and E, Moral Application. The selections average about two pages in length. A change of type in A and C relieves the eye and gives clearness to the formula.

The "Preparation" is a kind of general prelude to the subject; the "Narration" sums up the narrative in two or three leading points; the "Explanation" contains a more detailed discussion of the subject; the "Commentary" usually takes in some dogmatic question; and the "Moral Application" offers some practical consideration or rule of conduct.

There is a thorough treatment of all the leading events in the Old and New Testaments. The teacher of Bible History will find the entire work most helpful to him, and the preacher will recognize excellent skeleton sermons in that part of the book which deals with the New Testament. We highly recommend this volume to both the teacher and the preacher.

Theory and Practice of the Confessional. By Dr. Caspar E. Schieler, Professor of Moral Theology in the Diocesan Seminary of Mayence. Edited by the Rev. H. J. Heuser, D. D. Introduction by the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., D. C. L. Benziger Brothers.

The editor of this excellent work is well known to the Catholic priesthood of this country, and we feel that his name will recommend it to many who might never see the original. The young priest, especially, has a welcome treasure in store for him in "Theory and Practice of the Confessional." He will find many a pearl of price, many a nugget of gold, glittering on the text-page or lurking in a footnote. He will meet with saintly advice, authoritative statements, and irrefragable principles. He will be

pleased above all with the eminently practical character of the book. Most illuminative are the expositions under such captions as: The Duty of the Confessor to Administer, to Defer, or to Refuse Absolution; The Duty of Suggesting Remedies against Relapse; Sinful Occasions and Duty of Avoiding them; Some Commonly Occurring Occasions of Sin; Treatment of Habitual Sinners; Treatment of Relapsing Sinners; Treatment of Penitents in Different External Circumstances.

The work under consideration is far more than a scientific exposé of principles pertaining directly to Moral Theology. Here and there we find an unctuous citation from the writings of some saintly confessor. We might instance a saying of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, beginning: "Be certain that..." We are confident that no priest who becomes the possessor of this book will be disappointed in it.

Studies from Court and Cloister. Being Essays, Historical and Literary, Dealing Mainly with Subjects Relating to the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By J. M. Stone. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

These scholarly essays contain many an illuminating page on crucial points pertaining to the history of religion in Europe at the close of the Middle Ages. The volume is divided into two parts: the first deals with some of the persons who made the history of the period under consideration; the second treats more especially of the books and manuscripts connected with that period.

The first two studies are particularly interesting. They have to do with Henry VIII. and his sister, the Queen of Scots, the significance of their matrimonial affairs, and the inter-relations, consequent upon their policy, of England, Scotland and France. In the third study we come upon an excellent defence for the conduct of the much-maligned Lieutenant of the Tower of London, Sir Henry Bedingfeld. Then follows an able exposition of the conditions brought about by the "Catholic Reformation in Germany" during the sixteenth century. With the labors of the renowned Jesuit, Blessed Peter Canisius, a graceful transition is made to the "Jesuits at Court." Thence we pass to "Giordano Bruno in England," and "Charles the First and the Popish Plot."

"The Runic Crosses of Northumbria," "Foxe's Book of Errors," and "The Spoils of the Monasteries" are certainly fascinating and instructive chapters; but we found "A Missing Page from the Idylls of the King" the most entertaining essay of Part II. The author is undoubtedly right in impeaching Tennyson for his treatment of the character Sir Lancelot in the "Idylls of the King." England's Laureate did not do justice

to that story of bitter penance, fasting and prayers for the soul of Guinevere, as narrated by Thomas Malory in his "Arthurian Legend,"—that story in which quite incidentally has been handed down the tradition of Britain's obedience to the "Apostle Pope." Only a Catholic poet could have sung the quest of the "Holy Grail," or told us "how Sir Lancelot was shriven, and what sorrow he made."

Though destined to be best appreciated by students of history and literature, "Studies from Court and Cloister" will also appeal to the general Catholic reading public.

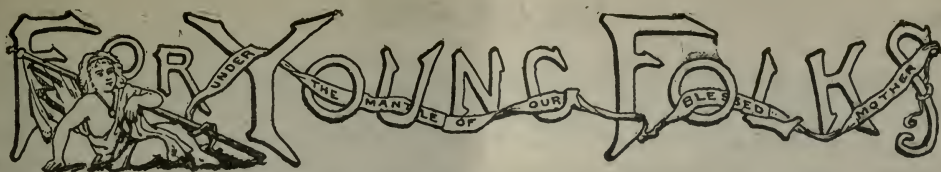
The Life of Daniel O'Connell. By Michael McDonagh. Cassell & Co.; B. Herder.

The opening sentence of the author's preface gives us his point of view in the present biography: "An Irishman on a visit to Heidelberg asked a postilion whether he had ever heard of Daniel O'Connell. 'Yes,' replied the German: 'he is the man who discovered Ireland.'"

Gladstone once said of O'Connell: "He was the greatest popular leader whom the world has ever seen." Mr. McDonagh would seem to have taken these words as the text of his work; for his is truly a popular Life of the renowned Irish Liberator. "Yet," he tells us, "this book is not intended as a panegyric of O'Connell. . . I confess it was the purely human interest of his marvellous life that appealed to me more strongly than its far-spreading political activities; it was the diverse and complex nature of the man, more than his political exploits, which I found fascinating. . . My aim has been to present a picture of the man in his weakness as well as in his strength." We are prepared to say that the author has been faithful to this aim; that he has given us O'Connell's career, to use his own saving clause, "as dispassionately and impartially as the inevitable prepossessions of race and religion and environment allow."

The young more especially have much to learn from the life of the great Irish tribune, who thus expressed his sanguine hopes at twenty: "Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I will never be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession."

The style of the book is smooth and accurate; the interest of the narrative never flags for a moment; and serious political discussions are relieved by some apt anecdote or witticism of the Agitator. All readers of this biography will be edified by the contents of chapter vii, which closes with O'Connell's "rules of life." It is in the light of this code of moral conduct that we can best appreciate the great man's dying wish: "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, and my soul to God." A good index adds value to Mr. McDonagh's thoroughly readable book.



Daydreaming.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

OH, give me the lad that sails away
In the white-winged ship of dreams,
To a make-believe world, where white thoughts
stray
In a mesh of tangled gleams!
The false things fade, and life's what it seems
To him with the pure ideal;
Ah, happy is he who lives in dreams,
For to him the dreams are real!

A Little Tyrant.

II.

WHAT is it, my dear?" inquired Mr. Payne, closing the library door and seating himself on the sofa. "Sit down, child, and tell me what has vexed you."

"Papa," exclaimed Theodora, without taking the proffered seat, "the servants are all in a conspiracy against us! Probably they want higher wages and have resolved to go on 'a strike.' At any rate, something is the matter with them."

"I have not observed anything," said Mr. Payne. "But I will ring and see what is wrong."

He rang sharply and loudly three or four times, with the result that several of the maids came at once, asking:

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Nothing," answered their employer. "I merely wished to see if you would attend to my summons. My daughter here suspects a 'conspiracy,' she says, or 'a strike,' as she informs me none of you will pay any attention to her commands this morning. But it seems the disaffection does not extend to me."

"No, sir, it does not," replied the seamstress, an intelligent and quick-witted person, who saw through Mr. Payne's ruse and wished to help it on. "You could not order us to do anything we should not be willing to do, because you would ask it in a kind and thoughtful manner, would never demand an unreasonable service, and are not always finding fault. But Miss Theodora treats us in so overbearing a way that we have determined not to obey her, even at the risk of losing our places, sir."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Payne, as though this declaration was news to him. "I think I understand, Dorothy."

The servants left the room, and he turned to his daughter.

"Theodora," he said, "I fear that what Dorothy tells me is only too true. I have heard murmurs and complaints, and I have felt that we were surrounded by an atmosphere of discontent. I have also quietly been observing your conduct to the servants, and can not help sympathizing with them entirely. It remains for you to show by your demeanor toward them that you intend to treat them more kindly in the future."

Theodora's face grew crimson, her eyes were filled with angry tears.

"Papa, you have humiliated me before them!" she cried. "You did not say one word of reproof to Dorothy, which it seems to me you would have done if you loved me, even though I had been in the wrong. They are all pampered and spoiled in this house, and deserve a good lesson. I shall not speak a word to any of them, nor allow one of them, not even Miss Deane, to enter my room, until they have each and all apologized to me."

"It is even worse than I had thought," said Mr. Payne, beginning to walk about the room. "I have nothing more to say at present, Theodora. You may go."

Following her policy of exclusion, Theodora went upstairs, locked her door, and put the key in her pocket. Then, entering the schoolroom, she took her French grammar and went into the garden. But her thoughts rambled: she could not fix them on her studies.

When the luncheon-bell rang she went to the dining-room. No one waited on her, and, in her unaccustomed efforts to reach across the table, she upset the salt and a carafe of water. Her father reproved her gently for her clumsiness; while Miss Deane and the waitress looked on and listened, each calmly smiling. Theodora finally left the table, hungry and in tears.

The week that followed was very lonely and uncomfortable. No one spoke to her but her father; her room was neglected, because she did not know how to take care of it herself; the bed was badly made; the ornaments needed dusting; even her clothing was awkwardly put on, as Miss Deane had always given the finishing touches to her toilet,—braiding her long hair, tying her bows and sashes, and bestowing on the room those little touches of perfect order which even the best chambermaid fails to accomplish.‡

Her father's heart yearned toward his proud and obstinate little daughter, who was visibly growing pale under the strain, but who seemed determined not to take a single step toward ending it. But Providence, who watches over the just and the unjust, was about to break the severe tension, though in a manner very trying to Theodora, who was as unhappy and wretched as she could possibly be.

One afternoon, after she had dressed for dinner—her skirt fastened at the side instead of at the back, one loop

of her hair ribbon pointing straight upward, the other lying meekly at the nape of her neck, and her sash trailing behind,—she picked up a magazine of fashions and began to examine different ways of arranging the hair. One paragraph in particular arrested her attention. It read as follows:

"Young ladies whose hair grows in little tendrils about their brows can create a very happy effect by curling these charming offshoots. To do this a curling-iron is not necessary. If one does not happen to possess such an article, a common slate-pencil may be used, as follows. Heat the pencil in the flame of a gas jet or lamp, wind a strand of hair around it tightly, hold the pencil in position while you count twenty-five; then gently unwind it, and the result will be a beautiful little curl. Repeat the same process till the desired effect is obtained."

More from a wish to try the experiment than from any feeling of vanity or eagerness to be "in the fashion," Theodora lit the gas, heated a slate-pencil according to directions, and was about to withdraw it from the flame when her foot caught in a small rug, and she fell forward, her forehead touching the gas jet flame. In an instant her hair was ablaze. She began to scream at the top of her voice, but had the presence of mind to throw her skirts over her head, pressing them down tightly with both hands, which partly extinguished the flame. Her cries brought Dorothy to the scene, but the door was locked. Running into an adjoining chamber, she entered Theodora's room by a communicating door, to find her lying on the floor, screaming and writhing with pain. Her forehead, hands and wrists were badly burned, and the front portion of her hair had entirely disappeared.

By this time all the household had heard her cries, and came running to the spot. One telephoned for the

doctor, another undressed her, a third brought linseed oil and limewater. When her father returned from his drive, he found a crowd of tearful and sympathizing men and women, all filled with regret and compassion for the sad accident which had befallen his daughter. When the doctor came he alleviated her sufferings, and on his departure left her quite comfortable, after having told her that her escape from a terrible death was almost a miracle.

"And one that I did not deserve," she said to her father after he had gone. "In the midst of all my agony I could not help noticing how everybody ran to my assistance; how each tried to outdo the other in kindness toward me, in spite of the way I had treated them. And they were all crying, papa, except Peter and Michael."

For answer her father bent and kissed her, while a tear fell upon her pillow.

Theodora was obliged to have her head entirely shaved, and to wear a little cap until the hair had time to grow again. But very soon the soft curls began to make their appearance, and, clustering around her forehead, made her look prettier than ever. Her face now wore an expression of sweetness and amiability it had never before known; an entire change had been effected in her character.

The servants vied with one another in waiting on her. The cook invented delicious little dishes for her; the chambermaid kept the room filled with flowers, which the gardener carefully selected; it was the joy of the waitress to carry her meals; the laundress surpassed herself in doing up her fine linens; the seamstress planned with her some pretty gowns for the coming winter; Miss Deane sent to town for the most interesting storybooks she could find to cheer her convalescence. All that remained of the old uncomfortable days was a memory, and a

slight scar on her white forehead. If ever Theodora was tempted to return to her former unfortunate condition of mind and temper, the little red mark was there before her eyes as she looked in the glass, as though it said to her, with a still, small, but penetrating voice:

"No man is born better than his neighbor in the sight of God; and, whoever or whatever we may be, we all have need of one another."

When her brothers came, one by one, to visit the paternal home, they found, instead of the impulsive, petted, unreasonable child they had left, a sensible, gentle and pleasant young lady, whose greatest delight it was to make those around her happy, and who fully realized that we are all surrounded by a miniature world, to which it is our duty to give the best that is in us, and to receive and recognize as part of the divine scheme the share allotted to us in the lives of our fellow-creatures.

(The End.)

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXI.—NEWS AND PARTINGS.

While the little household were at table, Clearwater made his appearance. He looked worried and disturbed; his hair was pushed back from his forehead, as it always was when anything troubled or went wrong with him.

"May I have a bite with you?" he asked. "It will no doubt be the last."

Mrs. Mullen had laid another plate when she saw him coming.

"I am not very hungry," he said; "but I would like a strong cup of coffee, if you please, Mrs. Vladych. I have eaten nothing since six o'clock this morning."

"You have had sad news, Ralph," said Florian, helping him to fried chicken. "I think you will find your

appetite after you have tasted Mrs. Mullen's delicious cooking."

"I suppose I ought to think it sad news," rejoined Ralph. "But my brother and I were so—alienated, I presume I must call it, that the sadness really lies in the fact that we were not friends. He never played me fair while he lived; but now he is gone—God rest his soul!"

"Of course you have no particulars?" continued Florian.

"No: only a cable dispatch saying: 'Arthur dead. Accident. Come.' And so I must needs obey."

"But you are glad to go home, are you not, Mr. Clearwater?" inquired Rose, through whose fancy a stately English castle, surrounded by innumerable green acres, had been hovering all the morning.

"Glad? No," replied the new Earl, emphatically. "I was meant for a globe-trotter and a free-and-easy life. I hate conventionality, and the responsibility I shall have. I don't see how I can ever buckle to the harness now. But I must."

"Yes, you will have to do it," said Nils Jonson. "And you will soon become accustomed to it. Then there are your mother and the sisters, who are so fond of you. Think of them."

"I have thought of it all," replied the Englishman. "I hope I shall be able to do my duty."

For a moment there was silence; no one seemed to know what to say. Clearwater was the first to break it.

"I shall miss all you good and kind people very much," he said. "Leaving you, I shall feel more lonely than ever in my life before. When I left England I had the fire of adventure and the anticipation of new scenes in my heart. Returning, I know just what I am going to. I hate the tameness and monotony of that life."

"It will be different now," said Nils Jonson. "You will be master. Having

your estate and your people to take care of, your mind will be occupied; your plans will give you plenty to do."

"Oh, yes! Nils, you remember what I said to you when we were there together: how I wanted to tear down those unhealthful, unsanitary cottages; how I longed to bring the pure mountain water into the village, to be able to put in new drains. I shall do it now."

"Yes; time will not hang heavily on your hands. Soon the life spent in America will seem to you like a dream."

"A very pleasant dream, then," replied Clearwater; "particularly that part of it which has been spent down here. Alfredo seems very much cut up at the news."

"And no wonder," said Florian. "You have been such good friends."

"Well, all of you have contributed to my happiness and well-doing in more ways than one," observed Clearwater. "I am much better equipped for the new life than I was when I came; and, God helping me, I hope I shall continue to be so."

No one spoke: all knew what he meant, and all were filled with admiration of the man's wonderful frankness, which was not his least charm. His simplicity, too, appealed to them very strongly. Though simple themselves, they had no adequate idea of the contrast between his present surroundings and those he had so long forsworn. It was only Nils Jonson who could fully realize this; and as he gazed about the neat but plain table, and glanced from one to the other of the simple folk in their everyday clothes, he wondered whether Clearwater would ever be happier in his ancestral halls, surrounded by servants, hedged in by the hard and fast conventionalities of his rank and wealth, than he was now among these his true friends, whom he was soon to leave forever.

When dinner was over, and something was said about driving Mrs. Mullen to the train, Clearwater offered to go.

"We can take the light wagon," he said. "Nils can go along, and afterward we shall be able to take a little drive. To-day is my last day, and I must send another dispatch."

"Your last day?" exclaimed Manuela, rising from the table, with tears in her eyes. "That brings it very near."

Florian went back to his oranges; Louis to the arbor, after he had said good-bye to Mrs. Mullen; while Rose and her sister-in-law cleared the table and washed the dishes.

During the afternoon Natalia came over with a message from the Señora inviting the family to supper at the ranch, as Mr. Clearwater was about to leave in the morning. She took Martino back with her, glad to have him to herself again during the absence of Mrs. Mullen, of whom she was somewhat jealous.

About four o'clock Clearwater and Jonson returned. They took Louis over to Bandinis' in the wagon; Clearwater went home to pack up, and Jonson announced that he was to accompany him on the morrow.

"To show how fine he is," observed Jonson, "he said he wanted me for a comrade on the journey; and, as I was going in the third cabin, he offered to split the difference and pay my way in the second, which he says he likes better than the first. So we will be together to Liverpool. And that is not all,—the rest he will tell you himself."

There was not much hilarity that evening; the shadow of parting with a dear friend was upon them all. As they sat on the piazza after supper, Rose asked:

"What will you do with the ranch, Mr. Clearwater?"

"I was about to speak of it," replied Ralph. "I had supposed that Jonson was going to remain here, in Southern

California, and I intended to give it to him and Louis as a token of the friendship I feel for them both. This morning I went in to Jones' at Tesora, and purchased the adjoining twenty acres. That makes a good lot of ground,—enough to cultivate properly, if set to oranges. But Nils wants to go home. I tell him he will come back,—I am sure of it. So I have had the deeds made out, disposing of it as I had originally planned; leaving, besides, a few dollars to stock and work it for a year. At the end of that time it will be in good order. At the expiration of two years, if Nils does not return, it all goes to Louis. But I am satisfied Nils will come out himself. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, it is too much. You are too generous," said Louis. "How can I thank you?"

"By taking good care of it," replied Clearwater. "But I know you will do that, Louis."

"Why doesn't everyone say something?" asked Rose, in a smothered voice.

"We have all said our say," answered Alfredo. "Clearwater told me this morning, and Florian also; I told my mother, and Florian informed his wife. Louis, you are in good luck."

"We would rather have Mr. Clearwater than any old ranch," said Rose. "I hate to make friends, because they always go away."

"But we will not forget one another," said Clearwater. "You must all write to me and tell me everything."

"I may return," said Jonson. "But I am longing for my own country. I must go back. And if I should decide to stay, then, Louis, you will be heartily welcome to the twenty acres Mr. Clearwater has been so kind as to give me, and which I have done nothing to deserve."

"Nothing to deserve!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I should like to tell you

all,—how well he deserves that and much more; of how, when I had not a single friend or prop to lean on, or hope to sustain me, this man tended me and clung to me, and saved me from despair. I am a very weak creature, friends. You all know it. You have all helped me.”

Again no one replied; the situation was becoming strained.

“You must marry a good, loving woman,” said Manuela at last.

“You are right,” replied Clearwater. “And I will,—provided such a one will have me.”

“Ah, that part of it will be the easiest!” said the Señora. “It is to find the real one, the *right* one.”

“There was a little girl,” began Clearwater. “Well—let it rest. Some one else wanted her, and told tales on me. But he did not get her, and now—”

Everybody knew whom he meant. His brother had tried to supplant him—perhaps had done so—in the affections of the girl whom he had loved. And every heart there responded to the hope that, with his inheritance, Clearwater might also obtain the wife he once had chosen.

Then, suddenly repenting his frank avowal, he exclaimed:

“Friends, forgive that brutal speech, and forget it if you can. Poor chap, we must remember that he loved her, too; and they say ‘all is fair in love and war.’ Forget it, friends,—forget it. I might have done the same myself, you know.”

“We know you *never* would have done it,” said Rose, slowly and solemnly.

“God bless you, little girl!” answered the Englishman. “And God bless you all! For better friends man never had in the world than you have been to me.”

No one answered him, but every eye was wet.

“I don’t suppose you will care to live in the house, Louis?” said Ralph, play-

fully, after a short pause. “Because, if you and Nils are willing, I would like to give the few little pieces of furniture that are there to old Conchita. I have brought over two of my Navajo rugs for the Señora; and there are some for you also, Mrs. Vladych.”

“Thank you!” replied Manuela. “But you ought to take them with you. They will be curios over there.”

“I have enough for my own den, which shall be furnished altogether with souvenirs of California. The other people won’t care for that sort of thing, and the house is full of century-old curios already.”

“And the chickens?” asked Rose.

“Well, Conchita might have half a dozen, and the rest I will donate to the Bandini and Vladych families, on condition that whenever one is made into a pie they will remember how I used to enjoy the flaky crust and rich gravy. Now I believe everything is settled.”

The travellers started early next morning, Alfredo and Florian accompanying them to Tesora. Clearwater had given each of them one of his fine horses, and had also presented his light wagon to Florian.

When they returned, Rose was waiting at the gate, looking very sad and dejected.

“What did he do when you left him?” she inquired as the men descended from the wagon.

“He gave us each a grip of the hand we shall never forget,” answered Florian. “My fingers are tingling yet.”

“And how long did you see him?”

“We watched the train till it swung around that long, sudden curve.”

“And what was he doing?”

“Waving his cap—and blowing his nose,” said Alfredo.

“Hem!” said Rose, turning away as she stifled a sob. “I know very well he was crying.”

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Briefs for Our Times" is the appropriate title of a volume of short essays on timely topics, by the Rev. Morgan Sheedy, just published by Thomas Whittaker.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will soon publish a new book by the Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, D. D., author of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmage," etc. It consists of essays and lectures. A new edition of Father Tyrrell's "External Religion" is announced as in press by the same firm.

—Three volumes of the new Westminster Library, a series of manuals for priests and ecclesiastical students, are announced for early publication,—viz.: "The Holy Eucharist," by Bishop Hedley; "The Catholic Calendar," by Father Thurston, S. J.; and "The Priest's Studies," by the Rev. Dr. Scannell.

—Teachers and students will welcome "An Elementary History of England," by Mr. Wyatt-Davies, M. A. It is intended for use in secondary schools, and is provided with numerous illustrations and maps. The same author has published a text-book for more advanced students, which should also find favor—"A History of England for Catholic Schools."

—A considerable number of Catholic books for the blind, in Braille type, have been provided by the English Catholic Truth Society. Among them may be mentioned: Mr. Costelloe's "Gospel Story," Father Eaton's "Hundred Readings" and "Yoke of Christ," Abbot Gasquet's "History of the Catholic Church in England," "Callista," "Fabiola," and "The Imitation of Christ."

—"The Book of Armagh" was the subject of a recent lecture by the eminent Irish littérateur, Mr. Stephen Gwynn. He described the contents of the volume, traced its history, and told of the important services it has rendered to scholars. Besides the New Testament and the "Confession" of St. Patrick, the Book includes biographies, concordances, and tables,—all exquisitely transcribed. The copy is not a whole, completed at one time, but is really a number of volumes; and each group of parchments shows, by the wearing of the outer sheets, how it was carried and handled and pored over in a day when every single book was a treasure beyond price. After escaping the Danes and many subsequent perils and vicissitudes, it finally came into the possession, in 1707, of Mr. Brownlow, a Protestant gentleman of Co. Down, Ireland, who put together the scattered leaves, numbered, and headed them, and caused them to be rebound in their

old cover. With the Brownlow family the book remained for six generations, till, in 1846, the then owner generously deposited it in the library of the Royal Irish Academy for the use of students. In 1853 it was bought by Dr. Reeves for £300, but by him ceded to Lord John George Beresford, who made it over as a gift to Trinity College.

—"We have a profound respect for the librarians of the present day," says the *New York Times*, "but we should not exact so much from them as did the Abbé Cotton des Houssaye, an eighteenth-century booklover. According to him, a librarian must have, besides profound theological learning, 'vast literary acquisitions, an exact and precise knowledge of all the arts and sciences, great facility of expression, and, lastly, that exquisite politeness which conciliates the affection of his visitors, while his merit secures their esteem.'"

—Sir Edward Elgar's new work, "The Kingdom," consists of an orchestral introduction and five selections. The first is headed, "Jerusalem: In the Upper Room"; the second, "At the Beautiful Gate: The Morn of Pentecost"; the third, "Pentecost," has two subdivisions: "In the Upper Room" and "In Solomon's Porch"; the fourth, "In Jerusalem," has likewise two: "The Sign of Healing" and "The Arrest"; and the fifth, "The Upper Room," three: "In Fellowship," "The Breaking of Bread," and "The Prayers."

—It has been claimed that the only books which are typographically perfect are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipsic Horace, and an American edition of Dante's Divine Comedy. The University of Oxford had a standing offer of a guinea for each error that might be found in the first mentioned of these books. Many years elapsed and no one claimed the reward. But recently an error was discovered by a reader, and the reward paid. The error was corrected, and the book is now considered to be typographically perfect.

—Having given, in his pleasant volume, "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," a judicious Frenchman's impressions of the United States, Abbé Felix Klein is now contributing to the *Revue Hebdomadaire* a study of a somewhat opposite nature, having for (translated) title "The Discovery of the Old World, By a Student from Chicago." While the new work is safe to be thoroughly readable, it is of course obvious that, in the rôle of an American student, the Abbé is considerably more hampered than he was in his natural character of judicious Frenchman; and

one can hardly expect him to give a uniformly correct presentation of the American point of view. For all that, the first two instalments of the study are notably interesting and excellent.

—"Why Should I Believe?" by the Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J., belongs to the class of inexpensive, paper-covered Catholic booklets that invite wide distribution among people both inside and outside the Church, and that thoroughly merit such distribution. The lucidity and cogency that characterize Father Otten's companion booklet, "What Need is there of Religion?"—noted in these columns only a few weeks ago—are again distinguishable in his handling of such questions as: The Reasonableness of Religion, The Possibility of Supernatural Revelation, The Credentials of Supernatural Revelation, The Credentials of Christianity, and The Establishment and Growth of Christianity a Moral Miracle. It is an excellent augury for the progress of Catholicity in this country that our Catholic scholars are no longer confining the practical fruit of their erudition to the mere handful of students present in the classroom or lecture-hall, but are scattering that fruit, in the form of cheap books and pamphlets, broadcast among the people. Father Otten's publisher is B. Herder.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.
- "The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.
- "Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.
- "Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.
- "The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "Theory and Practice of the Confessional." Dr. Caspar E. Schieler. \$3.50, net.

- "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.
- "Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.
- "The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.
- "The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.
- "Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols. \$4.
- "Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.
- "Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts.
- "Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.
- "The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.
- "Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. James Peyton, of the diocese of Albany; Rev. Edward Furlong, diocese of Manchester; and Rev. Peter Kaufman, diocese of Pittsburg.

Sister M. Ferminette, of the Congregation of Notre Dame; Sister Jane Francis, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Cornelia, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Methodius, Daughters of Charity.

Mr. J. A. Ducournau, of Natchitoches, La.; Mrs. Clara Semmes Fitz Gerald, Saratoga, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Phillips, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Martin Griffin, Chester, Pa.; Salva Young, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. James Dwyer, London, Ohio; Mr. Stephen Ryder, Renovo, Pa.; Mr. T. J. Murphy, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret von Groll, Vergennes, Vt.; Mr. James Hourigan, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. John Harter, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Lawrence Hughes, Earlville, Ill.; Mr. Charles Wantz, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. Michael Corrigan, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. Anne Kirlin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. E. Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Cullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. James Dorrington, Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Cavanagh, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. E. G. Baker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Murray, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. A. M. Thompson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Hannah Barrett, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Susan Buckland, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph O'Keefe, Grass Valley, Cal.; and Mr. James Leahy, Baltimore, Md.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The White Road to Ireland.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

OH, the weary's on you, London,
With your hot streets all ablaze,
In a rain o' yellow sunshine,
An' the drought o' summer days!
Sure I mind me well a white road
That goes westward to the sea;
An' the white road to Ireland
Is the right road for me.

I'm not mindin' o' the money,—
Here it falls, they say, like rain;
But who'd be thinkin' o' the likes
That longed for home again?
So tie up your kerchief, Maurya,
An' we'll foot it to the sea;
For the white road to Ireland
Is the only road for me.

There's a brown road in Ireland,
An', my grief, 'tis steep an' bare;
But through the misty sunshine
'Tis we'll be climbin' there.
Do you hear the curlew callin'
As he points out to the sea?
Ah, the brown road in Ireland
Is the road for you an' me!

WHOEVER serves God with a pure heart, and, setting aside all individual and human interests, seeks only His glory, has reason to hope for success in all he does, and especially under circumstances when, according to human judgment, there is no help; for the divine works are above human prudence, and depend upon a loftier principle.

—St. Charles Borromeo.

The Bible in English Literature.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

TO a great many Catholics, whose knowledge of the Sacred Text begins and ends with the Epistles and Gospels read at Mass on Sundays, and to whom the liturgical treasures of the Church are practically unknown, the statement that English literature, since the middle of the sixteenth century, owes more to the Bible and to the Book of Common Prayer than to any or all other sources, will seem paradoxical, if not incredible. The further assertion that their want of familiarity with the English Bible puts them, in great measure, out of touch with the true genius of post-Reformation English literature, is one which they may possibly resent as wholly without foundation,—should they happen, that is, to attach any importance to it.

On the other hand, the student of mediæval literature, who has learned to estimate the influence of the Vulgate and the Breviary on the lives, thoughts, and modes of expression of the saints, doctors, and theologians of the Ages of Faith, will readily admit that neither the one statement nor the other expresses more than the simple truth. Indeed, since the influence of the Vulgate and of the Breviary must necessarily have been confined to a more or less limited class, the comparison fails to convey an adequate idea of the effect

of the English Bible on English literature and on English life. "The sixteenth century," writes Freeman, in his article on "England" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "has given us, in our national Prayer-Book, in our national translation of the Bible, models of the English tongue which, as long as they survive, will survive to rebuke its corrupters. From that day to this," he adds, "the English Bible has been the only literary, as well as the only religious, food of millions of Englishmen. The Puritan lived in the English Bible, as the mediæval scholar had lived in his Latin Bible." And what is true of the Puritans, is true, to an extent difficult to realize, of the "millions of Englishmen" to whom the writer refers, whose style and writings have been, more or less consciously, influenced and dominated and colored by the book with which they were first and most familiar.

An intimate familiarity with the English Bible is, therefore, as truly a key to the right understanding of post-Reformation English literature, as familiarity with the phraseology of the Vulgate is indispensable to a right understanding of mediæval literature. On such a point as this—as, indeed, throughout this article—I prefer to give the exact words of a recognized authority, rather than any of my own, which must be my excuse, if an excuse is required, for numerous and, at times, lengthy quotations.

Dr. Maitland, then, in his "Dark Ages"* says, concerning the Vulgate in the period so called, that "the writings of the Dark Ages are, if I may use the expression, *made of the Scriptures*. I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions, as other writers have done since their day;... but I mean that they thought and

spoke and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it, too, not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and documents of every description. I do not know that I can fully express my meaning, but perhaps I may render it more clear if I repeat that I do not so much refer to direct quotations of Scripture as to the fact that their ideas seem to have fallen naturally into the words of Scripture; that they were constantly referring to them in a way of passing allusion, which is now very puzzling to those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the Vulgate."

How aptly this description applies to the writers of the early seventeenth century, will be shown in due course, by quotations from one of the most famous among them, Francis Lord Bacon. Not they alone, however, but all English writers who can in any sense be classed as Christian, have felt this influence to a degree not easy to estimate. In the meantime it may be sufficient to insist once more that acquaintance with the phraseology of the English Bible is indispensably necessary to those who would acquire a real knowledge of the literature wherein it stands as the source, the model, and the crowning glory.

"In some sense," writes Carlyle,* "it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages." Shakespeare, indeed, he calls "the noblest product" of this same Middle-Age Catholicism; but English literature owes less to Shakespeare, great as the debt undoubtedly is, than

* Edition of 1889, pp. 476, 477.

* "The Hero as Poet."

it does to the English Bible; and for this reason, that not only is Carlyle's saying literally true, but also that Shakespeare must inevitably have owed more to the English Bible than we are at all prepared to realize. Yet it is to the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward, as Freeman reminds us, that the English Bible really belongs; and Shakespeare, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616, was certainly not less susceptible to the literary influences of his period than his famous contemporary, Francis Bacon, who was born three years earlier (1561), and died three years later (1626). It was only that the philosopher had, naturally, greater and more frequent occasion to quote or allude to Scripture than the playwright could possibly have had.

Even Shakespeare, however, has references to the Scriptural controversies of the age which are as pointed as they are familiar; "topical" one might say, in the language of his profession. He tells us that "the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose,"*—which was, possibly, a hit at some acquaintance. Another, which I can not at this moment verify, tells us—

In religion

What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text?—

which goes to show that the poet was orthodox, after a sober, English fashion; not fond of innovators or of unauthorized religious innovations.

It is time, after so much by way of general treatment of the subject, to consider more closely the real place of the English Bible in English literature. "As far back as the English language can be followed," writes the Rev. J. H. Blunt in his article, "English Bible," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "there are traces of the work of English translators of the Scriptures." Elsewhere in the same article he quotes no less an authority than Blessed Thomas

More as saying that "the whole Bible was, long before Wickliffe's days, by virtuous and well-learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read."* Other evidence to the same effect is not wanting, even from witnesses so unfavorable to the Older Church as Cranmer and Foxe.

Though we are concerned chiefly with the English Bible in its present form—with the version, that is to say, generally known to Catholics as the "King James',"—it will be interesting, as well as necessary, to trace its descent from earlier vernacular versions, beginning with that commonly attributed to Wickliffe, and dating from the latter part of the fourteenth century (1382). Of this version, Abbot Gasquet, in his "Old English Bible," has shown conclusively that the existing copies can in no sense be classed as "Wickliffite," but must rather be looked upon as belonging to one of those old Catholic versions of which Blessed Thomas More speaks. Its principal importance, however, consists in its influence on later translations.

"The first complete English Bible" was the work of the apostate Augustinian, Miles Coverdale, and was published in 1535, after Henry's final rupture with the Holy See; but, from the date and circumstances of its publication, it was not, strictly speaking, Protestant, since the head of the new English church had, neither then nor later, much tolerance for what he deemed "pestilent heresy." Nor was it "an immediate translation of the original," but professedly translated "out of Douche and Latyn," and claims special attention as an important transition stage between the Vulgate and the Authorized Version of 1611.

It has, indeed, other claims to our particular attention: first, because "the

* "Merchant of Venice," Act I, Sc. 3.

* Dial. iii, 14.

psalms in it are those which are now used in the Book of Common Prayer," as is noted by a writer on Coverdale in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This makes those particular psalms if not a Catholic, certainly not a Protestant, translation, as commonly understood. The statement, moreover, has been made, on what I believe to be good authority, that the "Prayer-Book Psalms" are in reality an old Catholic version, and, consequently, available for use at Vespers in English. The matter, however, need not detain us here, and can, in any case, be decided only by experts familiar with the different versions of the English Bible. The second claim of Coverdale's translation is its effect on the versions which immediately succeeded it. Concerning this point, I can not do better than cite a note added by Freeman to his article on "England," already referred to.

"The Authorized Version," he writes, "as it stands, is, as everyone knows, a work of the seventeenth century, not of the sixteenth. But it was the work of men whose minds had been formed in the sixteenth century, and the translation of the sixteenth century was taken as its groundwork. Whenever it departs from that model, however much it may gain as a more accurate representation of the original, it loses as a piece of English and English rhythm. Compare the psalms in the translation of Henry's day" (Coverdale's, that is) "and in that of the days of James."

This, of loss and gain, applies, of course, with even greater force to the Douay version, as any reader of this article may easily discover. As, however, both the Prayer-Book and the King James' Bible are, no doubt, unfamiliar to many of my readers, let me take, as an instance of what is here meant, three versions of Psalm cxlii (cxliii), verse 10, in (1) the Vulgate; (2) the King James' Bible; (3) the

Book of Common Prayer, for purposes of comparison:

(1) "Doce me facere voluntatem Tuam, quia Deus meus es Tu. Spiritus bonus Tuus deducet me in terram rectam."

(2) "Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."

(3) "Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God. Let Thy loving spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness."

Shall I venture on yet another quotation, worthy, I think, of notice, on account of the poetic beauty of the last version (3)? The passage is taken from Psalm lxvii, verse 26 (lxviii, 25), and the versions follow the same order as above:

(1) *Prævenerunt principes conjuncti psallentibus, in medio juvenicularum tympanistiarum.*"

(2) "The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; among them were the damsels playing with timbrels."

(3) "The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels."

It may be noted, in passing, that this use of two "authorized" versions of the Psalter finds a partial parallel in the two forms of the *Venite* known to Catholics,—the version, namely, given in the Breviary for use at Matins, and the Vulgate version, between which there are marked differences. Another example is to be found in the two versions of Psalm xc, *Qui habitat*: that given in the Vulgate, and the form used as the Tractus in the Mass for the first Sunday of Lent. Other instances may be found in various Introits during the year, and, if I am not mistaken, in the verbal differences between the antiphons of certain psalms and the verses they are supposed to represent. These, however, are hardly matters of general interest; it only remains to revert for

a moment, in this connection, to the suitability of the Prayer-Book psalms for use at English Vespers, in order to call attention to their "rhythmical flow and finely-balanced cadence," which makes them peculiarly well fitted for chanting. Indeed, one may fairly suppose, considering when and by whom they were translated, that they were intended to be sung to the ancient church tones.

Coverdale's Bible was followed by the "Great Bible" of 1539, which appears to have been simply a revision, issued by royal authority,—*cum privilegio ad imprendum solum*. The "Geneva Bible" of 1560 was another revision "which became the household Bible of the English middle classes for at least two generations.... Like all Bibles hitherto printed, and nearly all that were printed until the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Geneva Bible contained the Apocrypha,"—those books, namely, which the Church receives as canonical, but which English Protestants reject.* The "Bishops' Bible" of 1568 was a revision of the "Great Bible"; the King James', or Authorized Version (1604–1611), being the final revision prior to that of the nineteenth century.

The point chiefly to be noted is "the remarkable continuity of expression," extending from the fourteenth-century version (claimed by Dom Gasquet as Catholic) and that of the seventeenth. "That this has great practical value," the Rev. J. H. Blunt adds in the article referred to, "is shown by the fact that the only other English Bible which has ever lived beyond one edition—that of the Roman Catholics—has been imperceptibly approximating to the Authorized Version at every revision that it has undergone since the original publication of the New Testament at Rheims in 1582, and the Old Testament at Douay in 1610." Those who realize

the literary value of the Authorized Version and its supreme place in English literature, must surely wish that the revision, proposed by Newman, may some day be carried out, if only in order that English-speaking Catholics may enjoy, if they will, their rightful share of this great heritage, and draw, as all non-Catholic English writers have done, from this "well of English pure and undefiled."

Reference has been made, in an earlier portion of this article, to mediæval familiarity with Holy Scripture, and a like claim made on behalf of the great English writers of the seventeenth century, Bacon in particular. Dr. Maitland, it may be remembered, insists on the necessity of familiar acquaintance with the phraseology of the Vulgate for the right understanding of mediæval literature. Speaking of the difficulty which the literature in question presents to those not so familiar with the Vulgate, he continues: "It is a difficulty which no dictionary or glossary will reach.... Without seeing [the words] in their original context, there is little chance of discovering their meaning,—but, then, is it not clear that the passage was present to the mind of the writer, and that he expected it to be so to those of his readers? How could it be otherwise?" (p. 477.)

Let us apply this test of familiar acquaintance with the phraseology of Scripture to some of Bacon's essays, if only to show how far the modern Catholic, who has departed from the Bible-studying habits of his ancestors, who "does not need to read the Bible," is out of touch with the true genius of English literature,—how much he misses. The first passage marked for quotation bears witness to Bacon's reading of the Scriptures, and is to be found in his essay on "Adversity." "Prosperity," he says, "is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth

* Encyc. Brit., art. "English Bible."

the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon."

The next is by way of allusion—or, rather, as we should say, of homely illustration,—and is taken from his essay on "The True Greatness of Kingdoms." "The blessing of Judah and Issachar," he writes, "will never meet; that the same people, or nation, should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between burdens. Neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial." I commend the simile to the next Catholic speaker—to a Catholic audience—on the incidence of taxation. It might, however, be interesting to ascertain how many of his hearers would recognize it or know whence it came. Two other essays, "Of Riches" and "Of Judicature," may be studied to advantage on the lines here laid down. Those familiar with the Vulgate will note that Bacon's Latin quotations are from some other version, or, possibly, direct translations made by himself.

I had intended to refer also to another favorite author of mine, Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), the most widely-tolerant man of his age and country, whose "Religio Medici" is replete with allusions and references to Scripture; but this article has, I fear, already exceeded all reasonable limits. The clue to a right understanding of English literature has, at least, been given, and the influence of the Bible may be traced, thereby, in every English author from that day to this. It is the dominant note, throughout, which makes the whole complete and intelligible. I can not, however, come to a conclusion without some reference, however brief, to the Book of Common Prayer.

Its history has been told by Abbot Gasquet in his "Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer," and need not be repeated here. What I chiefly wish to dwell on is, rather, its liturgical—that is to say, its spiritual—value. What has been said concerning the modern Catholic's want of familiarity with Scripture needs to be reiterated at this point, with still greater emphasis, concerning his ignorance of the liturgical treasures of the Church,—dare I say, his indifference to them? In respect of Scripture, I have confined myself, of set purpose, to indicating his literary loss; in respect of this matter of liturgy, I must, even though a mere layman, insist on his spiritual loss. His Catholic ancestors were, beyond question, as familiar with the Breviary offices as they were with Scripture, still more so with the Missal. How, otherwise, shall we account for the pre-Reformation custom of naming the Sundays by the first words of the Introit? And among the demands of the Catholic "rebels," in the reign of Edward VI., was one that "Matins and Mass" should be said as of old, as they are again said at Westminster to-day.

The policy of Cranmer and his associates was intended to conciliate the adherents of all schools of religious belief, so far as might be possible; to include Catholics and Reformers in one national communion. It was to this end that they compiled what may fairly be called a popular English Breviary, a "Book of Common Prayer," which should appeal to the conservative instincts of the race, and yet satisfy the demand of a noisy minority for "purity of doctrine." The transmutation of the Breviary, probably Cardinal Quignon's, into the Book of Common Prayer, has been traced in detail by Abbot Gasquet in the work referred to. The result has been that, while Catholics have ceased to be familiar with either Bible or liturgy, Anglicans have remained true, in

these respects at least, to the traditions of their ancestors, and have a daily public liturgical "office," distinct from that of Holy Communion,—an "office," moreover, in which all can join.

What a liturgical prayer-book, "a popular Breviary," would mean of spiritual profit to Catholics, the benefits accruing from the use of the Baltimore Manual of Prayers are surely sufficient to show. The Book of Common Prayer proves, at all events, that such a People's Breviary is possible to compile. As to its theological feasibility, this is not the place, nor am I, of course, competent, to decide. I can only set down, not without a measure of hesitation, yet with full conviction, first, that which experience has taught me as to the incalculable literary value of the English Bible and the English Prayer-Book; and, secondly, what I believe, what I may say I know, as to the untold spiritual value of familiarity with the Sacred Text; and the still greater value if possible, of a liturgical form of devotion in a language as stately, as beautiful, musical, and soul-stirring as that of the Breviary and the Missal, possessing all the dignity of three centuries of unbroken tradition, all the literary grandeur of the Golden Age.

THE examination of conscience which all good people are accustomed to make before going to rest—in order to see how they have passed the day, and whether they have gone forward or backward,—is of the greatest use, not only to conquer evil inclinations and to uproot bad habits, but also to acquire virtues and to perform our ordinary duties well. We must, however, observe that its best use does not lie in discovering the faults we have committed in the day, but in exciting aversion for them, and in forming a strong resolution to commit them no more.—*Father Avila.*

The Story Grandmother Told.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

YEARS passed,—ten, twenty. The Reign of Terror had swept over France; and that country, recovering from its orgy, was ruled by Bonaparte as first Consul. In Ireland, the rising of Ninety-Eight had been in vain. With the opening of the new century, the native Parliament sold its birthright and ceased to exist. It was the darkest hour before the dawn. Emmet was dreaming of his chivalrous folly, foredoomed to failure; yet the dawn star had risen. Daniel O'Connell, a young barrister but twenty-six years of age, had made his first speech at the public meeting held in Dublin to protest against the Union, and was already spoken of as the new leader of the people.

Again it was a day in summer. Up from the Slievebaughty Mountains rolled the mists until they became fleecy white clouds in the blue sky. The sun shone down upon the valley pastures, the marigolds bloomed in the marshes, and the ferns brightened the hollows, as in every summer for twenty years.

On this beautiful morning, before the inn at B. waited an antiquated travelling carriage, whose panels bore an earl's crest, which was repeated upon the trappings of the horses. The latter, a mettlesome pair, presented a spirited contrast to the ponderous old vehicle. So did the smart coachman in livery and with powdered hair. His usual comrade, the footman, had, apparently, been dropped somewhere on the way.

To the few idlers about the inn, the situation was plain. This was the equipage of the Earl of Arran. He had brought his horses and servants from

London, but had chosen to use the coach in which he had been wont to visit his Irish estates in his youth, and which, he boasted, was built to last for generations. He liked such old belongings. They betokened a grandeur not of yesterday.

Presently an elderly gentleman and a young girl came out of the inn. A stableboy let down the steps of the carriage, the gentleman entered it, the lady took her place by his side.

"A pleasant journey to your lordship!" cried the obsequious host, as he himself closed the carriage door.

The gentleman nodded brusquely, but the girl smiled and murmured a gracious "Thank you!"

The loiterers touched their caps. His lordship leaned back against his silken cushions and stared at vacancy. The coachman whipped up the horses, and the coach lumbered down the road.

"By the powers, the old Earl is as overbearing as ever!" exclaimed one of the men who stood by.

"But the daughter has a sweet face,—may he not spoil her!" answered another.

Out of their sight passed the carriage, bowling along through the country, called for its fertility "the golden valley." The girl looked from the window upon the bright skies, the green fields, the vagabond flowers by the wayside.

"Ireland is so beautiful, father," she said, "I wish we could live here always."

"Humph! A fine country from which to get money to pay for a London season, Mollie!" he replied, with an impatient laugh.

Despite his haughty bearing, however, the old Earl was not so arrogant as he had been. Anxiety and grief had bent his proud spirit. The wife whom he loved was dead. He had trouble with his discontented tenantry. Worse than all, perhaps, he felt that he was

growing too old to cope with the new spirit stirring among them.

Now the coach began to climb the hills. The way was delightfully picturesque and wild, but difficult. The horses, unused to the rough roads, became fractious, and the young lady grew uneasy.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear!" said her father. "The man can manage the beasts; he came to me well recommended."

A few minutes later they reached a point where the road, passing a grove of trees, led perilously near to a ravine. Here, unluckily, one of the horses balked at the shadow of a bush. The coachman, losing his presence of mind, vigorously used his whip. The frightened animal and his running mate sprang forward, the carriage swayed, the man on the box jumped for his life, the girl screamed. In another moment the coach would have toppled over the edge of the cliff and its occupants would have been dashed to death.

In this fearful instant, however, in front of the beasts crazed by fear, before the travellers awaiting an awful fate in shuddering terror, arose, as if out of the very ground, a figure swift as wing-shod Mercury. For a second he clung to the bridle of one of the horses, swaying and struggling with them, while so near the edge of the precipice were all three that they seemed in mid-air. Against their strength his was but that of a pigmy; yet they felt the curb of a master, and were conquered. Resolutely, without faltering or losing nerve, he forced them back, until at last they were in the middle of the road once more. Then he stood at their heads, one firm hand grasping the bridles still, but with the other he stroked their handsome manes, and calmed their quivering excitement by the tones of his brave young voice.]

The girl threw open the door of the carriage and sprang out. Letting down the steps, she assisted her father to alight. But as soon as he stood beside her she again turned to gaze at the young man who had rescued them. He was nineteen or twenty years of age, dark-eyed and handsome, with the mien of one who is well-born, though his clothes were poor as those of a peasant.

"O sir, you have saved us from a terrible death!" cried Lady Mollie, rushing forward and clasping the arm of the stranger, in the ardor of her gratitude.

By this time the coachman shamefacedly returned to his duty. The boy—for he was scarcely more—delivered over the quieted animals to him, and stood, still breathing quickly after his great exertion, but smiling respectfully into the eyes of the girl, with as much self-possession as if she were just a pretty Irish colleen instead of a lady of quality and the only daughter of a great nobleman.

The latter was much shaken by the accident. Yes, assuredly, he was fast growing old.

"Young man," he said, "but for you, my child and I would now be lying dead at the foot of the cliff. You are a brave lad. Tell me your name."

"I am Arthur Gore," was the answer, given with the manner of a royal prince announcing his title. "And you, sir, are, I know, the Earl of Arran."

A gleam of amusement at the youth's nonchalance flitted over his lordship's colorless countenance. He liked self-confidence in those of his own order, and the boy's answer proclaimed that he was of gentle blood. To the old man's mind that name recalled his one-time favorite and protégé, a youth who had cut himself off from further favor and forfeited his inheritance by marrying a Papist.

"Arthur Gore!" exclaimed Lady Mollie, arching her pretty eyebrows in astonishment. "Well I know the name."

The Earl silenced her with a glance.

"Boy, I knew your father when he was a lad like you," he murmured, sadly reminiscent. "Is his home near here?"

"My father and mother are not living," replied the young man; "and I stay with the parish priest of Arran, who teaches me Greek and Latin. He says that, since I am by birth a gentleman, he will give me a gentleman's education."

His lordship pursed up his lips in approval.

"Oh, then, father, if our preserver has aspirations, he must be put through college!" broke in Lady Mollie, with charming earnestness. "Yes, we surely would have been killed had he not been so prompt to save us."

"Hush, child!" said the old man.

But, turning to Arthur, he continued:

"Boy, I recognize our debt to you. Ask for what you will. Shall it be an allowance to send you to Oxford or Cambridge, and afterward launch you creditably upon the world?"

For a moment the vision of a career unrolled itself before the mental vision of the ambitious youth. Then, as quickly, it faded, and he shook his head.

"Oxford, Cambridge, even Trinity College at Dublin are closed to me," he said, "because I am a Catholic, as my father was before his death. But were I not thus cruelly shut out from the advantages of education because of my faith, and much as I long for them, there is one wish nearer to my heart. O sir, if you can obtain this for me I shall be grateful all the days of my life!"

"And what is this wish whose fulfillment would make you so happy?" queried the old gentleman, anticipating a request looking toward the youth's material advantage.

"It is this," said young Arthur, with an earnest pleading in his dark eyes,—the fine eyes inherited through his mother from a knight of Spain. "Your lordship has heard the story of my parents' marriage. You know that the priest who married them was for this act banished from the country, under the penal law. That particular law was repealed some years ago, but his unjust sentence still holds. For a generation this priest has labored in America. There he is loved and honored. Yet, even after all these years, he has never learned to be wholly content. He longs for home; his heart refuses to be comforted. My family were the innocent cause of sending this good man into exile. Oh, it would give me the greatest happiness I desire in this world if I could bring him back again!"

Lady Mollie's father wiped his eyes, and coughed to conceal his emotion. The courage of the youth, and the consciousness of the great debt he owed him, had vanquished the old man's pride.

"Arthur Gore, you shall have your wish," he said. "And now step into the coach and ride with us to the next town. On our way we will discuss this matter further. Ah, Mollie, how stoutly the old carriage withstood the accident! Strong timber, like good lineage, counts for much; is it not so?"

It was not until the beginning of the New Year that the ban which forbade the return of the priest of Arran was at last removed,—“not for his sake, but in order that his influence over the peasantry might be pacific.” Such was the old nobleman's plea to the government.

The first ship that left the Cove of Cork in the spring bore the news across the sea to Father Tom O'Connor, and the prayer of his flock that he would return to them.

"The chapel, the rectory, the parish

wait for you," wrote the incumbent who had succeeded him. "The Bishop will give me another charge." And the dear old Bishop wrote also: "Come, and God be with you!"

Yet how strange is the human heart! At the realization of the dream of years—an apparently impossible dream grown true—came the second great wrench in Father Tom's life. Yes, at last he might go back to live again in Ireland. But to do so he must sever the associations, part from the friends, and lay down the beloved labors of twenty years. He had breathed the air of freedom and found it sweet; he had built a church, and the people whom he had served so long would be as loath to have him leave them as were those from whom he had parted when he was still young in his vocation.

Now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a visit to the old country may be made a matter of a month's outing. A hundred years ago, the traveller who had twice crossed the ocean was looked upon as almost a second Marco Polo. If Father Tom returned to his native land, he would never make another voyage to the States.

"Ah, it is always the happiness out of reach that we most desire!" he said to himself. "Once it is within our grasp, we begin to weigh it against the blessings we must relinquish to retain it, and sometimes we marvel that we so longed for it."

'Twas, indeed, a time when any one well out of Ireland would scarce choose voluntarily to return. For over the land the darkness still lingered, and more than twenty years more were to pass before the dawn. Famine, pestilence, and eviction stalked abroad; and the roads leading to the shore were black with wayfarers, young men and women, the very flower of the population, fleeing to the emigrant ships which were to carry some across the sea, and

bear others, who, unknown to themselves, were stricken with fever, to their graves in mid-ocean.

It was the very helplessness and misery of those who called to him that decided Father Tom to go back to them.

"God has given me this justification, this answer to my daily petition," he soliloquized. "With joy, then, I will go; and all the more speedily because my people there need me."

Considering the hard times, it was a great celebration that the village of Arran gave to Father Tom O'Connor at his home-coming after the twenty years of his exile. And never perhaps was the good priest so happy as upon this day when he returned to his own.

His dear mother was gone—God rest her soul!—yet it seemed to him that she had part in his gladness; and he recalled the day when her hand, laid in blessing upon his head, consecrated him to God, years before he felt the holy chrism upon his brow. Here, in his beloved first parish, many once familiar faces were to be seen no more. People who had been young when he went away, now, like himself, were growing grey; the little children of those days were married now, and a new generation was coming up. Magistrate Farquhar had been arraigned before the Eternal Judge; Thaddy Hannen, the informer, had died a miserable death.

In the dingy chapel, fairer to Father Tom than the grandest cathedral, he knelt again; and his first prayer was a *De Profundis* murmured for the souls of those who had driven him forth into the world, a wanderer. Here, too, he preached again to his people, pouring out with Keltic eloquence his long pent-up love for them. And afterward, in the little rectory, where even the old Bishop came to do him honor, he received their congratulations anew.

Thus dear Father Tom took up once

more the charge he had been forced to relinquish almost a quarter of a century earlier. The twenty years of missionary labor had told upon his strength: he needed rest from the burden of many cares. Instead, he found work,—less arduous, perhaps, than he had laid down beyond the ocean, but more exhausting because of its constant appeal to his sympathies. Yet he gladly gave his life to the simple peasantry, ministering to them, consoling them in their poverty, illness, and misery; helping the emigrants who set their faces toward the West; encouraging those who must, perforce, remain behind, by holding out the hope of better days to come. And in his work he was happy, like the faithful shepherd whose thoughts are ever for the welfare of his sheep.

It was, then, with a smile of benign serenity that, some three years after his return, he received a visit from young Arthur Gore, who had succeeded in recovering some of the family's property and was now just returned from England and the Continent.

"Father Tom," said Arthur, frankly meeting the priest's kind gaze with shining eyes so like poor Ethna's that her spirit seemed to look forth from them,—*"Father Tom, Lady Mollie, daughter of the late Earl of Arran, has become a Catholic, and she has promised to be my wife. Will you marry us?"*

(The End.)

The King's Banquet.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

DOWN in the golden valleys
 The ripe wheat nods and sways
 Unto the winds of Summer,
 Through all the dreamy days.
 Far on the vine-clad hillside
 The purpling clusters swing,—
 The grateful Earth doth furnish
 The table of her King.

His Word of Honor.*

BY JEAN DU RÉBRAC.

HE was a mere boy of sixteen, and yet he was about to be shot. The company of *Communards* to which he belonged had just been routed by the Versailles army. Caught bearing arms, he had been taken, along with a dozen companions, to the headquarters of the eleventh precinct. Struck by his youth and the extreme calmness of his expression, the commanding officer had given orders to delay his execution. His comrades were shot at the foot of the neighboring barricade.

A printer's apprentice at the time when the demon of war was let loose over France, the boy lived with his parents, who knew nothing of politics. His father had afterward enlisted, and was killed by the Prussians. The privations of the siege, and the long waits as the people stood in line before the shops of the butchers and bakers, had brought his mother to a sick bed.

One day, when the boy went with others to pick up potatoes in the Saint Denis field, while hopping over the frozen furrows he was struck in the shoulder by a Prussian bullet. Afterward, partly through necessity and partly through fear, he had joined the army of the Commune. He marched unwillingly, however, having no heart in the fratricidal struggle. Now, when he was about to pay with his life for a combination of inexorable fatalities, he consoled himself with the thought that he had not killed a single man.

But, innocent though he knew himself to be, they were going to shoot him. This fact gave him a distorted idea of the logic of things. He really cared very little whether he lived or died. What he had seen and suffered during the past few months filled him with a

fear of the world and life. To be sure, it was sad to leave his mother to suffer; but she was very ill, and would probably follow him in a short time. When he had left her the day before, she had said to him:

"Kiss me once more, my dear boy! I feel that I shall never see you again."

He felt now that he would like to see her once more. If they would only give him one short hour of liberty, he would return and give himself up willingly to the men who seemed to thirst for his blood. He would give them his word of honor to return, and he would keep it. Why should he not do so?

He was at this point in his gloomy reflections when the commander, followed by several other officers, came up to him and said:

"Come now, boy! You know what's waiting for you."

"Yes, commander, and I am ready."

"What! So ready to be shot? Aren't you afraid of death?"

"Less so than of life, sir, after all the dreadful things I have seen and suffered during the last few months."

"Just the same, if I were to say to you, 'Take to your heels and get away from here just as soon as you can,' you wouldn't tarry long, would you? I'll wager we'd never see you again."

"Try me," replied the brave boy. "You'll then know whether or not I am afraid to die."

"Upon my word, you're a clever youngster! But you must think me simple to believe that you would return to be shot as willingly as you would go to meet a sweetheart."

"Let me explain," answered the boy. "You seem to be kind, because you had a good mother, I suppose. You probably loved her above everything; and if, like myself, you were about to die, your last thought would be of her. You would bless any one who would make it possible for you to press her to your heart for a last time. I ask

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

you to do for me what you would like to have done for you. Grant me one short hour of liberty to go to see my dying mother, and I give you my word of honor that I will come back and deliver myself into your hands."

While the youth was talking, the officer paced to and fro, twirling the ends of his mustache, struggling visibly to hide his emotion.

"That boy talks like a knight of old," he muttered.

Then, halting suddenly before the prisoner, he frowned and asked sternly:

"What's your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen next July."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"Why did you leave her and enlist with the Communists?"

"I had to earn my living. Besides, my comrades threatened to shoot me if I didn't march with them. They said I was big enough for service. My mother was afraid, so she advised me to do as the others did."

"Have you no father?"

"No: he was killed at Bourget."

"Well," observed the officer, after a moment's reflection, "you may go to see your mother. You have given me your word of honor that you will be back within an hour, but I will give you until evening. Now go."

The boy was off like an arrow. Twenty minutes later he rapped at his mother's door. A neighbor woman admitted him. At sight of him she exclaimed with joy, as everyone believed him dead. His mother was asleep, but the sound of their voices awakened her.

"Victor!" she called faintly.

In a moment her son was in her arms. The boy who had faced death without emotion was now sobbing like a child. The poor woman, strengthened at once and full of hope, tried to console him.

"Why are you crying?" she asked.

"I feel better already, now that you have come back. Throw that hateful uniform into the street, so that I shall never see it again. You can go back to your work, and we will soon forget all that has happened. It will seem like some horrible dream."

The boy said nothing in reply, but dropped his head, as if ashamed of his weakness. When he finally looked up, his mother, exhausted by her effort, had fallen asleep again. All his strength at once returned to him. Perhaps Providence had interfered to render the parting less painful to both of them. He determined to profit by it; and, brushing his mother's forehead lightly with his lips, so as not to waken her, he rushed out of the room without a word or look for any one.

"What! Back already?" exclaimed the commander on seeing him.

"I gave you my word," said the boy.

"Yes, but it seems to me you have been in a hurry. You could have stayed with your mother a while longer."

"Ah, my poor mother! After a tearful scene, when I felt my courage leaving me, she dropped off into a peaceful sleep, and I did not have the heart to wait for her to waken that I might bid her good-bye forever. Perhaps at the last moment I might have weakened. Now I have but one wish—that you finish with me as soon as possible."

The officer looked at the boy with astonishment, and, in spite of himself, his eyes moistened with pity and admiration.

"And what if I show you mercy?"

"I should accept it gladly, for at the same time you would be showing mercy to my poor mother."

"You're a brave boy and you don't deserve to be shot. You are free. Hurry home to the mother you love so well."

As he spoke, the officer took the boy by the shoulder and pushed him gently out of the door.

"It really would be a pity to shoot such a fellow as that," he remarked as he joined his comrades.

Victor fairly flew back to Belleville. Fortunately, his mother was still asleep, but she seemed agitated and disturbed. Finally she started up and cried:

"Victor my boy! Spare him!—spare him!"

Then, opening her eyes and looking around, she said:

"Oh, there you are, my dear son! I just dreamed they were going to shoot you."

It would indeed have been a pity if this young *Communard* had been shot; for he is to-day a distinguished officer of the French army in the Orient.

Irish Saints in Cornwall.

IN no part of England are there so many traces and memorials of saints, and particularly of Irish saints, as in King Arthur's Land, that rocky peninsula stretching out to Lyonesse, the submerged realm of song and story. Saints, some well, some little known, have given their names to towns and villages, bays and headlands, parishes and holy wells. That any authentic information concerning the holy men and women who labored and died in Cornwall from the fifth to the eighth century is to be had, is due to the Irish settlers. These colonists kept, as was customary in the schools of their own land, the records and biographies of their own people and also of the Cornish saints; so that when the historian Leland visited Cornwall in the reign of Henry VIII. he was able to make extracts from the manuscripts preserved in the religious houses of the county.

The most important Irish colony to settle in Cornwall was that led by Saint Fingar, toward the middle of the fifth century. This Fingar had

been baptized and instructed by Saint Patrick, to the anger of his father, a King of Connaught; and the prince, to avoid his father's wrath, set sail for Britain. He was kindly received by the dynast of that part of Cornwall on which he landed; and a certain portion of land was allotted to him and his few companions. On this ground he built an oratory. After a time intelligence of his father's death reached him, and he returned to Ireland to renounce all claim to the throne. Probably there was some internal disturbance in that part of the country; for when Fingar set out a second time for Cornwall he was accompanied by his sister, Saint Píala, several bishops and priests, and eight hundred men and women. They landed in the present Bay of Saint Ives. Bay and town, by the way, have their names from an Irish virgin, Is or Ives.

This maiden was the daughter of an Irish nobleman. She intended to be one of Fingar's company, but was left behind. She embarked, however, in a rude boat fashioned out of twigs and hides, and, strangely enough, reached Cornwall some short time before the coming of Saints Fingar and Píala. Soon after the entire colony was attacked by the Cornish King, and all were brutally murdered. A life of Saint Fingar was written by Saint Anselm. Two saints, who probably reached Cornwall with Saint Fingar, are commemorated in the district. The town of Breage got its name from Saint Breaca, an Irish princess. Saint Germoke, an Irish priest, has a church dedicated to him near Saint Michael's Mount, and his tomb is still pointed out to tourists.

Saint Kiaran, called by the Britons Piran, was born, according to most writers, toward the close of the fourth century. In some way he learned enough of the faith of Christ to induce him to visit Rome for fuller knowledge.

He was ordained priest in that city, and returned to Ireland, where he was one of the twelve bishops consecrated by Saint Patrick. In his old age he retired to Cornwall; and the cause of this retirement from Ireland was probably the war between his own tribe in Ossory and a neighboring chief. This quarrel arose over another Irish saint, Burian. The maiden was the granddaughter of that King of Munster into whose foot Saint Patrick unwittingly ran the spike of his pastoral staff at the baptism of the monarch. The monarch bore the pain without flinching, thinking it formed a part of the ceremony. His granddaughter was a pupil in the convent of Kiaran's mother, whence she was carried off by an Irish chief. The mother informed her son of the outrage, and the Bishop insisted on the restoration of the girl. Perhaps it was to avoid further persecution from the chief that Burian and Kiaran's old nurse journeyed with the Bishop to Cornwall.

The introduction of Christianity into Ireland raised the social position of women in a great degree; and the settlement of Irishwomen in Cornwall did a like service to the women of that land; and Burian, like Breaca, established a school for girls. That of the former was presided over by Kiaran's nurse. The ruins of this establishment are to be seen near Bosliven,—which town probably takes its name from Saint Levan, an Irish priest, who was also a metal worker. Saint Carantock was scribe to the Bishop, and many Cornish legends circle round his name. Before leaving Ireland, he assisted Saint Patrick in drawing up the laws for the Irish.

Saint Mawe's, on the south coast, has its name from an Irish hermit who died there at an advanced age, after a life of extraordinary penance. Among those who came to study under him were the great Saint David and Gildes

the historian. The stone chair in which Saint Maw was wont to sit while teaching is now built into the sea wall. Saint Just, a town near Land's End, owes its name to an Irish Saint; and probably Redruth is derived from Saint Ruan, another of the Irish colonists.

Saint Indract and Saint Dominica were a brother and sister of noble race, who left Ireland to make a pilgrimage to Rome. They landed first in Cornwall, where Dominica remained. Indract passed by way of Glastonbury to Rome. After a short stay in the holy city, he returned to Glastonbury Abbey, where he was murdered by a pagan lord of Somerset. The spot where the body of the murdered saint was concealed was revealed miraculously to King Ine; and that monarch had it buried with great solemnity underneath the pavement of Our Lady's Abbey, Glastonbury. His tomb, it was alleged, was the scene of many miracles. Of Dominica we know nothing only that a parish in Cornwall bears her name, and in it there is a well called by the name of her holy brother.

Saint Senan's town takes its name from that Irish Bishop who was cousin to Saint David. These two saints died on the very same day, though they are honored in Irish calendars on different dates. Saint Kea, or Kenan, has given a name to several districts and churches. It was he who spoke with such effect to Guenever after the fatal battle between Arthur and Modred, at Camelford, in 537, that the Queen retired to a nunnery to atone for the evil she had wrought.

Of the Saint Columba who bestowed his name on the two Cornish towns—Saint Columba Major and Saint Columba Minor,—nothing is known save that he destroyed a manuscript written in his praise by one of his disciples.

The saints of Irish-Welsh origin are

well known in Cornwall; and are, in great part, descendants of that Irish Prince Braccan, or Brychan, who gave his name to Brecknockshire. Among these are Nun, mother of Saint David; Keyne and Nennoca, daughters of Braccan; Canoc and Beoc, sons of the same prince; and Cadoc and Clether, grandsons. Saint Keyne's Well and its wonderful properties are famous through Southey's ballad. The village of Newlyn owes its name to Saint Nennoca; while the apostle of Wales and his mother are remembered in Davidstowe and Altarnon. Bodmin literally means "the habitation of monks," and had its beginning from Saint Petrock, a Welsh noble educated in Ireland. Legend has it that he went in his old age to Rome on pious pilgrimage, and returned to find a wolf keeping faithful guard over his bishop's staff on the spot he had left it years before.

The cultus of Saint Bridget was faithfully observed in Cornwall. Quite a number of churches there are dedicated to the "Mary of Ireland," and also to Saint Itha, the foster-mother of Brendan the voyager.

Cornwall and Ireland are alike in possessing a great number of holy wells and crosses. It was part of Saint Patrick's wise policy to adopt, so far as was consistent with faith and morals, the customs of the Irish people. When he found a well sacred to some pagan deity, he converted it into a place of baptism. In such way did the saints of Cornwall act. There is a curious example of this in a church dedicated to Saint Clether. The water from his well is used for baptismal purposes at the present day.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

—Joaquin Miller.

A Peter's Pence Incident.

SOME years before the end of the second French Empire, Count de Chambord, accompanied by his private secretary, Count de Monti, was visiting Vienna. They were both present on the plaza in front of the cathedral one afternoon, when there occurred an incident that deeply affected the Legitimist Prince and called forth his innate generosity.

The great ladies of the highest Austrian society had organized a special collection for the Peter's Pence fund, and were moving about among the crowd, asking contributions. All classes were present in the throng, and the noble petitioners accepted with equal graciousness the coppers of the poor, the silver of the tradespeople, and the gold of the wealthy.

One of this last-mentioned category, a Viennese banker, as ill bred as he was rich, thought to improve the occasion by showing off his cleverness and his freethinking independence. Approaching one of the ladies who had extended her collection box toward him, he ostentatiously drew out his pocket-book, took therefrom a bank note, spread it out so that the bystanders might see its value, and, then, nodding to the lady solicitor, passed her by and handed the note to a beggar woman who was asking alms at the cathedral door, saying as he did so:

"Here, my good woman, this is for you. I prefer giving to the poor rather than to the Pope and Cardinals, who don't need my money."

The beggar blushed as she took the note, arose from her seat, and, going over to the slighted lady who had seen and heard all, she dropped the money into her box with the comment, "For Peter's Pence."

The banker saw that his attempted stroke of cleverness had resulted in a

complete fiasco, and went off crestfallen and furious. As for the beggar, ashamed of her temerity and confused by the applause that greeted her act, she disappeared among the crowd.

The incident came to the ears of the Count de Chambord, who, impressed by the poor woman's faith and magnanimity, caused inquiries to be made concerning her. As she was well known to the employees of the cathedral, her address was easily ascertained. It developed that she was a widow of irreproachable character and conduct, with a large family, and reduced by infirmities to mendicancy.

When the Count's emissary sought her out, he found by actual observation that she had, that day, scarcely sufficient bread in the house to satisfy her children's hunger. Upon learning this circumstance, which enhanced the merit of her sacrificing the banker's gift, De Chambord was moved to tears, and he forthwith sent his secretary to present the widow with his respects and a roll of one thousand francs.

M. de Monti testified that he had never executed a more agreeable order. "The poor woman's soul," he said, "was as noble as my master's. She was astounded at the Prince's generosity and his compliments. As for herself, she thought her action quite natural. In accepting the banker's note, after he had insulted the great lady who was a voluntary beggar for the Pope, she would have thought herself a participant in the wealthy boor's insolence; and immediately, with a Christian's instinct she had hastened to repair the injury. Nothing could have persuaded her to keep an alms thus offered. Doing so would seem to her like robbing the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and, rather than make use of the money, she would have thrown it into the fire. She hesitated even about receiving the gift of the Prince and thus appearing to be profiting by her sacrifice. Yet, judging from

her miserable dwelling and the rags of the children, it was more than the necessary: it was the very life of her family that she would have refused in rejecting that gift."

A few days later the Count de Chambord was present in a drawing-room of Vienna, standing near two archdukes. The conversation turning on the incident which we have narrated, the Austrian princes with the flippancy of youth began to joke about the *disinterestedness* of the beggar, and the royal payment she had received therefor.

Turning toward them with the air and tone of "the great King," Louis XIV. himself, De Chambord said:

"I pity you, my young cousins, for not understanding better the nobleness of such an action. As for myself I esteem and respect this poor woman quite as much as I do the great lady; and were I on the throne I should still more royally manifest my regard for her."

Unfamiliar Quotations.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

—S. F. Adams.

Emotion is power when it is caught in the cylinder and does not escape in the whistle.—*Rev. W. Rader.*

The supreme lesson of life is to bear with weariness of self. You will not be worth your salt afterward unless you have used the present as those do who make it their joy to do God's will.

—*Father Dignam, S. J.*

I hate those chicken-hearted people who, because they look too much at the sequel of events, never dare to undertake anything.—*Molière.*

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and

does write another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.

—*J. M. Barrie.*

In youth, your vices are faults; in age, your faults are vices.—*B. Constant.*

Nothing so hinders one from being natural as the desire to appear so.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Humility and charity redeem human weaknesses.—*Goethe.*

One risks little in being, and much in not being, indulgent.—*Shakespeare.*

By the education of women should that of men be begun.—*J. B. Say.*

There is no happy life: there are only happy days.—*A. Theuriet.*

Routine is the religion that has most devotees.—*Dr. Deprés.*

Self-love is a cup without any bottom; you might pour the Great Lakes into it and never fill it up.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

To acquire mistrust of self we have need only to remember three things—first, how often we have erred in our opinions; secondly, how little we have read; thirdly, how little we have studied.—*Manning.*

Let us fear to be unjust. Sooner or later we must reap as we sow. As a very good and learned man has said: "Injustice is a gun that does extraordinary execution at the breach."

—*L. W. Wright.*

Every violation of the truth is a stab at the health of human society.

—*Emerson.*

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

The highest sanctity is perhaps oftenest reached by illiterate peasants of whom nothing is heard,—men who frequented no illusory realms of Fancy,

but deemed themselves sufficiently provided for by a world of Duty and a world of Hope.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.—*Anon.*

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—*Lowell.*

If a man can not attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.

—*Cowley.*

No one can be good or great or happy except through inward efforts of his own.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.—*Irving.*

If a cause be good, the most violent attacks of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.—*Colton.*

If we could see the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*

True morals spring from true faith and true dogma; a false creed can not teach correct morality, unless accidentally, as a result of a sprinkling of truth through the mass of false teaching.—*Rev. J. H. Stapleton.*

Self-denial is never a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence.

—*Bushnell.*

The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindness of thought is greater than our words can tell.—*Faber.*

To a clear eye, the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—*Huxley.*

All God's works of providence, through all the ages, meet at last, as so many lines in one centre.—*Edwards.*

What Catholics Desire and Do Not Desire.

THE plan of professing one's civic or political creed in a series of categorical propositions appears to be growing in favor with the American episcopate. Our readers will remember that Archbishop O'Connell of Boston recently gave utterance to such a series, and now we have Bishop Stang of Fall River following his good example. At the State Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which convened lately in the episcopal city, the last mentioned prelate formulated what Catholics in this country do and do not desire. He said:

1.—We don't want the full control of the State, and we don't insist that all mayors shall be Catholics; of course if they come that way, we won't object, but we shall always respect authority in whomsoever we find it. 2.—We don't want Catholics to form any political party as such; they may belong to whatever party they choose; their creed is altogether independent. 3.—We don't want the State to support our churches or our religious institutions; we have done it ourselves in the past, and shall cheerfully do it in the future. 4.—We don't want any one to join the Church who is not convinced that he is bound to belong to her in order to save his soul; we are not allowed to force our convictions upon others. 5.—We don't want the abolition of popular education, and we everywhere advocate the diffusion of learning; it is a calumny to accuse the Church of fostering ignorance, for it is her greatest foe; she has disseminated knowledge at a great sacrifice. 6.—We don't want any special favors from the State; we are perfectly satisfied with the same rights our neighbors enjoy, and we seek no preferment because of our religion.

As for what American Catholics *do* desire (as many things as they do *not*), the Bishop continued:

7.—We want freedom and justice and equal opportunities with our non-Catholic neighbors in all that concerns our real welfare and advancement. 8.—We want a fair representation of practical Catholic men, whether Democrats or Republicans, upon our State boards, especially those of charity and education, in order to safeguard our Catholic fellow-citizens. 9.—We want Catholic children to be educated in schools

where the religion of our Divine Redeemer is *at home* and regarded as a most important educational factor in training the child for life and eternity. 10.—We want equal pay for equal service; as Catholics, we are not permitted to approve of merely secular education for our children; if we are obliged to have separate schools, we expect that the State will contribute its share to the support of our schools, provided—and only on that condition—that we satisfy the State that we do give the same amount of secular education as is required by law; we ask for no money for teaching the Catechism. 11.—We want a strict and impartial enforcement of all our excellent State laws in regard to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as well as a rigid inspection of factories and workshops, and proper decorum in theatres and playhouses; as we recognize the home as the mainstay of the nation and the State, of course we desire the abolition of that iniquitous divorce farce—I shall never call it a law—now unfortunately tolerated in Massachusetts, and threatening the ruin of family life. 12.—We want, in Fall River and in every city, to live in peace with all our fellow-citizens; as Catholics, we are willing to suffer a great deal rather than provoke religious strife; race-hatred or class-hatred we have not the least intention of creating, and it is not our intention to quarrel about religion or politics; we respect the religious convictions and the political aspirations of all our fellowmen, and we expect them to do the same toward us.

Neither in the negative nor the positive statements in these well-considered and well-worded paragraphs will the fair-minded non-Catholic find material for censorious criticism; but, none the less, Bishop Stang's solution of the school-support question will, of course, be scouted by many of our separated brethren as impracticable, if not unjust; whereas in sober earnest it is neither, and sooner or later it will generally be viewed in this light.

POETRY has been to me an exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—*Coleridge*.

Notes and Remarks.

There is encouragement for American and English Catholics in the history of popular education in Holland. In 1857 a law was enacted requiring all children to be educated in the State schools. The teachers were directed to impart the Christian and social virtues without trenching on dogma, and the schools were called neutral schools. As a result of vigorous and reiterated protests against this law on the part of Catholics and some others, it was repealed in 1889, many non-Catholics even having come to regard it as injurious to the State. The denominationalists are now free to manage their own schools—choosing teachers, arranging hours, and selecting books to suit themselves,—being accountable to the Government only for secular efficiency.

Noting this long-delayed but glorious victory for the Catholics of Holland, the London *Catholic Times* remarks that Mr. Birrell would do well to consider it. And we should not lose sight of it ourselves.

The editor-in-chief of the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* is a Presbyterian, but that fact does not preclude his seeing, and, having seen, his proclaiming, the good points in other creeds, not excepting that of the Church. Witness this paragraph from his recent article on "The Corner-Stone of Civilization":

The position of some of the other churches on this question has been nothing short of shameful. Ministers in good standing in these churches have freely married those who have been separated by the courts, and who could not under the judicial decrees of separation lawfully marry again in the States in which their divorces were granted. The Roman Catholic position on the question of divorce is the only true position. In that Church marriage is a sacrament; and, if the institution is to be preserved and the highest interests of society securely protected, it must be regarded as a

sacrament. Every now and then some convention is proposed with the object of obtaining uniformity in the divorce laws of this country. These conventions are generally proposed by persons living in States in which the divorce business has been overdone. There has been talk from time to time of national legislation; but so far all efforts have failed to reach a plan which, while conceding great freedom of action in obtaining divorces, would at the same time preserve at least the pretence of some high moral purpose. The only State in the Union in which divorce is not granted is the State of South Carolina. The law in this State is the only law that can be adopted with safety to society and with proper regard to high religious teaching.

It may be a long time yet before the secular powers will adopt the attitude of the centuried and unchanging Church toward divorce; but adopt it they eventually must, if civilization is to be preserved from succumbing to the cancer whose ravages are constantly spreading throughout the social body.

One of the names recently added to the necrology of the Church Universal is that of a layman whose figure has for the past four or five decades loomed large in the Catholic history of the Island of Mauritius generally, and more especially in the Catholic activities of that Island's capital, Port Louis. Mr. Vincent Geoffroy, whose serene old age merged peacefully into the tranquillity of a happy Christian death in the closing days of July, was a model private in the ranks of the Church militant; a practical Catholic, whose daily life was an example to his fellow-citizens, and whose generous, whole-souled co-operation in all religious enterprise was an inspiration and a comfort to his ecclesiastical superiors. Of the numerous works in which he took not only a lively interest but an active part, our Mauritius contemporary, the *Croix du Dimanche*, gives a partial list, prefacing the enumeration with some statements, which warrant both our mentioning Mr. Geoffroy's death and our recommending his soul

to the prayers of our readers: "With the humility that is the sign of grace, the venerable gentleman would doubtless have said of himself that he was not doing enough, was not sufficiently lavish of his energy and his fortune. But whoever writes the history of Catholic progress in Mauritius during the past half century will find it difficult to mention a single religious establishment—church, convent, school, or hospital,—a single Catholic work, to which he did not contribute his full quota of intelligence, energy, influence and wealth."

Our readers have all heard of the celebrated "Virgin's Tree," an ancient sycamore under which our Blessed Lady is said to have rested during the flight into Egypt. For nearly two thousand years it, or the original tree from which it sprang, has been an object of pious veneration for thousands of pilgrims, Moslems as well as Christians holding it in greatest reverence. It was situated at Matarieh, a little village famous for its balsam trees, about five miles from Cairo. We say "was," because the "Virgin's Tree" fell during the summer and is now no more. But cuttings had been taken from it by order of the present Khedive, and it is probable that a fresh sapling already marks the spot hallowed for so many centuries.

Emphasizing, in the *Revue Generale*, of Brussels, the point that the remedy against the present widespread atheism and infidelity is at the disposal of the Catholic authorities in each country of the world, the well-known publicist, M. de Woeste, says:

The duty of every Catholic is to study his religion better, in order that he may be the better able to defend it. We have "sciences" about every conceivable subject, but no science of religion, the most important matter in the Christian's life. The working classes and the least educated must be first brought into line; this can be effected only by a popular union or

unions with one central office. Even were the fight against atheism less fruitful than might be expected through the formation of such a union, the extension of the franchise in all countries of the world makes it necessary that such an organization should exist, in order that the Catholic vote may be properly controlled and directed. In other words, it is the duty of the servants of society, the priests, to fight the rationalist politicians. The latter work for their own personal ends; the priests are the guardians of the people's real interests. In this, the performance of their paramount duties, they are restoring on all sides the name of God, unmasking error, and strengthening the foundations of the family. This task requires a legion of workers, and yet a dearth of them is felt. Organized energy can alone bring it into existence. It is but the first step that costs.

Reading the foregoing, one thinks, of course, of the Catholic Volksverein, or Popular Union, as a brilliant example of a thoroughly effective organization of the kind proposed. It is gratifying to know that the rapid development of the American Federation of Catholic Societies gives excellent promise of performing equally good work on this side of the Atlantic.

A missionary project which has elicited the warm approval of prelates in Great Britain and Ireland, and one in behalf of which a special appeal is made to the Catholic women of the United Kingdom, is that which has for its object the conveying of medical aid, through the Catholic missions, to native Indian women and children. It appears that the females in Indian families of the higher castes live in the zenana, a portion of the house exclusively set apart for them. No priest or medical man can obtain access to the zenana under any pretext whatever, nor can the children of the higher classes attend the schools and colleges which are used only by the lower castes. Women only are allowed to enter this enclosure; hence Indian ladies and their children are left to the care of their attendants, who, for the most part, are incompetent to give

them either instruction or medical assistance. These native Indian ladies, it is said, are bitterly opposed to the Christian religion; and their seclusion in their zenanas effectually bars the way to any outside influence's being brought to bear upon them to dispel their prejudices.

"In order to reach the ladies in the zenanas, at least in one part of India, it is proposed," says the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, "to open a hospital and dispensary for native women and children at Rawal Pindi, Punjaub, in connection with the mission of the Very Rev. Dominic Wagner, Prefect Apostolic of Kafristan and Kashmir. This hospital will be under the care of a fully qualified European lady doctor, who will be aided by a native hospital assistant, a nurse dispenser, and native servants. In addition two nuns will superintend the nursing in the hospital, and will be charged more especially with the missionary work connected with the hospital. The lady doctor will also visit the native ladies in their zenanas, and thus they will be brought into touch with the necessary requirements both for soul and body."

The Pope's cordial approbation of the project is a sufficient guarantee that it is a charity well worth encouraging, and we wish it all prosperity.

Prof. Henry Melville Gwatkin, of Cambridge University, is a very learned man; but, unfortunately, his prejudice is no less remarkable than his scholarship. In a recently published volume of lectures he refers to "Rome" as "the most degraded of the Christian sects," denies nearly all personal religion to the "Latin Communion," and inveighs against "the bottomless treachery of Ultramontanism." But we need not multiply quotations. This Gifford lecturer is thus neatly rebuked by a writer in the *Athenæum*: "An Orange pulpiter may speak of the Pope as

'the high-priest of irreligion,' but it is surely not the business of a Cambridge professor to write in this strain, especially as he arrives at his conclusion only by an argument which is almost sophistical."

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently was held the first Catholic Slovak Congress ever convened in this country. The occasion was a notable one; and would be so considered, if for no other reason, because of the address made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hoban. Among other things, that prelate said:

I have come here to-day, first of all, to show my sympathy for my Slovak Catholic friends. In all of your meetings that I have ever attended—and I challenge the clergy here to disprove my statements—I have always spoken for unity and for harmonious effort in the attempt to make all men members of our one common Faith.

I want to tell you this, and I realize that in doing so I am treading on dangerous ground. I hold that the Slovak people in the United States and in Hungary have the same right to speak their own language in their schools and churches. I think that every American bishop in this country will agree with me when I say that they have the same right to do this as have the Magyars in Hungary or the Germans in Germany or the English in America.

I am sure that neither I nor any other American bishop will ever condemn you for using the Slovak language in your churches and schools here. I have always held that the Slovaks in Hungary, the Polish, the Irish and the Armenians should unite, owing to the sufferings they have experienced under various governments because of their religion and language.

These paragraphs invite comment; but, as there is no particular reason why we should be "treading on dangerous ground," we shall refrain from making it.

A good word for Machiavelli has so seldom been heard in the English-speaking world that the very name of the famous Florentine is synonymous with duplicity and intrigue. The recent publication of a new translation of "The Histories," from the competent hand of Mr. Ninian Hill Thompson, who

has already afforded a version of "The Prince," prompts a discerning English critic to remark:

It was indeed high time that something should be done to remind people of the fact that "The Prince" was not Machiavelli's only, or principal, work. It has been unfortunate for his personal reputation that that treatise should have been at hand all these centuries as the politician's vade-mecum. That it does not express his private views on ethical questions—that, on the contrary, he loved righteousness and hated iniquity, so far as a man mixed up in the politics of those days might do—is clear from many passages in "The Histories." Of course he does not indulge in moral reflections to any great extent; that was not his way. But the restrained enthusiasm with which, for instance, he speaks of Pietro de' Medici... seems to show that, whatever might be his artistic admiration of Borgian virtue, his personal sympathy was on the side of virtue, as we understand the word.

Apropos of our Secretary of State's visit to the southern half of the continent, the *Southern Cross* thinks it pertinent to offer our educationists a suggestion on the language question. Says our Buenos Aires contemporary:

The Hon. Elihu Root has made his bow to South America. He has made several speeches already, but the principal one was his magnificent address to the assembled delegates last Tuesday. He spoke in English. Some time ago we suggested that Spanish should be taught as a compulsory subject in the North American schools, and the fact that Mr. Root had to address Spanish-speaking delegates in a foreign tongue justifies our remark. In the interests of Pan-Americanism and fraternity, we hope that in future all good citizens of the United States will insist on having their children taught Spanish.

The suggestion is not without its merits; but the average good citizen of this country will just at present prefer to have his children receive a little better drilling in their own language. There is room for it.

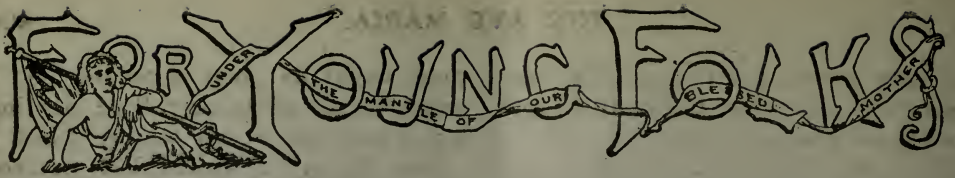
While condemning the bigotry, ignorance, and stubbornness which have prevented the Pennsylvania capitol commission from heeding Catholic protests against the objectionable

mural paintings that are to decorate the interior of the new building, the *Pittsburg Observer* pertinently adds:

It must, however, be admitted that Catholics themselves are not wholly blameless in the matter. Owing to the persistence of racial and political influences and antipathies among them, they lack harmony of action, identity of interest, and unity of purpose in public affairs. If a spirit of solidarity prevailed in their ranks, they would be so powerful a factor in this State that a body like the capitol commission would not dare to ignore their representations in such a matter. The day will come, however—and it may not be very distant,—when the obnoxious mural paintings which are now the cause of legitimate complaint and indignation will be removed.

The absence of this spirit of solidarity is an evil prevalent in other quarters than Pennsylvania, and in matters of still greater importance than the decoration of its capitol. One of the most salutary effects of the Federation of Catholic Societies will be the lusty growth of that spirit. When thirteen or fourteen millions of citizens speak as one man on a matter of public policy, it is obvious that any attempt to ignore their demands will be ridiculous.

President Roosevelt's warning to the Cubans against the "habit of insurrection" reminds the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* that the Cubans had that habit when they were under Spanish rule, "but nobody in authority in the United States warned them against it." Warned them against it! They were encouraged in it. It was the help received through the Cuban Junta in New York that enabled the rebels to hold out against Spain until the United States declared war against her. The leader of the Cuban insurrectionists declared, in a letter to which the Spanish Minister in Washington once referred us, that he would have laid down arms were it not for the aid and sympathy of this country. The history of the Spanish-American war has yet to be written.



Aunt Jennie's Letters.

"H, dear!" cried Rose Bailey, looking out of the window one rainy morning in summer. "I am so disappointed. We were to have such a fine time in the woods this afternoon, and now we can't go. It seems to me it rains so very often on Saturdays, mamma."

"It will at least give you an opportunity to answer Aunt Jennie's letter," said her mother. "I can not imagine why you have not done it before, Rose."

"Oh, that tiresome letter! I suppose I ought to answer it, of course; but—"

"There were two letters, Rose."

"Yes, I know. But I didn't want that old bead bag."

"Never mind whether you wanted it or not. Aunt Jennie was kind to send it. And I am ashamed of you,—that is all about it, Rose!" rejoined her mother, sharply.

"But, mother, you don't care so very much yourself for Aunt Jennie. Didn't she do something to you once?"

"I do not know her at all,—I never saw her. She did not wish your father, her favorite nephew, to marry me, as she had chosen a wife for him herself. That is all. But she is old, and the fact that she has written you shows that she must have a kindly feeling toward you. In any case, Rose, there can hardly be a greater breach of good manners than to leave a letter unanswered, especially when the writer has accompanied it by a present."

"All right, mamma!" answered Rose, bringing out her portfolio. She opened it and produced two letters. The first was as follows:

MY DEAR GRANDNIECE:—Perhaps you have never heard of me, but I am your Aunt Jennie. I loved your father very much, though he sadly disappointed me once. You were named, I am sure, for my mother; therefore I have always felt kindly toward you. I am sending you an old-fashioned bag, made of cut steel beads and lined with red satin. It belonged to my dear mother. I hope you will value it as I have done.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and with best respects to your mother, I remain

Your affectionate

AUNT JENNIE.

The second letter, dated a month later, was very short. It ran thus:

MY DEAR GRANDNIECE:—Some time ago I wrote to you, sending a little souvenir in the shape of a bead bag which I valued highly, for it belonged to my dear mother. As I have received no acknowledgment from you, I fear both letter and package have been mislaid. Please advise me.

Your affectionate

AUNT JENNIE.

It did not take Rose long to answer these letters. The day cleared up, and she went to the woods, after all.

Three months later she was returning from a short visit to a school friend who lived on a farm in the country. The train with which she was to connect was delayed, and she was obliged to remain at a little station for two hours. An old lady was seated on a bench near the platform, waiting for another train. She was rather quaintly attired, but very respectable in appearance. She had several satchels and bundles, a bird in a cage and a cat in a basket.

Rose sat down near her, and the

old lady smiled pleasantly. The bird began to chirp; Rose talked to it, and the old lady smiled again.

"You like birds?" she asked.

"Oh, very much!" replied Rose. "I have several at home."

"How old are you, my dear?"

"I am sixteen."

"You remind me of some one I have seen. Do you live in Exeter?"

"No: at Fullerton."

"At Fullerton? I have not been there in twenty-five years. I used to live there."

"Did you?" answered Rose, without further question. She was not curious by nature, and not specially interested in the affairs of old ladies.

"My name is Maize," said her companion. "I have relatives there; but they do not care specially about me."

Rose flushed and glanced away.

"They may be friends of yours," the old lady went on. "If they are, I would like you to tell them that you met me. Their name is Bailey."

"There are several Baileys in Fullerton," said Rose, now determined not to reveal her identity.

"My nephew's wife was named Thorpe," continued the old lady. "I heard nothing but good of her; still, I wanted him to marry the daughter of a friend of mine. I was a little displeased with him on account of it. If he had made any overtures, however, I should have forgiven him. But he did not. He is dead. The widow has one child—a daughter. I believe they are in comfortable circumstances. My nephew was a doctor. Do you know the family?"

"Yes, I do," answered Rose.

"The girl is about your age, I think; isn't she?"

"Just about," said Rose.

"She was named for my mother. I am a lonely old woman. For some time past I have thought I should like to get acquainted with those people, and finally decided that the first over-

tures ought to come from me. So I wrote to my grandniece Rose, sending her a souvenir of my mother, which I valued highly. I waited, but received no reply. Then I wrote again: still no answer. Then, after a delay of a month or so, a short note came, saying that the souvenir and letters had come to hand, and she was gratefully mine, etc. No friendly message, no expression of affection. I realized that I was only a poor superannuated old woman. Now, Miss," she went on, warming to her subject as she spoke, "I will ask you to take a message to my grandniece Rose. Will you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rose, meekly.

"Tell her that when I wrote that letter and sent the bag, I did it principally to learn of what stuff she was made. If she had been glad to receive that beautiful memento of her great-grandmother—which, by the way, is of a kind coming into fashion again, and *not* to be purchased except in imitation,—I should have known her for an appreciative person, with strong family ties. I thought, too, that I should be able to judge from her letter what manner of child she was. If all had pleased me, I should have invited her to visit me, and should have taken her to the mountains, from which I am just returning. And if all had gone well, and we had been congenial, and the mother not disagreeable, it might have been to their advantage in every way. I am not a poor woman, my dear,—though far from being a wealthy one. Please remember to emphasize this when you deliver my message. I made my will before going to the mountains, and some poor old men and women will benefit by it when I am gone."

Rose did not know what to do. Her own thoughtlessness and indifference had created the position. If she revealed herself to her relative, and expressed regret at what she had done—or

rather failed to do,—the old lady would probably attribute to her an interested motive. Finally she said:

"I will deliver your message. But if your grandniece should be sorry for her thoughtlessness, as I am sure she will be, would you not be disposed to change your feelings toward her?"

"No," replied the old lady, emphatically. "I could never trust her or her mother. I should feel that their motives were not genuine. They failed to pass my simple test, and I am done with them. But I want them to know what has been the result of their conduct."

"For Rose Bailey I have no excuse to offer," said the girl; "but I can not allow you to remain under a delusion regarding her mother. She is a lovely woman, and it was not by her advice or wish that Rose acted as she did. On the contrary, she felt very much provoked and ashamed that Rose did not answer your letters."

"How do you know, Miss?—how do you know?" asked the old lady, in an excited tone.

"Because I am Rose Bailey," answered the girl; "and I know my own dear mother."

"You are Rose Bailey?" exclaimed the old lady. "Now that I look at you, I see a resemblance to my nephew Paul. That is why your face seemed familiar to me. Well, I am glad I met you. Now you know what I think of you. I never mince matters,—never."

"It seems not," replied Rose, who had inherited a quick temper from her father.

"And you are a saucy piece, besides," said Miss Maize. "All I am sorry for is that I parted from my mother's cut steel bead reticule. That is all I am sorry for."

Rose opened her little satchel.

"Here it is," she said, laying it on her grandaunt's lap. "I took it to the country with me, but I have not

used it. I wanted my friend to see it."

Aunt Jennie turned the bag upside down and inside out before she said:

"It seems all right. I am glad to have it back, I assure you, Miss Rose."

"Train coming!" called the station master, and the next moment it came thundering up.

"Good-bye, Aunt Jennie!" said Rose, hastily departing.

The old lady laughed, and held up the reticule triumphantly. The last Rose saw of her she was depositing it in a capacious pocket in her petticoat.

They never met again. Two years later, the Home for Old Men and Women received a comfortable legacy. Whether or not Rose regretted either the inheritance or the friendship she might have gained if she had been more thoughtful and appreciative, she had unquestionably been taught a good lesson.

The Home-Seekers.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXII.—SEPARATION AND REUNION.

When Alfredo and Florian went over to Clearwater's cottage after luncheon, they found Conchita, her daughter Dolores, and the children awaiting them on the doorstep, with a hand-cart they had borrowed from some friendly neighbor. Speedy and entire was the desolation of the cabin after they had worked their will upon it. Not a portable object was left in either of the three rooms,—not even a picture on the walls. Then, when everything had been removed, the two women swept down the cobwebs, scrubbed the floors with brooms, and burned the rubbish.

"It was a good man," said Conchita, solemnly, as she prepared to close the windows. "Him shall I miss much. Many loaves of bread he gave me;

many cans of fruit, and other things. Never shall I see again so good a man as the Señor Clearwater."

"Do not close the windows, please, Conchita," said Florian. "The house is not dry yet: it needs to be aired."

She looked at him strangely.

"It is not well, Señor," she said,— "it is not well to leave open at night an empty dwelling. Into it may fly owls and bats; through it may run the feet of gophers and rats and mice, and maybe coyotes; or a skunk may come and ruin it forever. And, worse than all, Señor, it is not lucky. The evil spirits love empty houses; and once they enter in, no living thing can dislodge them until the Padre comes with holy words and holy water. I think it is better that we close the windows and doors."

"I have never heard you make such a long speech before," said Alfredo. "You may close the doors if you will, Conchita; but the windows must be left open. We will take the chances of the evil spirits; and if the bats fly in, they are equally sure to fly out again."

"Will no one dwell here now?" asked the old woman, standing on the threshold.

"Not at present," answered Florian. "It belongs to Louis."

"Ah!" sighed Conchita. "That is well; but the Señorito Louis has already a good house, and this will fall to pieces without people living in it; and I think, Señor Alfredo, that Dolores, my daughter—"

"Mother," exclaimed Dolores, who belonged to a new generation, "we are well where we are, and we have already enough from the Señor Clearwater! It is true what the white people say of us: that we want everything we see. Keep still, mother,—keep still!"

Turning mournfully away from the home that might have been hers, if her former patron had been more thoughtful, Conchita followed her daughter,

who propelled the hand-cart, assisted by her oldest son. Every child in the group was laden with stuff, much of it useless. As they disappeared from sight, Florian said:

"This place could be made quite habitable by the addition of a couple of rooms and a little paint."

"It will be time enough to think of that when Jonson decides what to do," answered Alfredo. "The first thing is to set it in oranges. Vladych, that five hundred dollar check will do wonders."

"It gives Louis a good start in the world," said Florian.

"We will all help him," rejoined Alfredo. "And he will help himself. He has both ambition and perseverance."

"Yes, though he is a little slow."

"Well, he is sure," remarked Alfredo, as he locked the front door and handed the key to Florian.

When Louis' sprained foot was quite well again, he and Rose made frequent trips to the ranch, planning improvements and counting the profits that were to accrue from his new possession.

Mrs. Mullen soon returned, a little sad at the separation from her boys, but hoping they would shortly become millionaires. She was glad to be with her friends and old neighbors once more.

One day, about a month after Clearwater had gone, a letter came, saying that they had had a quick voyage; that he was now pleasantly established at home, had received a warmer welcome than he was entitled to from his people, and was beginning to feel that England was a beautiful place in which to live. He believed he was going to lead a life both useful and happy.

"He has seen the girl, and she has been nice to him," said Manuela. "He will marry her."

"I wonder how often he will write to us?" asked Rose, after she had read Clearwater's letter two or three times.

"Not often," answered Mrs. Mullen,

tersely, looking up from her knitting. "He is a fine man, God bless him! He appreciated all you did for him, and valued the friendship you gave him while he was amongst you and needed it; but he's gone to another world entirely, and you are not in it. If he were to come back here, he'd likely be the very same; or if any of you were to go over there, he'd treat you well; though you'd be mad with yourselves for going, after you saw the tremendous estate and the droves of servants, each one to his own place. I know, for I lived in a like castle at home in Ireland, though it belonged to an English landlord. I'm not wanting to disparage him, and you needn't fret over it, Rosie my girl; but you are gone out of his life now and forever. And I could almost wager there'll never be another letter. I know the English. They're not so black as they're painted in some ways, but they're a class to themselves; and if one doesn't belong to them they'll put you out of mind as soon as you're out of sight. The Earl of Donnett and Clearwater may always have a kindly thought for you all, but, mark my words, there'll not be any great correspondence. Still, if any one of you, or all of you, were in distress, and asked him for the loan of a hundred pounds, he'd send it out by the next mail. He is a man above the common, Rosie,—very far above the common. But the intimacy,—that is all over."

"We would never ask him to lend us a hundred pounds, or one pound, especially if we found him to be like you say, Mrs. Mullen," answered Rose, proudly. "I believe you are prejudiced against him, because the English and Irish are not friends."

"Not a bit of it," said the old woman, calmly. "I greatly admire the man, and we have the tie of religion to bind us. He's no Sassenach. But, Rosie, I'll tell you what. If you get another

letter from him during the coming twelvemonth, I'll knit you a scarlet petticoat and pay for the wool myself."

"I'll take you up," rejoined Rose, merrily and confidently.

But she was still lacking a scarlet petticoat when the year had elapsed. Mrs. Mullen may have secretly enjoyed her triumph, but she never alluded to it.

Only one letter had come from Nils Jonson since his departure. That had been written during the six months he spent in Norway, and while he was still filled with the joy of home-coming.

The twenty acres out of the forty-acre ranch were stocked with the best young orange trees money could buy, as well as with walnuts and olives, all of which thrived wonderfully. Louis, now tall and strong, spent nearly all his time improving his possessions,—it must be confessed with the hope that soon they would be altogether his. With the assistance of Rose, he had laid out around the house a small flower garden, of which they took great care. They had also planted vines, which seemed to grow by magic, hiding the unpainted bareness of the cottage with a network of green and purple, pink and yellow; for they had made many experiments, and set out every kind of climbing plant they could obtain.

About the window through which Martino had been abducted, wisteria had begun to bloom, promising soon to cover the side of the house which faced the orchard. On the other side, white and pink Australian sweet-pea vied with each other in profusion, threatening to invade the domain of the yellow canary vine which grew luxuriantly over the front porch, climbing even to the top of the brick chimney. At the back of the house, the ever-blooming large purple Mexican morning-glory twined and twisted itself above the door, ran round the

eaves, and joined hands at the roof with the wisteria.

"Outside, this place is a bower of beauty," said the Señora one morning. "What a pity that some loving pair can not make a nest within!"

The words had scarcely left her lips when Alfredo, on his way from the post office, handed Louis a letter.

"It is from Norway," he remarked. "You are going to hear from your fellow-proprietor, Louis. Perhaps he is coming over,—the time is nearly up."

For one brief moment Louis felt his heart clutched by a spasm of regret; but the next, true to his fine, unselfish nature, he tore open the letter with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation. Rose leaned over his shoulder, while Alfredo and his mother listened as he read:

"DEAR FRIEND LOUIS:—If I have been remiss in writing to you, it was because, until six months ago, my plans were uncertain. Be sure that I have not forgotten any of you, or that we have a joint property, which, for all I know, may either have been left as it was or placed under cultivation. I presume, however, that you have improved it, as that, I believe, was your original intention. I wish to say that I am willing to bear half the expense of all you have done toward it, or to buy your half, as I have decided to return to California.

"My father died a year ago, leaving me a considerable sum; and I am married to a lovely girl, on whose account principally I am going out again to America. She is delicate, and the doctor told us to try England. But I have had some experience of the damp air of that country, and of its treacherous climate. Though not so severe as our own, it is worse, because more uncertain. She, like myself, is an orphan, with one sister about the age of Miss Rose. We will take her with us to America. Oh, I feel that we shall be very happy there, if you tell us to come! My wife is so clever that very

soon she can make that little cottage beautiful. She is a lover of flowers also, and has the gift of making them grow. How she will revel in them!

"With kind regards from my Olga to all your family, and the same from myself, I await your answer.

"Your friend,

"NILS JONSON."

"Well, our little colony will soon be increased," said Louis. "I am glad; aren't you, Alfredo?"

"Very glad," rejoined Alfredo. "Nils is a good fellow, and my mother will have a couple more girls to pet."

"Can they speak English, do you think?" asked Rose. "I am delighted to know there is a girl about my own age."

"No doubt they can," replied the Señora. "Jonson speaks so well himself that he will have taught them."

On a lovely evening in late September, Alfredo, Florian, Rose and Louis were awaiting the arrival of the Overland at Tesora. Marvels of work had been performed that week by the good people who were all of one mind,—doing to others as they would be done by. The Señora, Rose and Manuela, assisted by Natalia and Conchita, had done wonders with the interior of the little cottage. The Señora again produced from the barn everything necessary for housekeeping, with the exception of kitchen utensils, which were purchased in Tesora. And now fresh, bright curtains hung at the windows; flowers bloomed everywhere, and an appetizing supper was in course of preparation by Natalia. Mrs. Mullen, still bereft of Pete and young Dan, who had not yet made their fortunes, sat on the piazza, with Martino playing near her, and his little sister on her lap.

"I hear them coming!" she exclaimed at last. "Hurry, all of you, to the porch! 'Tis good luck to welcome them at the threshold."

The Señora and Manuela, responsive

to her call, hastened forward. And now the wagon appeared,—Alfredo and Florian in front; Nils Jonson, strong and robust as ever, on the back seat, with a fair, delicate, blonde girl beside him. Next came Louis in the buggy; Rose, dark, piquant and slender, on one side of him, and on the other a replica of Nils Jonson's wife,—a girl of about sixteen, but with much more buoyancy and strength than her sister.

"Oh, but these will be parades!" exclaimed the bride, in her pretty, broken English, as, clasping her hands, she gazed about her at the brilliant flower garden.

"Welcome home!" cried the waiting trio of women; and as Nils looked around at the comfort and taste everywhere displayed, he exclaimed:

"This is a home,—a home indeed! Olga, what shall we ever be able to do to let these good people know how pleased we are and how grateful?"

Later, at table, Rose ventured to ask a question that had long trembled on her tongue.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Clearwater since you left England?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply. "About eighteen months ago he came over to Norway on his wedding trip, and we went with them, my father and I, up and down from Molde to Bergen, as we had done before."

"Was it *that* girl?" queried Rose.

"The very same," answered Jonson. "He was looking fine."

"Did he speak of us?" said Manuela.

"Oh, yes! He never ceased talking of you all, and said that some day perhaps he would come out to America again, and then he would look you up."

"He never writes," added Rose.

"Oh, that is hardly to be expected!" answered Nils. "We were but episodes in his life. Full of other interests and cares as it is, and entirely different from ours, we could, none of us, expect

him to keep up a correspondence, or do more than remember us kindly, as he always will. Nor, should he happen to come among us again, would we find him other than the same kind, frank, simple, gentleman he has always been. But, as it is, we are out of his life, Miss Rose. Don't you see?"

"Yes," answered Rose after a slight pause, "I see. And I think," she added smilingly, glancing up at Mrs. Mullen, who was waiting on the table, while Natalia took care of the children,—*"I think that Mrs. Mullen is a very wise woman."*

"What has she to do with it?" inquired Florian, as everybody looked mystified.

"We know, don't we, Mrs. Mullen?" responded Rose, still smiling.

"Maybe we do," said the impromptu waitress, now embarrassed at being the cynosure of all eyes. "But we'll say nothin' about it."

"No, we won't say another word about it," observed Rose. "But I am now firmly convinced, Mrs. Mullen, of what I have always suspected—that you are an exceedingly wise and clever woman."

(The End.)

The River of Oblivion.

Lethe is the name given, in Greek mythology, to the river of oblivion, one of the streams of the under-world. Its waters were supposed to possess the property of causing those who drank of them to forget their former existence. The souls of the departed drank of the stream before entering the Elysian Fields, and so lost all recollection of their earthly lives. The word is a dissyllable, with the accent on the first, the *e* in each syllable having the long sound. The following is a good rhyme:

Before he lost his teeth, he
Had sipped the stream of Lethe.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—A new story from the pen of F. Marion Crawford, which is said to be noteworthy even among his novels, is among the autumn announcements of the Macmillan Co. It is entitled "A Lady of Rome."

—"A New Jersey Seaside Mission," by Rev. Father Middleton, O. S. A., is an historical sketch of St. Nicholas of Tolentino's, the Augustinian church at Atlantic City, N. J. The interesting pamphlet is a féprint from the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, which is a mine of information relating to the Church in the United States.

—Besides the new novel, by Mrs. Craigie, "The Dream and the Business," just published in England, she left also, completed, a romance entitled "The Princess of Benevento." One of Mrs. Craigie's friends, writing of her methods of composition, says that she told him she made a practice of writing her comedy scenes when she felt most serious, and her scenes of passion and melancholy when she felt most gay, obtaining by this means a stronger restraint.

—The eighth annual edition of Laird & Lee's "Diary and Time-Saver" for 1907 is in a number of respects an improvement on the best of its predecessors. One new feature of genuine utility is its wax-paper holder for postage stamps or railway tickets. For a vest-pocket booklet of 100 pages, the Diary contains a surprising amount of really valuable statistical information, and it ought to prove a favorite with the business portion, at least, of the American people.

—The statement that the death of Lord Lovelace leaves every surviving descendant of Byron in the direct line a Catholic—his granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt; his great-grandchildren, Lady Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Lytton; and, in the next generation, the children of Mrs. Lytton, —is thus supplemented by a writer in the *London Tablet*: "Two of the poet's nearest relatives, outside this direct line, are also of the same religion. These are his grandnieces, Mrs. Ada Mary Augusta Stephenson (*née* Leigh), and her cousin, Miss Geraldine Leigh."

—A new edition, thoroughly revised, of Mr. William Warren Vernon's "Readings on the Inferno of Dante," with an introduction by Dr. Moore of Oxford, is announced by the Macmillan Co. This work has held its own among Dante commentaries by virtue of the excellent plan on which it was based. The method adopted by Mr. Vernon was suggested by a series of readings before audiences of good intelligence but with no

special Dante training, and includes a text and literary translation, with summaries, accompanied by a running commentary, which takes note of literary characteristics and allusions rather than of mere linguistic difficulties.

—Mr. Basil Champneys, who contributes an introduction to the new one-volume edition of Coventry Patmore's poems, notes that at the time of his death "there were indications that his public was still closely limited in number, and that his fame rested rather on the enthusiasm of a minority than on the appreciation of the general reader." Probably this is still in a measure true; for it is unlikely that Patmore will ever be a poet for the multitude. Nevertheless, his fame and his public have increased since his death, and the permanence of his position in English literature now seems assured.

—From Benziger Brothers there comes to us "The Secret of Carickferneagh Castle," by S. A. Turk. The title is unmistakably Hibernian, and, moreover, the story is explicitly called "An Irish Romance"; but somehow or other it does not seem to ring true. It may be that the reviewer was in an atrabiliar mood when reading the book, but he certainly dislikes its lack of reticence, its exaggerated realism, and what (without professing expert knowledge as to this last point) he must call its somewhat fantastic brogue. This much being said in deference to conscientious scruples, it may be added that the tale is a Catholic one, and that S. A. Turk is the "authoress of several prize stories."

—Frank H. Spearman's latest novel, "Whispering Smith," possesses all the breeziness, vitality, romantic incident, and human interest that delighted the readers of his "The Daughter of a Magnate"; and abounds, too, it must be said, with descriptions of Rocky Mountain topography, railroad engineering, and transportation problems, which, however attractive to the expert in such matters, must prove more or less "caviare to the general." In Sinclair, the heavy villain of the story, one is apt to discover something more than a generic resemblance to Slade, the desperado whom Mark Twain photographed a good many years ago. The novel is one to please virile men rather than the typical young person. It is illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Friends and admirers of Mr. Seumas MacManus, of whom there are already a host in the United States, will be gratified to learn that the eminent Irish novelist, balladist, and folklorist

will soon be among us for a short lecture tour. He is sure of a cordial welcome wherever he may go; and, as his services will be in general demand, the audiences for whom they are secured will feel especially favored. For the present tour Mr. MacManus has prepared readings from his own delightful books, and three lectures, on Irish wit and humor, on Irish fairy and folk lore, and on the present political outlook in Ireland. Mr. MacManus, it need not be said, is a true Celt, having lived the life of the people in his own remote, mountain-barred Donegal, where he grew to manhood. His acquaintance with the folklore of Ireland, with the characteristics of its people, the beauty of their lives—with all that renders them a race apart,—is revealed in his writings; but one must hear his voice in order fully to appreciate how true and how loving is his appreciation of Irish life, so often caricatured by aliens and professional Celts.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Whispering Smith." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.
 "Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.

"Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.

"The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.

"Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.

"Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.

"The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

"Theory and Practice of the Confessional." Dr. Caspar E. Schieler. \$3.50, net.

"Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.

"Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.

"The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.

"The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.

"Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols. \$4.

"Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.

"Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Waldron, of the diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. James Brady, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. D. J. O'Meara, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Martin Meagher, diocese of Erie; and Rev. Charles Kelly, S. J.

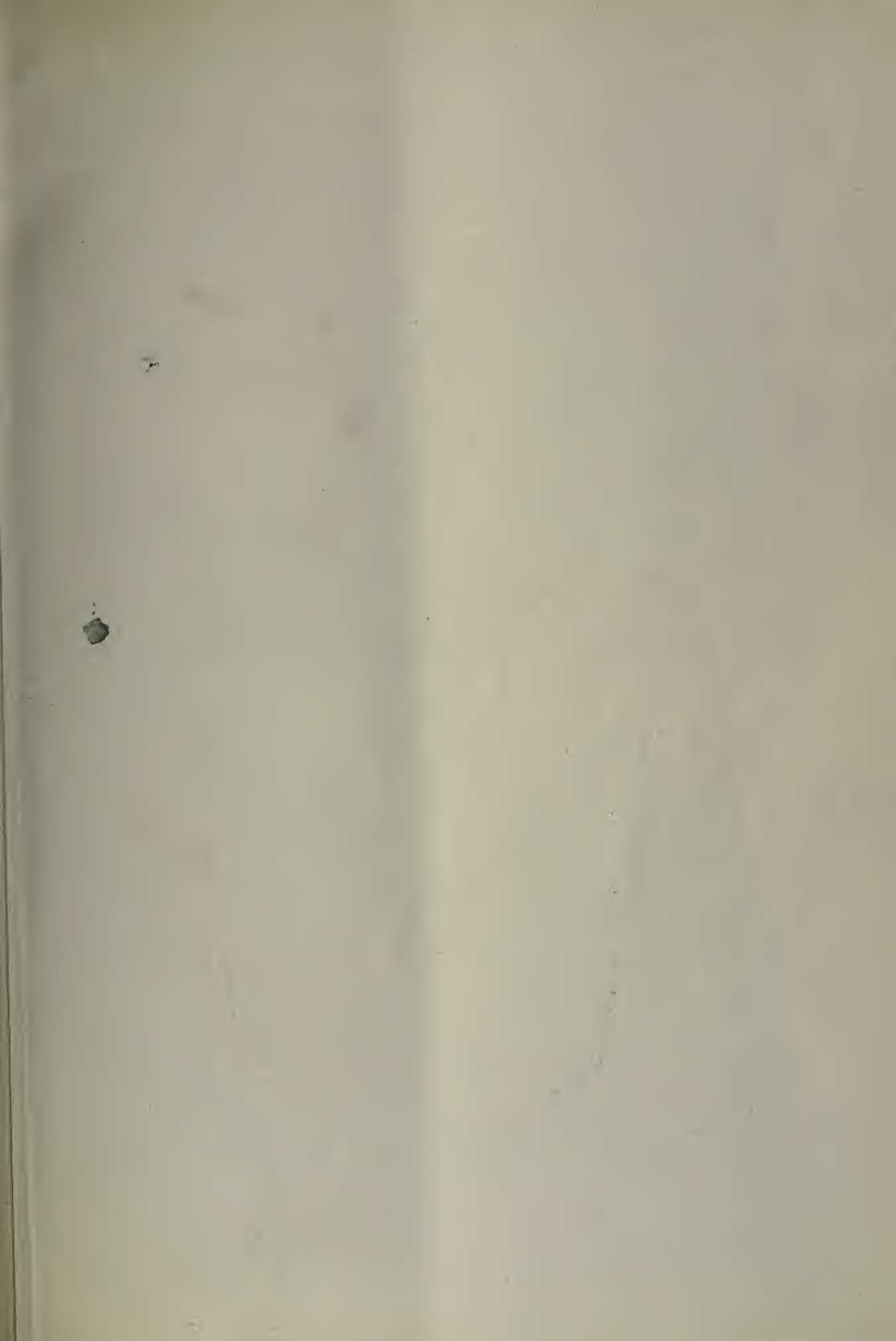
Sister M. Letitia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Dr. Archibald Rice, of Charlestown, Mass.; Dr. Norisse Gerand, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Dennis Keefe, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Richard Wolfe, Sr. and Mrs. Mary Galvin, Ottawa, Ill.; Mr. John Ledwidge, Notre Dame, Ind.; Mrs. G. W. Dougald, —, Canada; Mr. M. V. Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. Patrick Kelly, Vanhorn, Iowa; Mr. John Allen, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. W. M. McDonough, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Albert Hendrickson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Martin Fleming, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Stone City, Iowa; Mrs. Elizabeth Peetsch and Mrs. Mary Bernard, New York City; Miss A. Murdock, Mr. M. B. Allen, and Mr. John Carroll, Leadville, Colo.; Mrs. Cecilia Mason, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. John Dougherty, Mr. John Finan, Mr. Philip Plunkett, Mr. Michael Mulrooney, and Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Edward Phillips, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Mrs. Caroline Reed, St. Paul, Minn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the famine sufferers in Bengal:

M. G. M., \$5; Friend, S. Orange, N. J., \$2; Louisa Reuber, \$2; R. M. C., \$5; John Heery, \$5; Friend, \$25.50; Rev. P. van A., \$10; two Children of Mary, \$5; J. F. Cavanagh, \$1; Mrs. E. J. D., \$2; Friend, per M. C., \$2; Friend, in thanksgiving, \$1; Friend (Vt.), \$1; A. S., in honor of the Seven Dolors, \$3; E. T. S., \$1; K. R. J., \$5.





MADONNA COL BAMBINO.
(Borgognone)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To Mary.

BY T. A. M.

MADONNA mine! Alas! to style thee so
Not loyal words, but loyal deeds, may claim;
And one so faithless as myself should know
He has no right to call thee by that name.
My sovereign Queen? Thy place beside the throne
Adds to thy majesty the power of heaven:
But can the Queen with royal favor own
A subject whom the King from court has driven?
What may I call thee? Wilt thou let me cry
As other children do, "Dear Mother mine"?
That sweetest name thou also must deny,
Not owning one so vile as child of thine.
One hope remains, though all the rest are spent,—
Ah, Refuge of the sinner, pity me,
And by that title help me to repent;
Then Mother to a pardoned sinner be.

The Question of Anglican Ordinations.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.



PON the question of the validity or invalidity of Anglican Orders a great many books have been written and much discussion has been held. When, as the outcome of the investigation in Rome, Pope Leo XIII., on September 13, 1896, declared that the Church must hold them to be invalid, many protests were uttered by English churchmen against this decision. The cry went forth that the Pope had outraged every good feeling by denying to others what he claimed for himself—

Apostolic Succession. And from time to time since, this complaint of wounded sensibilities has been uttered by many. In the debate in the English House of Lords upon the Royal Declaration, which is admittedly offensive to Catholics, the Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Browne, defended the retention of the blasphemies of the King's oath on the ground that the Pope had declared the Orders of the English Church null and void.

With all due allowance for the feelings of those among the clergy who hold advanced doctrines and regard themselves as being "sacrificing priests" quite as really as ourselves, it is somewhat hard to see what ground of complaint any one of them has with the Papal decision. In the first place, the whole matter was essentially a domestic question. The question was this: Was the Catholic Church to regard the English bishops and clergy of the Established Church as bishops and priests in the same way and in the same sense as those who have been ordained according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Catholic Pontifical? Surely the living authority of the Roman Church had a right—and, when the question had been formally raised, a duty—to determine the answer, without being considered either offensive or aggressive. Personally, I should not feel in any way aggrieved were I to be told that the united bench of Anglican bishops did not consider my Orders the same as theirs. I think they would be right

in their decision; and, if they liked, quite right to give it. Their forefathers, the early English Reformers, made no secret about their sentiments in regard to the Orders of those they designated "Papists." They wished the world to know that their reformed ministry was wholly different from the "greasy orders" of Popish priests. And the world then had no doubt about the matter; neither has it, I think, now.

My purpose in this paper is to try to put before my readers the historical groundwork of the decision given by the Pope in the bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. Leo XIII. points out that it is of the greatest importance to determine what had been the constant attitude of the Roman authorities in regard to the Orders conferred by the Anglican Ordinal. This is obviously the case, because if it were possible to discover how the Popes treated them at the time when all the circumstances were well known, we should have a very strong judgment as to their validity or invalidity. With the help of certain documents, which I was fortunate enough to discover in the Archives of the Vatican, we are in a position to know exactly how these Orders conferred by the newly-drawn-up Ordinal were regarded.

In August, 1553—that is, hardly more than a year from the death of Edward VI.,—Julius III. appointed Cardinal Pole to be his Legate *a latere* for the reconciliation of England with the Church. He sent him, he says, 'as his angel of peace and love'; and it is only reasonable to suppose that everything possible to smooth over difficulties in the way of the desired reconciliation would be done both by the Pope and the Legate.

One grave and obvious difficulty in regard to the clergy must have at once presented itself. The nation could have been absolved and received into the unity of the Church easily enough; it

was possible to arrange the difficulties which came from the holding of church property which in the troubles of the two previous reigns had found its way into lay hands; the Book of Common Prayer, which had been made compulsory under Edward, had already been relegated into obscurity, and the Catholic missal was back in its old place in the churches. But it was obvious that under the Edwardine Ordinal, during the few years of its use, there had come into existence a body of bishops and priests whose status it was absolutely necessary to consider and determine. Thus at once, in regard to Cardinal Pole's legation, the distinct question of the validity of Anglican Orders was raised, and, in so far as was necessary, determined by the powers and faculties given to the Legate.

Pope Leo XIII. puts this quite clearly when he says: "To interpret rightly the force of these documents, it is necessary to lay it down as a fundamental principle that they were certainly not intended to deal with an abstract state of things, but with a specific and concrete issue. For, since the faculties given by these Pontiffs to the Apostolic Legate had reference to England only, and to the state of religion therein, and since the rules of action were laid down by them at the request of the said Legate, they could not have been mere directions for determining the necessary conditions for the validity of ordinations in general. They must pertain directly to providing for Holy Orders in the said Kingdom as the recognized condition of the circumstances and times demanded. This, besides being clear from the nature and form of the said documents, is also obvious from the fact that it would have been altogether irrelevant thus to instruct the Legate—one whose learning had been conspicuous in the Council of Trent—as to the conditions

necessary for the bestowal of the Sacrament of Orders."

It is here useful to recall the fact that there were at the time in England two classes of clergy with whom the Legate had to deal: those who had been ordained before the publication of the Ordinal in 1550, and those who had received their Orders during the two and a half years that the new Ordinal had been in use before Mary's accession. In the faculties granted to Pole by Pope Julius III., we find these two classes clearly distinguished as (1) those who had been "rightly and legitimately promoted and ordained before their lapse into heresy," and (2) those who had received benefices, and so forth, although "not promoted to all, even to the sacred Orders and the priesthood." This distinction was commonly made and understood at that time in England; for Queen Mary, in a decree dealing with the state of things she found on coming to power, says that "the Diocesan, in the case of those who had been promoted to any Orders according to the method of ordaining lately made, seeing that they were not truly and really ordained, can supply what was previously wanting to such men, if he find them to be (otherwise) fit and proper people."

The faculties given by the Bull of August 5, 1553, were amplified and extended in a Bull dated March 8, 1554, which included the former Bull and a Brief of the same date. In this the Legate is given faculties to deal with all cases of men who have not received, or who have badly received, their Orders, and so forth, and with those whose ordination was null. "That the mind of the Pope," says the Papal bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*, "was this, and nothing else, is clearly confirmed by the letter of the said Legate (January 29, 1553) sub-delegating his faculties to the Bishop of Norwich." In this letter

we find mention (1) of those "who have received their Orders from heretic and schismatic bishops, even though not licitly, provided that in bestowing them the form and intention of the Church was kept"; and (2) of those "who were not promoted to all the sacred Orders and the priesthood." By this last expression "those only could be meant who had been consecrated according to the Edwardine rite, since, besides it and the Catholic form, there was then," says Leo XIII., "no other in England."

This much, then, would appear to be absolutely clear: that at the time of Queen Mary, immediately upon the death of Edward VI., both the Pope and the Legate contemplated dealing, and having to deal, with two classes of the clergy—those ordained according to the old Pontifical and those "promoted" by the new formulas of the Edwardine Ordinal.

Shortly after Cardinal Pole's arrival in England, in February, 1555, he considered that it would be best to send an embassy to Rome to obtain more explicit directions on many points, and to inform the Pope as to the true state of the case. The three ambassadors were sent by the King and Queen, and all three were called "most illustrious, and endowed with every virtue." One of this body, be it remarked, would have been peculiarly well able to let the Roman authorities know what had taken place under Edward VI., as he was Bishop Thirlby of Ely, who had taken a prominent part in the debate which preceded the introduction of the First Prayer Book of 1549. This embassy took with it a statement of what the Legate had up to that time been able to do to bring the country back to the unity of the Church.

The original document, in which this work was summarized for presentation at the Curia, was one of the papers

I was able to unearth in the Vatican Archives when I was preparing, by the Pope's Orders, for the work of the commission appointed to deal with the question. In this statement of what had been asked on behalf of the Cardinal, and what had been granted, one of the clauses relates to dispensations given to ecclesiastics for provisions to benefices and as regards Orders. These, we are told, were granted in the form asked for, with the proviso that on the return of those so dispensed to the unity of the Church, either the Legate or his deputy should make good (*restitutæ*) their Orders, and so forth. Further, in explanation of the situation, the ambassadors assured the Roman authorities that there was no thought of "any change or alteration in anything pertaining to dogma or the worship of God"; which shows at least that Pole had no thought of making any concession as to the Ordinal.

In making their request for a Papal confirmation of Cardinal Pole's acts, the English envoys, as I also was able to find out, presented a document setting forth the substantive part of the Edwardine "form for making and consecrating bishops, priests, and deacons." Thus we now know that the actual question of the validity of the rite was raised formally at Rome as early as 1555; and the rite, or rather the substantive part, was presented for examination by Thirlby, who knew better than most men its history and the intention of its compilers.

A further document, found with other papers relating to this embassy, was "a summary of what the Holy See was requested to confirm" in this matter. The third item of this document requests confirmation of certain dispensations that clerics, and so forth, "may be promoted to the Orders and benefices which they had received *invalidly* during the schism."

Before the arrival of the ambassadors,

Pope Julius III. had died; but his successor, Paul IV., received them with great kindness, and gave immediate attention to the important business upon which they had come to ask for the decision of his authority. On the 20th of June, 1555, this Pontiff issued his bull *Præclara Charissimi*, a document of the first importance, which I discovered in the *Regesta* of the first year of the Pope. In this Paul IV. declares that the evidence had been "diligently discussed" by several Cardinals, and that, "after mature deliberation," he confirmed and approved what Pole had done, and in particular as to his dispensations in the case of those who, under the pretended authority of the English Church, had obtained Orders and benefices invalidly and *de facto*. Further, in the matter of these ordinations, the Pope declares that "those who have been promoted to ecclesiastical Orders by any one not a bishop or archbishop validly and lawfully ordained, are bound to receive these orders again from their ordinary, and in the meanwhile must not minister in the said Orders." To enforce this ruling, Paul IV. twice in the Bull made use of the same form of words; which clearly declare that the Orders thus received are null and void.

"Who those bishops not 'valid and lawfully ordained' were," says Pope Leo XIII. in the *Apostolicæ Curæ*, "had been made sufficiently clear by the foregoing documents, and the faculties used in the said matter by the Legate,—those, namely, who have been promoted to the episcopate, as others to other Orders, '*not according to the accustomed form of the Church*'; or, as the Legate himself wrote to the Bishop of Norwich, '*the form and intention of the Church*' not having been observed. These were certainly those promoted according to the new form of rite, to the examination of which the cardinals specially deputed

had given their careful attention. Neither should the passage, much to the point, in the same Pontifical letter be overlooked, where, together with others needing dispensation, are enumerated those 'who had obtained as well Orders as benefices *nulliter et de facto*.' For to obtain orders *nulliter* means the same as obtaining them by an act null and void,—that is invalidly, as the very meaning of the word and as common parlance require."

When the existence of this Bull became known in Rome in the spring of 1895, it was at once suggested that, although drawn up and entered in the Papal Register, it had evidently never been dispatched, since a document of this importance would have been certainly found in some of the English archives. I was, however, able in a very short time to dispose of this suggestion. On my way back from Rome to England, I remained at Douai for a couple of days, to see whether by chance any notice of this important Bull existed in Cardinal Pole's Register, now in the town library there. I hardly hoped to find any such record. These volumes had been specially examined, for documents connected with Anglican Orders, by Canon Estcourt before writing his work on the subject, and it was scarcely likely that he could have overlooked so necessary a piece of evidence. But in this case I found that the unlikely had happened, and that a copy of this Bull *Præclara Charissimi* was entered in Pole's Register, together with his attestation of having received it.

In order to remove all doubt as to the exact meaning of his direction about the ordinations of the English clergy, Paul IV., on October 30, 1555, issued what is called a "Brief," or letter, declaratory of his decisions, published in the former Bull; and in particular of the position of those who "had received Orders and benefices *nulliter et de facto*," about which the Pope had

directed that "those who have been promoted to ecclesiastical Orders by any one not a bishop or archbishop validly and lawfully ordained, are bound to receive these Orders again," and so forth. To make the sense absolutely clear, Paul IV. now says: "We, wishing to remove all doubt, and opportunely to provide for the peace of conscience of those who during the schism were promoted to Orders, by expressing more clearly the mind and intention which we had in the aforesaid letters, declare that it is only those bishops and archbishops who are not ordained and consecrated in the form of the Church, who can not be said to have been validly and lawfully ordained. It is for this reason that persons promoted to Orders by such men have not received Orders, and are bound to receive such Orders again from their ordinaries."

This "Brief" is endorsed as applying "to some who have been ordained to sacred Orders in England"; and the docket—or note on the back—of the document draws a careful distinction between the two classes of clergy: namely, (1) those "whose Orders had been given by bishops not consecrated *in forma Ecclesiæ*—the form acknowledged by the Church,—and who could not be said to be rightly and truly ordained"; and (2) those who had been ordained by bishops ordained and consecrated *in forma Ecclesiæ*, from whom, though heretics and schismatics in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., they had received the character of the Orders bestowed on them. It is clear from this that the Edwardine Ordinal was the reason for this difference of treatment in the case of these two classes. In no other way can these letters have had the practical result they were intended to have—namely, "the removal of doubt and the restoration of peace of conscience."

That this was the sense in which the directions were understood does not admit of any doubt, in view of the actions of Pole and his suffragans in regard to clergy of both classes. In his instructions to the bishops, the Legate ordered them "to take special care to make all ecclesiastics show the *titles* of their Orders and benefices." In the commission also, given by Gilbert Bourne, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to his vicar-general, John Cottrell, dated April 8, 1554, the vicar is instructed to examine into the state of those clergy who have married, "and likewise of those married *laymen* who, under colour or pretext of the *order of priesthood*," have unlawfully administered parish churches and taken on them the cure of souls.

In the same way, in the juridical processes against those clergy who had taken to themselves wives, great care was taken to ascertain whether they were *de facto* priests or not. In the forty cases recorded in the Harley Manuscript 421, in the British Museum, it was always the practice, before proceeding to any sentence of deprivation, to inquire whether they *had been ordained more than eight years*,—that is, before the introduction of the new Ordinal of Edward VI. It may be useful to take some few instances of individual treatment, and first as regards the bishops. (1) Cranmer had received all his Orders, including the episcopate, according to the Catholic Pontifical; he is treated as a bishop and degraded as such. (2) Ridley in the same way is acknowledged and degraded as a bishop. (3) Latimer likewise, and for similar reasons, was regarded as a bishop. (4) Bird, (5) Bush, (6) Barlow, and (7) Parfew were also all treated as bishops:

On the other hand, (1) Hooper was a priest according to the Catholic Pontifical, and was made bishop by the rite in the Edwardine Ordinal. He was

not regarded as a bishop, and was degraded only as a priest, his episcopal character being ignored. (2) The same is true in the case of Farrar. (3) James Taylor, made Bishop of Lincoln by the rite in the new Ordinal in 1552, is deprived "by reason of the nullity of his consecration." (4) The same may be said of Harley and (5) of Scory. The only other Edwardine reformers who had been consecrated bishops according to the Anglican Ordinal were Miles Coverdale and Poynt. These both fled out of England, and their cases never came up for judgment.

The same absolute distinction is made in the treatment of priests and deacons ordained by the rites of the Pontifical and the Ordinal. John Cardmaker, or Tayler, was acknowledged as a priest because he had received that Order as a Friar Minor, according to the Pontifical. John Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, was degraded as a priest. Thomas Attolle, formerly a canon regular, was treated as a priest. Robert Samuel also, and a dozen others, were allowed to be priests, and treated as such, because ordained by the rite of the ancient Pontifical.

On the other hand, John Bradford was ordained on August 10, 1550, as it is expressly declared, "according to the manner, form and rite of this Church of England" by Bishop Ridley. He became a prebendary of St. Paul's on August 24, 1551; but, notwithstanding this, in the process against him he is styled *laicus*—layman,—and in the formal condemnation, where the clerk had as usual written out the clause ordering his degradation "from every priestly order," this is struck out in the original as not applicable to his case. It is well to note that Bradford received his diaconate *also* according to the new Ordinal, and thus in the Catholic sense had no Orders, and was, *in faciem Ecclesiæ*, merely a layman. Twelve other cases of clergymen claim-

ing to have Orders according to the new rite, whose claims were ignored, could be adduced to confirm the practice. Moreover, it was some years ago pointed out by the Anglican Bishop of Stepney that a search in the Episcopal Registers had revealed fourteen cases (eight being in the diocese of London) in which clergy, who had certainly received Orders under the Edwardine Ordinal, had been reordained again, *de novo et integro*, during Mary's reign.

It is therefore evident, not only from the decisions of the Roman Pontiffs who were sufficiently informed as to the true state of the case by the English bishops, but also by the whole of the acts of Cardinal Pole done "according to the mind of the Pope" (*ad mentem Pontificis*), that the Orders conferred according to the Ordinal made in the time of Edward VI. were held to be *invalid*; and they were adjudicated *invalid* on account of the insufficiency of the form itself. The practice of accounting all Anglican Orders invalid is consequently nothing new, but from the first it has been the invariable custom of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church so to regard them. "This practice," says the bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*, "is fully proved by the numerous cases of absolute re-ordination according to the Catholic rite even in Rome itself." Moreover, on the occasions when the question was formally raised, and the Apostolic See was asked to give a distinct judgment in the matter, it invariably took the same view and pronounced for the invalidity of the Orders bestowed according to the English Ordinal.

It is unnecessary for me to discuss these decisions in detail, but it may be useful to remind my readers that these judgments were not founded upon any question of doubtful historical fact. Neither the doubtful consecration of Barlow, the consecrator of Archbishop Parker in the reign of Elizabeth, nor the idle tale of that ceremony

popularly known as the "Nag's Head Story," was a determining argument for the adverse decisions. Speaking of the case of Bishop Gordon in 1704, Pope Leo XIII. says: "Nor, in pronouncing the decision, was weight given to any other reason than the *defect of form and intention*; and, in order that the judgment concerning this form might be more certain and complete, precaution was taken that a copy of the Anglican Ordinal should be submitted to examination, and that with it should be collated the ordination forms gathered together from the various Eastern and Western rites." The Pope adds: "It is important to bear in mind that this judgment was in no wise determined by the omission of the *tradition of instruments* (from the Anglican rite); for in such a case, according to the established custom, the direction would have been to repeat the ordination *conditionally*."

In regard to this "tradition of instruments," a word may be here interpolated. As all students know, it has been assumed and is very commonly asserted that, from the rise of scholasticism, and certainly from the time of the Council of Florence and the celebrated *Instructio ad Armenos* of Pope Eugenius IV. up to very recent times, no one in the Latin Church questioned the ordinary teaching of theologians that the essential matter of Orders was this "tradition of instruments." Further, it has been asserted very confidently that, in view of this official opinion of the authorities of the Latin Church, many questions as to the validity of the Sacrament of Orders were decided in the light of this assumed principle. Still further, it is said, in regard to the question of Anglican Orders in particular, that the Anglican Ordinal would of course at once have been condemned, by men who held firmly to its essential necessity, because it did not contain the *traditio instrumentorum*.

As a matter of fact, and indeed as Pope Leo XIII. points out, the condemnation of this Ordinal was not based upon any such point; and, as I showed some years ago in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Oct., 1900), the Roman authorities were perfectly well aware of the strong opinion which held that the tradition of instruments was not essential. All this comes out quite clearly in the acts of a commission appointed to deal with the Greek "Euchologium" in 1636, which are to be found in the Archives of Propaganda, and which prove that the Roman authorities were not quite so ignorant of the question as some people would like to think.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Master of Carstairs.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

IT was a beautiful morning; and, though late in autumn, the air was mild and balmy, the sky blue. Through the leafless branches of the majestic trees in Carstairs Park, the sun shone pleasantly; and here and there, on bush and bough, bright-breasted robins piped merrily.

On the short grass, leaning against the trunk of a big beech, Sibyl Mannering sat gazing round her with dreamy eyes, her slim figure, sweet fair face, and golden hair giving an additional charm to the already lovely scene.

"'Tis like spring," she thought, "and in all the world there is no place like Carstairs. Oh, if only— But there! I'll shut my eyes and mind, resolutely, against anything unpleasant."

She laughed, and, throwing back her head, sang in a clear, fresh voice:

"Spring is coming, bees are humming;
So laugh and welcome in the dewy morning.
Skies beguiling, pleasure smiling,
Love and spring, sweetheart, are dawning!

"Such a song!" she murmured, sighing. "'Tis of winter I should sing. But here in this exquisite spot I am apt to feel happy, and tell myself that all will surely come right. Then, again, my mind is often full of forebodings. Frank is poor and a nobody, good and trustworthy though he be. But my parents are proud and ambitious. The idea of a nameless waif, picked up and educated by Father Quinn, as a husband for their daughter, is more than they can bear. But surely 'tis wrong, especially for us Catholics, to think so much of birth and family. To be good, honest, and true as Frank is, ought to be of more importance than anything else."

A step on the grass, the sound of the voice she loved best in the world, brought the bright color into the girl's face and made her heart beat gladly.

"Frank! Well, this is delightful and most unexpected. Did you," with shy little glance, "hear me singing, and run away from your books, you truant?"

He caught her hand and smiled into her eyes.

"I heard your song and for a moment fancied it was summer, sweetheart!"

"Only spring!" laughing gaily. "I can't go farther than that. I sang of spring."

"You sang like a nightingale, a bird heard only in summer."

"But at night; and this, sir," with a merry look, "is an October morning."

"Nevertheless, I hold to my summer. But only" (sighing) "for a moment. For, alas! Sibyl, I am not in good spirits this morning."

"Frank!"—startled by his sad tone—"what is wrong?"

"Many things. I have not opened a book yet to-day, Sibyl. Even before I heard your sweet song, I felt restless and distracted."

"Really? You've been working too hard. Sit down and tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Sibyl, dear Sibyl, you will always love me?"

She laughed happily.

"Always. Nothing could ever change me,—though I fear that we have many difficulties to surmount before all is well with us."

"I know—I know,—many; and they are coming thick and fast. But, please God, if my darling is true—"

"All will come right in the end? I trust so,—I believe so; and I am praying night and day that it may. But, still, at times I am somewhat despondent, Frank. My dear parents are just a wee bit trying at present. They have made up their minds that I, their daughter, must marry well, and," blushing deeply, "tell me so—oh, so often! Nothing will please them, I sometimes think, but the master of Carstairs himself."

Frank smiled and pressed her hand.

"We have a battle to fight, dear one! But, come what may, I shall never be afraid, never be jealous of him."

"Oh, indeed!" with a quick movement of her golden head. "You have a high opinion of your own attractions, Mr. Dale. But," with a wave of her hand toward the Elizabethan mansion standing out grandly amongst the leafless trees, "look at Carstairs and tremble, sir!"

"I look at it, admire it, love it. But the thought of its beauties or of its master's wealth and power does not cause me one pang."

"Then it ought, Mr. Conceit!" she responded gaily.

"My faith in you, and in your promise that you will never change, tells me that I need have no fear."

The girl's sweet laugh rang out upon the breeze.

"Don't be so solemn, Frank. Cheer up! On such a morning we should both be gay, and throw care to the winds."

"Would that I could! But, Sibyl, I have bad news for you."

"Bad news?" (The girl grew pale.)
"O Frank!"

"My darling, you must be brave. I came out here to tell you that I must leave you—for a while."

"Leave me,—go away? But why?"

"I am obliged to go to London on very important business, Sibyl."

"How annoying! Then we must make the most of our time till you go,—meet again to-morrow, and—"

"But, alas, my darling! I must go this afternoon."

Sibyl looked at him with sad eyes.

"O Frank, what is this business?"

"Your father and mother, Sibyl, object to me as your future husband, because I am a waif and nobody's child. I do not blame them. They—you are of good family—"

"That is of little consequence. We are all, if we are good, the same before God. You are noble in yourself, Frank,—noble in your heart, in your mind. Birth is but a matter of accident."

"But an accident that the world—aye, even the good people in it, think much of and value. And so, Sibyl, because, for your sake, I wish to be in every way worthy of you, I long to prove that by birth I am at least your equal. It will be difficult; but, with the help of God and your good prayers, I hope and trust that I may succeed. To do this, if I can, is the business that takes me to London."

"Dear Frank! But why now? Have you heard anything new? Does Father Quinn approve of this journey?"

"Yes. Last night I told him of our love, and my great desire to make you my wife, and your parents' objections to me because I was a nobody. Deeply interested, and anxious to make us happy if he could, the good Father brought out every little relic and scrap of paper belonging to my dead mother. You know, dearest, that when he found her in her poor lodging, she was unconscious, and passed away without

a word, whilst I, a baby of six months, lay sleeping by her side?"

"Yes. Oh, I know the sad story well, and all the goodness and kindness of dear Father Quinn to you ever since!"

"A father, a true father he has been to me. To him I owe life, education—everything."

"Yes, everything," Sibyl answered softly. "And I suppose, Frank, you found nothing new amongst your mother's things,—nothing that could give you a clue as to who and what she was or where she came from?"

"We *did* find something last night, Sibyl, that we never saw before. It may be of use and it may not, but I am full of hope. On the fly-leaf of her 'Imitation of Christ' we have made out the name of a solicitor in London, with a note in her writing saying: 'My husband's lawyer. To be applied to, if all else fails me.'"

"How strange that neither you nor Father Quinn ever noticed that before!"

"The leaf had been wet—soaked with water—and was stuck down. We now think that this man—Sharples is his name—should recognize the portraits in the locket that was round my mother's neck, and which are, Father Quinn is sure, likenesses of my parents. If he could only do this—"

"So you are going to find this solicitor, Frank?"

"If I can, dear. But, beyond his name, I know nothing of him. If I find him, I'll lay before him portraits and book and wedding-ring—the only things belonging to my dear mother that I possess,—asking him to help me if he can."

"O Frank! I wish you all possible good luck, and I feel sure it will be yours. Finding this man's name seems like a direct answer to our prayers."

"That is what Father Quinn said. So pray on, dearest; and ask our Blessed Lord that, if it is His will, I may not make this journey in vain."

"I will,—I will."

"Please God, I'll not be long away. And who knows what my journey may bring forth? I may find that, after all, I am a duke or a marquis long lost to my sorrowing friends."

Sibyl laughed, placing her hand on his.

"That is too ambitious, Frank. But," with sudden gravity, "remember that, no matter what may be the result of this visit to London—disappointment or the reverse,—my love is yours. I'll never marry any one but you."

"Dear heart, your unselfish love fills me with courage. So now good-bye!"

"Good-bye! But, Frank," softly, "you remember that little verse that auntie used to say every night the time she took us to travel in Ireland, when we were children?"

"Yes, of course I do. 'In the way of peace.... Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.... In the way of peace and prosperity may the Lord, the Almighty and Merciful direct our steps. And may the Angel Raphael accompany us on the way, that we may return to our home in peace, safety, and joy. Amen.'"

"That is it. Will you say it every night, Frank, whilst you are away?"

"Indeed I will."

"And I will say it, too, that you may return home in peace, safety and joy."

"Thank you, dearest! God bless you, and again good-bye!"

The next moment he was gone.

(To be continued.)

Cheerfulness.

(*Triolet.*)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THOUGH you give but a smile
To a friend as you meet him,
It may help to beguile—
Though you give but a smile—
Weary cares that ill-treat him:
'Tis a service worth while,
Though you give but a smile
To a friend as you meet him.

A Great Client of St. Joseph.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

A PROMINENT figure in the seventeenth century was Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, born of a very ancient Breton family, at La Flèche, a small town in Anjou. It was a romantic and picturesque little place, and likewise extremely ancient in its origin. As early as the eleventh century, the puissant lord, Jean de Beaugency, had thrown a bridge across the river Loire, and upon its arches built a fortress castle, connected by a draw-bridge with the right bank of the stream. At the entrance to that bridge was the castle chapel, which, under the appellation of Our Lady of the Bridge's Head, became a place of great devotion.

On the left bank of the Loire were the church and priory of St. Thomas, upon the top of which the second lord had put a golden arrow. This was erroneously believed by some to have given its name to the town; but La Flèche had been already christened, and the arrow was in allusion to that circumstance. In the course of centuries, the seignurs of the little city had become allied with some of the most powerful families of the kingdom, and, through the marriage of Françoise d'Alençon to Charles de Bourbon, with the reigning house. The daughter of this union was later united to Henry of Navarre.

That great prince had spent much of his boyhood in these quaint surroundings, and always displayed for the town a special partiality, which was, no doubt, augmented by the fact that a citizen of La Flèche, humble by origin, but great by his talents and services to the State, the celebrated Fouquet, rose to high favor at the court. He was honored with successive

appointments, including the governorship of his native city, and finally ennobled as Marquis de la Varenne. He co-operated with the King in founding the famous College of La Flèche, which Henry desired to make a notable seat of learning.

In less than two years the college numbered from twelve to fourteen hundred students, and amongst them was Jerome le Royer, called, according to the custom of the time, and to distinguish him from his brothers, La Dauversière, which was the name of a small fief or holding. He left the Henrican College at the age of twenty, and shortly afterward was made Receiver of Taxes, in succession to his father, who had held that office for many years. He was also appointed alderman of the municipality, and from the first gained a high place in the esteem of his fellows, by his probity and his intelligent and assiduous attention to affairs.

At the college, Jerome had early given evidence of that love for the poor which distinguished him through life; and had eagerly availed himself of a privilege granted to exemplary students—that of accompanying their masters to the dwellings of the indigent. Upon leaving college, he speedily identified himself with every good work, constituting himself the father and protector of widows and orphans, giving with lavish hand, and never turning a deaf ear to a tale of misery. He was also Procurator of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and enrolled himself in the Third Order of St. Francis. It is related by an intimate friend* that, becoming thus a Tertiary, he took his title of penitent so seriously as to inflict upon himself the severest bodily mortifications.

The perfection of Jerome's life, despite his humility and lack of ostentation, presently became remarkable, even in

* Fancamp, writing to Father Chaumonot at Quebec.

a town described by contemporary chroniclers as sober, chaste, devout, and one where individual efforts at perfection were almost the rule. He married young, and his wife, Jeanne de Baugé, was possessed of a considerable fortune, which enabled her to become the co-operator of her husband in many good works, and in those vaster undertakings to which he was called by divine appointment. They had five children—three sons and two daughters. The eldest of the former became lieutenant-general of the Presidial Court; the two others, exemplary secular priests. One of the daughters entered the Visitation Convent, while the other filled many important offices among the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whose origin is about to be narrated.

It was Le Royer's custom to celebrate with the utmost devotion the feasts, great and small, of the Mother of God, to whom he had an intense devotion. He usually heard Mass and received Holy Communion upon those days in the church of Our Lady of the Bridge's Head; and it was probably there that the first of his revelations—that of February 2, 1630—was made to him. On returning to his home, he always assembled the members of his family before the statue of the Queen of Heaven, each bearing a lighted taper, and made, in their name and his own, the following act of consecration:

"Holy Virgin, Mother of God, I, the least of thy servants, prostrate myself at thy feet, animated by the desire to please thee, confiding in thy maternal goodness, and acknowledging that thou art, after God, all powerful. To-day, in the presence and subject to the good pleasure of my Creator and Sovereign Lord, thy Divine Son, in the presence of thy glorious spouse, St. Joseph, of the saints, our patrons, and of all the heavenly court, I commit myself and all that I possess, forever, entirely and without reserve, into thy hands, by an

irrevocable offering. Moreover, Most Holy Virgin, I choose thee to be my mother and mistress. I implore thee to be before the throne of God the special patroness and advocate of myself and all my family, whom I consecrate and dedicate to thee. I place under thy protection my health, my honor, my goods and my life, recommending to thee my wife and children.

"I purpose, upon my part, to labor during my whole life, and by every means which my condition permits, for the advancement of thy glory and thy service, and especially for the honor and esteem of thy holy and Immaculate Conception; always according to the judgment of the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, accept and receive this offering. Cast thine eyes upon us from that throne of glory where thou art beside thy Divine Son, and bless this little family, which is more thine than mine. Finally, Blessed Mother of God, pray for us, poor sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

As Le Royer advanced so rapidly along that thorny path of heroic virtue which the saints are called to tread, his director, Father Etienne, a Recollet, divining the extraordinary heights to which his penitent was called, advised him, with a touching humility, to take counsel with Father Chauveau, a Jesuit at the college who had a high reputation for learning and sanctity. Jerome was prepared for a memorable epoch in his life—the revelation of February 2, 1630,—by months of terrible mental suffering and temptations to despair. Father Chauveau urged him to redouble his prayers and penances; and the gloom of that dark night passed and was succeeded by a dawn, wherein he was granted an extraordinary light for his own conduct and that of others.

On one occasion, conferring with his

children, as he often did, on spiritual affairs, he admitted with great humility that God had bidden him, by an interior voice, to ask any request, in the certain hope that it would be granted. He asked for the gift of faith; and when his confessor inquired why he did not ask to sin no more, he replied that such is not man's condition.

On the morning of February 2, 1630, Feast of the Purification, he received Holy Communion—most probably, though this is not explicitly stated, at the shrine of Our Lady of the Bridge's Head,—and distinctly heard in the depths of his soul the enunciation of two marvellous commands. There is almost an intrinsic proof of the truth of this revelation in its unusual nature, and the improbability that it would ever have entered into the most visionary mind. Le Royer was commissioned, first, to found a new Order of hospital nuns, under the invocation of St. Joseph, "head of the Holy Family, guide and governor of Jesus Christ, king of the poor and founder of evangelical poverty"; and, second, to send into the island of Montreal, then newly discovered, a colony and a contingent of the Congregation he was to found. God also made known that He was to be glorified in those distant regions by devotion to the Holy Family; Le Royer and the community of Hospitallers were to promote there the honor of St. Joseph; while other personages and other Congregations, divinely appointed, were to represent Jesus and Mary. Le Royer also heard, word for word, the first chapter of the constitutions for the government of the new Order.

In great affright, La Dauversière hastened to Father Chauveau, who greatly relieved him by declaring that these communications were illusory, since it was improbable that a married layman would be chosen to found an Order of nuns, or that an obscure country gentleman, without means or

influence at court, should be called upon to found a colony in that New World where even the great Richelieu had but narrowly escaped failure. He advised his penitent to detach his mind from these ideas, which were probably chimerical; but to submit himself entirely to the good pleasure of God, and pray harder than ever. La Dauversière implicitly obeyed these instructions, and spoke to no man of the secret of God. He went about his ordinary affairs with his usual cheerful alacrity, and devoted himself to those works of charity near at hand, which he joyfully persuaded himself were those most proper to his state.

But the revelations were repeated over and over, becoming gradually more imperative, until he himself was convinced of their heavenly origin,—an opinion in which his two directors were led gradually to concur. He was permitted by them, as a first concession, to propagate the devotion to the foster-father of Jesus, which was at that time less widespread and, as it were, official than in our own day. He also obtained permission to found an archconfraternity of the Holy Family, and to establish its headquarters at the Hospital, just then being restored.

Though people in the quaint old town little dreamed that among them was one charged with the commands of Heaven and favored with the intimate communications of the Most High, they unknowingly furthered his schemes by agitating for the reconstruction of a much-needed hospital. An ancient institution still remained, though in a somewhat dilapidated condition. It was one of those "God's houses" which the charity of the Middle Ages caused to abound, and was attached to the former almonry of St. Margaret's. By degrees, these buildings had become the property of the municipality, and what remained of their revenues was controlled by what was known as the

fathers or administrators of the town.

There was no longer proper accommodation in this establishment for the sick poor, who were constantly growing in number; and, even were the necessary funds raised for its restoration, there were none to undertake the care of patients. Some pecuniary efforts having been made by the municipality toward rendering these buildings habitable, the question was also mooted of bringing thither a community of the Hospitallers of Mercy from Dieppe. Le Royer, despite his intimate knowledge of the designs of God, left his own views in the background, and heartily entered into the last named project. If the Hospitallers came, he would accept it, he told himself, as a sign that he had been deceived. But they did not come; they at first accepted and were afterward, either for want of sufficient subjects or from some other cause, compelled to refuse.

Providence meantime had been at work. Two women of humble station gave themselves, with all that they possessed, to the service of the Hospital, which was put into temporary repair; and other instruments for the designs of God were at hand.

Marie de la Ferre, born of a seignorial family in an adjoining parish, had been brought, by a chain of circumstances clearly providential, to the ancient manor-house of Ruigné, which had become hers by the death of a relative. She had long edified La Flèche and its vicinity by the practice of the most exalted virtue, and was known everywhere as "the holy damsel." Gifted with personal beauty, cleverness, and the accomplishments suitable to her rank, of a personality the most captivating, and manners at once simple and distinguished, she not only made herself the servant of the poor, but submitted year after year to the exactions of tyrannical relatives, spending

her fortune in their behalf, and winning all hearts by her angelic sweetness.

To her was likewise accorded, on that same 2d of February, 1630, at the shrine of Our Lady of the Bridge's Head, a special revelation. After Holy Communion, she asked, in the ardor of her love, how she could show her gratitude to God for all His favors. The answer was vouchsafed in a vision, wherein she found herself transported, as it were, to a large hall, with rows of beds symmetrically arranged. She learned that it was a hospital, and that she would there be enabled, in the person of His suffering members, to pay her debt to Christ. Somewhat later she was inspired to mention this vision to Le Royer, whom she knew very well as an old family friend, and often met in connection with the works of charity in which they were mutually interested. He told her that she was destined to co-operate with him in founding a new hospital community, begging of her to redouble her prayers and preparation for that event.

Marie de la Ferre, in conjunction with a friend, Anne Fourreau, who was equally devoted to the poor, began to spend a considerable portion of her time at the Hospital, where the two devoted women, Rachel Moreau and Jeanne Cohergne, were already installed. Material resources began to be provided in a totally unexpected manner. The associates of the Confraternity of the Holy Family made themselves promoters of the work of the Hospital. A young gentleman of ancient Norman lineage, and of large fortune, came to pursue his studies at the college of La Flèche, and took lodgings in the town, where he learned to love and admire Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière. This was Pierre Chevrier, Baron de Fancamp, destined to play a considerable part in that religious drama just then being enacted, and to be for evermore the friend and co-operator of Le Royer.

One of his first acts was to give a large sum for the reconstruction of the Hospital and of the adjoining chapel. Le Royer obtained permission from the Bishop to place it under the invocation of St. Joseph, on condition that an altar be erected therein to its former patroness, St. Margaret.

Some charming glimpses are given of the old manor-house of Ruigné, which its mistress was presently to forsake. There met, as the chronicler remarks, all the good people of Ruigné: Le Royer and Fancamp, Jesuits and Recollets, Marie de la Ferre, and her friend, Anne Fourreau, and many others who were interested in the same noble schemes, and had at heart the promotion of every good work. Since La Dauversière was now permitted to speak freely, the talk was frequently of Canada and the colony thereafter to be sent; also of the doings of the missionaries and the devoted women who were setting the religious world on fire with their apostolic zeal. In these assemblages, Le Royer, as a master spirit, seemed to imbue all present with his own ardor and inspire them by the consummate holiness of his example.

The commands of Heaven became at this time exceedingly imperative. Further revelations were vouchsafed both to Le Royer and to Marie de la Ferre; and, amongst other things, the names of the first ten novices of the new Order were made known to them. As these came from different places, and sometimes under the most unexpected circumstances, they could in no human way whatever have been foreseen.

On the Feast of the Holy Trinity, May 18, Marie de la Ferre and Anne Fourreau went to live permanently at the Hospital, and were presently joined by others. The constitutions given by Le Royer were approved by the Bishop, Claude de Rueil, who expressed

his admiration of their marvellous wisdom, their simplicity, strength, and practical adaptation to the matters at issue. Thus quietly and naturally was founded that community which had once appeared but an idle vision. The Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph had sprung into being. Their history is replete with interest. Each separate foundation made in various cities of France—at Moulins, Baugé, Nismes, L'Isle, Rivières-Teyrargues, Beaufort, and the old Papal city of Avignon,—has its own individuality, and offers the most striking pictures of heroism, self-sacrifice, and love for God and humanity.

The trials and sufferings of the Hospitallers during the stormy times of the Revolution; their sublime devotedness in presence of the most terrible plagues of cholera and malignant fever; and their final foundations in Montreal, Kingston, Chatham, Arthabaska, Burlington (Vermont), and in the lazar-house of Tracadie, are all graphically told in their history, written by a distinguished French ecclesiastic,* and shortly to be published in English. It is a chronicle of rare and varied interest.

Each separate branch, as it was formed, raised up a very galaxy of able and devoted women, whose characters stand out from those pages with rare and delightful individuality; while many are crowned with that aureola which shone so resplendently on the meek brow of their foundress, Marie de la Ferre, who, at the age of sixty-three, fittingly ended her career as a martyr of charity, during the plague at Moulins. One day, perhaps, she may be raised to the altars of the Church and take her place amongst the holy ones of hagiology.

* M. le Chanoine de Launay, former vicar-general and hagiographer of the diocese of Laval, vice-president of the Historical and Archæological Commission of Mayenne, etc.

Our Lady's Smile.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

GIOVANNI was desperate. It was as cold as December could be in Chicago, and that was saying a good deal. The lake winds swept over the city, and the rich snuggled down into their furs and shivered, while the poor shivered without the furs. Giovanni had no furs, of course; he had not even an overcoat between him and the cruel wind, as he sold bananas at his street stand. He wondered if Angelica was cold, and wished he could sell enough to warrant going home early. But it was too cold for people to stop to buy, and he lingered patiently on through the afternoon.

Angelica was the one thing in Giovanni's life which softened him. He was a street Arab; his parents had died years before, leaving him alone to care for the baby sister, who seemed so like an angel that he had named her Angelica. She was a bright-faced little thing, and fair for an Italian, like the beautiful Venetian *bambinos* of the lagoons,—a gentle little soul whom everybody loved. Giovanni idolized her; and through the first years of her childhood, he, though only a boy of fourteen when she was left to his care, managed to earn enough to keep her with a good Italian woman who had been a friend of his mother's. Mona Valeria was a whole-souled, broad-breasted woman, whose heart had room for all the orphans in "Little Italy," and she mothered the brother and sister lovingly.

It was when Angelica was five that the trouble came upon them. No one knew how,—it came in an unexplainable way. But the child suddenly grew ill, and when at last restored to health she had lost her sight. It nearly killed Giovanni, but he made no sign. He

only worked harder, and seemed gentler to the little one, though rougher to the world. He stopped oftener at the old Italian church near the river, where, dingy and black as it was, a blaze of light always shone before Our Lady's altar, and a peace seemed to brood, though without was all the city's noise and confusion.

In his dull way, Giovanni was religious. He made his Easter every year, he heard Mass on Sunday, he was good to Angelica, he tried never to drive a hard bargain,—that was the extent of his *credo*; but often he would say his Beads to Madonna Maria, and pray that the "Piccolita" might see again. He had heard from one of the boys who had been at the Settlement that there was a wonderful doctor who could make people see, and he was saving every cent in the wild hope of having him some day cure his little sister. It was slow work. It took so much more in winter to keep body and soul together; for coals were terribly high, and Angelica could never be left in a room without a fire. He began to despair, but his brave spirit would not be quenched.

"Me go home to Piccolita," he said at last, counting his slender store of earnings for the day, and finding that he had at least enough to cover bare expenses; so he started to put up his stock.

Just then came a gust of wind, and something blew against Giovanni's foot. He stooped to see what it was, and found a purse, plethoric and prosperous-looking. He picked it up and hid it in his coat, then he hastily put up his things and started for home. The purse seemed to burn a hole through his coat, and he stopped in a dark corner to see what the contents were. There was a roll of bills, three checks, a card with a memorandum, a sample of blue ribbon, a tiny statue of St. Joseph, and a small picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Giovanni counted the bills. There was thirty dollars,—a fortune to him. He fingered them lovingly. They meant at least a start toward saving Angelica's eyes, and he rolled them up carefully and hid them away in the bosom of his shirt, where he always carried a little bag around his neck. As he placed them there, he felt the little statue of Our Lady which his mother had given him, and which, no matter what had come to him, he had always worn. It made him think of what he was doing. He was stealing, and this was something which in all his hard life he had never done before. Italians are honest folk, and he had been well brought up, so that he had tried to keep his record clean no matter what came.

"Me not knowa who losa da purse," would have been his English rendering of his thought. "Me no tella da cop; he swipa da mun, an' me needa da mun por Angelica."

But he was not to excuse himself so easily; for, as he looked over the rest of the purse, he found a card with name and address. "Mrs. Howard Tristan, 347 West—Street," the card read, and Giovanni looked at it stupidly. He knew where it was. As a boy, when he had a push-cart, he had roamed all over the great city, and the people of that neighborhood had always been kind to him and among his best customers. They had said they liked to buy of Vanni, because they knew he was honest.

Well, he was not honest now, he reflected bitterly; and then a sudden thought came. He would compromise, bargain with his conscience. He would send back to the lady everything in the purse but the money. The checks, the samples, the whole contents of the purse were soon slipped into an envelope which he had purchased at a drug store; and as he sealed it up it seemed to him as if the eyes of the

Madonna on the little card were full of tears. At another store he purchased a stamp, and borrowed a pen to address his letter. When he mailed it he felt happier, and still further compromised with his conscience by telling himself that the lady didn't need the money, being very rich; and that, anyway, he could pay it back as soon as Angelica was cured.

Then he tried not to think any more about it, and went home to the idolized little sister in a wild gayety which surprised her. He planned for days how he could get her to the oculist without having to tell her about the money. Angelica was old for her age; she was precocious as are the children of the poor, and she would understand that her brother could not have enough money to take her to the doctor unless it came in a manner out of the ordinary.

And while he was puzzling his brain, too honest to deal with such a problem, something happened which left him powerless. He lost his money. Giovanni never knew how it happened. When he went to work in the morning his precious hoard was around his neck, at night it was gone. He had slept for a few moments on his corner while his partner tended the stand: was it possible that Agostino had taken it from him? He had ever found the fellow honest; but he was from Lucca, and a Lucchese was like oil of Lucca—bad, bad for a man of Parma! Then he bethought himself, why should he complain of another's dishonesty? He himself was a thief. It was a bitter hour for poor Giovanni. Either his money was stolen or he had dropped it and some one had picked it up. In any case, Angelica's last chance was gone, and he buried his face in his hands in a misery too great to bear. He thought it was a judgment, and that his punishment was that his sister would never see; that he had sinned by trying to change the things the good God made.

As he slowly wandered home, loath to take his perturbed soul to his sister's presence (for, though sightless, she had the keen perceptions of the blind, and knew at once when anything was wrong), he heard the Angelus ring from the old church, and he paused at the door. He had not been within since he found the purse, and he longed for the restful quiet of the interior. He had felt that he could not go and meet the Madonna's gaze, but now something drew him and he entered.

The sacred edifice was still and dark and quiet. Not one soul shared the vigil of the altar, and Giovanni knelt before the shrine he loved in silence. It was as he feared: the Lady of his devotion seemed to gaze at him reproachfully, yet it was in sorrow, not in anger. And as he gazed, there came to him a sudden resolve—that of atonement. He would replace the stolen money. If Angelica was ever to be well, it must be through honest means. The good God did not mean for her to be saved through a sin. He vowed to earn enough to send back the stolen thirty dollars; and as he rose to leave the church, his heart lighter than for weeks, it seemed that the Madonna smiled upon him.

The next few months were to Giovanni months of unremitting toil. He worked early and late; he kept his stand open later in the evening, he was there earlier than ever in the morning. He did odd jobs whenever they presented themselves. He saved every cent not actually needed for living. He had told Father Alessandro in confession, and the good priest blessed him and kept his money for him, so that nothing could again happen to the precious hoard. Giovanni had once told him it was the price of Our Lady's smile, but the priest had answered: "No, no, lad! Our Lady's smile is not to be bought with money. 'Tis the good deed and the repent-

ance which makes her smile upon you."

In six months he had saved the sum needed, and he went to take it home. He would not send it through the post, neither would he accept the kind Father's offer to return it for him. "No, *Padre mio*, me taka da mun to da Signora, dat maka me all *bene* inside," he said; and he started on his trip with mingled feelings of worry and satisfaction. Would the lady be kind or would she scorn him, or perhaps hand him over to the police as a dangerous character? He did not know, but he felt that he must atone, and this seemed the only way.

"Yes, Mrs. Tristan is at home," the maid told him,—a pleasant maid, who did not treat him as though he were the dust under her feet, but who seemed to reflect the kindly spirit of the house in which she lived. He waited in the hall, hat in hand, until a swish of silken skirts foretold their owner's arrival and a pleasant voice said:

"Do you want to see me? Will you come into the library and sit down?"

She was tall and slight and fair, and her blue eyes seemed to look straight through him; but the gaze was kind and sweet, and he felt as if his Madonna was looking at him.

As she seated herself quietly and asked, "What can I do for you?" he stood before her awkwardly, though there was a certain dignity about him as he answered:

"Me bringa da mun, Signora. Me no good. Me fina da purse an' sen' you da papers an' keepa da mun. Now me bringa back; me keepa no more."

And he handed her the roll of bills which meant to him so many hours of toil, so much lost hope for Angelica.

Mrs. Tristan was a student of human nature, and she saw through Giovanni's sullen manner.

"Thank you for bringing me back the money!" she said simply. "I needed it very much. Will you tell me why

you brought it back when you had kept it so long?"

"Me wanta eet por my leetle sister," he said. "She no can see. Me wanta get cure por her eyes,"—his own filled with tears.

His hearer did not quite understand, but she waited developments, hoping he would tell his own story.

"Me feel bad, no gotta da Madonna's smile. Madonna no lika thief; no giva da help. 'Me jus' come see you an' bringa da mun.'"

Little by little she drew the story from him; and as she heard of his months of toil to earn the stolen money that he might repay it, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor Giovanni!" she said in answer to his "Me tinka da purse from reech donna dat no needa eet, an' Angelica no can see."

"The money was not meant for myself. It was to take to the hospital a little lame girl, that the doctors might make her well. No," in answer to his query, "she could not go. She is still sick in her poor little home, because I have not yet been able to save enough to take her away. I am not rich at all, and I have many depending upon me; but now that you have brought this back I will see about her. You see, Giovanni, every sin brings a punishment upon the innocent as well as the guilty. You sinned for Angelica, and some other man's sister had to suffer."

"But eet ces not too late?" he stammered.

"The good God is kind. Perhaps it is not too late," she said. "And you may once more have Our Lady's smile,"—her own sweet smile resting upon him.

It was not too late, and the Madonna accepted the poor fellow's atonement; and his repentance was the more bitter because he found that Angelica's blindness was incurable. She must be blind

always. But Mrs. Tristan befriended the two waifs, and placed the little girl in the Home, where the good Sisters taught her to read, and where she was happy and good. Giovanni saw her often; and as he prospered, happy black-eyed little children came to him and the sweet little wife who made him happy. As the little ones grew up around him he often said to one or another of them:

"Carita, never sin, not in the least; for life is ever unhappy without Our Lady's smile."

Queen Alexandra of England.

ONE fine morning last May two ladies might have been seen chatting with the vendors of pious objects outside the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. After having affected to bargain, as is the custom, such a liberal price was given for the selected medals and rosary beads that an old woman exclaimed: "Indeed! It was the Madonna herself who guided my steps here to-day!" On hearing this, the elder of the ladies turned, smiling, to the delighted vendor and purchased the remainder of her small stock. In the Via Tritone she rendered the flower boys happy by buying up all their roses. The strangers, supposed to be ordinary English tourists, were the Queen of England and her daughter, Princess Victoria, who visited Rome incognito, and enjoyed the novel freedom of mixing unrestrainedly with the good-natured populace.

A sweet and sympathetic figure is that of England's Queen, whose charity and kind-heartedness has made her popular far beyond the confines of her own realm. Accustomed in her youth to a simple life, she has never departed from it, when not compelled by the necessity of representing her exalted position in outward paraphernalia of state. She is a careful, constant worker

for the amelioration of the lot of the poor, and sets a bright example of earnestness and patient perseverance.

As an instance of her far-reaching interest in all that concerns the toilers, we may recall that she assisted at the opening of a cheap restaurant for working girls in the summer of last year; and, not satisfied with merely tasting the food, sat down and paid her fourpence for the meal, declaring she would have no other lunch. She remained for a good part of the afternoon in the establishment, chatting with the customers, and entering into every detail of the culinary department. Her example effectually hindered any false shame which might have blocked the entrance of this benevolent institution to those for whose benefit it was intended. Thousands of feminine toilers now resort daily to Queen Alexandra's Working Women's Restaurant for good, cheap food, and a haven of rest, beside, during the turmoil of the day.

The Queen's love of neatness, and sense of the comfort which order can procure in a home, were well illustrated by a scheme which she furthered some years ago for furnishing cupboards to a number of poor families who had moved into newly-built dwellings for workers. "Even when there is food enough, the home is not happy if untidy," said this lover of order; and her Christmas hampers still often take the form of boxes which may serve conveniently as store chests or receptacles for clothes. It is safe to say that if the Queen's wish was realized the poorest home in the British Isles would have its wardrobe and its chest of drawers, as Henry Fourth's French subjects their Sunday *poule au pot*.

If Queen Alexandra's widely extended humanity is so comprehensive, what must be her kindness and affection to her immediate own? She took the liveliest interest in the betrothal of her niece, Princess Ena, and was perhaps

the first to become acquainted with the sentiments of the King of Spain. His courtly manners and serious character had charmed her during his visit to Buckingham Palace; and she expressed her warm appreciation of the perfect training which subordinated the boyish eagerness to see everything and learn everything to the dignities and duties of his rank. King Alfonso's pronounced religious convictions could have been by none more esteemed than by one so devoutly exact in her own religious observances. Queen Alexandra is what the Anglicans call a thorough "church-woman," and is very punctilious in the keeping of holydays.

When the story of King Edward's disapproval of his niece's change of faith was disproved by his accompanying her to San Sebastian for the ceremony of renunciation, the sectarian press fell back on Queen Alexandra, and presumed to offer her sympathy at "the betrayal of the national creed" by an English princess. Her so natural retirement to Sandringham after the loss of a beloved parent was interpreted as a sign of grief and displeasure at the "recusancy" of Princess Ena. Without, of course, taking any public notice of these misrepresentations, the always tactful Queen, in her quiet way, nullified them by a simple act. Among all her friends and ladies-in-waiting, she singled out the Marquise d'Hautpoule by an invitation to spend the time of mourning with her at Sandringham Palace. The fervent Catholic who was thus honored by admittance to the sovereign's intimacy at a moment when she had withdrawn from all other society, is a lifetime friend of Queen Alexandra.

The Marquise d'Hautpoule, English by birth, is a woman of keen wit and rare powers of intellect, and is known to be ardently devoted to her faith. Curiously enough, in height and general appearance she so closely resembles

Queen Alexandra that they have often been mistaken for each other. When they walk out together, they seem sisters; and the Marquise's style of dress, severe in its elegance, like the Queen's, still further contributes to the delusion.

Queen Alexandra is the last person with whom the idea of bigotry or intolerance should be associated. She is too actively benevolent herself, too appreciative of merit wherever she sees it, not to admire the earnestness and wholesomeness of Catholic endeavor. Her chosen friends—the Duchess d'Aosta, Queen Amelia of Portugal, the Marquise d'Hautpoule, the Duchess de Mauny-Talvaude, the Duchess de Buccleugh—happen to be Catholics, and we know that she herself is a sincerely devout Christian.

E. C.

How to Say the Rosary.

WHILE it is probably unnecessary to remind such professed clients of Our Lady as are the habitual readers of this magazine that the month upon which we have just entered is dedicated in a special manner to the most common, the best-known, and best-loved of Marian devotions, it does not at all follow that those readers have nothing to learn, or at least to be reminded of, in connection with the reverent and profitable recitation of the Beads. We ought not to let the month pass by, or rather we really ought not to let it begin, without seriously asking ourselves how we say the Rosary. The inquiry will probably disclose many defects and failings which we must resolve to remedy, and must find a means of remedying. Thus a salutary reform in the recital of the Rosary will be effected, provided we have both good will and a firm resolution. This reform, however, will be necessary only if we do not say our Beads as devoutly as we used to do. But is not everything which one

does habitually, or as a part of one's daily work, apt to become a formal, perfunctory act?

The examination to be made is a very simple matter. It consists in the query: Do I say the Rosary with recollection and devotion? A spiritual writer has said, "Haste kills devotion"; and this applies specially to the Rosary when recited in common and in public.

Distractions are the chief hindrances to devout prayer; they can render our recital of the Rosary almost, if not quite, worthless. What am I to do to avoid distractions? Theologians tell us that before engaging in prayer, especially if it is to last for some time, it is indispensable to recollect ourselves for a few moments, and resolutely banish from our minds all that may distract us during that holy exercise. This ought to be our invariable practice before saying the Rosary, whether we say it for ourselves alone or with others; for if we begin with distractions, what wonder if we go on with distractions and end with distractions?

Furthermore, we neglect something of vital importance if we do not, every time we prepare to say the Rosary, direct our intention definitely, and also decide to whom we will give the indulgence. Not to do this is tantamount, so to speak, to setting out on a journey without any definite goal. It is precisely the intention of one's prayer that attunes the soul to recollection and fervor.

To be recollected, and remain recollected, is a matter of chief importance in all prayer, and especially so in respect to the Rosary. For it can not be denied that, as every tree has some kind of blight peculiar to itself, which gives not a little trouble to the cultivator, so the Rosary has its drawback, routine,—the repetition of the words from habit, while the thoughts wander far and wide. This is one of the

objections frequently urged against this method of prayer; it is said to be a merely mechanical, aimless repetition of a form of words. Doubtless the Rosary is sometimes said in this manner; but it is an abuse, the result of human frailty, and must be struggled against if we desire our prayer to bear fruit and our wreath of roses to find favor with the Mother of God.

Whoever, therefore, is desirous to keep his thoughts from wandering, and to recite the Rosary with devout fervor, will do well to follow the following counsel; it is that of an experienced master of the spiritual life.

When saying the Rosary, pause for a moment from time to time, in order to collect your thoughts, and refresh your soul by raising your heart anew to Heaven. It is, besides, a good plan, at the beginning of each decade, to place the mystery upon which you are about to meditate before your mental vision; to cast on it, as it were, an admiring glance. This will intensify your interest, and enable you to keep your attention fixed on the subject when you proceed with the vocal prayers. Finally, it is of no slight importance to keep watch on the senses, particularly on the eyes, whilst reciting the Rosary; and to assume a respectful posture, as reverence for prayer enjoins. Unless these last two means are employed, we shall not easily be rid of distractions.

These are very useful hints. Undoubtedly a certain effort will be required if the Rosary is to be recited thus. Yet it will prove difficult only at first, and we know that what costs us nothing is generally nothing worth,—an axiom especially true of prayer. If the Rosary is to be “a wreath of roses to be laid at Our Lady’s feet,” our rose garden must be tended with assiduous, sometimes arduous care, or else weeds will spring up and choke the trees, and the blossoms will be scanty and poor.

Notes and Remarks.

“It is a wonder to me that, with all the drawbacks we have to contend with, so many children are sent to our schools in preference to public institutions.” This remark was made in our presence last week by a bright teacher in one of the Catholic schools of Chicago. The drawbacks to which she referred were not specified; we feel sure, however, there was no regret over inability to compete with the public schools in the exploitation of those personal fads and educational vagaries which are said to characterize the policy of the Windy City’s school board. According to the *Inter-Ocean*, the attendance at the public schools of Chicago in the last two years has increased only a little more than 1 per cent, whereas the attendance at church and other private schools has increased nearly 14 per cent. The explanation offered is a decline of parental confidence in the public schools, “not because they do not teach religion, but because their educational efficiency, judged by results, does not give satisfaction.”

Whatever may be the case with non-Catholics, we are certain that the vast majority of Catholic parents send their children to private or parochial schools on account of the religious instruction and atmosphere, fully persuaded that both are essentially important. The Catholics of Chicago have the satisfaction of knowing that, besides the religious advantages which their schools afford, they are accounted, as a whole, superior to the public schools in educational efficiency. The fact that our educators complain of drawbacks is the surest indication of solid progress in educational work. The necessity of constant improvement in methods and equipment is realized by Catholic teachers all over the United States.

They are not thinking of what has been done, but of what remains to be accomplished in order that the preference of Catholic parents for Catholic schools may be fully warranted in all respects.

The well-known Archconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the Conversion of Sinners, an association established in connection with the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, is promoting the general signing by Catholics, the world over, of a petition to the Holy Father, respectfully requesting his Holiness to further the extension of the cult of the Blessed Virgin by consecrating the whole human race to her Immaculate Heart. In the course of the petition reference is made to the following paragraph of Pius X.'s encyclical letter of Feb. 2, 1904: "We may promise ourselves the realization, in a not distant future, of the high and assuredly not unreasonably venturous hopes inspired in our predecessor, Pius IX., and the whole Catholic episcopate, by the solemn definition of the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception."

To the current issue of *Church Music*, a Philadelphia writer contributes an exceptionally interesting paper on "Phonographic Records of Plain Chant." As skill in the rendition of Gregorian music is at present, and is altogether likely to continue to be, a very desirable attainment, our readers will appreciate our reproducing for them the following illuminative anecdote with which the paper in question is concluded:

Father De Santi records that in June, 1904, Father J. B. Young, S. J., choir-master of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, made the long voyage to Rome in order to hear and master the proper execution of the traditional Gregorian melodies, so that on his return home he might be able to introduce them and their correct rendition into his choir, in obedience to the

prescriptions of the *Motu Proprio*. He found himself able to declare that, in a single hour spent with the gramophone, he learned more about the method of rendering the chant than in all the time he had spent in studying books treating of the subject; and, after hearing some excellent Gregorian renditions in S. Anselmo and in another college in Rome, he said that he had heard nothing which he had not already learned from the gramophone.

Commenting on this anecdote, the *Rassegna Gregoriana* (May-June, 1905) remarks that neither Father Young nor Father De Santi intended to convey a preference for the gramophone over the living voices of a choir in the execution of the chant; but that it still remains true that any one who listens frequently to a single disk, follows simultaneously the *Liber Usualis*, and accounts for everything he sees and hears, will learn whatever the rendition of a choir can suggest both as to excellences and defects.

"A prolonged residence in Rome," says a non-Catholic writer for the press, "makes me very doubtful of any news that comes from that city of irresponsible gossip. My experience is that one should disbelieve half of what one hears, and doubt the other half." This would be an excellent rule to follow, and the application of it need not be restricted to Rome. The report, which seems to have originated in Paris, that the Kaiser had a hand in the election of the new General of the Jesuits should be wholly discredited. But another report, that his Paternity never smiles, was never known to smile, being "a man of stony heart and iron visage," probably is partly true. A correspondent who called on him while he was suffering from an ulcerated tooth—"his face was greatly swollen"—averts that "he did not smile once." Probably not—on the affected side.

The simple facts about Father Wertz are that he was born at Rottweil, Württemberg, in 1842. After finishing his novitiate in the great Order of

which he is now the honored head, he taught in various colleges, including establishments in England and Wales, and finally became professor of Canon Law in the Gregorian University, Rome. Ten years or so later he was appointed rector of that famous institution. He is highly esteemed as a canonist, and is consultor of several of the Sacred Congregations. A worthy priest and religious, learned yet pious and simple, an able author and an efficient teacher, but no diplomat or politician, is the new General of the Jesuits.

From the multiplied articles of every description devoted by our French exchanges to the burning question of Separation, we clip this portion of an interview given to a representative of the *Gaulois* by M. Clemenceau:

"Listen well," said the Minister, "to what I am about to tell you.... My formula will be a chiselled one. *Never will I close a single church in France....* More than that, I add: *As long as I am a member of the Government, not a church in France will ever be closed.* That ought to be clear enough. The *Gaulois* may print it as it pleases,—in italics, in large capitals, or any other style of type. *I will not close the churches!*"

The obvious inference is that, on second thought, M. Clemenceau has come to the conclusion that the contract—of shutting up the French churches—which the Government so recently asserted would be carried through at all hazards, is rather a larger and more arduous undertaking than at first blush it appeared to be. In confessing which mistake the French statesman is merely proving, as Gladstone once put it, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

In the course of an audience recently accorded to Father Dunn, diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith for New York, the Holy Father expressed the hope that American Catholics would come to the help of

Catholic missions with their proverbial generosity, and highly commended the people of New York for the magnificent example they are giving in their support of the missionary cause. "France," said his Holiness, "has heretofore been the main support of the missionary endeavor, and even yet it gives most generously. The time has come, however, when we must look for help outside of France, which is to-day in the hands of the enemy."

The American Catholic press generally, and THE AVE MARIA specifically, has been sufficiently appreciative of the good work done by Catholic societies to entitle it to some little attention whenever it assumes the rôle of friendly censor. In that character we commend to all organizations distinctively Catholic these eminently judicious words of the *Guidon*:

A meeting was recently held by the Federation of Catholic Societies. Much good was accomplished, but we looked in vain for any discussion on a point that is of vital interest to all Catholic societies, and which threatens their existence. All these societies require their members to be practical Catholics. Sufficient attention is not given to the exact fulfilment of this condition. The compliance with the Easter duty—the last barrier against excommunication—is no test. On the contrary, it results oftentimes in a sacrilegious Communion, as the motive is to preserve a financial standing on the rolls of the society.

Not long ago we listened to an address by a member of a Catholic organization. He said the society was of immense benefit to the Church, because it made practical Catholics of its members. This same person lives directly opposite the church and never goes to Mass! Another society has for one of its officers a man who is known to be living a sinful life.

These are not isolated cases. The members of all societies are known in the communities in which they live. If men who lead dishonest or scandalous lives are not expelled from the organization, the name "Catholic society" is a mockery, and the influence exerted must be for evil and not for good.

On the face of it, this is sound common-sense. The nominal, *merely* nominal, Catholic has no business in an

association whose members are looked upon by non-Catholics as representative lay children of the Church; and his name should be removed from its membership roll without any unnecessary delay. Using the prestige of a Catholic society for the purpose of "playing politics" or securing social or commercial advantage is an ignoble procedure, which, if only in self-defence of its reputation, the society should lose no time in terminating.

Writing from Canada to the *Baltimore Sun*, the Rev. Dr. Robert Kerr, who would seem to be an exceptionally fair-minded Protestant minister, says:

The Roman Catholic Church is very powerful in the Province of Quebec, and nearly all of the French are found within its pale. . . . I find a great reverence for law and for the Sabbath Day. The churches are filled at both services on Sunday, the evening service being as well attended as that of the morning. . . . There are twenty-six times as many homicides per million of inhabitants in the United States as in Canada. There is a similar ratio between the two countries in other criminal statistics.

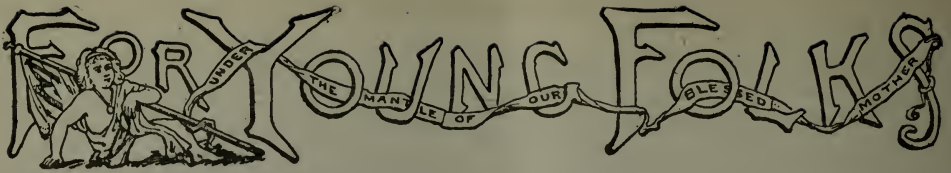
We hope the Rev. Dr. Kerr will extend his travels and continue his correspondence. His experience would be, as in the case of the Province of Quebec, that there is least crime in the most Catholic countries of the world. He would learn furthermore that in many districts where Protestantism has never yet been preached, divorce, homicide, suicide, and especially infanticide, which so greatly excites his horror, are practically unknown.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet*, writing from Cairo itself, corrects the statement that "the Virgin's Tree at Matariéh is now no more." The truth is that, of the two large branches into which the trunk was divided, only one—unfortunately, the larger and more vigorous—has fallen. "But the other branch remains," adds the writer; "and with care it could be given enough

vigor to form a moderate tree. For fear of its falling, it has been supported by two large stakes."

Fifty years ago, under the presidency of a priest of the Congregation of the Mission, a college and seminary dedicated to Our Lady of Angels began a struggling existence in the suburbs of Buffalo, New York. Its first president, the Rev. John Joseph Lynch, rounded out his career as Archbishop of Toronto and Metropolitan of Ontario; and the educational infant that called him father has just celebrated, as Niagara University, the Golden Jubilee of its birth. The excellence of the work accomplished during the past half century by the Vincentian Fathers at Niagara more than warranted the splendor that characterized the various functions; and it is good to know that the institution is taking the initial step toward its Diamond Jubilee under most favorable auspices, and with bright prospects of still greater prosperity than has hitherto attended its development.

Departing from our usual custom, we specifically commend to our readers the leading article in this issue of *THE AVE MARIA*. The deservedly high rank accorded to Dom Gasquet as a historian renders the paper more than ordinarily weighty and authoritative; while the perfectly lucid, graphic, and withal dispassionate presentation of the case against the validity of Anglican Orders must, we think, impress the intelligent reader as being singularly illuminative. The scholarly Benedictine writes, not as an aggressive polemist, but as a deliberate historical student, quite sure of his case, and fully aware that it needs only to be plainly stated in order to compel the assent of all unprejudiced jurors. We have rarely published an article with more genuine gratification than we feel in offering to our readers "The Question of Anglican Orders."



The Visit of the King.

BY MARY ROSE.

TO a certain little hamlet,
On a certain day in spring,
Came this message to the faithful:
"Come ye out and meet the King!"

At his coming, joy ran riot,
As if stirred by magic spell;
For this was a kindly monarch,
And his people loved him well.

On the village green he halted,
Made a rustic bench his throne;
'Twas an honor far the greatest
That the hamlet yet had known.

All day long he tarried with them,
Less'ning sorrow and distress;
At his just and wise tribunal
Ev'ry grievance found redress.

Eagerly they crowded 'round him,
Seeking favors, great and small;
And the noble monarch granted,
Smilingly, his gifts to all.

In that happy throng there mingled
One whose eager, hazel eyes
Followed all the monarch's movements
In a trance of pleased surprise.

Graciously the King turned toward him,
As the timid boy drew near,
And in kindly accents asked him:
"What, my child, has brought you here?"

"There is naught I want, good Sire,
Only just to stay a while;
For I like to hear you talking,
And I like to see you smile."

"You shall have," the King said slowly,
"What I love best to impart,—
You shall have my lifelong friendship,
And a place here in my heart."

Ah! this gift was prized far dearer
Than all else the world contained;
Thus the boy who sought no favor,
More than all the others gained.

Little ones, this tale reminds us
That the noblest, kindest King
Comes to visit us each morning,—
Comes the rarest gifts to bring.

With a tender love, far deeper
Than the world has ever known,
Does this Monarch greet His subjects
From His humble altar throne.

And 'tis e'er His kingly pleasure
Every sorrow to relieve;
All who come to claim His favors,
Precious graces shall receive.

But on those who seek His presence,
"Just to stay a little while,"
Not to crave some selfish interest,
Jesus turns His sweetest smile.

Those who seek no greater pleasure
Save to be with Him, shall find
In the Sacred Heart He gives them
Every other good combined.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I.



RS. LAWSON sat in her dismantled little drawing-room; the furniture, carefully packed in burlaps, piled up in the middle of the floor; the large, curtainless windows reflecting the glare of a brilliant midday sun; the floor above resounding to the tread of several pairs of hob-nailed shoes. The vans were at the door, and the movers had already begun to take away the furniture.

Seated on a low packing-box, her hands lightly folded in her lap, the widow looked around the bare apartment, and sighed heavily. For the past three weeks she had had no leisure for anything—even to think; and

she acknowledged in her heart that it was well her time had been so entirely occupied in planning, arranging, and packing. For it gave her many a bitter pang to be obliged to leave the home where she had spent the happy years of her wedded life, to enter upon new scenes, to form new friendships and associations,—in short, to put the past behind her and confront an unknown future.

As she sat there, lost in reflection, a slow, even step sounded in the corridor outside.

"Where are you, mother?" called a cheerful voice.

"Here, Stephen, in the empty drawing-room," she replied.

The footsteps turned toward the open door, and a delicate, slender boy, about twelve years of age, appeared upon the threshold, a hand stretched toward either door jamb. He had regular features, light brown hair, cut very short, and curling close to his forehead. His face was illumined by a bright and most attractive smile; but when one looked closely at the heavily lashed eyelids, rising and falling slowly as he stood in the doorway, one soon perceived that the large blue eyes beneath them were sightless.

"Are you busy, mother?" asked the boy, coming toward her.

"No: my work is over for the present, dear," his mother answered. "I am only waiting for the men to get the things out of the house. I hope Annette closed and locked the closet with our valises and my bonnet and cloak, so that they may not pick them up with the furniture and carry them away."

"Yes, mother, and she gave me the key. Here it is," said the boy, holding it out to her.

She took it, and drew him down beside her on the impromptu seat.

"You are sad, mother,—I know you are sad," he went on, putting his hand up to her face affectionately.

"A little," she admitted. "Now that the hour is come, I am lonely at leaving the old home. Don't you feel so too, Stephen?"

"Not at all," he replied promptly. "You don't know, mother, how I have always longed to live in the country, and particularly near the sea."

"But you can not—" she paused in the middle of the sentence.

"I can not see, you were going to say," he answered quite cheerfully. "No, but I can feel; and the broad, open spaces and the pure fresh air are so much more delightful than these crowded streets, and the sounds of wagons and carriages going to and fro, and that incessant bell. O mother, you can not think how glad I am to get away from the sound of that office bell!"

"It has not been ringing lately, Stephen," she replied, almost reproachfully; "not since—" again she paused.

"I know, I know!" he said. "But I never could bear to hear it when it did ring. It always meant taking papa away, sometimes when he was just settling down to a pleasant evening with us, or often waking him in the middle of the night. O mother, if you could only know how I hate that office bell!"

She put her arm around him, and drew his head close to her shoulder, unable to answer him.

"The only thing—the only thing," he said after a moment, "is that papa can not be with us."

"He would have liked to live at Moxon. He always counted on going there some day," observed the widow; "but it was not to be."

"Why didn't you go there when you were first married?" asked the boy.

"We had quite decided to do so," she replied. "The old doctor had died, and your father felt sure he could succeed to his practice, making a comfortable living at least. Then Dr. Payne, a schoolmate, and classmate

at the medical college, heard of this practice, to be purchased at a very moderate price, and persuaded papa to take it, with him. He held out the inducement that a good deal of money was to be earned here, which would make things easier; for we were not rich in this world's goods, as things are counted nowadays. Almost from the first we regretted the decision."

"Didn't papa do well, as he had hoped?"

"Very well; but the house was large, and we had Dr. Payne as a boarder, and from the first I did not care for him. He was noisy, had no tact, seldom left us to ourselves; and then at last he brought the scarlet fever home to you, my darling, and all through carelessness,—criminal carelessness. He had a case and did not change his clothing. When your father discovered that, they had some hot words, and the partnership was dissolved. Later—after he had gone to Australia—we discovered the great injury he had been the means of doing. Your father could never bear to hear his name mentioned."

"Poor papa!" said the boy. "He was always so sorry for me, wasn't he?"—he spoke in an impersonal way, quite cheerfully, as though alluding to some one else.

"Yes; but it is a comfort to think that before the end he was consoled by *your* cheerfulness, Stephen," said his mother. "After we knew the worst, we would have gone to Moxon, for he had grown dissatisfied here; but there were two doctors established there by that time, and he might not have been able to make a living. So we stayed here, and were happy enough—on the whole."

The hall bell rang loudly. Presently Annette appeared, ushering in a stout, pleasant-looking lady, about fifty years of age.

Mrs. Lawson rose to meet her.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs.

Burton," she said, extending her hand.

"And I am equally glad to see you," replied the visitor, seating herself upon a chair without a back, which had been used in removing pictures from the wall. "And how is Stephen?"

"Very well, thank you," answered the boy; "and very anxious to get started."

He rose, felt his way along the wall, and left the room in the company of Annette, who awaited him in the doorway.

"What a happy little soul he is!" said Mrs. Burton, removing her cape. "I am so warm after my walk," she continued. "I thought perhaps you might be going by the ten o'clock train. In that case I should have missed you, I am glad you had not started."

"I was greatly disappointed the other day when I heard you had gone for an indefinite time to Binghamton," observed Mrs. Lawson. "Have you changed your plans?"

"No: I think I shall remain there all summer. It will be so good for my grandchildren. I have rented my house, and came up only to see the dentist and pay my taxes. I was determined to see you, and here I am. What a fine thing it will be for both of you to get away from this place!"

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Lawson. "Still, I am sad at leaving it."

"Moxon is a lovely village. Of course you know it," said Mrs. Burton.

"No: I have never been there, although my husband owned the house to which we are going. It has been idle now for a year; and, having had a good offer for this, I thought the best policy would be to occupy the other myself, for a while at least."

"You have decided wisely. There are pleasant people in both places. There are two Moxons, you know,—Moxon-on-the-Hill and Moxon-on-the-Sea. They are practically one, but have always been thus distinguished.

Your house—I know it very well—is not far from the ocean.”

“So they tell me. It stands on a slight elevation, does it not?”

“Yes. There are just two houses on that little hill, and it is about the occupants of the next one to yours that I want to speak to you a little.”

“Are they pleasant people?”

“Pleasant enough. They are the Wingates. He is a retired army officer. They love to entertain, and will be neighborly or not, as you please. If you respond to their advances, they will try to make it very pleasant for you; if not, they will let you alone.”

“Are there children?”

“Two girls. One, about Stephen’s age, is very pretty; the other—I should say she was sixteen now—is perfectly *hideous* to look at.”

“Is she deformed?”

“No: her figure is well enough, and her eyes are not bad; but she has an enormous nose, and her mouth stretches from ear to ear. Her forehead is exceedingly high, she has scarcely any hair, and her hands and feet are simply monstrous.”

“What a terrible picture you draw for me! And her disposition,—how is that?”

“Angelic, and she has the sweetest voice I have ever heard.”

“Poor child! Does she mind it?”

“That I can not say. But rumor has it that she is quite neglected, imposed upon, and kept out of sight as much as possible by her people. Of that I am not personally sure,—I give the report for what it may be worth. Of one thing I *am* certain: the girl herself is shy of strangers. Be kind to her; you will not regret it. She will be a companion for Stephen.”

“What is her name?”

“Charlotte.”

“And her sister’s?”

“Muriel.”

“Are they fond of each other?”

“The two sisters? I do not know. Charlotte remains at home, but Muriel goes about a good deal.”

“How old is she?”

“Possibly fifteen,—but old for her years, and a little vain of her pretty face, I should say. The mother also is quite a young and pretty woman. I feel in my soul, however, that Stephen and Charlotte are going to be friends; for I once heard her say in that sweet voice of hers—which if you heard it in the dark you would fancy belonged to an angel—that she loved all helpless and afflicted things.”

“Is she intelligent?” inquired Mrs. Lawson.

“Very. She reads beautifully aloud.”

“How nice that would be for my boy!” said the widow. “And how tired he must be sometimes of my voice!”

“His mother’s voice!” exclaimed Mrs. Burton. “Never!”

“The movers are ready to come in here, ma’am,” said Annette, again appearing at the door.

“A signal for me to go,” observed Mrs. Burton, rising.

“Do come and see us sometime!” pleaded Mrs. Lawson, holding her friend’s hand.

“I may, sooner than you think,” was the reply. “Bid Stephen good-bye for me,” she continued, as she went down the steps. “I am sure you will both be very happy at Moxon-on-the-Sea.”

(To be continued.)

Cloves.

Cloves are the dried flower buds of a tree which is at home in the Spice Islands, and is perpetually green. These little buds must be gathered just at the right time, when they are about to open and are of a bright red color. The name clove probably comes from the resemblance of one of the spicy buds to a nail, which is *clou* in French.

Brother Deo Gratias.

St. Felix of Cantalice, beloved of little folk, who used to call him Brother Deo Gratias, was born at Cantalice, near Citta Ducale, in Umbria, in the year 1513. His parents were poor laboring people. From his childhood Felix was spoken of as a little saint. He was brought up to work on the land, looking after cattle, and ploughing the fields. Often while the flocks and herds were pasturing he would kneel in prayer for a long time at the foot of a tree, before a cross which he had cut in the bark. Being uneducated, his devotions consisted only of the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Creed," and *Gloria*. These were continually on his lips during the day. Felix was very humble and meek, with a heart full of joy and thanksgiving to God for all His mercies.

One day he met with an accident while ploughing. The young oxen were startled by his master suddenly appearing dressed in black. Knocking Felix down, they dragged the plough over his body. He escaped unhurt, but this deliverance from death awoke in him a desire to consecrate his life to God; and that same evening, hearing read the lives of some of the saints of the desert, he set off to a neighboring monastery and asked to be admitted as a lay-brother among the Capuchin friars.

Soon after his profession, in 1545, he went to the house of the Capuchin Order in Rome. There he was appointed to go out every day begging alms and food for the convent. For forty-five years this was his daily mission. It is said that the community were never so well provided with provisions either before or after. Everyone gave readily to Felix; for he had such a happy countenance, and was always so full of gratitude even for the smallest gifts.

His delight was to make constant acts

of thanksgiving, praise, and adoration. The words *Deo gratias*, we are told, were continually on his lips, and he often asked others to join him in giving thanks to God for all things. The saint's custom was to greet others with the words *Deo gratias*. He taught the little children to repeat these words, bidding them to thank God for the beautiful flowers and the fields, and the blue sky overhead. The children who loved him dearly, when they saw him coming, would run to greet him, crying out "*Deo gratias!*" It is related that he once put an end to a duel by rushing in and separating the combatants with the words, "*Deo gratias!* Say *Deo gratias* each of you!" And then, having heard the cause of their strife, he reconciled them, and sent them away.

It is said that one stormy night, when Felix was out collecting food as usual, Our Lord appeared to him in the form of a beautiful Child about ten years of age, who presented him with a loaf of bread, and then, giving the saint His blessing, vanished from his sight. In paintings St. Felix is often represented bearing on his shoulder a beggar's wallet, on which the words *Deo gratias* are written. When dying he bade those about him to say these words for him, when he was no longer able to speak. He died on May 18, 1587.

The State of Maine.

Why do people talk about the State of Maine instead of saying simply "Maine"? is a question often asked. Maine was from the beginning until 1827 just the District, or "Deestrick," of Maine. When it was made a State, the proud inhabitants began to talk of the State of Maine, and do so to this day. A man from Cincinnati speaks of Ohio; a Portland or Bangor citizen always refers to his commonwealth as "the State of Maine."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s announcements include a new novel by Katharine Tynan, entitled "The Story of the Bawn."

—"Croire C'Est Vivre" (To Believe is to Live) is the title of a free French translation, by the Rev. Louis Lalande, S. J., of one of Bishop Stang's timely and forcible books. Cadieux & Derome, Montreal.

—A new edition of "Cardome. A Romance of Kentucky," by Anna C. Minogue, is published by P. F. Collier & Son. We have already expressed our appreciation of this book, which, though not representing the author at her best, may be commended as pleasant reading.

—The late Mrs. Cunningham Graham, who died while on her way to Spain, "the country of her ancestry and her love," was the author of the latest and one of the best biographies of St. Teresa, and an adaptation of "The Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross. Mrs. Graham also collaborated with her distinguished husband in "Father Archangel of Scotland, and Other Essays."

—We are glad to see a translation of Dom John's "New School of Gregorian Chant" (Fr. Pustet), a book which should be in the hands of choir-masters, organists and singers everywhere. Its author (a monk of Beuron Abbey) is a master, and the form of his manual is all that can be desired. Two features of it—the explanation of Latin words and abbreviations (Appendix II), and the complete index—deserve special mention.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co., to whom art students and lovers of art are indebted for some excellent handbooks, are issuing: "The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci," by Edward McCurdy, with thirteen illustrations; "Watteau," by C. Maclaure, with fifty illustrations; "Correggio," by T. Sturge Moore, with fifty-five illustrations; and "Perugino," by Edward Hutton, with fifty illustrations.

—From Fr. Pustet & Co. we have received the "Larger Catechism," being part second of that abridgment of Christian doctrine for higher classes which has been prescribed by Pius X. for all the dioceses of the province of Rome. Translated from the Italian by the Right Rev. Bishop Byrne, the work is as faithful and literal a rendering of the original as the demands of idiomatic English have allowed. While the book is not unduly bulky or unhandy, it contains three hundred and fifty odd pages, seventy of which are devoted to "Instructions on the Feasts of Our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints," and forty-two to

a "Short History of Religion." Neatly bound in cloth, the volume is notably cheap at 25 cents a copy.

—Of the eight stories contained in "Moon-Face," by Jack London (The Macmillan Co.), less than half are new. Though written with no little literary skill, the average reader will find them lacking in interest, and wonder at the author's undiminished popularity. The story which gives the book its title is repulsive to our mind; and those only who are fascinated by the mystic or the fatalistic will appreciate "Planchette," which is the longest of these tales.

—Among new publications by Messrs. Chatto & Windus we note "The Medici Series of Reproductions after the Old Masters," the plates of which will be printed in color, and in exact facsimile, by a new photographic process. The first three plates of the series will be: "Head of the Blessed Virgin," by Luini, detail from the fresco now in the Brera Palace, Milan; "Head of the Christ," after Leonardo's unfinished cartoon at the same place; and Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," after the painting in tempera in the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli at Milan.

—"The Abbé Loisy on the Gospels," is the title of an important and timely series of articles in the London *Guardian*, which, the editor says, it is to be hoped that English churchmen will study before according their sympathy to the Abbé. "Anything more arbitrary, more irrational, more violent, or more baseless than his theories about the Gospels could hardly be conceived. He offers neither evidence nor argument—nothing but his *ipse dixit*, and an infallibility more than Papal. Nothing could exceed the folly of his assertions, except the self-assurance with which he makes them."

—Whoever impressed Ainsworth & Co. with the advisability of bringing out, in their series of Lakeside Classics and books for supplementary reading, occasional volumes specifically prepared for the use of Catholic parochial schools, did a distinctly good thing. We have received recently some eight or nine new numbers, adapted to different grades, and are pleased to find that they merit the commendation we have already given to earlier issues. A desideratum at present is a catalogue of these distinctively Catholic numbers, which, by the way, may congruously find a place on the home book-shelves as well as in the parish school-rooms.

—A very neatly published volume, deserving of a wide circulation, is "Catholic Churchmen in Science," by Dr. James J. Walsh, just issued by the

Dolphin Press. It affords sketches of the lives, with an appreciation of their services to science, of Copernicus, Basil Valentine, Linacre, Father Kircher, Bishop Stensen, Abbé Haüy, and Abbot Mendel. An introductory chapter on the supposed opposition of science and religion enhances the value and interest of the work. The only fault we have to find with it is that it is not more voluminous. Names like Perry and Secchi, Moigno and Denza, Carnoy and Boscovich certainly deserve to be included in any list of Catholic clergymen in science, though all of these are not rightly classed as founders. Of the Abbé Moigno, however, another great scientist says: "He has marched at the head of the scientific movement of the age"; and Canon Carnoy of Louvain is even more deserving of recognition. We hope the next edition of this excellent work will be twice as large, and that the industrious author will remember the advantage of a good index. Let us hope, too, that the number of portraits will be completed. A companion volume, Catholic Laymen in Science, would be welcome. Pasteur, Volta, Ampère, and a host of others hardly less eminent, ought to be better known to their coreligionists. It is an interesting fact that the greatest Catholic scientists of modern times were men of robust faith and tender piety. Volta, we remember, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.
- "Whispering Smith." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.
- "Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.
- "The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.

- "Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.
- "Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.
- "The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "Theory and Practice of the Confessional." Dr. Caspar E. Schieler. \$3.50, net.
- "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.
- "Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.
- "The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Kielty, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. William McNabb, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. James Farrell, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart and Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James Clarke, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Grace Trego, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Emmit Sullivan, Eureka, Utah; Mrs. Caroline Lutz, Corning, N. Y.; Miss Joanna Healy, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. John Ludwig, Winona, Wis.; Miss M. A. Sweeney, Milford, Mass.; Mr. Adam Maucker, Rock Island, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Curtin, Ottawa, Ill.; Mr. Alex. Chapoton, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Annie Nesmith, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Rose O'Hara, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Jeremiah Low, Green Bay, Wis.; Mrs. Arthur Savory, Eastbourne, England; Mrs. Bridget Garrigan, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Jacob Betzel and Mrs. Catherine Herbert, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Mary O'Leary, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Philip Ryan, Montreal, Canada; Mr. James Watson, Greenville, Pa.; and Mr. N. Dixon, Ashfield, Canada.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine sufferers in Bengal:

Per F. S., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$10; Mrs. H. E. B. M., \$2; Two Friends, \$10; In Memoriam, \$5; Subscriber, \$1; Mrs. J. M., \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$5.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Friend, \$1.75; S. D., \$2; C. S., \$2; N. N., \$2; M. A. B., 25 cts.; J. G., 50 cts.; M. S. McS., 20 cts.; M. J. W., \$2; Mrs. M. B., \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Fatherhood.

BY G. E. HEATH.

MY little lad is scarce four summers old:
He looks into my face and trusts in me.
So looking in Thy face, O Father mine,
Shall I not trust in Thee?
Hear, Merciful and Mild!
I am Thy child.

My little lad has oftentimes gone astray,
Done things forbid; yet, unafraid,
Has sought my breast. And shall I not seek Thine,
Though I have often sinned and disobeyed?
Hear, O Thou Blameless One!
I am Thy son;
For, looking in Thy face,
I read my pardon, see my sin aright,
And seek Thy grace.

For so my little lad clings to my breast;
Sure there of refuge, he forgets the rest.
So I to Thee,
O Merciful and Mild!
I am Thy child.

The Question of Anglican Ordinations.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B., D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

TO return to our immediate subject. The groundwork of all previous decisions about the English Orders was exactly the same as that pronounced by Leo XIII. on September 20, 1896,—namely, the invalidity of the rite itself. To understand what this means it is necessary to know the history of this ritual and to examine into its composition.

The Anglican Ordinal was published by the authority of the Crown in 1550, as a complement to the Book of Common Prayer which had been issued the previous year. It was designed to do in regard to the Pontifical what this Prayer Book had done in respect to the Missal and the Catholic Liturgy generally. In this latter book, as we know, the Sacrifice of the Mass was rejected for a new composition based upon the Lutheran liturgies of Germany. The very words of Consecration anciently used were made to give place to a new composition taken from the Order for church service drawn up for Nuremberg, of which church the uncle of Cranmer's wife was pastor. In the English communion service, every care was taken by Cranmer and the other compilers to make it absolutely clear that the sacrificial character of the old service had been changed into a memory of prayer and praise; and, whilst in the general disposition of parts it retained some outward resemblance to the old service, all mention of oblation and sacrifice was carefully removed.

The Ordinal came into existence in 1550, after the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. had been for some short time in use. As all who know the history of that time will acknowledge, the sacramental views of Cranmer and the other Reformers had considerably changed in the "down-grade" direction toward the Calvinistic doctrine by the date of the publication of the Ordinal.

This being so, there was no difficulty about attaching it to the Second Book of Common Prayer, which was frankly Helvetian or Calvinistic in doctrine, when it came to be published in 1552. It is consequently reasonable, and indeed necessary, to regard the Anglican Ordinal as giving a form of ordination to the ministry corresponding with the doctrinal teaching in regard to the Eucharist held by those that were its authors.

A critical examination of the ritual for the ordaining of deacons, priests, and bishops according to this new Ordinal, will show that in every particular the Catholic Pontifical was treated in the same systematic way as the Missal had been in the Prayer Book, to get rid of the notion of sacrifice and oblation. Thus just as the destruction of the material altars emphasized the fact that sacrificial doctrine was rejected, so the word "altar" is in all the new rites carefully excluded.

In the address of the bishop, in the Catholic ordination rite for a deacon, to those to be ordained it is said "a deacon must minister at the altar"; this is deleted in the new service. In the ordination of priests, the words of the bishop's address in the old Pontifical run thus: "To celebrate the Mass and consecrate the body and blood of Christ;...that they may know that in this Sacrament they receive the grace of consecrating, ... and may acknowledge that they have received the power of offering pleasing sacrifices, since to them pertains the office of consecrating the Sacrament of Our Lord's body and blood upon the altar of God....In this appears the excellency of the priestly office, by which the Passion of Christ is daily celebrated upon the altar." None of these are to be found in the Edwardine rite. They are cut out; and, naturally, nothing like them has been inserted.

As regards the most important part of the rite, the *form* itself, this is what the *Apostolicæ Curæ* says concerning the Edwardine Ordinal:

"In the examination of any rite for the effecting and administering of sacraments, distinction is rightly made between the part which is *ceremonial* and that which is *essential*, usually called the 'matter and form.' All know that the sacraments of the New Law, as sensible and efficient signs of invisible grace, ought both to signify the grace which they effect, and effect the grace they signify. Although the signification ought to be found in the whole essential rite—that is to say, in the matter and form,—it still pertains chiefly to the form; since the matter is the part which is not determined by itself, but which is determined by the form. And this appears most clearly in the Sacrament of Orders, the matter of which, in so far as we have to consider it in this case, is the imposition of hands. This indeed by itself signifies nothing definite, and is equally used for several of the Orders and for Confirmation. But the words which until recently were commonly held by Anglicans to constitute the proper form of priestly ordination—namely, 'Receive the Holy Ghost,'—certainly do not in the least definitely express the sacred Order of priesthood, or its grace and power....

"In vain has strength been recently sought, for the plea of validity for the Orders, from the other prayers of the same Ordinal. For, to put aside other reasons which show them to be insufficient for the purpose in the Anglican rite, this one argument will apply to all: from them has been deliberately removed whatever in the Catholic rite expresses the dignity and office of the priesthood. And consequently a form which omits what it ought essentially to signify can not be considered as apt and sufficient.

"The same holds good of episcopal

consecration. For to the formula 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' not only were the words 'for the office and work of a bishop,' etc., added at a later period, but even these, as we shall presently state, must be understood in a sense different from that which they bear in the Catholic rite. Nor is anything gained by quoting the prayer of the Preface, 'Almighty God,' since in like manner it has been stripped of the words which denote the *summum sacerdotium* [high priesthood]. . . . So it comes to pass that, as the Sacrament of Orders and the true *sacerdotium* of Christ were utterly eliminated from the Anglican rite, and hence the *sacerdotium* is in no wise conferred truly and validly in the episcopal consecration of that same rite; for the like reason, therefore, the episcopate can in no wise be truly and validly conferred by it; and this the more so because among the first duties of the episcopate is that of ordaining ministers for the Holy Eucharist and Sacrifice."

So far, then, in our examination of the question of Anglican Orders we have, it seems to me, arrived at *this* point: a new rite was made, from which every word and idea suggestive of sacrifice and oblation was carefully excluded. This exactly corresponds to the doctrinal standpoint of the compilers in regard to the Eucharist. The conclusion, then, is irresistible: that, in drawing up their Ordinal, Cranmer and the other Edwardine reformers composed a book for the appointment of ministers suitable to carry out the services designed in the Book of Common Prayer. Further to illustrate the point made in the *Præclara Carissimi* as to the want of definition in the words of the actual form used by the compilers of the Ordinal (and, in fact, until the year 1662), we should note the following.

In every rite acknowledged by the Church, whether Eastern or Western, three things are invariably found in

the form of consecration of sacred ministers. These are: (1) a clear and explicit mention of the Order to be conferred; (2) a prayer for the grace proper to the Order; (3) the simultaneous speaking of the form and imposing the hands. These are found in respect to all the Orders of deacon, priest, and bishop. This is the case in the Roman Ordinal, the ancient Gallican, the Greek, the Syro-Maronite, the Nestorian, the Alexandrian Jacobite, the Armenian, the Syrian Jacobite, and in the Liturgy as it appears in the "Constitutions of the Apostles." In the Anglican rites, on the other hand, this definition is entirely absent in the case of all the Orders. It is true that in another prayer at the end of the litany there is mention "of the work and ministry of a bishop," but there is no moral connection between this prayer and the imposition of hands. On the contrary, there is a long interval between them, and they are separated by the whole series of interrogations. Moreover, it is not certain that this prayer is always said by the consecrator.

A collation of the Ordinal with the Catholic Pontifical, just as a similar comparison of the First and Second Prayer Books with the Missal, reveals changes so startling that we are justified in supposing that, in the mind of the original innovators, the ministry they desired to establish and perpetuate was as wholly different from the priesthood conferred by the time-honored Pontifical as their brand-new communion service was from the Mass. This supposition is turned into positive certainty on an examination of the writings of those chiefly responsible for these liturgical changes in England. And all that an unprejudiced reader can say after such a study is that *if* the old priesthood was not destroyed as the result of their work, it certainly was not the fault of the compilers that it survived in spite of what they did,

Let us take a few examples of their teaching. To take Cranmer first. We need not illustrate his teaching about the Mass and the Sacrifice: it is too well known to all of us by his controversy with Gardiner. This, however, is a sample of what he taught about the priesthood: "Christ's priesthood can not pass from Him to another.... Wherefore the ministers of Christ's Church be not now appointed priests to make new sacrifice for sin,... but to preach abroad Christ's sacrifice and to be ministers of His words and Sacraments." Again: "Christ made no such difference *between the priest and the layman*, that the priest should make oblation and sacrifice of Christ for the layman.... Christ made no such difference, but the difference that is between the priest and the layman in this matter *is only in the ministration*; that the priest as a common minister of the Church doth minister and distribute the Lord's Supper unto others, and others receive it at his hands."

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of Cranmer's views as to the Sacrifice and priesthood: they are well known to all. One other quotation, however, is useful as giving very briefly and distinctly his opinion. Being asked by Henry VIII. whether in the New Testament any consecration of bishop or priest was necessary, or whether mere institution to office was sufficient, Cranmer replied: "In the New Testament he who is appointed bishop or priest does not, according to Holy Scripture, need any consecration, but election or institution is sufficient."

Nicholas Ridley no less clearly condemned the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass, and termed the Catholic teaching "blasphemous." He declared that there was no priesthood but that of Christ, and no sacrifice but what He once offered. Further, that the Sacrament of the Eucharist had no grace except to such as received it rightly;

that "The Lamb" was present only in a spiritual way. Ridley it was who was most active in pulling down the altars and setting up tables in their places, in order practically to eradicate from the popular mind the idea of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Another of the makers of the Anglican Ordinal was Hooper. He, too, categorically denied the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, speaking of the Mass as a "horrible idol." Bishop Goodrich, according to a letter written to Bullinger by Hooper, was in agreement with himself, Cranmer, Latimer, etc., as to his teaching on the Eucharist. He also took an active part in the destruction of the altars. Ferrar, Bishop of St. Davids, declared the Catholic teaching to be "the doctrine of Antichrist." So, too, Holbeach of Lincoln, who, in reply to Henry VIII., maintained the pure Calvinistic doctrine on the nature of the Sacrament.

The same views were likewise held by those divines who assisted in the revision of the Anglican Liturgy when it and the Ordinal were reintroduced by Queen Elizabeth. Richard Cox, afterward Bishop of Ely, said that "the only oblation of Christ in the Mass consisted in prayer, praise and thanksgiving"; and, in regard to the priesthood, that "in Holy Scripture there is no consecration of bishops and priests, but only an institution to the office of priest by imposition of hands." Pilkington thanked God that he had "destroyed the Sacrifice of the Mass." Matthew Parker, Elizabeth's first archbishop after the settlement of religion, 'ordered that the Eucharist must not be adored,' and declared that the Mass was not a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and dead." Sandys, Bishop of London, speaks of the "Papist priesthood" as having no warrant in Scripture, and adds: "Antichrist is the author of that priesthood."*

* Sermons, p. 411.

Of the Elizabethan clergy it is not too much to say that they would have rejected with scorn the notion that *they* had Orders in the same sense as the Catholic priests. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, who wrote about 1563, though he used stronger language, does not take views different from the rest of his cloth. He speaks of the Catholic clergy as "shorn, shaveling, shameless priests"; and of the Catholic bishops as "bite-sheep" or "horned beasts," (in reference to their mitres), or the "Pope's belly-gods"; and he characterizes Catholic ordinations as "filthy greasing," and sacred Orders as bestowed by the Catholic rite as "stinking orders." He had no thought about belonging to the old Catholic Church of England, and had nothing but sneers and ribald language for men like Wilfrid and Lanfranc, Anselm and St. Thomas, the glories of that Church. Here is what he says about his own Orders: "In Durham, I grant the bishop that now is [i. e., himself] and his predecessor [Bishop Tunstall] were not one religion in divers points, nor made bishop after one fashion. This [that is, himself] has neither cruche [crosier] nor mitre, never swore against his prince his allegiance to the Pope; this has neither power to christen bells nor hallow chalices and super-altars, as the other had; and with gladness [he] praises God that kept him from such filthiness."

In a word, no member of the Church established legally by Elizabeth would for one moment have thought of claiming to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice or to be a priest in the Catholic sense. On the contrary, all would have argued that both the one and the other were unchristian. Their acts and words confirmed their sentiments. Their denial was threefold: (1) a denial of the real and objective presence of Christ in the Eucharist; (2) a denial of the real and propitiatory

Sacrifice in the Mass; (3) a denial of the sacrificial character of the priesthood in the New Law. These three negations of what Catholics held and taught are obviously bound up together, and follow one from the other in a strictly logical way. In this the English Reformers agreed in principle with those of Germany and Switzerland.

The acts and words of the Elizabethan bishops and clergy, no less than those who initiated the religious revolution under Edward VI., emphasized their beliefs. Altar-stones were everywhere pulled down with contumely, and broken up, or exposed to insult and infamy. Archbishop Parker even expressed his horror and indignation at ministers using for their communions chalices which had been used for celebrating Mass. If they kept the names of bishop and priest, it really was because it was a point of law, because many legal principles required it; and, even for emoluments and benefices, it was necessary to conform to the law of the land. I honestly do not believe that there was anything more than this in the preservation of the names of priest and bishop, especially when ecclesiastics and laymen were loud in explaining that their ministers were no "Mass-priests."

In this Catholics were in full agreement with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. They never for a moment admitted their claim to Orders in the Catholic sense; and Catholic writers, in the second half of the sixteenth century and after, were unanimous in declaring their belief that these bishops and priests were mere legal and parliamentary clergy, without the true character of Orders. They made no mistake about supposing that sacraments given during the time of heresy and schism were not true sacraments. They knew what they meant quite well, and drew a clear distinction between the clergy who had been

ordained as Catholic priests, although they had subsequently lapsed into schism and heresy, and those who had received their ministry according to the Anglican Ordinal.

One example must suffice. About 1565, Thomas Heskin, a D.D., and a Dominican, wrote a book called "The Parliament of the Church," and this is what he says on this very point: 'Understand that in this new-founded church there be two sorts of ministers that do minister the communion. One sort is of the priests which, lawfully consecrated in the Catholic Church, have fallen to heresy; who, although they have authority by their Holy Orders to consecrate the body and blood of Christ, yet now, having neither right intention nor faith of the Catholic Church, they consecrate not. The other sort is of ministers made after the new manner. These men, though they would unwisely have intention to consecrate, yet, lacking the lawful authority, they neither do nor can consecrate, but (as it may justly be thought), having neither authority nor due faith and intent, they neither receive nor distribute to the people any other thing than bread and wine.'

In like manner Nicholas Harpsfield, Harding, Stapleton, and a host of other writers, could be quoted to the same effect; and there can be no doubt that the stress of their arguments is laid upon the invalidity of the Ordinal by which the Anglican clergy were made ministers. Hence in all the controversy of those times, the Catholics were always taunting their Protestant adversaries with having "parliament bishops," deriving their authority and every other power from the Crown and State, and getting nothing from the Church, the Apostles, or Christ.

Of course the mere opinion of Catholics as to the Orders of clergy of the Church by law established would amount to very little, even when the

opinion of the Protestant divines practically agreed with them that they certainly did not possess, nor wish to possess, Orders in the same sense as that claimed by the Catholics. Still, when the views of those who drew up the new Ordinal, and of the first men who used it, are well known as a rejection of the Catholic doctrine of Orders, it is not a very great assumption to suppose that they would not have had any particular desire or taken any particular care to keep the ancient essential form.

"For the full and accurate understanding of the Anglican Ordinal," says Leo XIII., "besides what we have noted as to some of its parts, there is nothing more pertinent than to consider carefully the circumstances under which it was composed and publicly authorized. It would be tedious to enter into details; nor is it necessary to do so, as the history of that time is sufficiently eloquent as to the animus of the authors of the Ordinal against the Catholic Church, as to the abettors whom they associated with themselves from the heterodox sects, and as to the end they had in view. Being fully cognizant of the necessary connection between faith and worship, between the law of believing and the law of praying, under a pretext of returning to the primitive form, they, in many ways, corrupted the liturgical Order to suit the errors of the Reformers. For this reason, in the whole Ordinal not only is there no clear mention of the Sacrifice, of consecration, of the *sacerdotium*, and of the power of consecrating and offering sacrifice, but, as we have just stated, every trace of these things, which had existed in such prayers of the Catholic rite as they had not entirely rejected, was deliberately removed and struck out. In such things as these the native character—or spirit, as it is called—of the Ordinal clearly manifests itself."

This appears to be the straightforward and common-sense view as to the Anglican Ordinal. As in the earliest times of Julius III. and Paul IV., so now in our days, Pope Leo XIII. mainly bases his decision against the reception of Anglican Orders as Catholic Orders upon the inherent invalidity of the form itself. Moreover, he strengthens this judgment by a reference to the history of the times when this form was drawn up, and to the opinions of those mainly concerned in the work. I have endeavored to illustrate this interesting and important point at somewhat greater length. It remains to note what the Pope in the *Apostolicæ Curæ* says as to the Catholic doctrine of intention.

"With this inherent *defect of the form* is joined," writes the Pope, "*the defect of intention*, which is equally essential to the Sacrament. The Church does not judge about the mind or intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally, she is bound to judge concerning it. When any one has rightly and seriously made use of the due form and the matter requisite for effecting or conferring the Sacrament, he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. On this principle rests the doctrine that a sacrament is truly conferred by the ministry of one who is a heretic or unbaptized, provided the Catholic rite be employed. On the other hand, if the rite be changed, with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church, and of rejecting what the Church does, and what by the institution of Christ belongs to the nature of the sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to, and destructive of, the sacrament."

In other words, the case seems to

me to stand thus. The early English Reformers rejected the Sacrifice of the Mass and all that the notion implied—altars, vestments, and priesthood. They drew up a rite of ordaining ministers, in which, by exclusion, this notion was strongly emphasized, and which was wholly different from the ancient Catholic rite. Further, there can be no doubt whatever that those who were responsible for drawing up the rite, and those who first used it, would have rejected, with scorn and by the use of the strongest language, any idea of making bishops and priests in the Catholic sense. Why, therefore, will their successors in religion—the members of the English Established Church, or those bodies which sprang from it—take it amiss if Pope Leo XIII., as the result of his examination of the question, came to agree with their forefathers in all this, and declared that, in his opinion, they succeeded in their design? He is not, be it remembered, the first who has come to this decision; for the same judgment had already been passed upon the validity of Anglican Orders by the Greeks and Russians, and by the Jansenists and Old Catholics.

HOWEVER perplexed you may at any hour become about some question of truth, one refuge and resource is always at hand: you can do something for some one besides yourself. When your own burden is heaviest, you can always lighten a little some other burden. At the times when you can not see God, there is still open to you this sacred possibility, to *show* God; for it is the love and kindness of human hearts through which the divine reality comes home to men, whether they name it or not. Let this thought, then, stay with you: there may be times when you can not find help, but there is no time when you can not give help.

—George S. Merriam.

The Master of Carstairs.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

II.

THAT same afternoon Frank Dale left Kenilworth for London; and, seeing him drive off toward the station, the elder Mannerings gave him a pleasant, almost genial nod and smile as he passed them on the road.

"Gone!"—Mrs. Mannerling smiled and exchanged glances with her husband, who rubbed his hands gleefully. "I trust he may remain away some time."

"I trust so, and it is most probable that you may have your wish," he replied cheerily. "He has gone to London about some law business, Father Quinn told me. We all know what that means—when a man goes to law. Well, at best 'tis a lengthy affair."

"He's a fine-looking fellow, and both good and clever," Mrs. Mannerling said, in a tone of regret. "And if only—"

"He were master of Carstairs!" laughed her husband. "But he's not, and our beautiful Sibyl must do better than wed a nobody like Frank Dale."

"There's something about the lad I like."

"Well, I must confess I feel that too. But still—"

"That's it. We might praise him from now till to-morrow, and the 'but' would still remain. Sibyl must give him up, and look higher."

"When he's gone and she meets others, she'll do that. She's but a child, after all."

"The festivities at Carstairs and the people she'll meet there will open her eyes. We've brought her up too simply and piously. She knows nothing of the world. When does Mr. Carstairs come home, Jim?"

"The time is not fixed. But I hear that Christmas is to be celebrated at the mansion with great magnificence,—

a house full of people, a big ball, and any number of dinners."

"I trust we may be invited to stay in the house."

"To be sure we shall. We are, if not wealthy, amongst the most important people in the neighborhood. Oh, you may count on an invitation to join the house-party! So you and Sibyl had better begin to interview your dressmakers. The child must have plenty of smart frocks."

Mrs. Mannerling smiled.

"Yes, plenty; and getting them will distract and amuse her."

"I wonder if it will? It strikes me our Sibyl is grave and old beyond her years. She'd rather spend her time, I fancy, arranging flowers for the altar than in dressing for a ball."

"Yes. But she's been dormant till now. She'll wake up now, and enjoy everything. The thought of a visit to Carstairs will be a great joy to her."

But all the surmises and discussions as to whether or not an invitation would come to the Lawn from Carstairs, and all the preparations that were being made, so that they might be ready to accept it in the event of its coming, interested Sibyl very little. Her thoughts were with her absent lover, for whom she prayed fervently and continually. Without him the days seemed long, the evenings dull. She still wandered round the park at Carstairs, or sat against the trunk of a big tree. But the grand old place seemed to have lost much of its beauty. The grass was less green, the views less charming, the air less invigorating, since Frank Dale was no longer to be met coming across the sward, or talked to under the spreading branches of oak and elm.

"God bring him safe home again! Our Lady of Good Counsel, pray for, comfort and take care of him!" the girl murmured softly one day, some four weeks after his departure, as

she hurried back from early Mass in the pretty, ivy-grown church, where she and Frank had so often prayed together. "The poor fellow! He is brave and good; and, although he has as yet found no trace of this solicitor, he writes cheerfully. But, oh, he longs to be out of that big, crowded city! And the time goes slowly here without him. I miss him constantly, and can think of nothing but the moment of his return. December is passing, Christmas is nearly here,—the time of peace, hope, and joy. Oh, our prayers" (smiling and gazing up at a somewhat tempestuous sky) "will be answered soon, and then Frank will come home!"

Consoled and comforted, resigned in everything to God's will, Sibyl entered the morning room, a bright color in her cheeks, a smile upon her lips. Here she found her mother, flushed and excited.

"My dear child," she cried, as the girl appeared, "I have good news for you!"

"News?" Sibyl's eyes flashed, her face lit up joyfully. "O Mother, what is it?"

"An invitation to go to Carstairs, on the 21st of December, and stay there till after Christmas."

"Oh, only that?" Sibyl gave a little sigh, and sank into a chair. The news she had hoped for was news of Frank. "I—"

"Only that"! Well, really you speak coolly. One would think you lived in a whirl of excitement and were quite tired of amusements. For my part, I think this visit will be delightful. And your father, and all who have seen him, are charmed with Mr. Carstairs. He is older than we thought, and sad-looking, they say; but he'll make a first-rate host, I feel sure."

"I dare say." (Sibyl smiled.) "And indeed, mother, I am glad that this invitation has come. It will be pleasant

to see the inside of that grand old mansion."

The following week was a busy one. Between putting finishing touches to dresses and packing her belongings, Sibyl had scarcely a moment to spare. But as she flitted up and down the house, or sat stitching and sewing in her room, her heart was light and full of hope. Frank continued to write cheerfully, and had at last announced in triumph that he had found Mr. Sharples, the lawyer whose name was written in his mother's little book.

"He is seldom at his office," he wrote, "and so is hard to catch. He is old, and motors up only occasionally from the country for an hour or so at a time. But I'll soon interview him somehow, and bring all the information he can give with me to the Carstairs' ball on the 23d. Dear old Father Quinn—I'd no idea he was so worldly!—insists on my coming home for that. So, my darling, we'll dance together, and talk over all my news. Meanwhile I do not forget my little verse each night: 'In peace, safety and joy.' Think of it, Sibyl; and pray on, dear one,—pray on!"

"I'll surely do that," she laughed happily. "'In peace, safety and joy.' I believe surely it will be that."

The following day, after a hurried lunch and a considerable amount of fuss and excitement, the Mannerings set out for Carstairs in a hired carriage, their luggage having preceded them, in the station bus, an hour or two before.

Mr. Everard Carstairs was a stranger in the neighborhood. Some three years had passed since his succession, through the unexpected death of a distant cousin, to the estates and fine old mansion called Carstairs, close to Kenilworth. For one reason or another, he did not visit his property, and lingered abroad. Then, just as people were beginning to believe that he would remain forever an absentee, he announced his

return, and sent out invitations for a housewarming on so large and magnificent a scale that the gentry, for miles round, fairly gasped for breath.

"This rate of going will end in ruin," one said to the other. "And I hate monster gatherings. I trust he won't do this sort of thing every year."

"Not he!" exclaimed the Carstairs agent. "It's just a flare up. The Squire doesn't mean to live here. The place is too big and too grand for him. He's a man of simple tastes."

"Pooh! He won't find it too big if he marries."

"The Squire will never marry. There's a mystery in his life."

"Mystery? What mystery?"

"I can't tell you. You must find it out for yourselves." And, chuckling at having thus aroused their curiosity, the agent turned on his heel and went away.

This conversation Mr. Mannering repeated to his wife, but she only laughed.

"Mystery indeed!" she exclaimed. "What nonsense. Mere silly gossip, I'm sure." Then, as her husband went off, she thought quickly: "As to his not marrying, that's absurd. A man in his position ought to do so without delay. I wonder what dear Sibyl will think of him? When he sees her" (smiling) "he'll probably change his mind; for she is attractive—lovely,—and would make a splendid mistress for Carstairs."

As the Mannerings drove up the fine drive, and their carriage stopped in front of the house, the door was flung open by a pair of tall footmen with powdered hair and handsome livery; and before they had time to alight, their host came out upon the steps, and in a gracious and kindly manner welcomed them to Carstairs.

"He's a fine man,—handsome and well set-up," thought Mrs. Mannering, after dinner that evening, as she

watched Mr. Carstairs' tall, well-knit figure moving about the drawing-room amongst his guests. "But he's very grave, and turning grey,—white, I might say. Is he really old, or is it that he looks old beyond his years? I hardly know. However, I am afraid Sibyl—"

"How charming your daughter looks to-night!" a lady said at her elbow. "I envy you having so pretty a girl to bring out. She'll make quite a sensation, and marry well before long. But isn't our host delightful? That little air of dreamy mystery is an immense charm. I wonder what his story is? 'Tis said he has a past. Ah, I am wanted at the piano!" And she flitted away.

"Air of dreamy mystery! Such nonsense!" thought Mrs. Mannering, glancing across the room at Mr. Carstairs, who was now seated beside Sibyl, talking to her in a low, impressive voice. "But, dear me! What unaccountable creatures girls are! She appears quite charmed with him. He smiles as she answers him, and she—he can not be so old. Evidently Sibyl attracts him. And really—but I must not go too fast; and above all I must not show that I notice anything. A word to the child might spoil all. So I must be careful."

On entering the drawing-room after dinner, Sibyl had seated herself, a little apart from the rest of the company, in a low chair, beside a small table on which stood a silver bowl full of choice exotics. Thinking how delightful all this would be if Frank were only near, she bent down toward the sweet blossoms, and smiled as she inhaled their perfume.

"I trust you are not feeling bored, Miss Mannering," Mr. Carstairs asked, coming quietly up to her, and sinking into a chair by her side, "amongst all these strange people?"

The girl laughed softly.

"They are not strange to me,—at least not all. You see I have lived in Kenilworth all my life. Many of these people are old friends."

He sighed heavily, and glanced round the room.

"You are more fortunate than I am. They are all strangers to me, and here in my own house I feel an alien—a—"

"Oh, you'll soon know them,—soon feel at home!" said Sibyl, earnestly. "They are all so nice, and the house is beautiful."

"I'm glad you think so. It's—it's very fine, I know; but I long to get out of it. I've led such a roving life, and have so much upon my mind, that" (shivering) "this place only makes me think" (his voice dropped to an almost inaudible whisper) "of what might have been."

Sibyl looked up curiously at his sad countenance. Though pale and showing signs of suffering, there was something in her host's face that thrilled her with a feeling of wondering admiration.

"Yes," he went on, apparently unconscious of the girl's searching glance, "all day I dream of what might have been had only things gone right."

"Nothing is perfect in this world," Sibyl said gently, the color rising in her sweet face! "We are all inclined to wish for something we can't get."

He turned his dark eyes upon her suddenly, and smiled.

"I trust all your wishes, dear Miss Mannering, may be fulfilled! Life is before you,—a pleasant, happy life, I feel sure."

"Thank you! If I get what I wish for, it will be that."

"You speak confidently. Then there is some one you—love and trust?"

Sibyl blushed deeply, and her eyes fell before his.

"Yes, some one I love and trust with all my soul."

"Fortunate man!" (rising to his feet).

"May he prove worthy of such love and confidence! Is he here to-night?"

"No,—oh, no!" she replied, her eyes dancing. "But he is coming to the ball. He is in London now, on business."

"I'm glad he'll be at the ball. You must introduce him."

"Gladly I'll do so, Mr. Carstairs. And," she added simply, "I'm sure you will like Frank."

He smiled, and looked down at her admiringly.

"I hope I may. And now, Miss Mannering, we must be friends. I am a lonely man,—a man who has suffered—does suffer because of the past. Your freshness and belief in all that is good will raise me from despondency. And I—if I can help you in any way to attain your great wish, let me know."

And before the girl had time to reply he was gone.

"How strange he is!" thought Sibyl, glancing after him as he went forward and, in a few gracious words, thanked Mrs. Irwin for her song. "I wonder how, why he has suffered? He is nice, in his own way. There's a charm, a fascination; and, really, as I look at him—at his figure and the way he walks—he reminds me of some one,—yes—but" (laughing) "it is absurd. Still, in spite of his age and sad looks, he reminds me of Frank."

Before going to bed that night, Mrs. Mannering followed her daughter to her room and kissed her rapturously.

"What a delightful house! What a charming host!" she cried, with an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. "I hope you are enjoying it all, Sibyl dear. And indeed you ought to be pleased and flattered. You are quite the belle of the party."

"I have spent a pleasant evening, mother" (smiling). "But there are several pretty girls here at present."

"Oh, yes! You are in love with the house, I am sure."

"It is beautiful."

"The sort of place you'd like to settle in for life?"

"Not exactly, mother dear."

"You might do worse, then."

"Assuredly I might and will. Carstairs is as far above me as the stars. I am not ambitious, and do not aspire to anything half so grand."

"Then" (indignantly) "you ought to. A girl as lovely as you are might rise—occupy any position."

"The home I dream of, mother," said Sibyl, with grave earnestness, "when I marry Frank, will be very different. We, neither of us, care for grandeur, and our means will be small."

"We'll not discuss that now" (coldly). "But I'd advise you to think things over seriously, Sibyl, and do not refuse a good offer if it comes your way."

"Mother, dear mother, pray don't talk like that! I—"

"I won't. But, O my darling, I only wish you to be happy!"

She kissed Sibyl again, and smiled to herself as she went away to her own room.

"I wonder," she thought, "if the dear child really means what she says? I doubt it. And Everard Carstairs, though he is old-looking, is a man any girl might fancy."

(To be continued.)

Our Daily Bread.

BY MARION MUIR.

©AIN, bitter as the ultimate divorce
Of soul and body, crieth up to me,
Wailing in troubled cities like the hoarse
Illimitable anguish of the sea.

Why should the toilers everywhere be found
Beaten and broken on the wheel of Fate?
The desert blooms, the cataract is bound,
Are there no chains for cruelty and hate?

He who hath bound captivity and death
Shall feed the multitude once more; for He
Sends harvest, and before His face the breath
Of Life and Hope is blown eternally.

A Great Client of St. Joseph.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

THE second great mission with which the Receiver of Taxes in that town of Anjou was charged abounds in striking episodes, in providential manifestations; and therein is clearly shown the gradual working out of a sublime and comprehensive plan. One of the first links in this great chain was the connection which was established between Jerome le Royer and another powerful factor in the accomplishment of these designs, Jean Jacques Olier, the illustrious founder of St. Sulpice, since by supreme authority declared Venerable. To him had also been revealed, upon that same Feast of the Purification, details of that ideal settlement to be made on the island of Montreal by a new company of associates. They were to pledge themselves to the single aim of promoting the glory of God and carrying the faith to the aborigines. They were to imperil their own resources, without hope of future gain. The undertaking was to be a charge neither to the King nor to the nation, but to depend in the last resort upon the heavenly treasury of the King of kings.

The colonization schemes regarding New France, many of them undertaken by Huguenots, had been intensely commercial; and this in spite of the clearly expressed wishes of successive French monarchs, who had invariably made it a condition of all grants or patronage of any sort that the heathen should be converted and the light of faith brought to distant settlements. This commercialism had ultimately defeated the settling of the country; for the colonists totally disregarded the culture of the soil, which alone could have given them proper nourishment;

and, having made what money they could, returned to France. It prevented the civilization of the savages; for it was not to the interest of those avaricious traders to turn the fur-hunting Indians into peaceful and Christianized farmers. It led, moreover, to such grave abuses as the sale of liquor to the savages, against which Mgr. de Laval and the Jesuits had to struggle for so many years. Colonists going to Montreal, therefore, were to forego all trading aspirations, to devote themselves to the culture of the soil, and in that way obtain a modest competency.

The Holy Family was to be specially honored in the new settlement by three communities: the Sulpitians, the newly founded Hospitallers, and the Congregation of Notre Dame,—the last named to be established by a saintly woman from Troyes, whom Parkman calls "the gentlest figure in colonial annals," and who, if gentle, was also strong, and an invaluable auxiliary to the infant settlement,—"the little St. Genevieve of Canada," Marguerite Bourgeoys.

Venerable Jean Olier, supernaturally enlightened upon these various details, was prepared for the coming of La Dauversière. The latter proceeded to Paris, as he was so often afterward to do for the affairs of Montreal. He visited upon this occasion the celebrated Marie Gournay, or Rousseau, a woman of humble station, but with so great a renown for sanctity and for spiritual enlightenment as to be consulted by the highest personages. She encouraged Le Royer in his designs, assured him of their success, and advised him to seek an interview with Pierre Séguier, Chancellor of France, then living at Mendon.

Before proceeding thither, Le Royer went to early Mass and received Holy Communion in the Church of Notre Dame; and during his thanksgiving, which was made with even more than his accustomed fervor, he was favored by that wondrous apparition of Jesus,

Mary, and Joseph. The Queen of Heaven deigned to indicate Le Royer to her Son as His faithful servant; and Our Lord Himself, who appeared under the form of a child, as He had appeared to the Jewish doctors in the Temple, declared to Jerome: "Thou shalt henceforth be My faithful servant. I will clothe thee with strength and wisdom; thy Angel Guardian shall be thy guide. Labor vigorously at My work. My grace will suffice for thee; it shall never fail thee." He then took from His finger a gold ring, upon which were engraved the three sacred names, and placed it upon Le Royer's finger, saying: "Receive this ring. Thou shalt bestow a similar one upon those who shall consecrate themselves to Me in the Congregation which thou art about to found." And to this day the Hospitallers of St. Joseph wear upon their finger a ring, precisely the same except that it is of silver, inscribed with the three holy names.

Le Royer remained for a few moments rapt in profound contemplation, during which he distinctly heard repeated the various statutes of the new institute. Rising up cheered and encouraged, he pursued his journey to Mendon, where took place that historic meeting with the illustrious founder of St. Sulpice. As Le Royer entered by one door, he saw, at the end of the corridor, a priest in the act of going out by another door. It was Jean Jacques Olier. They mutually recognized each other by providential inspiration; and, under the oaks of the park, they conferred for two hours upon those high matters of vital import to an earthly kingdom and of the deepest interest to the Church. They met again, and frequently; but at their future interviews there were present the Duke de Liancourt, M. de Renty, the Baron de Fancamp, Pierre Séguier, and many others of those wealthy and influential personages whom M. Olier interested in the plan. Most of them chose to remain unknown, while eagerly

offering their purses and the various resources at their command for the furtherance of a scheme so unworldly, so patriarchal in its simplicity, and so confident in its reliance upon the divine good pleasure.

When the project became known to the public, carping and malicious critics were not wanting to mock at its aspirations, to criticise its methods, and to predict its failure. Then was published a pamphlet—"True Motives of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Society of Montreal,"—the authorship of which was ascribed, with every appearance of probability, to La Dauversière. From it may be quoted the following answer to objections:

"You have argued better than you knew in saying that the foundation of Montreal is work for a king, since the King of kings is concerned therein. Let God do what He wills; for if you properly understood the affair, you would see with what coldness and indifference we proceed, and would not concern yourselves with us, who are but slothful and indifferent servants. You would desire, rather, to adore the counsels of His wisdom, and rejoice at the effects of His mercy, which does so much more to further our endeavors and to procure His glory than we deserve. How could you ever have fancied that, relying upon our own strength, we should have presumed to dream of so glorious an enterprise? If God is not with the affair of Montreal, if it be a human invention, do not trouble yourselves: it will not last. What you have predicted will happen. But if it be God's will, who are you that dare to contradict it? Relying upon His word, we believe that this work is God's. You, who neither believe nor act, should therefore leave to others the liberty of doing what they believe God demands of them."

Le Royer, though gifted with neither oratory nor fluency of speech, was,

nevertheless, called upon constantly to explain this wonderful scheme to the large and influential assemblage which M. Olier called together. His simple and earnest words, his entire humility, and his wondrous faith and confidence in God, never failed to persuade and to convince. As the above-quoted pamphlet declares, the success which attended his efforts was in itself a proof of the divine interposition. "Is it not extraordinary that one man alone, the author of so exalted and so novel a design, himself a stranger, unknown in Paris, without means, without support, without any charms of speech, should be received and welcomed in so short a time by so many persons, varying in condition, in qualities of mind, in virtue, in experience, and influence, and sufficiently fastidious as to prevent their lightly believing in supernatural things?"

It would be impossible to express the constant and unremitting labors of La Dauversière in this matter of colonization, his incessant journeyings when modern facilities for travel were unknown; while he neglected no detail of his ordinary affairs, watched over the interests of the infant community, signed contracts for the various new foundations which followed each other in rapid succession, and proved himself a veritable father to his spiritual daughters.

The plan of the settlement of Montreal was worked out with that mathematical precision so noticeable in the designs of that Heavenly Father without whose all-watchful care not a sparrow falls. Each circumstance, each personage, or group of personages, fitted into its place and produced the perfection of the whole. Thus the Jesuits, with their accurate knowledge of conditions in the New World, were enabled to lend powerful assistance. Father Massé, the veteran missionary who had been with the Huguenot

settlers of Acadia, was brought to the college of La Flèche; Father Lallemant was in Paris, where he was constantly consulted by Le Royer and the rest on Canadian affairs; Father le Jeune, at Quebec, received the first consignment of stores and utensils destined for the future settlement. It was through the good offices of Father Lallemant that Le Royer was made acquainted with Paul de Chomodey de Maisonneuve, governor and founder of Montreal, at the very moment when his services were required; and through him, again, was discovered, in her native city of Champagne, the holy instructress of youth, Marguerite Bourgeoys; she became the foundress of the chief Canadian educational Order, which has so many flourishing houses in Canada and the United States.

(To be continued.)

Francis Borgia's Vow.

BY PETER K. GUILDAY.

"AT Rome, of Saint Francis Borgia, General of the Society of Jesus, celebrated for the austerity of his life, the gift of prayer, and for having renounced the dignities of the world, and refused those of the Church." The history of the lives of God's saints, with its too-often sombre dramatic setting, is to many persons of our own day a depressive and chilling one. But there is a story hidden beneath these quickly-going words of the Roman Martyrology, so rich in the poetry of life and so tenderly sweet in outline that the Catholic heart unconsciously exults and outpours itself in love toward his Faith for producing such a soul-inspiring character as Saint Francis Borgia. We seem in fancy to be borne across the seas to the little Spanish town of Gandia, where the streets are lined this glorious October morning with men and women and children,

whose happy, sun-browned faces are aglow with joy, and whose expectant gaze shows that a festival of great love to them is about to be celebrated.

It is early in the morning. Off in the distance, the high-reaching hills of the Morena Sierras, clothed in a ruddy splendor by the sheen of the rising sun, push their glittering, snow-capped peaks toward the heaven where Gandia's glorious protector kneels in adoration and supplication before the Great White Throne of Almighty God. The sweet-sounding tones of the old church bell come rhythmically through the fragrant morning air in a melody of golden notes, and seem in their ecstasy to be hurrying the gladsome people to the holy services of the day. Far down the main street of the town, a procession is wending its way to the small white-marble church situated on a little hill, from which you can see that deep blue flush with which the waters of the Mediterranean embrace the holy birth-place of our Saint. At first it seems to be the celebration of Corpus Christi—a feast dear to Southern Europe,—but the banners and emblems carried by little golden-haired girls prove it to be in honor of Francis Borgia, Gandia's great patron. The children, with their bright, innocent faces,—how eager they are to tell you the story of his life! For "Jesus, Mary, and Saint Francis" were the first words they were taught to say.

Born at a time when the united Spanish kingdom of Aragon and Castile was enjoying the first taste of freedom and peace from the yoke of the Moors, scarcely five years before his illustrious contemporary and friend, Saint Teresa, came to bless this world by her sanctity and her learning, Francis Borgia, fifth Duke of Gandia, grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic, and scion of a family which gave Popes and Cardinals to the Church, achieved by the eminence of his abilities the highest place in the administration of the affairs of Spain,

and rose, by a self-abasement as amazing as it was complete, to the honor of the generalship of the Society of Jesus and to the immortal dignity of becoming one of God's canonized saints.

The years of his boyhood and young manhood were spent in the ducal palace at Gandia, under the careful guardianship of the best teachers of the time; but the wonderful innocence and piety of his childhood days, the solid foundation of his sanctity, and the spirit of prayer which makes him so notable among modern saints, were due chiefly to the instruction and guidance of his saintly mother, the Duchess. At five, the Breviary tells us, she had taught him the catechism; and when but seven years old he recited daily at her knee the Office of the Blessed Virgin, in Latin.

His gentle address, his generous and modest bearing toward others won him favor everywhere, especially at the court of Charles V., where he was placed as a young man by his father,—such being the custom among the noble families of that time. The Empress Isabella, who was afterward to be the instrument in God's hands to turn the mind of Francis wholly to His divine service, had a high esteem for the young courtier, and, with the consent of his father the Duke, arranged for his marriage to a lady high in the court circles of Portugal, Eleanor de Casto. On the day of the nuptials, the Emperor conferred on him the titles Marquis of Lombay, and Master of the Horse to the Empress. God blessed his marriage with eight children: Charles, who became sixth Duke of Gandia, and in whose family the title remains at present; Isabella, who married the Count of Lerma, and whose eldest son became Prime Minister of Spain; John; Alvarez; Johanna; Fernandez; Dorothy, who died a Poor Clare; and Alphonsus.

The death of his friend, Garcilasco de Vega—called by contemporary writers

the Spanish Petrarch,—who was killed at the siege of Mui, in Provence, in 1537, caused Saint Francis to devote himself with renewed fervor to the service of God. *Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas, et ostendit illi regnum Dei*, sings the Church, in the words of the Book of Wisdom, on the feast-day of our Saint; and God, indeed, was leading him along mysterious paths to that full perfection He wished His servant to acquire.

And now the time for his vow had come. It was in the month of May, 1539; Charles V. was holding court at Toledo, when suddenly the festivities were turned into gloom by the death of his consort, the Empress Isabella. Saint Francis and his wife, as Marquis and Marchioness of Lombay, were commissioned by the Emperor to accompany the funeral cortege to Granada, where the remains were to be interred. No one in that vast sorrowing assemblage felt the loss of the Empress more than Francis Borgia. She had been during the whole of his life his best and dearest friend. Her beautiful face, with its sparkling eyes and gentle lips; her form so full of queenly grace and dignity; her hands as fair and white as lilies; her voice heard so often in song and praised by all the court,—all were gone now, and Francis felt that life were as nothing but a succession of sorrows and miseries and crosses "too heavy for mortals to bear."

In language more expressive than the stringent garments of prose permit, Eleanor C. Donnelly, tells the rest of this impressive story. When the funeral procession has reached the vault—

... in the chant and solemn rites
Here comes a sudden hush and halt.
The Borgia and his brother knights
Approach the entrance of the vault;
And, falling on one knee, prepare
Upon their sabre-hilts to swear
Their sovereign's corpse lies truly there.

Back rolled the ponderous coffin lid,—
O Heaven! hide that hideous sight!

The pride and glory of Madrid,
 Darling of king, and court's delight,
 There in the shuddering sunshine lay
 A sickening mass of foul decay.
 From lip and eye the worms escaped,
 And, crawling, fed on cheek and nose
 (Which, erst as pure as mountain snows,
 Were now with black corruption craped);
 While from the livid, loathsome shape
 So terrible a stench arose,
 That right and left the courtiers fled,
 And left Duke Francis with the dead.

The mind of Francis had been trained from boyhood to recognize in all things the mysterious workings of Divine Providence; and, accepting this terrible spectacle as a direct monition from God, he knelt down beside the deserted bier and swore upon the cross hilt of his sword from thenceforth to serve his Crucified Lord, and Him alone.

Henceforth, O Master! King Divine!
 My life, my love, my all are Thine!

The panegyric preached the following day in the cathedral by Blessed John d'Avila strengthened his resolve and in the afternoon Francis sent for his director and made known to him his vow to leave the world for Christ. Quitting the court circles, he spent from five to eight hours a day in prayer and meditation; his fastings, his disciplinings, and continual watchings became so heavy that Eleanor and his children petitioned the Emperor to make him lessen his austerities; but, though the Emperor created him Viceroy of Catalonia, and a Knight of St. James, Francis ever attended the court functions wearing a hair-shirt under his court dress. During the ten years of his viceregency over Catalonia, he fortified the towns, built a convent for the Dominicans at Lombay, erected hospitals in all the large cities, and laid the foundation of the first Jesuit college in that part of the Spanish kingdom.

From the day that Francis made a total oblation of himself to Our Lord, he decided that, if God should call his wife first, he would enter the Society of Jesus. Eleanor died on the 27th of March,

1546, leaving the Saint a widower at the age of thirty-six years. Shortly after her death, Father Peter Faber, the first associate of Saint Ignatius in the foundation of his Order, had occasion to visit Gandia, and Saint Francis made formal application to him for entrance into the Society. A three years' course in theology followed, and in August, 1551, he was ordained to the priesthood, saying his first Mass in the little chapel at Loyola.

His eminent qualities both as a statesman and a religious brought our Saint to the notice of Pope Julius III., who wished to promote him to the cardinalate; but Francis, who was in Rome, set out secretly and hid himself in the little Jesuit college at Loyola, thus escaping the honor. Upon the death of Father Laynez, the second General of the Jesuits, in 1565, Francis was chosen to succeed him,—a dignity which he held until his death, seven years later, in 1572. His burial took place in the chapel attached to the house of the Society in Gandia; but his body was afterward removed to Madrid by his famous grandson, Cardinal and Duke of Lerma, Prime Minister of Spain, where it still remains. Pope Urban VIII. beatified Gandia's illustrious son fifty-two years later; and in 1671 he was canonized by Pope Clement XI., his festival being fixed for the 10th of October.

Many years have flown past since the death of this great Saint of Spain, and many are the customs that have come and gone,—many are the changes that have taken place since then in that little town by the sea. Other saints of world-wide fame have risen up and given the message of their holy lives to the men and women of their generation, and have been lost to sight again; but through all this flight of years no saint has been nearer to the hearts of the simple people of Gandia than Saint Francis Borgia. Let the rest of Spain

speak with rapture of a Saint Teresa or a Saint James, Gandia's heart of hearts is for one only and cleaves to him still.

The oft-quoted lines from Goethe's "Tasso,"

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt,

seem to be the only ones to apply to a life like that of Saint Francis; for it is seldom that God joins the active and contemplative lives so thoroughly as He has done in the case of Francis Borgia. Whether we admire him for his great virtues, for the purity and simplicity of his public and private life, or for the extraordinary statesmanship he displayed as Viceroy of Catalonia and General of the Society of Jesus, our final sentiment must be that his was a sanctity equalled by few of God's creatures here on earth, and worthy of the brightest crown in the Eternal Kingdom, where he is now adoring before the Face of the Lamb, and singing in the magnificat of his heart the praises of Him he loved so unreservedly.

A Sublime Spectacle.

BEAUTIFUL spectacles, the fruit of persecution, are being offered in France to the entire Church. They are the outcome of recent events, and are calculated to cause both edification and rejoicing. Fourteen French priests were consecrated bishops, at one time, in Rome, by the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, just as upon the day of Pentecost the Apostles in the Cenacle received the tongues of fire and the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. More recently still, at the archbishopric in Paris, all the bishops of France, in conclave assembled, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and under absolute secrecy, sent forth their decisions touching the salvation of their country and the triumph of the Church.

Before separating, and sending the result of their votes to the Supreme Pastor, they proceeded to the national Basilica of Montmartre, on the first Friday of June, at three o'clock. There, in that sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and placed upon an eminence which dominates the whole of Paris, they ranged themselves in three rows of stalls. The prelates, including cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, numbered almost eighty. The venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who is nearly ninety years of age, intoned the Vespers. Then his coadjutor, Mgr. Amette, made an announcement in a voice full of an emotion which was shared by the throng filling that vast basilica. "We are going," he said, "to renew the consecration of all our dioceses, and consequently of the whole of France, to the Heart of Jesus Christ. We are about to make our protestation that France—the true France—does not seek separation from Him who is the way, the truth, and the life."

It was a sublime spectacle thus to behold all those dignitaries of the Church of France prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament. When the moment came for the consecration, the sound of the organ died away into silence, and the venerable Cardinal Archbishop arose and pronounced the first words of the formula. The bishops immediately joined their voices to his, and all recited together that beautiful prayer, at the conclusion of which they renewed the National Vow of France to the Sacred Heart. Their solemn and measured utterances resounded through the arches like the ardent and impassioned supplication of pastors for their guilty children. The multitude listened in awe-stricken silence, comprehending that, like Moses of old, the bishops wrestled with the Lord for the pardon and salvation of the people who were erstwhile called most Christian.

Notes and Remarks.

Commenting in these columns, less than six months ago, on the infamous advice given by the French *Revue Maçonnique*, to the effect that "it would be a good thing if people even now were paid to go about the streets disguised as priests, monks, and nuns, and commit acts which might create scandal," we said: "Forewarned is forearmed. We trust that American readers, and more particularly American editors, will bear the foregoing facts in mind when commenting during the next year or two on the crimes, scandals, etc., of French clerics, Brothers, and Sisters." The inevitable crop of supposititious scandals has begun to appear. "A Priest's Intrigues" forms the heading of a French newspaper's account of an abbé stated to be in prison on a serious charge. While there is, of course, a possibility that the news is authentic, it is far and away more probable that he is the victim of persecution. In view of the Masonic organ's widely circulated advice, the presumption is distinctly in favor of the abbé—if there is a genuine abbé concerned at all.

There is food for reflection in the following words of the unfortunate Renan, which we find in the concluding portion of an admirable article in the London *Tablet* entitled "The Eve of Priesthood: Lacordaire—Renan." Who that is fated to read the writings of unbelievers has not experienced the loss to his soul of those sweet enjoyments to which the apostate refers?

Had I stayed in Brittany, I should ever have remained a stranger to that vanity which the world has loved and encouraged. I mean a measure of deftness in evoking a jingle of words and ideas. At Paris this pleased them; and, perchance to my misfortune, I was constrained to continue it. . . . I see around me pure and simple men, in whom Christianity is sufficient to

produce virtue and honor. Ah, God save them from ever having aroused in them that wretched faculty, that fatal spirit of criticism, which so imperiously demands satisfaction; and which, when satisfied, leaves the soul so few sweet enjoyments! Would to God it lay with me to stifle it! . . . Have I, therefore, lost all hope of returning to Catholicism? Ah, such a thought would be too cruel for me! No, I no longer hope to return by any rational process; but I have often been on the verge of a complete revolt from a guide which at times I mistrusted. The regret of my life is to have chosen for my studies a line of research which will never be quieted, and which always endures through enticing questionings as to a reality forever vanished.

Alas that one who all his life, he tells us, had in the depths of his heart the echo of church bells, calling him to the sacred offices, should have written so much to cause spiritual blight in the hearts of others!

Ever since the Divine Founder of Christianity likened the difficulty of a rich man's getting to heaven to that of a camel's passing through the eye of a needle, Christian preachers have rung all possible changes on the topic of the wealthy man's inevitable encounter with death,—often, too, it must be added, misinterpreting Christ's words. The editor of a popular review is accordingly giving expression to a centuried truism when he writes: "One pathetic phase attending the accumulation of great riches is the necessity of dying." As to the correctness of the editor's explanation of the dislike mentioned in the following quotation, there will, however, be some dissidence of opinion:

A millionaire recently deceased never used the word "death," and always resented its utterance in his presence. We know another man, quite as rich in worldly goods, who suffers from the same dislike in a degree even more intense. A standing order maintains in his household that all obituary notices be clipped from newspapers before they reach his eye. It is not because he is fearful of consequences in the hereafter, for he sincerely believes himself to be a good man; and if his name were given, the consensus of opinion would be that he has lived a better life than

the majority of human beings. Having this conviction, and being satisfied further that he can rely upon the justice at least of the One in whose image he himself was created, he feels no apprehension of an untoward fate. He simply can not bear the thought of dying. He loves to live to do good.

Is it uncharitable to suggest that a somewhat fuller—and quite attainable—knowledge of “the One in whose image he himself was created” might modify his belief as to his being “a good man,” and, by leading to a more perfect imitation of the Christian Exemplar, banish all dread of meeting beyond the hidden gates of death the Lord and Master whom he has loved and served?

Discriminating students of parochial school work in this country do not need to be told that one of the most energetic and efficient diocesan school superintendents in the United States is the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, of Philadelphia. We have had frequent occasion, for instance, to commend, among other of his activities, the issuing of an excellent series of “Educational Briefs.” In his latest report (for 1905-1906) of the parish schools, Father McDevitt calls attention to the fact that the year 1908 will mark the rounding out of a complete century in the history of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; and in connection therewith he makes the following admirable suggestion:

What better memorial for our hundredth birthday could faith suggest or loyalty devise than the foundation of a free, endowed high school for our girls, that will give the necessary educational advantages to all classes of Catholic girls and fit them for their various vocations? Such an institution would send annually into the life of our great city a body of young women Catholic in training, in spirit, in knowledge who would show by their lives what kind of women the Church can form,—women who would be an ever-present reproof of the loose notions of right and wrong already only too prevalent in society. It would give special attention and preparation to that ever-increasing class of young girls who, either from choice or necessity, join the ranks of breadwinners, going into offices or commercial establishments, meeting

dangers which the complex life of large cities multiplies and intensifies, yet the elimination of which is not possible. At present, preparation for these avocations has to be made largely in non-Catholic institutions, in commercial high schools and business colleges, where there is an absence of that religious influence which we insistently claim is the one absolutely essential element in education. Our only possible line of action is to provide an institution where our young girls may obtain not only the requisite instruction in secular branches, but also the principles and habits of right conduct that will enable them to withstand unavoidable dangers. That such an institution would extend its influence into the lower school is proved concretely by the wholesome, stimulating influence the Catholic boys' High School exercises in regard to our parish schools.

Given the well-known energy of the Superintendent, the undoubted cordial co-operation of Philadelphia's thorough-going Archbishop, and the generosity of that city's Catholic body, it may be taken for granted that in 1908 the Catholic high school for girls will be an established fact.

The *Lutheran* is not particularly impressed with the wisdom of the answers given by certain prominent American citizens to the *Independent's* question as to how they would wish the millions of the late Mr. Russell Sage to be expended in philanthropy. It is interesting to read these answers, and so get an idea of what appeals to these gentlemen as the best things or causes in life. We quote:

The president of Stanford University naturally suggests that the best form of philanthropy is that which makes “men wiser and better fitted for the conduct of life” (a very general and indefinite statement), and would have millions devoted to investigation and research (as if that would accomplish the result); Professor Cattell, of Columbia University, has little faith in charity or endowments, and, like Dr. Jordan, would have them devoted to scientific research; Dr. Andrews, of Nebraska University, suggests the General Education Board as an ideal trustee of some fifty millions “to extend the blessings of thorough higher education to our neediest States and communities”; Dr. Giddings, of Columbia, would have many millions devoted to increase

the salaries of college and university professors; Marion Harland pleads for homes for retired or disabled school-teachers of her own sex; Dr. Ross, of the University of Nebraska, presents the novel idea of endowing independent newspapers that would be "neither venal, subsidized, partisan, nor yellow, to scream us deaf, lie us blind, and force the self-respecting journals to compromise with their methods"...; Mr. Ghent, author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism," would have those millions go to the Socialist party for the bringing about of a complete overthrow of the present régime of fraud, grafting, lying, robbery, and slaughter, and the instituting in its place of a régime wherein charity would be unnecessary; Rev. Dr. Cooper, secretary of the American Missionary Association, would have twenty-five millions applied for the betterment of social conditions in New York, another twenty-five for the best of our great universities in the North and West, twenty-five more for education in the South, and twenty-five for Christian schools, hospitals, and Y. M. C. A.'s in foreign countries to be applied by "our great missionary boards and the international committee"; and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward would have the money devoted to humane work, especially in checking vivisection for what is called scientific research.

Commenting on the foregoing, the *Lutheran* makes the point that the six University men quoted are typical of a large number of American educational leaders in their absolute indifference "toward the Church and her redemptive work"; and it certainly does look as if Drs. Jordan, Andrews, and the others, considered religion rather a negligible quantity.

Reviewing a new volume of sermons by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J., already noticed in these columns, the *London Tablet* quotes a paragraph in reference to frequent Communion which deserves the widest reading. Father Lucas says:

As regards the alleged want of fervor that may seem to go with frequent Communion. Of course if any one lives carelessly and thoughtlessly for a month or a fortnight, and then by a big effort pulls himself together for his reception of the Blessed Sacrament, it may very well be that his monthly or fortnightly Communion *seems* to rouse him to greater fervor than if he received weekly. But it is plain that to live habitually

at a higher level, and more closely united to Our Lord, is better than to live in habitual carelessness and tepidity with periodical bursts or spasms of fervor, or of what seems to be like fervor. The steady burning of an electric light or of a gas-jet is obviously better for all practical purposes than the occasional flash of a lucifer match in the dark, though the occasional striking of a match in the dark would make a more vivid impression at the moment than would be made at any single moment by the continuous light.

The sensation caused two or three weeks ago in Allegheny, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. Stocking, of the Universalist Church, is unabated. In his regular Sunday sermon the reverend gentleman defended auricular confession, and advocated the establishment of the confessional in Protestant churches! Dr. Stocking was outspoken, to say the least; indeed, he stated plainly that his remarks were prompted by the recent elopement of a minister with a deaconess. After rehearsing this scandal, Dr. Stocking briefly reviewed the history of auricular confession, and concluded by saying:

I am persuaded that if this practice was taught and observed in our Protestant churches, there would be less immorality among the ministers and church members. There would be fewer instances of ministers alienating the affections of some parishioner's wife, less contention among church members concerning administration and discipline, etc. If all were under solemn obligation to confess their faults, there would be less wickedness in our Protestant churches.

I know of nothing that would tend to produce a better state of moral purity than the obligation to make confession of individual faults among the ministers and the brethren, unless it be to emphasize the great fact that there is no escape from the consequences of one's sins, either in this world or in the world to come.

Which is all very well in theory. The difficulty would be to find ministers that Protestant penitents could confide in. Their apprehension would be twofold — of the minister and the minister's wife. Besides, it is too much to expect people to go to confession when there is no hope of absolution. We can assure Dr. Stocking that very

few Catholics would confess their sins to a priest unless they were persuaded that he possessed, through Christ, the power to absolve them. Our separated brethren would do better to emphasize the great truth that there is no escape from the consequences of sin than to advocate the practice of confession.

It is interesting to learn, from the recently published "Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger," that George Eliot, in spite of the sympathy with freethinkers which marks certain of her books, was not at heart anti-Christian. When "Adam Bede" was written, she no longer quarrelled with "any faith in which human sorrow and human longing for purity have expressed themselves,"—"on the contrary," she writes to M. d'Albert:

I have a sympathy for it that predominates over all argumentative tendencies. I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity; . . . but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages. Many things that I should have argued against ten years ago, I now feel myself too ignorant, and too limited in moral sensibility, to speak of with confident disapprobation.

Later she writes that she no longer sympathizes with freethinkers as a class, and holds that "a spiritual blight comes with no faith."

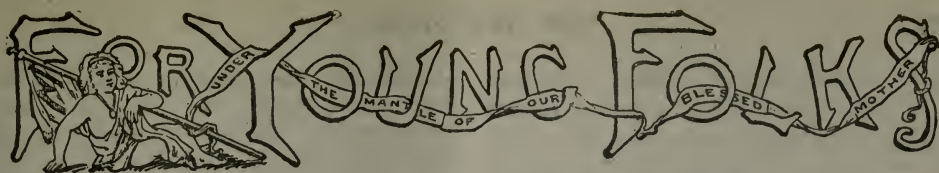
Apropos of the phonograph as an instructor in Plain Chant—reference to which was made in these columns last week,—some interest attaches to the following paragraph from the *American Machinist*:

Some three years ago Francesco Tamagno, the Italian singer whom the world's critics have classed as undoubtedly the greatest tenor of this age, approached the Gramophone Company with the hope of obtaining a few records of his voice to leave as a legacy to his children. He wished them to enjoy his voice in the future, when he himself would no longer be able to sing to them. Tamagno himself was skeptical of the result, as

well he might have been; for it was the first time a really great singer had sung into a talking-machine. But the records were successfully made, and have since become universally known and admired. Upon Tamagno's death, which occurred so suddenly toward the end of last year, these records possessed at once an added interest, and the French Government immediately considered the question of founding a museum wherein the voices of the greatest singers of the present day could be recorded for the gratification of future generations.

One advantage which will thus accrue to the later generations in question will be the ability to compare, and judge of the relative superiority of, the voices of noted singers who have lived in different periods. At present, the question whether the greatest tenor of the seventeenth century, for instance, was more or less wonderfully gifted than Tamagno must remain undecided.

An event that has charged with grief the atmosphere of more than three-score convents in this country and Canada was the recent passing away, at Hochelaga, Montreal, of Mother Mary of the Rosary, Superior-General of the Sisters of the Holy Names. A woman of exceptional personal charm, brilliant mentality, and consummate administrative ability, the deceased religious served her Congregation in different offices of responsibility during a period of forty-one years. Only a twelvemonth ago, she was unanimously elected for the second time General Superior of the Community. This testimony to her exalted virtues and executive gifts—the highest in the power of the Sisters of the Holy Names to give her—was warmly applauded by all friends of the community who were acquainted with Mother Mary of the Rosary's personality and previous record. From these friends, many a hundred among the clergy and laity, will go out a wave of affectionate sympathy to the grief-stricken Sisters, and a fervent prayer for their Mother who has "died in the Lord." *R. I. P.*



The Bishop and the Three Poor Men.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

THIS was how mother came to tell me the story of the Bishop and the Three Poor Men. I am going to tell it to Pipkin some day, when he is older. I'm afraid if I told it to him now, he might misunderstand it, and perhaps think that he needn't learn his prayers.

Father Cree asked me one day what I was doing to help mother, and I said I should love to do something to help her, and I asked her to give me a little piece of work to do. Mother said:

"You shall teach Pipkin his 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary.'"

I thought that sounded a very tiny bit of work indeed, and I said:

"O mother, that's too easy! Let me do something harder than that."

Then mother laughed and said:

"Perhaps it's not quite so easy as you think, Maisie. You do what you can, and by and by you shall have something else."

So I was to teach Pipkin his prayers. His real name is Philip, but we have always called him Pipkin. I suppose when he is a big boy we shall have to say Philip; but that won't be for a very long time yet.

That evening I made him kneel down and put his hands together and shut his eyes, and say, "Our Father." And he said, "Ow Fady." I went on: "Who art in heaven."—"Wart in hebbay," said Pipkin. "Hallowed be Thy name," said I.—"Hally nay," responded Pipkin. "Thy kingdom come."—"Tiddum tum. O Maidie, Pipkin so seepy!"

I began to undress him; for mother had said I was to remember how little he was, and how I had better not give him too big a dose of teaching all at once. But when he was undressed he wasn't sleepy a bit, and he ran about the room in his nightshirt; and I had to catch him, and he looked so sweet that I had to cuddle him; and then I put him to bed, and he hadn't said much for his first prayers.

The next night he was really sleepy and cross, and I couldn't get him to say one word. I thought the morning would be better. But that didn't seem to do at all: for he said the birdies were calling him, and he tried to pick off little bits of the wall-paper. Then he turned round and looked up at the crucifix and said, in a little soft voice: "Bessa Lord, Pipkin loves oo. Do oo love Pipkin?" And then, in a much louder voice: "Pipkin doesn't like payers. Won't say no more."

The days began to go by very fast, and Pipkin would say bits of "Our Father" quite nicely sometimes, and other times he would have forgotten it all except "Amen," which he drawled out "A—men!" I didn't want to make him dislike it, so I tried hard to be very patient with him. Now and then, when he hadn't remembered more than a word here and there, he would look up and say, "Bessa Lord, Pipkin loves oo." And I counted that for his prayers. But at last one day he said the whole of the "Our Father" quite right, and you may suppose I was delighted. So I took him to mother right away, and told him to say it for her, and I did feel nice. But he couldn't say it, or he wouldn't say it, I was not sure which it was at first, but I was sure afterward he really didn't remember it.

I thought mother might be vexed, or at any rate disappointed, but she didn't seem a bit sorry. She just gave us both a great big cuddle. I cried a little; for I wanted to go on to the "Hail Mary" and "Glory be to the Father," and it seemed as if I had spent all my time for nothing. Pipkin said, "A—men,"—that was all. But quite suddenly he said, in the softest of little voices: "Bessa Lord, Pipkin loves oo." And then mother gathered him up in her arms and kissed him, and kissed me.

Mother sent Pipkin away to play, and she put her arms round me and told me the story of the Bishop and the Three Poor Men. I can't tell it as well as mother, but I'll try to tell it as well as I can.

* *

There was once a Bishop,—such a very nice Bishop! He worked very, very hard. Bishops have to work very hard. They have to confirm people, and they have to turn people into priests, and to make the holy oils and the chrism. And they have to see that everything is all right. And they have to go about a great deal, because some parts of their workshop are a long way from other parts. Mother told me that a bishop's workshop is called his diocese. Bishops mustn't mind any trouble. In countries far away, a bishop's work is often harder than here; at least it's what we call ever so much rougher. Sometimes they have no carriage to take them about, and no train, nor even a bicycle; and so they must ride on camels or cows, or walk, or be carried in a sort of beddy thing that shakes them up very much indeed. The bishops in these far-off countries haven't always smooth faces like our bishops here. I suppose it is because they haven't so much time to shave. I believe there's another reason, only I have forgotten it. I've seen a bishop who lived in Africa,

and he had a long beard. I think the Bishop I'm telling about had a long beard, too. Mother didn't tell me what color it was, but I think it must have been black with grey hairs here and there.

Well, this good, nice Bishop was sailing on the big sea one day in a ship. He had a very big diocese; and there were some little islands in his diocese, with just a few people living on them, and the Bishop used to go and see them. He took as much trouble to go and see them as if there had been a great many of them. But the ship was sailing in a place where the Bishop didn't know there were any little islands belonging to his diocese. He was going home for a holiday, and he meant when he got home to preach sermons and tell us all about the strange people he was living amongst.

As they sailed along, the Captain saw a little speck, and the little speck was not on his chart. His chart was the paper that had all the places he would pass put down upon it, so that he might know exactly where he was, and not run any risk of getting his ship on a rock, as, of course, he might do if he didn't know a rock was there. He said to the Bishop:

"My Lord, do you see that little speck?"

The Bishop looked and looked, but he couldn't see anything. Then he squeezed his eyelids close together, and looked and looked, but still he could see nothing. The Captain said:

"That is land, my Lord."

Captains see better than bishops, because they are always looking out a long way ahead.

"Look through this glass, my Lord," said the Captain; and he fixed the glass for the Bishop; and the Bishop set his eye to it, and he could, as well as the Captain, see a speck in the distance far away. But he could not see much better with the glass than the

Captain could without it. However, after a while the Captain fixed the glass for him again, and this time he saw what the Captain told him was a little, tiny island. The Captain said it was still a good way off.

Then the Bishop said: "Who lives there, Captain, do you think?"

And the Captain said: "I don't know, my Lord. I didn't know there was an island there at all."

"I think it must be in my diocese," said the Bishop, "and I should like to go and see."

"I think, my Lord," said the Captain, "we had better not, because there might be men there who would eat us up."

"Well," said the Bishop, "you might let me have a boat when we get near, and I will land by myself."

You see the Bishop was a brave man; and the Captain, of course, did not like to let him go all by himself, so he steered straight for the island. When they got close to it, they saw Three Poor Men kneeling on the shore. Then the Bishop got out of the ship, and the Captain said he would wait for him as long as he liked. The Bishop went straight up to the Three Poor Men. One of them was tall and thin, and he had brown hair and a brown beard. And the second was short and stout, and he had red hair and a red beard. And the third Poor Man was middle-sized and neither stout nor thin, and he had grey hair, and the sun was shining on a little bald patch at the top of his head; and he had no beard at all.

All the Three Poor Men were saying their prayers, and this is what they were saying:

"O Ye
One in Three,
Have mercy upon we!"

When they saw the Bishop, they got up, and bowed very low. The Bishop held out his hand, but they didn't know

they were to kiss his ring, so they only bowed again, but this time it was lower than before. Then they looked at him, and he looked at them, and he blessed them, and they seemed pleased. Then he said:

"My children, I heard you just now say your prayers. Let me hear you again."

They knelt down and put their hands together and said:

"O Ye
One in Three,
Have mercy upon we!"

The Bishop said: "Do you know any other prayers?"

They said: "No, sir."

They did not know you ought to say "My Lord" to a bishop. But the Bishop didn't mind that one bit, any more than mother minds when some one in a shop says "Miss," when, of course, he ought to say "Ma'am" to a married lady.

"I will teach you," said the Bishop. So he began to teach the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, and he made him say "Our Father." And then he made the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, say "Our Father." And then the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard at all, and the little bald patch on the top of his head with the sun shining on it, said "Our Father" after the Bishop. And then the Bishop went back to the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, and asked him to say what he had just learned. But he couldn't remember what the Bishop had taught him. The Bishop smiled at him, and turned to the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, and asked him to say it. But he couldn't remember one word any more than the first Poor Man. And the Bishop smiled at him, and asked the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard at all,

and the little bald patch on the top of his head with the sun shining on it. But he couldn't remember any more than the other two Poor Men, and he shook his head and looked very sorry. All the Three Poor Men shook their heads and looked very sorry.

The Bishop taught them all over again, till the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, and the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, and the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard at all, and the little bald patch with the sun shining on it, could say "Our Father." Then the Three Poor Men were all very much pleased, and the Bishop was very much pleased too.

And then it was time for the Bishop to teach them "Thy kingdom come." He taught the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, to say "Thy kingdom come." And next he taught the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard; and then he taught the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard, and the little bald patch on the top of his head with the sun shining on it. And then the good, patient Bishop went back to the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, and said: "Now, my child, say what I have taught you." But the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, shook his head and looked very sorry. And when the Bishop said the same to the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, he, too, shook his head and looked very sorry. And when it came to the turn of the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard, and the little bald patch at the top of his head with the sun shining on it, he also shook his head and looked very sorry. The good Bishop never lost his patience, but went on teaching the Three

Poor Men to say the "Our Father." And they forgot, and forgot, oh, ever so many times! But they begged the Bishop not to go away. And they all looked very sorry, as they shook their heads every time they forgot.

When this had gone on for quite a long time, the Captain sent the Bishop some dinner for himself and the Three Poor Men; and they ate it, and afterward the Three Poor Men seemed as if they could learn a little quicker. And at last it came about that the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown beard and the brown hair, and the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, and the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard, and the little bald patch at the top of his head with the sun shining on it,—every one of them said the "Our Father" all through without one mistake. Then the Bishop was very glad; and the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard, and the short, stout Poor Man, with the red hair and the red beard, and the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard, and the little bald patch at the top of his head with the moon shining on it, were all very, very glad.

By then it was full time for the Bishop to return to the ship; and, indeed, the Captain was growing very fidgety, though he wouldn't on any account have interrupted the Bishop. So the Bishop blessed the Three Poor Men and got into the ship; and he was a very tired Bishop and a very hungry Bishop too. When he had eaten his supper and said his Matins, he went fast asleep on the deck; and the Captain just put a pillow under his head, and a blanket over him, and left him there; for it was a beautiful warm night.

By and by the Bishop woke up, and took a little walk on deck, and then he began to say his Lauds. He had got

on a long way and just come to the *Benedictus*, when something made him look up, and he saw how the sun had risen and the sky was a lovely, lovely color,—all fair, faint red and gold. And he saw a very strange sight. He saw three figures coming toward the ship. They were walking on the sea just as if it had been dry land; and their faces were lifted up, and the light shone on their faces, and the Bishop thought they were three angels.

But as they came nearer, he saw that they were the Three Poor Men he had left behind him on the little island. There was the tall, thin Poor Man, with the brown hair and the brown beard; and the short, stout Poor Man, with red hair and the red beard; and the middle-sized Poor Man, with the grey hair and no beard, and the little bald patch at the top of his head with the sun shining on it.

The Three Poor Men walked to the side of the ship, and they held up their folded hands, and said all together:

"O sir, teach us to pray in the right way; for we have forgotten all you taught us, and we can remember nothing except—

"O Ye
One in Three,
Have mercy upon we!"

The Bishop knew that the Three Poor Men must be very, very holy people indeed; because, of course, it is only very, very holy people that can walk on the water as if it were the dry land. And he knew that God was pleased with them because they had been praying really and truly from their hearts; and so it was all right, even if they couldn't remember the first prayer of all, the "Our Father." So the Bishop said to the Three Poor Men, "My children, go home, and pray in your own way." He held up his hand in blessing, and they moved away over the sea, back to their island home,

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

II.

"I have been looking for you, ma'am," said Annette, an hour later, as, ready for departure, Mrs. Lawson came slowly down the stairs, satchel in hand. Stephen stood at the door, patiently waiting. Stephen was always patient.

"I have been saying good-bye to every room," replied her mistress. Her face was pale, her eyes full of tears.

Annette looked at her in wonderment. Such excess of sentiment was beyond her comprehension.

"I should think you would be tired enough, ma'am," she said, "with all you've been doing this fortnight, not to go through all the bare rooms again. You will have all the furniture where you are going. 'Twill all be natural."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lawson; "and I am glad of that. Things will not appear so strange. But I am fonder of this old house than I knew."

"It is a good thing for everybody to get out of it," observed Annette. "All I can say is that I hope the servants that are coming may have less trouble than Hannah and I had with the dust and the soot. Indeed you ought to be glad, ma'am, to be going to the fresh sea air and the green trees—"

"I thought the sea air was salt, Annette!" exclaimed Stephen from the doorway.

"Be off with your jokes, Master Stephen! Is the carriage in sight? Sit down, ma'am, on the hall-seat. 'Tis as good as to stand."

Mrs. Lawson sat down. She was weary and sad. The blind boy, his other senses keen, knew this very well, and was eager to divert her.

"Mother," he said, "Annette has

something to tell you. She told it to me last night while you were talking to the lawyer in the office."

"O Master Stephen," cried Annette, "give me time!"

"You have had twelve years already," replied the boy, laughingly.

"What is it, Annette?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Maybe you'll be vexed, ma'am."

"You are not going to leave us?" asked her mistress, in alarm.

"Do you think I would feel so cheerful about it if she were, mother?" asked Stephen.

"Leave you!" ejaculated Annette. "Never until I am carried feet foremost; or perhaps, when I'm too old to work, I may have to go to the poorhouse."

"Then we shall all go together," said Mrs. Lawson. "But you have money saved."

"A good bit, ma'am. But the savings banks are very uncertain these days. I'm thinking of putting it in government bonds."

"Yes, do," rejoined her mistress. "I am always afraid of banks. But it isn't anything about money?"

"No: it's my name."

"Your name? You are not going to be married?"

"Is it I, that never had a man visitor since I came to the house? As I said, it's my name. It isn't Annette at all."

"Not Annette?"

"No, ma'am. Did you ever hear an Irishwoman of that name?"

Mrs. Lawson reflected.

"I don't believe I ever did," she said at length.

"My name is Bridget, ma'am," said Annette as bravely as she could, but her voice was uncertain.

"Bridget?" exclaimed Mrs. Lawson. "Now, that reminds me of what my husband said the day you came."

"What did he say, ma'am,—God rest his soul?"

"Something like this—that, from your speech, Bridget would suit you better than the name you bore. And yet you seemed so honest and simple, he said, it would be impossible to think that you had changed it, as some foolish girls do when they come to this country."

"I didn't change it, Mrs. Lawson. It was the first lady I lived with."

"Why did she do it?"

"She always had wanted a French maid," she said; "and she thought there was something foreign in my speech. And she said she paid very good wages, and the place was easy, and my skin was so dark, and my hair and eyes, that I'd pass for French, and so she would call me Annette."

"And were you willing?"

"I didn't care much what she called me. Besides, she told me no lady in America liked to have a girl named Bridget."

"And so you changed it?"

"Yes, ma'am. I had no friends to tell me better."

"How long did you live with her?"

"Six months, ma'am. All went well till one day there came a minister who was abusing the Irish. So I up and told him then and there—I was waiting on the table—that what he was saying wasn't true, and that night I was dismissed. When I came to you, I told you my name was Annette, before I thought; and when I remembered, I was ashamed to tell the truth. And so it has gone on and on, till I made up my mind I'd never go to the new home without telling you about it, and asking yourself and Master Stephen to forgive me, and try to call me the name I was christened by. I would like to be called by my own name, Bridget, from this time forward."

"Very well, Bridget," replied Mrs. Lawson, with a slight effort. She could not immediately grow familiar with the new title.

"Thank you, ma'am!" said the one-

time Annette, a pleasant smile illuminating her face as she spoke. "But here comes the carriage! I hear it turning the corner."

In a few moments the house was closed, and the travellers were on their way. A short drive took them to the station, where Mrs. Lawson busied herself in attending to the checking of the baggage, while Bridget and Stephen took their places in the train which was to convey them to their new home, one hundred and fifty miles distant.

After all the arrangements had been completed, Mrs. Lawson entered the compartment where Stephen and Bridget were seated. It gave her a throb of pain to see how eagerly Stephen was gazing out of the window, as though he could see the hurrying crowds that bustled to and fro upon the platform. But the boy turned a bright and cheerful face toward her as he said:

"Sit down beside me here, mother, and rest. You must be tired. I am anxious to start; aren't you?"

At that moment the train began to move, and Stephen entered upon his first railway journey.

As they left the city behind them, the heat and dust seemed to abate also; a fresh breeze blew through the open window. The trees and houses whirled by; the cows on the roadside ran away as quickly as they could from the approaching train; here and there the travellers would come to little streams ambling through the woods, and forming tiny pools close to the mossy trunks of the trees. After a while the boy grew weary of the clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the train, and leaned his head against the comfortable chair in which he was seated.

"It's time for lunch," said Bridget, opening a basket, from which she drew forth hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, and fruit, with some cold tea, lemon-flavored, in a bottle. They did ample

justice to the simple meal; and then Stephen, once more leaning back on the cushioned seat, fell fast asleep.

They reached their station about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was called Beverly, and they found a carriage waiting, as Mrs. Lawson had requested the liveryman at Moxon-on-the-Sea to send one. Then they drove slowly through a long stretch of woods, in the wholesome odors of which Stephen took the greatest delight. After a while they began to have glimpses of the sea, with the whitecaps rolling in the distance. Again Mrs. Lawson sighed, thinking how the boy would have enjoyed it all if he could see. But he did not seem to mind, asked many questions, and finally declared that he could smell the salt breeze already. His mother laughed at this, but the driver said he was right,—that they were very close now.

Almost at that moment they came to the end of the wood, drove down a short incline, and there they were on the beach. It was divided into long stretches of white sand, with rocky cliffs between, forming a most picturesque scene, and drawing forth loud exclamations of joy from Stephen, as for the first time he heard the booming of the billows along the shore.

"It is low tide," said the driver. "We can drive along the hard sands nearly all the way. It is the prettiest road to come, though a little longer than the upper one."

And so he talked on till the beach began to grow narrower, and houses appeared on the cliffs above it; while another sweep of the sands brought them to an acclivity which led to an upper road, bordered with trees and hedges, through which the ocean could be seen only at intervals. And now they were passing the scattered villas, and in a few moments rolling through the village, consisting of a few small houses, the post office, and several

shops. These were soon left behind; ten minutes more and they were passing through a lane, the trees meeting above their heads. At the end of it the driver paused before a low iron gate, rusty and old, but covered with ivy.

"Here we are!" he said. "And I see the wagon with the trunks has got here before us. Jack is waiting to have me lend a hand."

The roadway was bordered with old-fashioned flowers of every kind, although the garden had suffered as gardens will when they are neglected. But it all seemed lovely to Mrs. Lawson. There was so much room, the paths were so broad and well-gravelled, and the house was almost entirely covered with Virginia creeper in its fresh green glory of June.

"How big is the garden, mamma?" asked Stephen.

"I should say about three hundred feet square," replied his mother.

At one side of the house, about fifty feet distant, a long lattice work, covered with vines, separated it from another house, which was the home of the Wingates.

"And think how close we were to our neighbors in town!" said Stephen. "Rows and rows of houses, built exactly alike, weren't they?"

"Yes; we shall have plenty of room here," answered Mrs. Lawson. "I see a fine fruit and vegetable garden in the future, and room for a Jersey cow in those meadows at the left that slope gently to the sea. It is very beautiful."

"Is it a very large house, mother?" inquired Stephen.

"No: rather broad and low, only one-storied, but built well up from the ground, on a stone foundation. There must be a fine view of the ocean from the piazza."

"It's made of good timber," said Bridget. "Very solid and substantial it is; and there will be no stair-climbing

in it. That's a good thing for poor old backs, Master Stephen."

"And useless eyes," added the boy, as the carriage stopped in front of the door, and the driver said, with the freedom of one who was to be a neighbor:

"Welcome home to Pleasant Gardens! And may you all live long to enjoy them!"

(To be continued.)

The Number Forty.

Our Lord fasted for forty days, and was seen for forty days after His Resurrection. Moses was forty days on the mount, and Elijah was fed forty days by the ravens. Forty days of rain made the great Flood, and it was the same time in subsiding. Nineveh had forty days to repent. A quarantine lasts forty days. The privilege of sanctuary was for forty days. In ancient times, the tenant of a knight gave forty days of service. In old England, if a man committed manslaughter and was fined, his fine was required within forty days; and Members of Parliament were exempt from arrest for forty days before the assembling of the House of Commons, and forty days after it was adjourned.

The Science of Bell-Ringing.

Bell-ringing is an exact science, and is called campanology; and, like other sciences, has many technical terms attached to it. What would you understand by ringing a "double court bob," or a "Kent treble bob," for instance? In England there is a society called the Central Council of Bell-Ringers, to which every campanologist tries his best to belong. Bell-ringing is not an easy thing; it sounds rather simple to talk about "ringing a peal," but in a single peal there are almost innumerable changes.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari," collected and arranged by E. L. Seeley, is among the new publications of Chatto & Windus.

—A new book by Dr. Barry, "The Triumph of Life," is included in Hodder & Stoughton's list of forthcoming theological works.

—A Catholic prayer-book in Gaelic ("Lochran an Anna"), compiled by the Hon. R. Erskine for the Gael of Scotland, has just been published by Sands & Co.

—Many questions of the movement in France are discussed in M. Paul Bourget's new book, "Études et Portraits: Sociologie et Littérature." The author takes the side of the Church in the struggle which is now going on between conservative and revolutionary forces.

—The Rev. C. A. Martin, of the Ohio Apostolate, scored a Catholic literary success last year with his little book on marriage, "Cana." This year he publishes an October booklet, "Follow Me; or, Little Chapters on the Rosary," with Bible readings and illustrations, which should prove equally popular. The little work is well printed, and the half-tone pictures, of which there are fifteen, are very good.

—We are indebted to Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro. for a copy of their new Kyriale (*juxta editionem Vaticanam a SS. D. N. Pio PP. X. evulgatam*). It is excellently produced, the print being large and clear, and the paper of superior quality. There are two editions of the work—one in Gregorian, the other in modern notation. The same firm have just published "Cantiones Selecta," a collection of offertories, motets, hymns for Benediction, and antiphons to the Blessed Virgin, compiled with fine discrimination by J. B. Hoffmann. These selections are for two equal voices, male or female.

—The very favorable reception accorded, seven years ago, to the Rev. Frederick Schulze's "Manual of Pastoral Theology," renders it practically certain that a warm welcome and a ready sale await the revised and enlarged edition of the work, just issued by the M. H. Wiltzius Co. As a practical guide for ecclesiastical students and newly ordained priests, the book has a distinct and specific value not easily overestimated; while a number of its chapters will form both interesting and instructive reading for those older clerics whose ordination dates back to a period when pastoral theology, as a special branch of sacred science, had not as yet found a place in the programmes of our ecclesiastical seminaries. One

point which will be especially appreciated by this latter class of readers is the embodiment in the volume of all the latest Roman decisions on the different topics discussed. The publishers have given the work a congruously neat and attractive outward form.

—It would be hard to tell what class of readers will be especially interested in "Choice of Choices," just published by the V. R. Exarch John Haddad, D. D., pastor of the Syrians in Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. But of this much we feel certain—the book will be thoroughly appreciated by those who appreciate this sort of a book. It consists of numerous selections in verse describing the whole world, beginning with the solar luminary and ending with the Chicago stockyards. There are half-tone illustrations of plants, flowers, banks, schools, railway stations, etc., besides portraits of the author and his brother, a general in the Austrian army, who generously defrayed the expenses of publication. The arrangement of pictures is curious (one of a hospital in Chicago accompanies a poem on freedom in Brazil); but we feel sure there will be no objections to the book on this score. The reverend author hopes that it may prove a "source of inspiration and joy to all who peruse it." We hope so, too. It has proved a joy to us.

—Under the caption "News from Washington," the October *Bookman* publishes what purport to be advance copies of three important Executive Orders, soon to be issued to several departments under the control of the National Government. "We do not vouch for their authenticity," says the editor, "and they are published with all due reserve; but on their face they do not seem to be inherently improbable." These alleged orders are too delectable not to be quoted:

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Scientific Bureaus and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution:

Having given some thought to the subject in the intervals of my other occupations, and having talkt with Professor Phake of the Cowboy University, I have decided to direct you hereafter to maintain that it is possible to square the circle, and that perpetual motion is feasible. The Government in these matters must keep abreast of public opinion; for scientific theories ultimately rest upon the verdict of a majority of our countrymen. If, however, it should turn out that public opinion is unfavorable to this order, the thing will be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory:

MY DEAR SIR: I have been much imprest by reading some powerful sermons of the late Rev. John Jasper, D. D., of Richmond, Virginia, who was during his lifetime an intelli-

mate of my friend, Professor Bookèr T. Washington. Dr. Jasper's arguments have convinced me that your views of astronomy are utterly absurd and contrary to common-sense. You will please, hereafter, see that all computations and calculations made by yourself and your assistants are based upon Dr. Jasper's dictum that "the sun do move." We must keep abreast of public sentiment in astronomy; though if it should turn out that I have made a mistake, the matter may be dropt.

Yours very truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To all Chaplains in the Army and Navy:

Owing to the effect produced upon me by reading the works of Professor Crookes of London and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University, I hereby request that you will hereafter substitute sermons on Spiritualism for such doctrinal discourses as you have previously been preaching. Should Congress create a new Cabinet office in accordance with a recommendation which I am about to make, I shall appoint Mrs. Piper of Boston, Massachusetts, to be Secretary of Spooks. We must strive to keep fully abreast of public sentiment. If I shall find out later that public sentiment does not cordially endorse Spiritualism, the matter can be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Judging from letters sometimes published in the *Bookman's* Letter Box, we feel confident that a certain number of its readers will miss the fun which Mr. Peck makes of the President's recent order to the Public Printer, and demand further information regarding these official letters.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.

"Whispering Smith." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

"Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.

"Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.

"The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.

"Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.

"Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.

"The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

"Theory and Practice of the Confessional." Dr. Caspar E. Schieler. \$3.50, net.

"Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.

"Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.

"The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.

"Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.

"Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.

"The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.

"Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols \$4.

"Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.

"Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.

„The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.

"The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. H. A. Boeckelmann, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Beagin, diocese of Columbus; Rev. J. J. Callaghan, diocese of Helena; and Rev. Peter Klein, C. S. C.

Mr. Henry Koenig, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Peter Andree, Toluca, Ill.; Dr. James Finn, Boston, Mass.; Mr. J. M. Bodkin, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Jane Williams and Mary Cunningham, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Catherine Condon, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Piet, Mrs. M. C. Steffy, Mrs. Anna Shriver, and Mr. George Camalier, Littlestown, Pa.; Mrs. B. Roberts, Mr. T. O'Byrne, and Mrs. Mary Sexton, Manchester, England; Mr. C. J. Hodson and Mr. T. J. Butler, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Sophia Walz, Batavia, N. Y.; Mr. Timothy Toomey, Mrs. Mary Toomey, and Miss Margaret Morgan, Henry Clay, Del.; Mr. Joseph Biro and Mr. F. H. Wagner, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Lorke, Hallettsville, Texas; and Mrs. J. L. Jensen, Montreal, Canada.
Requiescant in pace!



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Mater Salvatoris.**The Relics of the Chaigley Martyr.**

BY L. F. MURPHY.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

I.

HE chose thee, humble Maid of Galilee,
From out the daughters fair of Israel;
On thee the favor of high Heaven fell,
For thou wert fair from all eternity.

II.

He put the light of heaven in thy face,
The purity celestial in thy breast;
He made the throne where His dear Son would rest
Bright with the glory of thy virgin grace.

III.

And then He sent a Seraph unto thee
In that still hour when thou wert rapt in prayer;
Thou, looking up, didst see him shining there—
The bearer of Jehovah's mystery.

IV.

A spirit beautiful and full of light,
His robes spun of the heaven's radiance,
The majesty of heaven in his glance,
All quivering with glory in thy sight.

V.

And from his lips there fell Jehovah's word:
"Hail, full of grace, the Saviour is with thee!"
Thy heart was troubled at the mystery—
The coming of the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

VI.

But in that hour the world was glorified,
All nature stirred with the divinest thrill;
Through thine accordance with Jehovah's will,
He came for whom the Prophets long had sighed.

VII.

And this is why the world loves Mary's name,—
The world that thrills with love for her dear Son;
For Mary's beauty Heaven's high favor won,
And through her will the gentle Saviour came.

IN a little secluded farm-house, approached by winding lanes and field paths, far away from that smoke of chimneys and that throb of machinery, with which Lancashire is mainly associated in one's mind, there lies a hidden treasure, known to very few even of those who inhabit the rural hamlets which lie nearest to the spot. The name of the place is Hill House, Woodplumpton; and it is a typical old English farmstead, embowered in orchards, white and low, roofed with thatch in the good old fashion, lying isolated from its neighbors, as though it were anxious to keep its hidden treasure safe from prying eyes. For this little farm-house contains relics of very pathetic interest,—relics which take us back to the cruel old Penal Days, when the faithful Catholics of Lancashire had to celebrate the rites of their holy religion in secret places, in the dead of night and at peril of their liberty, sometimes indeed of their lives.

An old lady and her daughter inhabit the place, and at the time of our visit they were busy making cheeses. It is a humble home, but we entered it with far more reverence than many a more stately dwelling; for the mistress of the house is the representative of a grand old Lancashire family, who were staunch to the old Faith through dark

days. And if they are no longer in their old high position in the county, this is due, no doubt, to the fidelity with which their forbears had clung to a proscribed religion in spite of the cruel fines and exactions which had gradually devoured their estates,—yes, and in spite of crueller things than confiscation of property; for this old farm-house is, in fact, a sanctuary where repose the relics of a martyr-priest, and we had come on pilgrimage to visit these sacred treasures.

Our errand was soon explained, and we were led into a small inner room. Here was produced an oak chest, evidently of great antiquity. The lid is now broken off, and the lock keyless. The chest is about a yard long by a foot wide, and curiously carved. The contents of this chest were what we had come to see. But before describing them it will be well to say something of their history.

On the fell-side that rises behind the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, there stands an old farm-house called Chapel House, in the grounds of which formerly stood a chapel dedicated to St. Chad. The Mercian Saint has given his name to the village of Chaigley, or Chadgley, near which Chapel House stands. Now, at Chaigley Hall there lived for many centuries, down to the year 1637, a family named Holden. They were of gentle blood, and allied to some of the best-known families of the county. John Holden, of Chaigley Hall, died in 1637, leaving no male heir. His daughter and heiress, Mary, married Thomas Brockholes Claughton, Esq., the representative of one of the oldest of the Catholic families of Lancashire. One of his brothers, Henry, became a priest and a Doctor of the Sorbonne. Another Henry Holden, probably a cousin, also became a priest, and returned to Lancashire to exercise his sacred functions. He is said to have lived to a great age, and to have died

about the time of the Revolution, in 1688. But, though the Holdens of Chaigley died out in the direct male line, numerous scions of their family remain, and are still flourishing in various parts of Lancashire; and, what is more, still constant to the old religion. Nor is this wonderful when we know that there has ever been a tradition in the family that they had given to God a martyr, a priest of their own stock.

The old oaken chest which we were shown at Woodplumpton contained this martyr's relics. But who was he, and when did he suffer? Very little is known for certain as to the facts, but these are the family traditions which form a very touching story. It would appear that during the times of persecution—probably during the Commonwealth, when Cromwell's soldiers were let loose on the "Papists" of Lancashire—a priest was saying Mass in the old chapel of St. Chad at Chapel House, Chaigley. The house was then in possession of a member of the Holden family, and the priest is supposed to have been a son of the house. While he was engaged in the Holy Sacrifice the soldiers burst in upon the little congregation, tore the celebrant from the altar and slew him as he stood, clad in his sacred vestments, which were deluged with his blood. His head was cut off, and it rolled down the altar steps.

According to one account, the soldiers were carrying this off as a trophy upon a pike, when the martyr's mother, who had been present at the fearful scene, ran after them and implored them to give it to her. One of the men tossed it to her, and she caught it in her apron. From that day to this the family has kept this relic, together with the vestments of the altar and everything that had been used at the martyr's last Mass, and has handed them down from father to son as a most sacred treasure. For many generations,—in fact, down to the year 1812—these precious relics

were kept with the greatest possible secrecy. Only the head of the family knew of their existence, and shortly before he died he confided the secret as a sacred trust to his eldest son. As far as we know, there is no other instance of a family treasure of such sacred and poignant interest. Wherever the Holdens moved, they bore their treasure with them; and they still preserve it, as we ourselves saw, at Woodplumpton.

In 1812 the relics were in possession of Thomas Holden, at Crawshaw Farm, near Stonyhurst. His father, Richard, seems to have settled there in 1727. It happened that one of the Stonyhurst Jesuits, Father John Fairclough, came one day to see the Holdens at Crawshaw. He was shown (I quote from the *Stonyhurst Magazine* of 1888) an old Mass book with some German writing on the fly-leaf. He asked Holden how he came by the rare old volume; and then was confided to him, doubtless with a good deal of hesitation, the family secret. The Mass book was one of a collection of relics handed down for generations past.

Then the Father was taken to see the treasure, carefully kept under lock and key in an oaken chest at the top of the house. He found what we are about to describe, and, above all, the martyr's head "still covered with its flesh, as soft and fresh as if it had but recently been severed from the body." The Father told Holden that there was no longer any need to keep their secret, now that the storm of persecution had blown over; and from that day many were the pilgrims who came from Stonyhurst and from the country round to see the relics of the martyred priest.

Many years after Father Fairclough's visit, Richard Holden, the oldest surviving member of Thomas Holden's family, used to tell how he had, as a small boy, discovered the existence of the mysterious chest, before the secret had been divulged. He and his sister had

heard his parents speak of the hidden treasure; "and each independently, finding the key while their parents were absent, had stolen upstairs and peeped into the old box. But the unexpected sight of a human head within it made them hurry down again with a scare which they never forgot to the end of their lives."

Before he moved to Crawshaw, the father of Thomas Holden lived at another farm-house in the same neighborhood, called Lambing Clough. Here he used sometimes to take the relics and carry them down to a quiet place on the river bank and lay them out to be aired in the sunshine. Thomas Holden's eldest son, Henry, inherited the relics, and from him they passed to his youngest son Ralph, as his elder brothers had died without children. Ralph moved to Woodplumpton, where he died at Hill House, in 1885. It is his widow who now guards the sacred deposit. Their son is a priest, and is now Rector of Claughton, the old seat of the Brockholes family.

The reader may imagine with what emotion we gazed at the contents of the venerable oaken chest, as they were spread out before us. Here were the vestments and the altar linen still stained with the martyr's blood. Here the chalice, the Missal, and the small silver crucifix which he had been using in the sacred function. Here was the treasure that had been guarded with such care and fidelity by generation after generation of this old Catholic family,—the one possession they had clung to and preserved, while houses and lands and goods gradually melted away under the pressure of the cruel penal laws. But we must describe some of the contents of the treasure-chest more minutely.

There is, first of all, the Missal. It is a small octavo volume, printed by Plantin, at Antwerp, in 1570. In it is written the inscription "*Ex lib. Hen.*"

Johnsone." Now, Johnson was the alias of Dr. Henry Holden of the Sorbonne, so no doubt the book belonged to him. Then, on a slip of paper gummed to the fly-leaf, are written two lines of German in English characters, with the English translation beneath each line, as follows:

Dieses gehört unserm marter,—
This belongs to our martyr;
Und unserm lieben Pölp,—
And to our dear Philip.

This writing is not old. It was written by one of the Stonyhurst Fathers for the Holdens, who could not read or translate the old inscription, which has now, unfortunately, disappeared. It is a very singular fact that it should have been written in German; it was probably done to avoid the attention of Protestants, in case they should ever see the book.

Then there is the altar stone. It is just a small piece of slate, with crosses scratched in the centre and at the four corners, but with no place for relics. There are several of these old altar stones of persecution days remaining, and they are all much alike. They had to be small and light; for the hunted priests had to carry them about with them, and, by a special privilege, they were allowed to be consecrated without the usual relics which it was almost impossible to get in England during the persecution.

And then there is the chalice. St. Chrysostom says that in the early days of the Church the priests were of gold and the chalices of wood; but that in his time the case was reversed, and the priests were wood, while their chalices were gold. And so in the days of persecution in England, the chalices used by these golden priests, these true-hearted servants of Jesus Christ, who ministered to their brethren at the peril of their lives, were, as a rule, like this one, merely of pewter. The chalice is of the old Gothic shape, six inches high, with a large bowl, four inches in

diameter. The paten just covers the top of the chalice.

The altar-cloth (3x4 feet), with a narrow lace border and fringe, is stained with blood. In one corner two letters are embroidered in black silk; apparently they are P. H., and they would seem to stand for Philip Holden. Then there is a linen sheet (about 6x8 feet), a Communion cloth (about 10x1 foot), which is deeply stained with blood; some fragments of candles, evidently home-made, of unbleached beeswax, with plain cotton wicks; a small silver crucifix, corporals, palls, a purificator, amice, and large alb. This last article has a large stain of blood in front. There are two chasubles; the first Gothic, and very much faded and mutilated. It was of green silk, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis, and the pillar of red silk has in its centre the chalice and host and the sacred monogram.

But the other chasuble seems to have been the one worn at the martyr's sacrifice; for it is stained with his blood. It is made of ribbed white silk, embroidered with flowers. On the cross behind is embroidered in old Gothic letters the inscription:

Orate p. aiabs Olivery Wastlei
Et Ellene uxoris ejus.

Finally, we come to *the* relic—the martyr's head. It is still partly covered with flesh, and part of the neck remains. It is no longer in the state of preservation in which Father Fairclough found it nearly a hundred years ago. "The flesh is brown and shrivelled and sunk into the crevices of the bones, and in some parts fallen away into dust. The right side is more perfect than the left. Here you can distinctly see the close-shaven hairs of the whiskers, and the place where the ear has been cut off. The neck has not been separated from the body at the joining of the vertebræ, but cut straight through with a sharp instrument. All the teeth are now missing,

and a considerable portion of the flesh has been cut away from the neck." This was done in order to give relics to the pilgrims who came to Crawshaw after the existence of the relics was made known. But one day, the story goes, as some one was cutting the neck, the head uttered, or seemed to utter, "a kind of whistling noise"; and the Holdens were frightened and resolved to let no more of it be cut away. But it is a great pity that these pious depredations were ever permitted.

It seems sad to think that we shall probably never know more as to the identity of this martyr priest. The family tradition is that he was Philip Holden, but no priest of this name is known. The inscription in the Missal hardly suggests that "our dear Philip" and "our martyr" were one and the same person. The learned writer in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* to whom we are so much indebted, and from whose minute account of the relics and their history we have freely quoted, suggests that it may have been Henry Holden the younger, whose death about the time of the Revolution of 1688 is chronicled by Dodd the historian. But it seems strange that Dodd had not heard that he died a martyr.

The mystery will perhaps never be fully solved. In any case, the story of these relics is well worth putting on record on account of the touching fidelity with which they have been treasured by the Holden family. The family is said never to have been without a priest among its members, and it looks upon this fact as a sign of God's blessing through the intercession of its own martyr. That there is foundation for the family tradition, the relics bear eloquent witness; and, though we may never learn all the truth, we know enough to honor the Chaigney martyr as one of that white-robed army which bear the victor's palm before the throne of God.

The Master of Carstairs.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

III.

THE days and nights at Carstairs flew by with great rapidity. The numerous guests had settled down to a time of complete and intense enjoyment. There were motoring parties, golfing parties, and shooting parties. In the evenings the young people danced in the great hall, or acted charades and arranged tableaux in the vast drawing-rooms. Then concerts were given, both vocal and instrumental; and from morning till night the old house rang with fun and merriment.

In the midst of this life of bustle and activity, Sibyl was in her element. Full of invention and quick with her hands, she was invaluable in getting up dresses and arranging scenery; whilst her sweet temper and gracious manner were an immense assistance in keeping the peace, frequently threatened when any new form of entertainment was put forward or suggested. With everyone, young and old, the girl was a favorite. They all looked to her to manage and arrange; without her, it appeared impossible that any entertainment should succeed.

But, although Sibyl was so much appreciated, no one in the big house-party sought her society so persistently as her host. A few quiet moments by her side seemed to rest and soothe him. Away from her, he was somewhat gloomy and preoccupied; with her, he would awake as from a dream, and talk to her with an ease and fluency that he showed to no one else.

"When this is over, and you are gone, I shall be desolate indeed," he remarked one day, watching the varying expressions of the girl's mobile countenance, as she bent over a wreath of holly that she was making for a tableau of

"Christmas" that evening. "I'll have no little friend to unburthen my soul to. What shall I do?"

"You must come to the Lawn. Father and mother will be as glad to see you as I shall be. And, then, Frank will often be there."

"You think a great deal of Frank?"

Sibyl blushed, and looked up with a bright glance.

"It is pleasant to think of him, since my heart is his."

"True. And you'll marry him, no matter what happens?"

"Certainly. Nothing will make any difference to me. I love Frank for himself; his birth matters little to me; and my father and mother will surely agree to our marriage when they see how much in earnest we are."

"Frank Dale knows nothing of his people?"

"Nothing. Father Quinn, when working in a poor London mission, found him, a little baby, beside his dying mother, forsaken and alone. To save the child from the workhouse, the good priest took him home and brought him up a devout Catholic. Twelve years ago Father Quinn came as rector to the pretty church at the Carstairs' Gates, bringing Frank with him."

"And you have known him ever since?"

"Yes" (smiling radiantly), "eversince. Isn't it a long time? Frank was twelve and I was eight when we first met. Even after Father Quinn sent him to school at Edgebaston, all his holidays were spent here. So we know each other long and well."

"Just the age!" He strode up and down. "O Sibyl, had I a son like that! Had I—but there" (sinking into his chair again) "'tis useless to think or dream of the impossible. But once—child, I'd like you to know my story. 'Tis years since I spoke of it to any one—breathed a word about the

misfortune that has embittered my life, poisoned every pleasure, made me hate this place, and long" (growing more and more excited) "to get away from it."

"Every trouble, dear Mr. Carstairs" (Sibyl laid one little white hand shyly on his), "great or small, comes to us from God; and, hard though it may be, we must bow our heads and accept it with patience and resignation."

"O child, I know! But when remorse tears the soul, to be resigned is well-nigh impossible."

"Remorse? That must indeed make things harder. But I am sure you blame yourself unfairly."

"Not so. No words are hard enough or strong enough for my conduct. Listen, dear child, and you will, I fear, tell me that I am right. Twenty-four years ago, Sibyl, I was one of the happiest men alive. I had a pretty wife, whom I loved; a baby boy very dear to my heart; but, in spite of all these joys, I was a spendthrift and a gambler."

Sibyl started, and looked at him in surprise and horror.

"Oh!" she said, with a little gasp. "I—I can not believe that!"

"'Tis true, nevertheless. And, though for many years I have never made a bet or touched a card, I mended my ways too late. My own ruin and the ruin of those I loved touched me but little; and it was not till I lost my beloved wife and sweet boy that I thoroughly realized the wickedness and folly of my life. Then my soul was torn with remorse, and I became a changed being. The gaming-tables saw me no more; and, on my knees, broken-hearted and wretched, I begged God's pardon for my misspent years."

"How did you lose those dear ones?" Sibyl asked gently, her eyes swimming in tears.

"They were shipwrecked off the coast of France."

"And you were not with them?"

"No, I was not with them, selfish creature that I was!" He pressed his hand to his eyes; then, after a pause, went on hoarsely: "And that has made their loss ten times more bitter. I ought to have been with them. Had I been near when the awful moment came, I might have saved them. But I had stayed behind, thinking only of my own comfort and pleasure. Even now my wife's voice rings in my ear. She dreaded the sea, dreaded the long journey alone, and cried out at the last in an agony of tears: 'Come with us, Everard; and then, if anything happens, we'll be together.' But I laughed, and said it was impossible: she must go alone. Her mission was to visit her father and crave help for her husband and child. I had no desire to face him, and had still a little money left with which to gamble and enjoy myself. So, soothing her, and telling her that I would follow when she sent me good news, I let her go—her and my boy,—and never did I set eyes on them again. That night the *Hilda* went to pieces on the rocks outside St. Malo. My wife and child were drowned.

"Repentant, miserable, lonely, I wandered here and there over the Continent. How I lived I hardly know; yet live I did, a weary, broken-hearted man, never knowing an hour's peace or happiness. Then came the news of my cousin's death and my succession to this place and wealth. For years I shirked coming near Carstairs. The sight of the beautiful mansion would only, I felt sure, renew and strengthen my remorse. Since I was alone in the world, without kith or kin that I cared anything for, and no heir to come after me, I wanted no house—was freer, less wretched, in a foreign land; ever seeking new scenes, always hoping and praying that I might some day forget. Then, suddenly, a feverish desire to

return to England took possession of me, and I made my way to London. There I at once visited my lawyer, Mr. Sharples—"

Sibyl looked up with a start.

"Sharples? How strange! That is the name of the solicitor Frank is trying to see, hoping to hear something about his parents."

"Indeed? I dare say there are several lawyers of that name in London; or, if not, Mr. Sharples must have many clients besides me."

"Oh, of course! And he's very hard to see. Frank would have been back long ago, if only he could have found the old gentleman in his office."

"He takes things easy now, but his advice is worth waiting for. I must write to him about your Frank. He interests me greatly now" (with a kindly glance) "since his case means so much to you."

Sibyl smiled her thanks, and gave a little sigh.

"How glad I am you came at last to Carstairs! Did Mr. Sharples advise you to do so?"

"Yes; and much against my will I consented, saying in a grumbling way that to visit the place could do no good. But the old man told me I was mistaken. 'Property has its duties as well as its rights,' he said. 'You should go to Carstairs, and make friends with the people in the neighborhood. The master of Carstairs should entertain well and generously.'—'Very well,' I said; 'I'll go, give a series of parties, fill the house, and, doing everything on a magnificent scale, astonish the natives for a fortnight, and then fly.'"

"Oh!" Sibyl gave a little cry. "Surely you won't do that?"

"Surely I will, dear child. When these festivities come to an end, Carstairs will see me no more. I could never settle down to the life of a country squire, and this big house oppresses me."

"I thought you liked us, and would always be our friend."

"Like you?" He pressed her hand warmly. "Most certainly I do. Your kindness and sweet sympathy have been much to me during this trying ordeal of playing host to these people. Now that I know you well, Miss Sibyl, I am glad I came to Carstairs."

Sibyl shook her head.

"Yet you are eager to run away and leave me as well as the others? O Mr. Carstairs, that is not a sign of friendship!"

"Frank was first in the field" (with a sad, faint smile), "and I could not, if I would, oust him from his place in your heart. And so" (making an effort to speak lightly) "I must run out of the country."

The girl laughed softly, and her color rose.

"Frank would be another friend for you. He is so bright and clever, so unaffected and gay, that you would soon love him as a son."

The shadows in the man's eyes deepened, and his expression grew inexpressibly sad.

"Oh, forgive me!" Sibyl whispered, flushing and tearful. "I did not mean—that is—"

"My dear child, I know." He bent toward her, and, taking her hand within his own, carried it to his lips. "I understand; and some day I may know and love your Frank—even as a son."

The door opened and Mrs. Mannering came bustling in.

"I must go," he whispered. "I can not talk to any one at present." And, with a low bow, and murmuring that he had business to see to, he passed Mrs. Mannering by, and hurried out of the room.

"Well, dear heart!" that lady said, in sprightly tones, as the door closed behind her host. "Things are going well, and I congratulate you. Everard

Carstairs will be an adoring husband. Carstairs a beautiful home."

"Mother!" Sibyl gasped. "He—I never thought of such a thing. We are friends. I could never marry him. You forget that I am Frank's affianced wife."

"Frank! I really thought you had got over that childish nonsense."

"It is neither childish nor nonsense: 'tis the dream of my life. If I can not marry Frank, I'll marry no one."

"You are most provoking, Sibyl" (in faltering tones), "and very disappointing."

"I am sorry, mother. But I can not help it."

"It would be a joy, an unspeakable happiness, to your father and me to see you mistress of Carstairs; and if you would only—"

"Mother," Sibyl put her arms round her and softly kissed her cheek, "you are quite wrong. Mr. Carstairs has no desire to marry any one. His heart is buried in his dead wife's grave. So now, dearest, try to reconcile yourself to the inevitable, and let me be happy in my own way. Some day—not very far distant, I know,—both you and father will be glad to see me marry Frank, and welcome him as your son."

"A nobody! O Sibyl! You try us very far. A man without a name, without relations!"

"Some day," the girl drew herself up proudly, "Frank will make a name for himself. That, to my mind, is more honorable than either high birth or aristocratic belongings."

And, without waiting for her mother to reply, she turned and fled from the room.

(Conclusion next week.)

THERE is no wood better to kindle the fire of holy love than the wood of the cross which Christ used for His own great sacrifice of boundless charity.—*St. Ignatius Loyola.*

Heaven and Earth.

THE glory of the sunlight fills the skies,
 And mingles gold with tints of softest blue;
 A stellar sea is stretched before our view,
 Whereon the cloud-waves gently fall and rise.
 The beauty, ravishing to mortal eyes,
 With thoughts of God the spirit doth imbue,
 And faith and hope and love in us renew,
 While aught ignoble in our bosom dies.

And, lest through weakness we avert our gaze
 To look with longing on the things below,
 Forgetful of the skies that arch above,
 We find along our path clear water-ways
 Wherein the golden sunbeams burn and glow,
 Compelling thoughts of Him, the God of love.

A Great Client of St. Joseph.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONTINUED.)

A YOUNG girl from the town of Langres, Jeanne Mance, had from her earliest years given proofs of high sanctity, and, like Marie de la Ferre and Marguerite Bourgeoys, had endeavored many times, always unsuccessfully, to enter the cloister. She was inspired to go to Canada by reading of Marie de l'Incarnation, Madame de la Peltrie, and those other illustrious women who were braving the perils of the wilderness for the sake of souls. She was finally enlightened by La Dauversière himself as to the part she was to play there in founding a hospital and preparing the way for the religious of St. Joseph. Means were furnished her for that end through the instrumentality of Father Rapin, of the Recollets. Like the Jesuits, these priests were familiar with existing conditions in Canada, and most anxious to further the views of Le Royer and his associates. Father Rapin, therefore, used his influence with Madame de Bullion, a wealthy Parisian widow, who was desirous of employing her immense wealth in the service of

God and humanity, choosing to be designated only as the "unknown benefactress."

Jeanne Mance accordingly decided to proceed to New France with the first contingent sailing from La Rochelle. She met M. de la Dauversière coming forth from the Jesuit church. They mutually recognized each other, and to both were given special lights upon the enterprises in which they were engaged. La Dauversière invited her to be enrolled amongst the associates of the new company. She hesitated, having learned that they were chiefly persons of wealth and station, and she had but a modest income. Le Royer, however, reassured her, saying that she would not be less "the child of Providence." He also declared that, though seventy-five thousand pounds had been spent that year, they knew not where to turn for the next penny required, and depended altogether upon their Father in heaven.

One of the obstacles to the undertaking was a refusal to relinquish his rights on the part of the proprietor of Montreal, M. de Lauzon, intendant of the Dauphiny, to whom it had been granted by the King. Yet, on a second visit paid to him by Le Royer in company with Father Lallemant, he willingly consented, and accepted one hundred and fifty thousand pounds as the purchase money.

Meantime active preparations in the levying of colonists—hardy, capable mechanics or soldiers, all of the highest character, however, as befitted the ideal standards of the future colony—were continued by the Baron de Fancamp and Maisonneuve. The latter, who had followed the profession of arms from boyhood, and attained distinction in the wars of the Low Countries, was of the old knightly species so often to be found within her borders when France was Christian and Catholic. He possessed an independent fortune, and

desired no gain whatever from this new venture, to which he desired to devote himself for the glory of God and the love of Mary Most Holy. He had chosen her as his sovereign Lady, having early consecrated himself to her by a vow of celibacy. He proved himself an active, capable, brave and determined leader, and an admirable governor for the new colony in its stern and arduous foundation, and in presence of almost insuperable dangers and difficulties.

Trials were not wanting to Le Royer: they bristled like thorns along his pathway. One of them was the entire prostration, physical and mental, of the venerable founder of St. Sulpice—a prostration which he has himself described in his memoirs,—and that at the very moment when Le Royer most desired his strong and stimulating assistance. Chiefly through this circumstance, as the historian expresses it, “Jesus was represented at first, as seemed fitting, by the Jesuits, who were already established in Canada. It was they who received the charge of giving the help of their sacerdotal ministry to the first colonists.” And this ministry they continued, acting as pastors of Montreal for nearly the first sixteen years of its existence. At the end of that time they asked to be relieved of the office, desiring to devote themselves entirely to the Indian missions. They were succeeded by the Sulpitians, who, through their saintly founder, had already so actively promoted the work. The Sulpitians have been ever since identified with Montreal, becoming in the course of time its temporal seigneurs no less than its spiritual pastors. They ever retained their interest in the Hospitallers, the friendship between Le Royer and Olier remaining traditional; and gave so many substantial proofs of their good will as to be registered amongst the signal benefactors of the Hospital of Montreal.

The history of the foundation of Ville Marie is an oft-told tale, in its chivalric, picturesque and entirely Christian details. The dream which had seemed impracticable, absurd, utopian, had become an accomplished fact. The mission of La Dauversière was verified. The obscure and comparatively poor gentleman of Anjou had done what the great ones of the kingdom had failed to do: he had established in the very war-path of the Iroquois, where it became a protection to the other French settlements of North America, a permanent settlement so exalted in its standards as to be called “the holy colony.”

The annals of its inception are of thrilling interest, from that moment when the first band of settlers fell upon their knees to take possession of the territory in the name of the King of kings, and Father Vimont, the Jesuit superior, celebrated the first Mass, intoning the *Veni Creator*, and prophesying in his first sermon that the mustard seed then planted should one day become a vast tree. The Blessed Sacrament was left exposed upon the temporary altar upon that primal day of Ville Marie's existence, and the thunder of cannon proclaimed the establishment of the sovereignty of Christ. On the Feast of the Assumption, the colonists, in their bark chapel, solemnly dedicated Montreal to the Mother of God; while in distant Notre Dame de Paris, La Dauversière and the other associates were grouped about the altar, where M. Olier made a similar consecration, and offered to the Queen of Heaven the suzerainty of the new domain.

Heroism became the order of the day in an existence replete with the romantic charm of novelty and adventure, though harsh in its conditions as the wild nature thereabouts, beset with hardships and tribulations, and haunted by the constant terror of

the Iroquois. A handful of young men—Dollard and his companions—made the deliberate sacrifice of their lives to save Ville Marie and the other colonies; priests became martyrs;* soldiers openly proclaimed their desire to die for Christ; delicate women, both in and out of the cloister, endured hardships and perils indescribable with unflinching fortitude.

Another detail in the plan of establishing the empire of the Cross so securely in the New World had been the erection of an episcopal See. The first step to this result was the appointment of the illustrious Mgr. de Laval as Vicar Apostolic at Quebec. So, one by one, were the designs of Heaven accomplished.

Still in far-off Anjou the indefatigable Le Royer de la Dauversière was at work. He had yet to fulfil the last of the divine injunctions—to send a contingent of his Hospitallers to Ville Marie. Many difficulties arose in the way. M. de Queylus, the superior of St. Sulpice in Montreal, seeing the urgent need of nursing Sisters, under the stress of Indian skirmishes, and illness amongst the settlers, and but imperfectly understanding the divine plan, was in favor of bringing to Montreal the Hospitallers of Mercy, lately founded at Quebec by Madame d'Aiguillon; and this project commended itself then, and for many years after, to the Vicar Apostolic. It was even urged upon Jeanne Mance, who began to believe that it might be the will of God that those devoted religious, who had met with such eminent success in their holy calling at Quebec, should come to Ville Marie. She promised, on her approaching visit to France, to persuade the Duchess d'Aiguillon, if possible to make a second foundation there.

When, in company with Marguerite Bourgeoys, she visited Le Royer at his home in La Flèche, and informed

him of this promise, he remained perfectly tranquil, assuring her that the Hospitallers of St. Joseph would go to Montreal, since such was the clearly expressed will of God. The negotiations with Madame d'Aiguillon, in fact, failed, and La Dauversière was called upon in great haste to sign a contract for the dispatching to Villa Marie, as speedily as possible, of three choir Sisters and one lay Sister.

He himself was prostrated at this time by a complication of the most painful and dangerous maladies, being reduced to the last extremity. This man of faith, however, begged of the Lord sufficient strength to perform that last of his behests. His illness was miraculously suspended, and he was enabled to go to La Rochelle with the religious—Mother de Brésoles, superior, Sisters Macé, Maillet, and Polo. They had been delayed somewhat by the refusal of the Bishop of Angers, Henri Arnauld, to permit their departure. The prelate suddenly changed his mind, however, and hastened to La Flèche to give the voyagers his blessing. At the moment of leaving the convent, a mob, excited by absurd calumnies, strove to rescue the Sisters from La Dauversière, who, they said, was sending them against their will to become a prey to the savages.

At La Rochelle, fresh efforts were made to prevent their embarking; and Le Royer cried out with prophetic instinct, which certain after-events fully justified: "If they do not go now they will never go!" As they were about to go on board, the captain refused to take them unless their passage money and that for all their luggage was paid upon the spot. To effect this would have delayed them a month, and Le Royer was anxious that they should set forth under the protection of a flotilla of the great company just then leaving port. The captain was obstinate, and Le Royer acquiesced with

* The Sulpitians Le Maistre and Vignal.

his usual formula of submission: "God will be the Master." Scarcely had the flotilla gone a league when its admiral died, and the captain of the *St. André*, suddenly relenting, agreed to set sail at once with the religious.

The parting between La Dauversière and his daughters was most affecting. They knew that they should never meet again on earth. The ten years foretold by Mother de la Ferre as Le Royer's term of life had almost expired, and his last illness was already upon him. He assured the departing religious that Providence would ever be their sure helper and the guide in all their difficulties. He thanked God for having allowed him to accomplish his mission. With upraised hands he solemnly blessed the kneeling Sisters, and, with a clear vision of his approaching death, recited the *Nunc Dimittis*. Then, as they sailed away to their destination beyond the wastes of ocean, Jerome le Royer turned his face homeward for the last time. After twenty-seven years, a great part of which was spent in journeying for those sublime ends which were now accomplished, he went back to La Flèche to die.

It would require far more than the limits of the present article to glance at the mission which was fulfilled in the new settlement by the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, or, as they are familiarly called, the Hotel-Dieu nuns. They had a share in all the trials, hardships, and perils of that pioneer existence; often enduring cold and hunger and dire poverty; passing through three conflagrations, and successive visitations of the plague which decimated their number. They were exposed to dangers from the Iroquois, many of whom were patients in their wards; they suffered various tribulations at the time of the English Conquest,—receiving, however, a letter of cordial esteem and promise of protection from the English commander, Amherst.

Even now that Montreal has become the Queen City of the North, its inhabitants are justly proud of that splendid institution, the oldest hospital in North America. While still maintaining their cloister, and in no wise departing from their primitive Constitutions, save in having advanced to the solemn vows, approved by two Pontiffs—Alexander VII. and Pius IX.,—they have pursued their career of self-abnegation, of angelic charity and compassion for the poor of Christ. As has been seen, their branches have already spread over Canada and into the United States. Needless to say that they have never lost the best traditions of their Order, and their annals, like those of France, show many illustrious examples of heroic sanctity.

(Conclusion next week.)

While Memory Slept.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

"I BELIEVE he's recovering at last, Lizzie."

It was a woman's voice that spoke, as the man upon the bed regained consciousness. He opened his eyes a moment later to surroundings utterly unfamiliar.

A kind-faced elderly woman was bending over him, a look of anxiety in her beautiful brown eyes. Near her stood another figure—a young servant-maid in frock of pink calico and white apron and cap. She, too, was regarding him with unmistakable interest, evidently proud of herself as one who had been instrumental in bringing him back to conscious life. The collection of restoratives upon a neighboring table, and the lingering taste of brandy in his mouth, told the man that these unknown friends had spared no effort to revive him.

Whatever had been the cause of

his fainting fit (for so he mentally accounted for his present surroundings), he was wide awake as soon as sense returned, and was able to take in all his surroundings with clear appreciation, yet with a feeling of puzzled bewilderment at the newness and strangeness of everything that met his wondering eyes.

He was lying upon a comfortable bed, in a room whose furnishings and adornments spoke of a refined taste. The woman who had been ministering to him was, without doubt, a lady; the rings upon her shapely white hands, her gown of soft, dark material, with its touches of lace,—all witnessed to the fact. She seemed a mild and lovable woman, too, he thought; for her dark eyes were set in an oval face full of charm that was almost beauty,—a face that inspired trust and affection.

The puzzling condition of things forced from the man a soft laugh of amused wonderment.

"Would you kindly tell me where I am, and what I am doing here?" he asked.

An astonished look had stolen over the face of the lady; the maid was getting nervous. Evidently, they feared that his mind was not altogether sound.

"You are in the house of Doctor Fearing," answered the same gentle voice he had first heard. "You have had an accident. The Doctor is my brother, and he left you in my charge for the moment. Have you any recollection of what occurred?"

"None at all," answered the man. "I can't recall anything just now about that or any other circumstance. Perhaps it may all come back later." The thought began to worry him.

"I'm thankful you are so well," said the lady. "We had begun to fear that we should never restore you. Now you must lie still and try to sleep."

Whereupon they left him; and the

man, obedient to his new friend's command, was soon sleeping peacefully; for his weakness made reflection impossible.

After an hour or two he awoke, feeling, as he told himself, as fit as he had ever been in all his life. And yet while he uttered the words he was oppressed by a sense of blankness as to the past. So little recollection had he of any previous existence, that he might have been born in that very bed but a few hours previously. It was thus he put it to the Doctor when he made his acquaintance shortly after. The Doctor smiled indulgently.

"Not an unusual experience after such a shock as you have gone through," he remarked. "You'll probably be quite yourself in a day or two."

So far as physical powers were concerned, he felt quite himself at that moment.

The days passed; yet, strange to say, the patient's memory never seemed to mend. Thoroughly alive to all that went on around him, he had not the slightest recollection of anything previous to his awakening in the Doctor's house. Life, for him, dated from the moment in which he had first heard the voice of Miriam Fearing.

Both the Doctor and his sister were untiring in their kind attention to his every want. He had no bodily injuries beyond a bruise or two, and was up and about on the second day after the accident. As the Doctor was a busy man and seldom at home, chance threw the patient much into the company of Miss Fearing. It was from her lips that he heard the story of the eventful day which had made them acquainted.

The train by which he had been travelling had run off the track and down a steep incline. The result was terrible. One or two of the passengers escaped unhurt; but all the rest, he alone excepted, were killed outright. It was because he was the solitary sufferer

that the Doctor had taken him to his own house.

"Can you recall anything connected with your life previous to the collision?" was Miss Fearing's query, when she had told him thus much.

"Not a single thing."

"Not even your name?"

He gave an embarrassed laugh.

"Not even that," he rejoined, "silly as it seems."

"Then I can enlighten you," she said. "You are Cyril Woodward, and you have but lately landed from a voyage which took about six weeks. You started from Sydney about two months ago, and spent a week or two in London, before the accident which brought you to us."

Her calm eyes were watching the effect of her words. The man looked utterly amazed. There was no sign of answering recollection in his troubled face.

"Your father died about a year ago, leaving you sufficiently rich, and you determined to visit the home country to make its acquaintance. You are thirty-four and heart-whole."

She ended with a little laugh of friendly amusement.

"How did you learn all this?" he asked, his eyes wide open with amazement. "For the life of me, I can not say whether it is truth or romance."

"It is more likely to be truth," she responded, "unless you are given to romancing."

The explanation which followed relieved his curiosity. It seemed that, oddly enough, his baggage, like himself, had escaped injury. A travelling cap on his head, the handkerchief in his pocket, both bore the initials C. W. A small hand-bag, lying close beside him, had the name Cyril Woodward engraved upon a silver plate near the handle. A pocket-book bearing the same name had been found underneath him, having evidently slipped from his

pocket in the fall from the train. In the wrecked luggage van, two large travelling trunks, a portmanteau, a dressing-case and a hatbox bore similar signs of ownership.

"I hope you will not accuse us of undue curiosity in examining your pocket-book," Miss Fearing went on to say. "The loss of memory on your part seemed to countenance such a proceeding on ours; for my brother could not in charity send you adrift in your present state. We have opened nothing else than that, nor did I read any more than was required to identify you. Forgive me for joking about your being heart-whole," she went on, a bright blush suffusing her face. "I could not help reading what one of your friends had advised you to do before returning; and I am an old woman, so you will not be annoyed."

(On referring later to the pocket-book in question, he came across the entry in a kind of loose diary, or rather jumble of memorandums: "Went to bid Tom good-bye. He facetiously advised me to bring back an English wife.")

Needless to say, Woodward deprecated any idea of excess of duty on the part of the Doctor or his sister, and thanked the latter warmly for all her kindness.

"I must tell you of something else which Robert thought it right to do," continued Miss Fearing. "He wrote to your agent in Sydney, telling him of the railway accident, and assuring him of your safety. Although suffering a little from the effects of the shock, you would soon be all right, Robert said."

It was strange; but, although the young man was now well enough in every other way, his recollection could go back no farther than the day of the accident.

"The shock has dethroned your memory," the Doctor explained. "Rest

and quiet will put you right in time."

"I can't understand this absence of a past at all," Woodward remarked one day to Miss Fearing. "The idea of a fellow forgetting who he is seems ridiculous."

Miss Fearing put down her knitting, and fetched a letter-case from her writing table. From it she took out a printed slip which she handed to Woodward.

"Read that," she said; "it will enlighten you."

It was a cutting from a popular journal, containing an explanation by an eminent physician of the mystery of "disappearing units." The writer gave, as a reason for the not infrequent disappearance of some individual or other from his customary surroundings, a scientific fact not generally known. He stated from his own personal experience that a sudden shock or some such cause would often bring about so thorough a loss of memory that the individual sufferer would be deprived of the knowledge of his identity so completely as not to recognize even his own name. His previous existence might be to him a perfect blank. There was, however, always consolation in the fact that time usually works a cure in such cases; and a cure so perfect that as memory of former events returns, the intervening period becomes gradually obliterated from the mental vision, to be in course of time entirely blotted out.

Woodward read through the extract with evident interest.

"How strange!" he exclaimed. "Yet how confidently he speaks! I only hope I may be as fortunate as he leads me to suppose possible."

"I thought you would be consoled," was Miss Fearing's reply. "The pity is that we shall all be swept from your awakened memory as though we had never been."

"That can never be," he answered,

with enthusiasm. "Such kindness as yours could never be forgotten."

Then, with leave from his hostess, he placed the paper in the pocket of his memorandum-book.

There was some unaccountable influence attracting the young fellow to Miriam Fearing. She was old enough to have been his mother, so there was no question of love in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Yet he was never so entirely happy as when in her company. Her personality—those calm brown eyes, that sweet, placid face—seemed to be continually calling up some misty recollection or other. He puzzled and puzzled, and at last left the question as unanswerable. It was when Vera returned home from a distant visit that Woodward began to suggest to himself a solution of the mystery,—a solution fanciful indeed, but the only one which seemed to him to carry conviction.

Vera was the Doctor's only child, a girl of twenty-three, tall, graceful and winning. Her mother had died at her birth, and a mother's place had been admirably filled by Miriam Fearing, who had flown to her brother in his deep distress and had never left him since. The likeness between aunt and niece was extraordinary. Vera was Miriam restored to the freshness and charm of youth. The brown eyes had the same sweet friendliness; the attractive smile gave to the oval face, with its softly-tinted skin, a grace near akin to absolute beauty; the hair, just as abundant, was chestnut-brown in place of white. But the resemblance was more than external. The indefinable sense of an ideal long cherished and realized at last was stronger still in the younger woman than it had been in the elder. Must it not be that this was the wife marked out for him by Heaven? Under such circumstances it was inevitable that before a week had passed the man found himself

deeply in love with one who seemed to him the personification of every womanly perfection.

He had insisted from the first that the Doctor should regard him as a paying patient whom charity had allowed to reside under his roof. In such capacity was he domiciled there when Vera returned, bringing with her the weapons which were to conquer his affections. In his upright sincerity, Woodward lost no time in making Doctor Fearing acquainted with the feelings of his heart. The Doctor had already conceived a strong attachment to him, and made no secret of his satisfaction at the news. At the same time he was too prudent to allow any engagement for the present; for not only was the suitor a comparative stranger, but the state of his mental faculties cautioned prudence.

Thus it came about that, though all the family knew well enough the bent of the young man's affections, he was so careful in his demeanor that no outward change was evident in the relations of the young people toward each other. As far as these went, Vera and Woodward were on the footing of intimate friends and no more. But to the man, this was not altogether satisfactory. He was not sure about Vera's feelings. He had kept to the terms of his contract with her father with the utmost conscientiousness, and had never betrayed his affection by a word. It was impossible that she should not have guessed the state of his heart; yet he was unhappy at the prospect of waiting on indefinitely before knowing for certain what he already instinctively felt was assured.

The Doctor, however, was firm in his original determination. There was nothing for it but to abide by his decision. Luckily, an event happened which helped to relieve the tension under which his patient had begun to suffer. A letter arrived in answer

to that, written by Doctor Fearing to the agent in Australia, immediately after the accident. It was addressed to Woodward, and was full of gratitude for his preservation, and devotion to his person,—just the letter that one man would write to another under similar circumstances, when the two had been in constant and intimate intercourse. The signature, Tom Wynberg, identified the writer with the Tom mentioned in the diary, the advocate of an English marriage.

Wynberg suggested a visit to a London merchant, with whom the late Mr. Woodward had had considerable business dealings, as enabling the young man to talk over any business matter he might wish to discuss.

"You will remember," the writer said, "that I advised you to see him on your landing; but I hear from him that he has not yet made your acquaintance."

Here was the prospect of a change of scene and of occupation which would distract his mind from its worrying sense of protracted expectancy. London was near enough. He could run backward and forward in a few hours. He would settle there for a time and make acquaintance with his father's old friend. Perhaps Vera would consent to write to him. In any case, he would be able to see her frequently. The Doctor thoroughly approved of the idea. To tell the truth, he had begun to feel anxious about Woodward, who had shown signs of a curious restlessness of late, which had puzzled him; then there had been times when the young man seemed preoccupied and moody, as though he were brooding over some secret trouble. Taking into consideration the effect of the delay in his love affairs, there yet seemed room for anxiety on the score of mental health.

So to London Woodward went, promising to return in the course of

a fortnight. It was surprising that, in spite of so casual an acquaintance, London affected him with a sense of familiarity.

"How is it?" he asked himself, "that, although I spent but a week or two in the place after I landed I feel as much at home as though I had been born here?"

And so it was. Like a thorough Londoner, he seemed to find his way about by instinct. The thronged streets of the city, the bustle of cabs, motors, bicycles, omnibuses, carts and drays exhilarated rather than bewildered him. He was at home amid the noise and tumult from the first, and every day increased the familiarity, just as knowledge deepens friendship.

The strange thing about it was that he seemed to be forever going through that phase which is common to some folk's experience—the conviction that sights and sounds and persons and happenings were but recurrences of what had already passed in some former stage of existence. And this feeling gained in strenuous insistency every day.

He had called more than once upon his commercial friend, and had begun to get a pretty clear insight into his business relations with that gentleman and the exceedingly prosperous condition of his own financial affairs, and the effect was one of calmer views as to the future. He had no reason to fear that inadequate worldly prospects would have any influence in delaying his marriage. They might even hasten his happiness. Vera's image never left him, but it changed a little in his mental vision during those few days of absence. While remaining virtually the same in general features, it had gained in maturity and womanly dignity, till it became a sort of blending of Vera and Miriam.

One morning an extraordinary thing occurred. Woodward had been in the

city and had taken a cab to his hotel. As he was getting out, a young man, who happened to be passing at the moment, sprang forward and seized his hand with an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"Chris, old chap, how delighted I am to see you! We have been searching the whole country for you and were in despair of ever seeing you again. Where on earth have you been?"

Woodward gazed at the speaker in bewilderment.

"I don't understand!" he faltered out. "There's some mistake. I never remember meeting you before."

The stranger stared at him for a moment, then laughed, incredulous.

"Why, have you taken leave of your senses? I was best man at your wedding last year, at any rate; though I must confess we've had little intercourse since. However, if you want to cut me, it is useless pushing myself on you."

And in another moment he had disappeared in the crowd that thronged the pavement of the busy thoroughfare.

What did it all mean? "Chris" the man had called him. What was there connected with the name that it should strike him as familiar? He sat and thought long and deeply, but his faithless memory refused to serve him.

Next morning he awoke betimes. The face of the man who had accosted him was clear before his mental sight, and on his lips was the name Willie Radcliffe. He sprang up and dressed quickly. Memory was stirring! He passed out into the crowded street like one in a dream. Something seemed to be giving way in his brain, yet it exhilarated rather than depressed him to experience it. He could think of nothing but—Vera. He would make his way to—Vera. The name was unfamiliar, though the image was the same as ever. He walked on as if by instinct. Street after street appealed

to him like the face of some well-remembered friend.

He found himself before a house at the corner of a square. He hesitated not at all, but ran up the steps and pulled the bell with an alacrity born of use. And before the door was opened to him his memory had returned. A dark curtain seemed to lift. He had come back to—Helen, his dear wife! She was in the hall. She had seen him from the window. The doubts and fears of many months were stilled, and her heart leapt like a fountain of joy.

"O Chris, my darling! At last!" was all she could find words to utter, as she fell unconscious into his wide-opened arms.

Husband and wife had much to speak of that day. A little Chris, sucking his rosy thumbs in his cot, and smiling in the friendliest way at the father he had never before seen, suggested many questions and replies. But as to the events of the interval since he had parted from his wife, the man had scarcely a word. He had started for Liverpool, where Helen had been staying with her invalid sister, with the intention of bringing his wife home to London. He had fallen asleep in the train, and, beyond some overwhelming shock which had seemed to wreck the universe, could remember nothing more.

"It must have been the collision!" cried Helen, excitedly. "I felt afraid you had started by that train, but we could never ascertain. Hugh" (her brother) "started off at once and made all inquiries on the spot. He could hear nothing of you or find any traces. He examined all the bodies" (she shuddered), "but no one was like you among either living or dead. The only one who had been hurt was an Australian, who had been taken to the house of the Doctor. So he came back and could give me no information of you. We advertised everywhere and inquired everywhere, yet you had dis-

appeared as completely as though you had never existed. But I have you again, thank God!"

The man listened intently. There was no response in his memory as to the events of the last few months. He spoke humbly and reverently:

"I have been in God's hands, dearest; but where I know not. There must have been some shock to reason, though of what nature I can not say. One thing alone is clear to me—you seem to have been always with me in the dream-life that I have passed through."

She kissed him softly. He took her head in his hands, and looked long and lovingly upon the softly-tinted skin of the oval face, the loving eyes of deep brown, the abundant chestnut hair; then kissed her in return.

Thus Christopher Walshe stepped out again from the shadowy past to take up his work again in the busy world; while the wraith of Cyril Woodward glided into the grave under the green sod that covered the remains of the victims of a terrible disaster.

Helen's mind was set at rest by the timely discovery of the tiny diary which had played so important a part during the months which had passed since her husband's memory had slept. Outlines of history were supplied by its means which imagination could easily build upon. To her fell the task of fulfilling all claims which justice and charity demanded; for never again did she refer in word—as far as Christopher was concerned—to that mysterious period of her husband's life. It was enough for her to realize, as she could not fail to do, that her Chris had never for an instant faltered in his loyalty to her; since it had been, beyond doubt, his wife's image which had attracted him in both Miriam and Vera.

GIVE what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow.*

A Miracle of the Holy Eucharist.

A LETTER from a Redemptorist missionary to one of his brethren, dated from Buga, in Colombia, March 21 of the present year, contains an account of a miraculous occurrence during the earthquakes which, as he declares, were felt north of the equator, south of Colombia, and along the Pacific coast. No doubt this seismic agitation bore some relation to the recent disaster at Valparaiso. However that may be, the account offers an inspiring example of heroic faith, and a sublime instance of the power of the Blessed Eucharist.

"The parish of Tumaes," writes the missionary, "comprises a group of islands; it is a miniature archipelago. The principal island amongst them, at which vessels are laden, is called Tumaco. On the 31st January, about ten o'clock in the morning, an earthquake was felt there. The shock was violent and prolonged; in some districts, it lasted seven minutes; in others, a quarter of an hour, causing ruin and consternation everywhere. About eleven o'clock the inhabitants of Tumaco saw the sea rising to a mountainous height, and threatening to submerge the whole country. Their terror knew no bounds; they uttered the most heart-rending cries: 'We are doomed!'

"They rushed tumultuously toward the shore, where the parish priest was standing, to beg him for a last absolution. At sight of them the courageous priest was seized by a heavenly inspiration. He hurried to the church, and, by an impulse of heroic faith, brought thence the Blessed Sacrament. Accompanied by Father Gerard Larrundo, and followed by the praying multitude he returned to the shore, presenting the thrice Holy Host to the angry element. At that very moment the first mountain of water

broke, foaming, at the priest's feet. A second arose above the horizon; the intrepid pastor awaited its approach with unshaken confidence, still holding toward it the Blessed Sacrament. The wave roared ominously, appearing furiously agitated, but presently spent itself within a few paces of the priest. The sea, in presence of the Sacred Host, gradually grew calm, and the people regained courage. At the very moment when this sublime scene was in progress, the Island of Gorgona, opposite Tumaco, was engulfed with all its inhabitants."

From this prodigy, a very practical conclusion may be drawn. The nations are agitated by more formidable evils than earthquakes. Numberless souls perish, submerged by the waves of impiety and immorality. Let us go to Jesus echoing the old cry of the Apostle: "Lord, save us, we perish!"

 Receipt for a Happy Life.

In the year 1500 Margaret of Navarre wrote the following "Receipt for a Happy Life." More than four centuries have passed since then, but wisdom is ever young, and her quaint words are as full of good counsel now as when she penned them:

"If you would have a happy life, take three ounces of patience and three of repose, and mix together with a pound of peace of conscience. Add as much as the hand can hold of innocent pastimes, and of hope and pleasant memories three good drachms; moisten these with the pleasure distilled from a cheerful heart. Add of love's magic a few drops; but be sparing of these, for sometimes love brings a flame which naught but tears can drown. Grind all these things together, and mix with an ounce of merriment to enliven; yet all this may not bring happiness unless in your orisons you lift your voice to Him who holds the gift of health."

A Revival of Chivalry.

ONE of the most timely, necessary, and inspiring documents to reach our table in a long time is the Pastoral Letter in which Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, discusses the need of a revival of the chivalrous spirit, and, as a means thereto in the territory under his own jurisdiction, establishes the new order of Knights of Our Lady of the Southern Cross. "So far as society is concerned," says the Australian prelate, "the order of knighthood is needed now more than it was in the Middle Ages. There are more deep-seated wrongs to be redressed, more serious evils to be cured. In the Middle Ages marriage was recognized as the sacred and sacramental institution intended by God for the lawful propagation of the human race, and the inseparable union of man and woman in family life. But to-day, outside the Catholic Church, marriage has lost its sacramental, and much of its sacred, character. The primary purpose of the Almighty in instituting marriage is largely frustrated by the artificial limitation of the family, and by race suicide. The indissolubility of marriage is destroyed by the recognition of divorce; and the unity of marriage is practically dissolved, not, indeed, by simultaneous but by successive polygamy. Then, outside the married state, who can enumerate or weigh the sins of unchastity which defile the earth, cry to Heaven for vengeance, and corrupt souls created to the image and likeness of God!"

Commenting on the fact that in ancient times the Flood was sent to purge the corrupted earth, and fire from heaven destroyed the cities of the plains, Mgr. Carr asks if the sins and unnatural excesses of modern times are less deserving of swift and startling punishment. "One thing at least," he

continues, "is certain — namely, that there is abundant scope for the exercise of that lay apostolate, that lay priesthood, with which the Knight's office is invested. There is no danger of any conflict or collision between the two priesthoods. They operate in different spheres, and are exercised on different occasions. The Church is the centre of the one; the street, the market-place, the cricket-ground, the shop, the factory, every place where men congregate, as well as the private home, is the sphere of the other."

An invitation to become sharers in this new spiritual crusade is extended to "all who are willing to imitate the example of the knights of old, to practise the virtues they practised, to uphold the duties and responsibilities of married life, to protect the purity of the young, to put a stop, as far as opportunity may allow, to every word and act calculated to offend modesty and injure innocence."

During the solemn ceremony of initiation into the new order, each candidate will make these promises: 1. As a true Knight, I promise to practise in public and in private, at home and abroad, the virtues of the knightly office. 2. To promote the faithful fulfilment of the duties of the married state. 3. To shield from harm and stain the dignity and purity of woman. 4. To suppress by every legitimate means all indecency in word or action. 5. To exhibit toward all, male and female, a chivalrous courtesy.

We should like to reproduce more than one inspiring passage from this notable Pastoral, but must be content with giving here its concluding paragraph:

We place our order of knighthood specially under Our Lady's protection, because it is intended chiefly for the honor and defence of woman, and because woman's nature is elevated and glorified in her, who was at once a virgin and a mother....A true man will ever treat woman, both in life and literature, not with justice merely, but with generous sympathy.

Into her arms we are born, on her breast our helpless cries are hushed, and her hands close our eyes when the light is gone. Watching her lips, our own become vocal; in her eyes we read the mystery of faith, hope, and love; led by her hand, we learn to look up and to walk in the way of obedience to law. We owe to her, as mother, as sister, as wife, as friend, the tenderest emotions of life, the purest aspirations of the soul, the noblest elements of character, and the completest sympathy in all our joy and sorrow. She weaves flowers of heaven into the vesture of earthly life. In poetry, painting, sculpture, and religion, she gives us ideals of the fair and beautiful. Innocence is a woman, chastity is a woman, charity is a woman. Let us, therefore, as dutiful Knights of our fair Queen of the Southern Cross, cherish and champion the honor, the innocence, the chastity, and the charity of woman.

In the motives which have inspired its inception, the purposes it is destined to accomplish, and the Patroness under whose protection it begins its career, the new order is a notable addition to the forces that make for the betterment of social conditions; and we entertain no doubt that in the course of a decade or less Australia will have abundant reason to applaud the happy thought which led Archbishop Carr to establish it. Would that his initiative were followed in other lands! Blessings on the Knights of Our Lady of the Southern Cross!

BE diligent and accurate in all the affairs of which you have charge; but, if possible, do not let them cause you anxiety and vexation,—that is, do not manage them with disquiet, solicitude, and eagerness. Do not worry in attending to them; for worry disturbs the reason, and hinders us from doing well even what does not trouble us. But great affairs do not disturb us so much as a large number of little ones; therefore, manage these also with calmness, and try to attend to them in order, one after another, without perturbation. Thus you will gain great merit by them; for the time that is spent peacefully is doubtless most usefully employed.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Notes and Remarks.

Reviewing Lord Acton's "Lectures on Modern History," the publication of which has been long delayed, a writer in the *Athenæum* observes: "Already the flood of Continental learning has swept away some of the passages that seemed truisms in 1900. Denifle's 'Luther und Lutherthum' would not have left Acton's chapter on Luther just as it stands." The writer need not have hesitated to state that the flood is likely to discredit, not to say obliterate, *much* of what Lord Acton wrote. In spite of his great learning and critical penetration, he was unquestionably not devoid of prejudices. It will be remembered that he was accused of having the Inquisition "on the brain." He contended that no part of modern history has been so searched and sifted as to be without urgent need of the touch of a fresh mind. Father Denifle's great work proves conclusively the need of such a touch in the case of Lord Acton's own writings.

Our public school system has become so idealized in the minds of a great many citizens of this country that they are inclined to regard any reflection upon it as a high crime and misdemeanor, but little removed from overt treason. Such persons will be shocked to read the following item from a New York journal:

To-day, in this city, over five thousand positions in various lines of business are open to young girls and boys varying in age from fifteen to eighteen years—and not a thousand applicants ready to fill them.

There are applicants enough—fifteen thousand of them; but "young people who have certificates to prove that they have graduated from the grade of grammar schools, even some who have had part or all of the high school course, are not sufficiently grounded in the Three R's to fill capably the

simplest of business posts." In this connection let there be given, for the especial benefit of those Catholics who laud the public, and decry the parochial school, this expression of opinion from the manager of a large metropolitan store:

I was so discouraged with letters and application blanks written by graduates from our public schools that I decided to try the parochial schools. I went first to the priest in charge of St. Joseph's parochial school, at Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place, Father Spellman by name, I thought I would like to get boys from that parish because it is so close to the business section. Father Spellman was courteous, but he could not oblige me. Every one of last June's graduates has been placed in store or office, and every graduate in the class of June, 1907, is spoken for by some business man in the Wall Street or wholesale district. I am not a Catholic, but I believe in the old-fashioned Three-R system followed in the parochial schools. I sent two of my men to uptown parochial schools, and found the same conditions prevailing—every boy has a place waiting for him. I am a good American, too; but I must confess that the best boy for the business man to select to-day as a beginner is the lad who is fresh from Ireland, with his common school education. He can not do gymnastics, he has never seen a pot of flowers or a bowl of goldfish on the window-ledge of his schoolroom; he can not cut out paper boats or knit reins for his little brother; but he can write a legible hand, spell correctly, and figure accurately. Furthermore, he regards his elders with respect, not as a joke.

Discussing the recent decisions of the Biblical Commission as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, the *Bombay Examiner* calls attention to the fact that the document containing the decisions takes the form of questions sent in, with nothing but a Yes or No appended, as expressing the judgment passed by the Commission. Commenting on the altogether different, and, in fact, misleading, impression created by the London *Daily Chronicle's* turning the entire questions into full pronouncements of the Commission, our East Indian contemporary says:

The moral is this: In dealing with official documents, be careful to quote them in their

proper form, and not in one of your own. However, turning back to the authentic text, we understand the drift of the answers to be essentially as follows: (1) The critical argument, which would exclude Moses from the substantial authorship, does not amount to a demonstration, especially considering the arguments which exist on the other side. (2) Moses *need* not have written anything in person; there is no objection to supposing that he *may* have given the execution of the work to others instructed by him, and, after approval of results, left it to be made public under his name. (3) The work may have been compiled out of other documents selected, amplified or abbreviated. (4) It may have been glossed, added to or modified by later inspired writers, or even corrupted by copyists. (5) The amount of modification, addition or corruption which may have taken place is a matter to be freely investigated by the laws of criticism,—subject always to the judgment of the Church as regards results.

We quote this summary of Father Hull's for the benefit of the "man on the street," who is so used to getting the pith of the news (true or false) in two or three headlines that he finds it irksome to read even half a dozen paragraphs of extended criticism.

The immortal Will wrote:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
Fortune
More poignantly than words.

Shakespeare himself would have been struck by Fortune's fickleness in the case of Edgar Brown, who died recently at Sault St. Marie, Mich. He was the discoverer and developer of the Maseba and Vermilion iron ranges, the richest in the world; but he died a pauper's death and was buried in a pauper's grave. More pathetic still, in a way, was the experience of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home!" He was once heard to say: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or heard organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home!' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to

lay my head! The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Circumstances like these are common enough. The contradictions and vicissitudes of life are a part of its mystery. "How contradictory it seems," observes Washington Irving in his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," "that one of the most delightful pictures of home and home-felt happiness should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue and all the endearments of the married state should be drawn by a bachelor who has been severed from domestic life almost from boyhood; that one of the most tender, touching, and affecting appeals on behalf of female loveliness should have been made by a man whose deficiencies in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager of the sex!"

Concluding an article on the "Rome-ward Trend in the English Church," the *Literary Digest* feels called upon to declare that "the two parties, Protestant and Roman, in the English Church can not much longer coalesce. The former will enter the ranks of the various sects, the latter will be absorbed by Rome. Their number will increase the more it is realized in England that the safety of the country does not require the maintenance of a church independent of Rome." The one thing reasonably certain seems to be that church disestablishment will within a decade have entered the sphere of practical politics in England.

In reference to the recent University celebrations at Aberdeen, the *Glasgow Observer* recalls the interesting fact that this institution owes its foundation to the Holy See. "Every degree it confers

is due in the ultimate resort to the authority of a Pope of Rome. The University itself is neither ungrateful nor unmindful of this fact. The ignorant and illiterate Protestant writes down the Church of Rome as the foe of learning. The University authorities at Aberdeen, as at Glasgow and St. Andrews—which also owe their origin to the Popes,—confer degrees of honor on Catholic prelates and clerics in recognition of the merit of the individuals thus honored, and of the fact that it is to Catholic authority which these Universities owe their faculty of conferring degrees at all."

Various causes are assigned for the alarming increase of insanity in all civilized countries,—both the unmistakable mania and lunacy that find their way to the asylum and the mental disintegration that drives to self-murder. Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech regarding insanity, attributed much of its increase to the wild haste that marks the business and even the private life of these days. Everything is keyed all the time to the highest pitch. Faster and faster must vibrate the mind and nerves of him who would keep in tune with modern progress. Relaxation is dangerous to success, rest fatal,—what wonder that the strings are snapping faster every day!

As a contributive cause, this high pressure of modern life is undoubtedly a factor in the distressing increase of mania and suicide; but it is clearly neither the sole nor the chief cause. A better explanation than Lord Rosebery's of existing conditions is that of the St. John (N. B.) *Sun*. Says our Canadian contemporary:

From the beginning men have looked for succor in time of need and help for the daily endeavor to something outside themselves and above the commonplace world they live in. Oppressed by troubles and fears which threatened to overcome them, they reached out hands of faith through the clouds, and felt them gripped by sustaining

hands beyond. Their belief left them never alone nor desolate. Through all the years since man walked upright, his knees have bent in trust to some superhuman Power and Goodness. . . Then came Science, so called—theology and all the other ologies—and men sought by human searching to find out God. And when their fingers, stretched in curiosity, failed to find what was found by their fathers' hands reached out in faith, they began to question and to doubt. And doubt bred unrest or black disbelief, and both are breeders of despair. To view life as a problem insoluble, man as an ephemeral inconsequential manifestation of that life, God as a cold, blind force, the hereafter as a puzzle with two answers, one as likely as the other—what is there in all this to inspire courage and steadfastness under trial?

Doubt is the characteristic mental attitude of the world to-day, and is, we believe, in the last analysis, the basis of most of this mental disease so alarmingly manifest everywhere. The human mind is not strong enough to sustain unaided the burdens sometimes heaped upon it, and the props that have stood so long are—between the skeptic scientists and the new theologians—being knocked away one by one.

We quite agree with the New Brunswick editor: when God again takes His place in the world's estimation as a beneficent and loving Father, the asylums will be less crowded and the suicides far fewer.

In view of the fact that the French and Italian papers most frequently quoted by the secular press of England and the United States are not only anti-Catholic but infidel and irreligious, it is no wonder that many persons are possessed of utterly false notions regarding the condition of the Church in France and Italy. It is constantly represented that religion is going to the dogs in both countries—Catholicity everywhere losing ground; heresy, schism, and infidelity everywhere spreading. The following paragraph from the *Catholic Times* of London throws a light on this subject:

The *Times* and the other daily papers are perpetually quoting, as supporting their opinions on the actual ecclesiastical policy of France, certain French and Italian papers; while their correspondents endeavor to palm off on the

British public as leading and authoritative organs the *Sicle*, the *Lanterne*, *L'Aurore*, *L'Action*, *L'Humanité*, and the Italian *Secolo* and *Tribuna*, these two, according to the *Times*, being "the most widely read and most authoritative Italian papers." One and all of the papers named are not only fiercely anti-Christian, but anti-theistic and even blasphemous. They are edited by Jews, and run in the interests of the Masonic lodges. Their chief object is the systematic sapping of the faith of the people and revealed religion. The *Asino* is also owned by Jews. It is one of the most abominable papers published; for, in addition to the blasphemy of its text, it gives caricatures not only of the clergy, but of Christ and the Madonna. This paper has assisted the notorious Dr. Robertson of Venice in his efforts to make perverts; and, by quoting it, he manages to convince certain old ladies in America and the North of England that Italy is fast becoming a Protestant country.

The obsolete calumny that the Church is the uncompromising foe of Science has, in the minds of all really able thinkers, long lost the complexion of truth, although immature sciolists still hark back to the oldtime historical Jack-in-the-box of Galileo, and display their ignorance of the real facts of that astronomer's claims and condemnation. A view diametrically opposed to the traditional non-Catholic one in this matter we find quoted in the *Catholic Watchman* (Madras) from a sermon delivered at the Jubilee celebration of the Catholic University School of Medicine by the Rev. Dr. Cronin, of Clonliffe College. After stating that the Church allows her scientific children the fullest liberty of inquiry, the preacher went on:

Nay, it has already suggested itself to many amongst you that from the very nature of the case, the Catholic Church is the only church which can consistently allow to its members an absolutely untrammelled freedom in this matter of investigation. To some the statement may seem a little novel, but I hope to make it good. It stands to reason that if we believe as we (Catholics) all must believe in the infallibility of our Church, we are persuaded that everything that she teaches is true; and therefore we believe and are bound to believe that no amount of scientific investigation can ever bring under our

notice even one fact or law at variance with our creed. Hence the Catholic scientist must, with the fullest confidence, proceed with his work of inquiry; open up, for instance, the earth for every record it contains in rock or tablet of the history of the material world, or of peoples; or, to take an example from the science of medicine, the Catholic investigator will, with the utmost confidence, trace out amongst various forms of life every structural analogy of value to his science, and he will follow with enthusiasm into the microscopic hiding places of living things and search for them in their minutest forms and scan their origins. Nor will he fear that anything shall there confront him at variance with the faith he holds. Nay, should he hesitate even for a moment, for fear of his faith, to pursue such an inquiry, he has already ceased to belong to the Holy Catholic Church. I say it advisedly, for fear of his faith; for to fear for the faith is to doubt about it, whereas faith implies the fullest confidence and the strongest certitude about that which is believed. And so I say that the fullest liberty of inquiry is consistent with a Catholic investigator's faith; nay, is a very necessity of it. Can that be said for any other form of religious belief?

Commenting on the deplorable fact that the majority of marriages in Buenos Aires are celebrated at night, the *Southern Cross* of that city remarks:

It is strange that in a Catholic country the time-honored custom recommended by the Church, of having the ceremony performed in the morning should be allowed to fall into disuse, especially by wealthy people, for whom time is not an important consideration. It would almost appear as if the dictates of fashion were of more importance in the minds of the contracting couple than the Nuptial Blessing. And yet if a good example were set by a few leading Catholic families in this respect, it would soon become fashionable to have the ceremony performed in the morning, and to have it accompanied by the Nuptial Mass and Blessing.

If marriages in the morning, with the Nuptial Mass and Blessing, become the custom in Buenos Aires, and the rule rather than the exception in many other cities nearer home, we hope it will be on account of a thorough appreciation of the spiritual advantages to be derived rather than an ambition to be fashionable. It may be remarked that a great many bad customs besides night

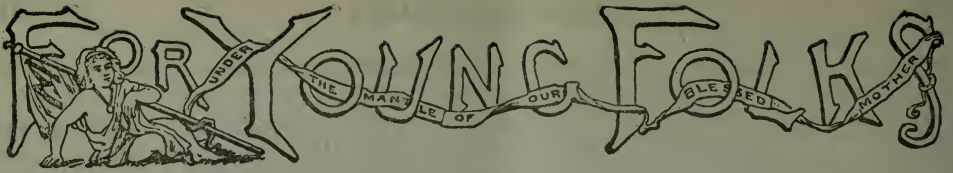
marriages originate in the inability of religious guides to say No. A small word, but great moral courage is often required for the saying of it.

Apropos of a reference in one of our recent leading articles to the "Soupers" in Irish famine days, there is a modicum of interest in this extract from a letter to the *Dublin Daily Express* by J. C. McWalter, M. D., M. A., quoted by the *Irish American*:

Let me say in reply to some of your correspondents that if the Irish Bible of the Hibernian [Protestant] Society were a miracle of scholarship and a marvel of learning—were it a monument of classical Irish undefiled and an amazing example of accurate translation from the Hebrew and the Greek, unsullied by the aid of any English version,—yet I should refuse to accept it because of the traditions and the history of this Bible Society. The Bible in question is the identical one which was offered to every starving peasant in the West during all the back years from 1847 to 1867 as the emblem of apostasy. The famine-stricken, fevered poor fellow, who could no longer bear to hear the cries of his perishing children and fainting wife, believed when he took this Irish Bible that it was the token of having sold his soul, as firmly as did Faustus when he received the ring from Mephistopheles. A million Irish people, they say, died from starvation and its effects in these years. Most of them might have been saved had they accepted this Irish Bible from the Soupers, who had the money so freely to spend.

The shrine publishes no balance-sheet but it is no extravagant estimate that the annual income of the Lourdes grotto is more than \$1,500,000. The income in the past, however, has doubtless been equally large, if not larger, for it is well known that Leo XIII. included the Lourdes Litany in the Roman Breviary only upon payment of nearly a million dollars, and it has been a common practice for cardinals and other high church dignitaries to apply to Lourdes for money whenever the need presented itself. Likewise the Propaganda obtained immense sums from the shrine for the purpose of opposing French influence; and the Assumptionists were sustained primarily by Lourdes gold in their long and violent fight with the Republic.

Think of a reputable newspaper like the *Tribune* of New York publishing rubbish like this!



God's Angel.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THROUGH the wide world there journeys

An angel from the skies,
No mortal may behold him,
Though naught escapes his eyes;
For Heaven is his native home,
And God doth send him forth to roam.

From house to house he wanders;
And wheresoe'er a child
Dwells, faithful, honest, prayerful,
Obedient, truthful, mild,
There would he fain forever stay,
To watch and guard it all the day.

He puts kind thoughts and holy
Into that youthful heart,
And helps it learn, and never
Goes far from it apart;
Or gentle girl or manly boy,
He fills that childish soul with joy.

And when the day is ended,
And night falls o'er the world,
Behold him with his banner
Of Rest and Sleep unfurled,
Watching his charges all the night,
And waking them at morning light!

O holy Guardian Angel,
May I be one of those
Whom all the day thou aidest
And bringest night's repose!
Among the children good and mild,
Find room for me—a faithful child.

THE smallest bird known in Europe is the golden-crested wren. This little fellow seldom exceeds eight grains troy in weight, and is only about three and a half inches in length with his feathers on. When they are removed the tiny body does not commonly measure more than an inch. In Spain the wren is called the Blessed Virgin's bird.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

III.

"MOTHER, who are the Wingates?" asked Stephen some time later, as he returned from an exploration of the garden, confined, by his mother's desire, to a walk up and down the straight path behind the house. The rooms were already partially in order, as the carpets had been put down before they came, according to the direction of Mrs. Lawson, who had had the dimensions of the rooms sent her by the agent.

"Everything has turned out so well, Stephen," she said, scarcely hearing his question. "The front and back parlor are three feet narrower than ours at home, though exactly the same length. With the extra breadths I can carpet Annette's—no, I mean Bridget's—little room which is just off the kitchen. The back parlor has a lovely view; we shall use it as a living room. Our old dining-room rug entirely covers the dining-room here, which is small and cosy, just as you want it. My rug and yours are in their places in the bedrooms, and there could not be a better fit than our pretty grey and green rug, which is in the spare room here. Mrs. Blinks, the charwoman, has just brought over fresh eggs and jam and a loaf of home-made bread; so we shall have a fine tea. Bridget is getting it ready."

It pleased Stephen to know that his mother was cheerful and satisfied: he could hear it in the tones of her voice. When they were seated at table, he repeated his question:

"Mother, who are the Wingates?"

"They are our nearest neighbors," replied his mother. "Why do you ask? Have you met any of them?"

"No, but the driver said they lived beyond the hedge, and that we should find them very pleasant neighbors." After a slight pause, he continued: "It may be selfish, but I don't care about such close neighbors; do you, mother?"

"They were much closer in town, Stephen," answered his mother.

"Yes, but that was different. In cities, you have often told me, people live side by side for years and never grow to be more than mere acquaintances. But in the country it is different, isn't it? You must be sociable with people whether you like them or not, mustn't you?"

"There is no obligation," rejoined his mother. "In the country, however, people are more dependent upon one another than in town; and if our neighbors make advances it would be churlish not to meet them halfway. I have often thought, Stephen, that some young friends would be good for you."

"I don't need any," said the boy quickly. "You are my eyes, and that is enough,—unless you would like some new friends yourself, mother," he added after a pause.

"I do not feel the need of them either, Stephen. But perhaps we have always lived too much alone."

"I do not think so. Have you ever heard of the Wingates?"

"Not till to-day—this morning. Mrs. Burton knows them. They are lively, pleasant people, she says. Captain Wingate has been retired from the army several years. There are two children—girls. One in particular Mrs. Burton praised very highly. She thought she would be a good companion for you."

"How old is the girl, mother?"

"About sixteen, I believe."

"Then she would think me too young

for a friend," answered the boy. "I am not thirteen yet."

"But you have lived so much with grown people that you seem older," said his mother. "If the young lady answers the description I have had, I think you will like her very much. It would be pleasant to go about with her, if she would take you. She could describe everything just as I do."

"No one could ever do that, mother," replied Stephen. "But I am not going to be grumpy about our neighbors, either. It will be all right to get acquainted if they feel like coming to see us."

"Oh, they will do that!" said his mother. "I fancy they mean to be quite neighborly."

They had just risen from the table when the door bell rang. Knowing that Bridget was busy in the kitchen; and, thinking that some more of the furniture had arrived, Mrs. Lawson went to the door; Stephen followed her into the hall.

Mrs. Lawson opened the door to a rather young-looking, middle-aged woman, with a great deal of blonde hair frizzed all over her forehead, a pink complexion, and small, piercing blue eyes. Her attire, like herself, seemed breezy and fluttering, with long ends of ribbons everywhere they could be used.

"This is Mrs. Lawson?" she asked, in a loud though not unpleasant voice that seemed to fill the hall with its resonance. "Of course it is Mrs. Lawson; who else should it be? I am Mrs. Wingate, your next-door neighbor. I must ask you to excuse me for coming in so soon—so shockingly soon,—but we were driving past, and I thought I *must* come in for a moment to welcome you to Moxon. We are so glad to have you for neighbors! Captain Wingate was just wondering whether you played cards; he is so devoted to cards. And this is the boy I have heard so much about! How

do you do, Stephen? Yes: Mrs. Burton wrote it was Stephen. And how cheerful you look, both of you! And almost settled so soon? How *did* you do it?"

Mrs. Lawson now contrived to get in a few words.

"You are very kind to come, Mrs. Wingate," she said. "I think we shall be quite at home in a few days."

They were in the living room by this time. Mrs. Wingate seated herself and looked around.

"Lovely old furniture you have!" she exclaimed. "I adore old furniture, though my husband says I'm the most modern creature he ever saw. Well, what can I do for you? Anything?"

"If you would only go away!" thought Stephen, who felt his heart sink at the prospect of having so loquacious a visitor, perhaps daily, and wondered whether his mother could derive any pleasure from such an acquaintance. Very likely her daughters were second editions of their mother. The outlook was not promising. Then he heard his mother saying in her soft, well-modulated voice, the beauty of which he had never realized till that moment:

"Thank you! We shall do very nicely; but if we need anything, I shall not fail to call upon you, Mrs. Wingate."

"And how is dear Mrs. Burton?" now inquired the visitor. "What a charming woman she is! One of my daughters thinks her perfection. By the way, Muriel is here with me. Shall I call her in? No: it won't be worth while this evening; she will come over to-morrow. It is not Muriel who is Mrs. Burton's favorite, though."

She rose, fluttered away, talking all the time, and paused on the step to whisper in Mrs. Lawson's ear:

"My youngest daughter promises to be a great beauty. But Charlotte, the elder—well, Charlotte is a perfect *fright*. I always prepare people for her, that they may not be too much shocked or

surprised. It is a great trial to me, I assure you; but she is a *good* child,—a good child, Mrs. Lawson."

Presently Stephen, who had remained in the living room, heard the carriage driving off, and when his mother returned he said:

"Well, mother, if the Wingates are all like *that*?"

"I fancy she would be a little trying if one saw a great deal of her," said Mrs. Lawson. "But doubtless Mrs. Wingate has many good points that one does not see at first. She was very kind to come in so soon."

"Yes, she was," rejoined Stephen, a little doubtfully. "But I hope she won't come very often."

They went back to the dining-room, where Bridget was clearing off the table.

"It's a funny thing, ma'am," she said; "but that's the lady I lived with first when I came to America. It was she that changed my name to Annette."

"Mrs. Wingate?" asked Stephen.

"Yes: that was her name. He was just retiring from the army, on account of some wound he'd got. That's Captain Wingate's wife, and she doesn't look a day older than she did twelve years ago. She must have had a good easy time of it."

"They have a very pleasant-looking place," answered Mrs. Lawson. "The garden seems remarkably well kept."

"They were anything but well off when I lived with them," said Bridget; "and they were very fond of good living. Perhaps they came in to money. They had a pretty little daughter; she was about three years old then. They called her the queerest name I ever heard. I can't remember it now."

"Muriel?" suggested Mrs. Lawson.

"Yes, that was it. She was greatly petted, being the only child."

"But there is another daughter."

"Born since then?"

"No: she is older than the other. Her name is Charlotte."

Bridget shook her head.

"She wasn't there when I lived with them, ma'am; and I never heard any talk of her either. I'm almost sure Mrs. Wingate told me she had but the one. This is a niece no doubt, or an adopted daughter."

"Mrs. Wingate said she had two daughters," observed Mrs. Lawson.

"Well, maybe I'm wrong," answered Bridget, gathering up her tray; "but I can't think it, ma'am."

The sun was setting as Stephen once more strolled into the garden. He had already found a rustic bench near his neighbor's fence, on which he had been seated during the afternoon. With that wonderful facility for making their way about which some blind persons possess, he at once made his way to it, and sat down. Great masses of honey-suckle in full bloom covered the trellis above him; the twitter of the birds as they sought their nests sounded pleasantly in his ear; all the nameless sounds of approaching night were about him on every side. It was high tide; he could hear the boom of the surf upon the beach. He extended his arms, lifting his sightless eyes upward, in a silent ecstasy of delight.

Although he was not aware of it, a young girl was watching him from the other side of the hedge which separated the two properties. She came a little nearer, and at length stood quite close to him.

"It is a lovely evening," she said. "I am your neighbor, Charlotte Wingate."

"Oh, it is beautiful!" Stephen replied, rising to his feet and extending his hand. "You know I am blind."

"Yes: I had heard. But I have been watching you for some time, and I would never have known it, you seemed to enjoy the evening so greatly."

The soft brown hand that had taken his closed over it gently as Stephen replied:

"I think I enjoy things even better

for that; I fancy them, you know."

"There is a gap in the hedge here," said the girl. "I am going over to sit with you a little while."

"Do come!" rejoined Stephen; and in a moment they were conversing pleasantly together.

A little later Mrs. Lawson was surprised to see him coming up the path, in the twilight, his hand on the arm of a young girl, whose face she could not see. They parted at the door.

When Stephen entered the living room he said:

"Mother, I have been talking to Charlotte. She is so nice and kind: she brought me home. And, mother, I know she must be beautiful; for, after yours, she has the loveliest voice I ever heard."

(To be continued.)

Sailors' Legends.

BY FRANCESCA.

Fishermen have legends all their own. They say that the reason why the flounder has one side white is that the Blessed Virgin once placed her hand upon it, and that the spot where her lily hand rested has been the color of snow ever since.

An ancient tradition is to the effect that it was the haddock in whose mouth St. Peter discovered the tribute-money; that the spots upon its body near the gills were caused by the pressure of the Apostle's fingers. There are similar marks upon the dory—a European fish,—made, it is said, by St. Christopher, who stepped upon one while carrying the Christ-Child through the water.

The pike, like the passion flower, carries upon it the marks of the Crucifixion, such as the cross, nails, and sword. This is, the sailors will tell you, because the pike remained above the water when all the other fish fled to

the bottom of the sea in a great panic when they found that our Saviour was to be put to death.

The Blessed Virgin has always been considered the especial patroness of those "going down to the sea in ships." To her they appealed when in danger of shipwreck, and ships sailing past any of her sanctuaries used to salute her by striking their topsails or clewing up the topsail sheets. Most of the ships in the Royal Navy of England were, in Catholic days, given one of her sweet names. During the reign of Henry VII., four among twenty were called *The Marye*, while the fishing fleets of all Continental countries have ever honored her in a similar manner.

While Our Lady as Star of the Sea has ever been the protectress of all sailors, St. Nicholas has in a special sense been the patron of fishing towns. Many caves along the coast of France have been used as chapels, in which both Our Lady and St. Nicholas have had especial honor; and vessels have never failed to lower their topmasts while passing them.

Formerly it was considered a token of great good fortune when mackerel fleets could arrange to start out on May Day; and the sailors took delight in decorating the masts of their vessels with May Day garlands. When the mackerel nets, with floats attached, were thrown into the water, the sailors would sing:

"Watch, barrel, watch, mackerel for to catch!
White may they be like a blossom on a tree!
God send thousands, one, two, and three!
Some by their heads, some by their tails,—
God sends thousands, and never fails."

Then the captain would cry, "Seas all!" and over the nets would go.

Ships of the olden time often bore an image of Our Lady as a figurehead. With her leading them, they never lacked courage to fare out into the wide waste of waters.

The Golden Cross.

Some of the holy Fathers relate that an ingenious youth went to a goldsmith to learn his art; and, while he was diligently studying with him, one of the citizens of the city employed the goldsmith to make a cross of gold adorned with precious stones, intending to offer it to the church. Because the youth was very skilful, the master entrusted this work to him. Then the youth began to think to himself: "If this citizen offers so much money to Christ, why can I not make an offering of my labor on this cross? For Our Lord may regard it as the widow's mite." And, thinking how much his work on it would be worth, he lent that amount to the Saviour, and put it also in the cross.

When the cavalier who had ordered the cross came to see it, before the jewels were placed in it, he had it weighed, and found that it was much heavier than he had ordered. He accordingly began to threaten the youth, thinking he had been fraudulent and had adulterated the gold. Then the youth said to him: "He who alone searches the heart knows that I have not done this thing; but, seeing you offer so much money to Christ our Lord, I thought to give my labor, that I might have a part with you." And he said to the youth: "Did you think this?" And he replied: "These were my thoughts." And the citizen said: "Since this was your intention, and you have offered willingly what you could to Christ, seeking to have a part with me, behold, from this day I receive you as my son." And he took him home with him, and made him his heir.

MAPS are said to have been introduced into England in the year 1489 by Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons announce for publication in the spring a new and finer edition of "Cardome," by Miss Minogue, the rights of which they now possess.

—Interest in St. Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of England" has been revived by a new translation, with notes,—the work of A. M. Sellar. The publishers are Messrs. Bell & Sons.

—No funeral now-lays seems to be quite complete without a "Lead, Kindly Light," though we feel sure Newman himself would not have considered it appropriate, or sanctioned its use in Catholic churches. A writer in the London *Tablet* relates that the great Cardinal, on one of the last days of his life, asked a Father of the Birmingham Oratory to come and play or sing to him Father Faber's hymn "The Eternal Years." He said: "Many people speak well of my 'Lead, Kindly Light.' But this is far more beautiful. My hymn is of a soul in darkness—this is of the eternal light."

—We are sorry and no less surprised to hear of a steady decrease in the number of subscribers to the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, a magazine which we had supposed was enjoying a popularity commensurate with its merits. Its abundant reading matter is of the greatest interest; and its illustrations, though not numerous, are carefully chosen and excellently printed. The subscription price is a mere trifle. As an aid to missions in foreign lands, it would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the *I. C. M.*; and it would indeed be a great pity as well as a great shame if, after many years of publication, the magazine should have to be suspended. Mr. B. Herder, Broadway, St. Louis, is the agent for the United States.

—Another welcome addition to Marian literature in English is the Rev. Placid Hualt's "The Mother of Jesus," which comes to us from Sydney, New South Wales. Father Hualt is a priest of the Society of Mary, and naturally writes of Our Lady *con amore*. His work is divided into three parts: Mary Considered in Relation to God; Mary Considered in Relation to Herself; and Mary Considered in Relation to Man and the Universe. While the two former sections are both scholarly and effective, the third of the divisions mentioned will perhaps be of most practical utility to the general reader. Its concluding chapters, in particular, "Devotion to the Mother of God," "Invocation of Mary," and "Love and Imitation of Mary," form excellent spiritual reading for all classes of Catholics. A cursory examination of the book warrants one in echoing the words of the Rev. Dr.

O'Brien, Cardinal Moran's *Censor Deputatus*: "It will do much to intensify devotion to our Holy Mother." Published by William Brooks & Co., Sydney.

—Fr. Pustet & Co. have issued one of the best editions of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" that has yet come to our notice. It is attractive in appearance, well bound, and is a model of the printer's art in the way of size, clearness, and arrangement of type. Religious everywhere will welcome this satisfactory Office Book.

—The autumn announcements of Mr. John Lane include at least one book of remarkable interest. We refer to the "Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie," a record of the extraordinary events in the life of a French Royalist during the war in La Vendée, and of his flight to Southampton, where he followed the humble occupation of gardener. The volume has an introduction by Frederic Masson, appendices and notes by Pierre Amédée Pichot and other hands, and numerous illustrations, including a photogravure portrait of the author.

—We regret to announce the death of Father Peter Gallwey, the eminent English Jesuit, who passed to the reward of a laborious, self-sacrificing life last month, in his eighty-sixth year. For half a century he was a zealous preacher and lecturer, a devoted confessor, and voluminous writer, besides holding various important offices in his Order. His most valuable publications are "The Watches of the Passion" in three volumes, and "Salvage from the Wreck," a collection of funeral discourses. One who knew him well says of Father Gallwey: "It has never been my good fortune to meet or converse with any one who was more evidently intent on the 'one thing necessary,' more extremely absorbed in the quest of it, more determined to set others on the same quest." The venerable Father had been a Jesuit for seventy years and a priest for fifty-five years, leading a life of ceaseless activity for upward of half a century after the physicians had prophesied a brief career and an early grave. *R. I. P.*

—"Pope Adrian IV.: A Friend of Ireland" (Brown & Nolan), is a title which not a few readers will be inclined to consider a paradox, and a good many others will declare to be a *petitio principii*, a begging of the question at issue. The title has been chosen, however, by the Rev. W. McLoughlin, of Mount Melleray Abbey, Ireland, as exactly expressing the tenor of a French treatise, written by the Rev. Louis Chaillot and published in 1882 in the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, a magazine devoted to important questions in Theology, Canon Law, Liturgy,

and History. Father McLoughlin has translated the treatise, and presents it, with occasional notes, an excellent table of contents, and a passably complete index, in a well-printed volume of 225 pages. Of the worth of Father Chaillot's work our readers may form an opinion from the statement of Dom Gasquet that through his labors it is now "possible to show with reason that Adrian IV., so far from giving any encouragement to Henry II. in his designs on Ireland, in reality refused, when asked, to be a party to the enterprise, and pointed out the injustice of it." Among the documents incorporated in the book is a lengthy essay by Cardinal Moran on "Pope Adrian the Fourth, and the Supposed Grant of Ireland to King Henry the Second." While this somewhat tardy translation of a valuable historical treatise may not be generally accepted as the last word on the "Bull of Adrian," still readers who persist in believing that document to be genuine and not a forgery will need to take cognizance of the case made out against its genuineness by the writer in the *Analecta*. As often happens in the case of Catholic books, we are left in ignorance of the price of this work.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.
- "Whispering Smith." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.
- "Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.
- "The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.
- "Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.
- "Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.

- "The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "Theory and Practice of the Confessional." Dr. Caspar E. Schieler. \$3.50, net.
- "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." Vol. I. \$1.10, net.
- "Winona and Other Tales." William J. Fischer. 80 cts.
- "The Valerian Persecution." Rev. P. J. Healy. \$1.50.
- "Scanlan's Rules of Order." 25 cts.
- "Light for New Times." Margaret Fletcher. 60 cts.
- "The Lessons of the King." 60 cts.
- "Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels." From the French by the Religious of the Visitation. 2 Vols. \$4.
- "Out of Due Time." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. \$1.50.
- "Anglican Ordinations." Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. 35 cts.
- "The Church of God on Trial." Edward J. Maginnis. 80 cts., net.
- "The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Tragedy of Calvary." Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D. D. \$1, net.
- "The Existence of God." Canon Moyes. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. F. Krieger, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. James Edwards, diocese of Dallas; Rev. N. J. Mooney, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Patrick Burke, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. James Feeney, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Prisca, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Mr. Joseph Browne, of Melrose, Mont.; Mrs. Anna Wade, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary Quillan, Salt Lake, Utah; Mrs. Edith Patterson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Julia O'Meara, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Josephine Franke, Thibodeaux, La.; Mr. James O'Neill, Mrs. Margaret Clark, and Mrs. K. O'Leary Lynch, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Bridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Albert Patrode, Willimantic, Conn.; Miss Mary Delany, Streator, Ill.; Mr. George Obacht and Mr. B. J. Wilford, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary Dolan, Chester, Pa.; Mr. Charles Butler, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Reuter, Defiance, Ohio; Mr. D. Mulherin, Mrs. Mary Mulherin, and Mr. Hugh Denaher, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Catherine Trudeau, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. J. H. Stadelman, Allegheny, Pa.; and Miss Elizabeth Durkin, Akron, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Saints.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

THEY learned through prayer to know God's holy will,

And, knowing, strove to do it evermore;
Saw duty's self, whate'er disguise it wore,
Nor asked if that it liked them well or ill,
But only sought each service to fulfil

As perfectly as He, their Lord of yore—
The while they climbed the path He trod before—
With ardent love nor world nor flesh could chill.

They recked not of Success, the shibboleth
Of world-wise multitudes in every age;
Their touchstone of life's deeds was death,
And death proves them alone the truly sage:
Theirs now a bliss, as ravished Paul averred,
Eye hath not seen nor ear of mortal heard.

The Spirits in Prison.



THE dead are pleading with us for remembrance from still graves in quiet churchyards, where their sacred dust peacefully awaits the Resurrection. Their voices rise in the mournful chords of the wind; they are recalled by the whirling of the withered leaves, the decay and dissolution of Nature, the longing of the heart that surges upward in tender memories of other days. "Intercede for us," they cry, "that we may hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth even as Lazarus from the prison-house!" Having beheld at the hour of death the beauty of Christ's

countenance, these "pallid mendicants who ask for heaven" are consumed with an intense desire to attain to the highest beatitude; and they beg for our prayers and suffrages and for Masses, to aid them upon their way.

Their bodies are at rest beneath the flower-strewn sod, under the shadow of the Cross; but the active, vital spirit lives—intensely lives—and loves and suffers. It is the natural instinct of the human heart to follow those who have embarked

In the dark passage boat which comes back
To the sweet native land never more.

And when this instinct is Christianized, it discovers them in the vast, silent kingdom of purgatory, whereof the poet writes:

The love of God whate'er
Wanted of just proportion here fulfils,
Here plies afresh the oar that loitered ill.

The idea of purgatory is traditional in the history of mankind; and traces of this belief, however distorted, are to be found amongst the various pagan nations. This tradition is, of course, entirely in harmony with the authoritative teaching of the Church and of all her doctors and theologians. There is a purgatory, and souls may be delivered by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful. In the Jewish times, prayer and sacrifice for the dead was an accepted custom. Nor did Our Lord when He came upon earth ever rebuke this custom or declare it unavailing, as He would most certainly have done had such been the case.

It is recorded of the valiant leader in Israel, Judas Maccabeus, that, after his great victory, "making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the Resurrection. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.) And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

Here is the sanction of antiquity for the custom. It is, of course, testimony in two ways: by the inspiration of Scripture, which is the revealed word of God; and by the historical fact that this was an established custom amongst the children of the Covenant.

For they 'who have fallen asleep with godliness' are precisely those for whom we pray. Our prayer would, unhappily, be idle in the case of all dying at enmity with God. For them, indeed, is come the night upon which the light perpetual may never shine. In behalf of the friends of God, we who linger in their familiar places, and toil and suffer, ask light and rest in the bosom of Abraham,—

O Father, give them rest!
 Their day of toil is o'er,
 Whose weary feet shall wander never more
 On earth's unquiet breast.

"Prayer for the dead," says a modern writer, "is utterly opposed to that mercenary or commercial spirit which exists among men of the world, who like to see practical results even in matters of devotion. We pray, and we are sensible of no return; we give money for a Requiem Mass, and there is nothing but God's word and God's fidelity to assure us that the money is not thrown away. Every *De Profundis* that we say is as much an act of

faith as it is of charity, and it has its reward. We do not speak merely of the benefits reaped by the faithful departed. Who can measure the effects of this devotion upon a man's own soul, bringing him as it does into communion with the world of spirits, and realizing to him the worth of suffering and the awful purity of God?"

The eternal reward will, moreover, be unfailing, since the just Judge so highly recompenses the slightest alleviation of human misery. Our Divine Lord assured St. Gertrude "that for all eternity the souls whom she had aided would acknowledge that they had been delivered by her prayers, and that she would be honored and glorified therefor." Revelations to numberless saints attest this same fact; while it is also, as the eminent theologian Suarez declares, at least "a pious and probable opinion" that the suffering souls can, even before reaching heaven, impetrate for their benefactors on earth; can secure them against many dangers, and obtain for them favors even in the temporal order.

This belief is likewise confirmed by the experience of innumerable devout persons upon earth, and unquestionably offers another and most forcible incentive to the practice of devotion to the suffering souls. That devotion means simply that our suffrages, our satisfactions, our penances for the departed, assist in their direst need those whom we have tenderly loved, and accelerate their possession of a happiness inconceivable to human imagination. Besides helping those of our immediate kindred, it enables us to come to the relief of benefactors who in the spiritual or temporal order have done us good.

Or, again, we may

Cast alms of prayers upon an alien grave,
 and pray for strangers, the victims of
 war or great disasters of any sort;
 for the destitute and the forsaken;

for the heretic, the Jew, or the infidel, who, through God's mercy, may in some manner have reached that port of safety and who have none upon earth to pray for them. We can, in pursuance of the divine precept, return evil for good to our enemies, and plead for those who have injured us; for souls rich in merit; for those who were devout to the Sacred Heart, to Mary Immaculate, to the angels and saints,—for these and for many more we may exclaim with the Tuscan:

Ah, may mercy-tempered Justice rid
Your burdens speedily!

That our help is efficacious none may deny, since it is a dogma of the Church, supported by the unanimous concurrence of her theologians. The lives of the saints contain numberless revelations concerning this consoling truth; and, though we are not bound to believe all that rests upon private testimony alone, nevertheless, as Cardinal Newman declares, it would be rash and presumptuous to reject such testimony when it is in harmony with the spirit of the Church, perfectly credible, and, in the light of faith, probable.

Indulgences strike off one by one the links of those chains which bind the blessed dead far from the source of light and joy. To change the figure, they lend them wings to fly upward into the everlasting beatitude. And indulgences—"heavenly treasures," as they are designated by the Council of Trent—are most abundant, and can be gained upon very easy conditions. "Our Lord Jesus Christ," declares the saintly Pontiff, Clement VI., "did by His superabundant holy Passion, bequeath to His Church militant here on earth infinite treasures, not laid up in a napkin or hidden in a field, but committed, to be dispensed for the welfare of the faithful, to blessed Peter, who has the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and to his successors here on earth, the Vicars of Jesus Christ. In this

treasure are amassed also the merits of the Holy Mother of God and of all the blessed, from the first just man even to the last."

It is this treasure of indulgences that we bestow upon our friends, kinsfolk, and benefactors, as well as upon the friends of Christ, to His greater honor and glory. "Purgatory," says Father Faber, "is simply a field white for the harvest of God's glory. Not a prayer can be said for the dead but God is at once glorified by the faith and charity of the mere prayer." And the work of helping these souls is left chiefly to earth, since the Church triumphant can not satisfy, because there is no place for penal works in the court of heaven, whence all grief and pain are eternally banished.

Almsgiving is likewise an exceedingly efficacious means of relieving the sufferings of purgatory; and certainly the opportunities for its exercise in the spiritual and temporal order are manifold. The poor are, indeed, always with us. Charitable institutions of every description abound everywhere and are dependent upon public support. Their increased utility—nay, their very existence—depends upon almsgiving. So in those good works which relate to the moral order,—the maintenance of churches, the endowing of schools, the propagation of Catholic literature, the support of the Catholic press. All these are means both of spreading Christ's kingdom and of assisting the departed. A very beautiful and spiritual means of attaining this latter purpose is to contribute to the education of priests, who will remember the dead in the Sacrifice of the Altar. Another is to subscribe to the missions, and, while promoting the propagation of the faith, speed the waiting "prisoners of the King" into fullest liberty.

The infallible, the supreme means of quenching the purgatorial flames is the Mass. All saints, doctors, and theolo-

gians are at one in declaring this great truth. It is the unbloody Sacrifice which, repeating the awful mystery of Calvary to all time, is the perpetual mediation of the God-Man between His brethren and their Creator. Therefore must it be all powerful as an atonement for the sins committed by man during his mortal pilgrimage and which are being expiated in penal fire. However sinful or unworthy we may be, or however imperfect our prayers, the procuring of Masses for the dead will accomplish in their behalf all that the most ardent love could desire. The beautiful and sensible custom is becoming widespread of sending Mass cards to houses of mourning, instead of those futile clusters of flowers which serve but to mock the majesty of death and the grief of survivors.

The month of November, which is specially devoted to the service of the dead, is an appropriate time to procure Masses for them. It is surely a profitable investment for the living, and a consolation for their bereaved hearts that they are doing their utmost for the beloved dead. The voice of Nature itself pleads in their behalf; for who would not hasten to the relief of a dear one upon earth who was suffering hunger, thirst or excruciating torments? To those who harden themselves toward this appeal St. Vincent Ferrer applies the awful words of Holy Writ: "He who stoppeth his ears against the cry of the poor shall also cry himself and shall not be heard." And he adds that those afflicted ones will certainly invoke God's justice against those who refuse to lend them aid.

A touching story, illustrative of the power of the Mass, comes from the French. It is from the annals of Molsheim. The pastor of that town had known in his youth an aged monk of the Chartreuse who related to him the following fact, which occurred in his own experience. When this monk had

been a student of divinity at Ratisbonne, he had attended the funeral of some dignitary of the Church, at which were present a number of prelates and priests. The student encountered there a poor charcoal burner who lamented that, whereas the departed cleric would be certain of many Masses, he himself at his death could hope for no such suffrages. The student, touched by his complaint, promised that he would say Mass for him, if informed of his decease. Some twenty years afterward the student was a Trappist monk. Awaking one night, he distinctly saw in his cell the figure of the charcoal burner, who reminded him of his promise. He awoke the prior and made known to him the occurrence; but the prior believed it an illusion of the senses, and bade him think no more of the matter. A short time afterward, however, the charcoal burner reappeared and reiterated his demand for help. On that occasion the prior was convinced of the reality of the vision, and the following morning commanded that all the Masses be said for that departed soul. At the conclusion of the Masses, a bright light filled the abbey church, and a supernatural voice distinctly pronounced the words, "*Te Deum laudamus!*" The monks, rising, took up the strain, and chanted with one accord the remainder of the hymn.

And so, though we may not hear the beloved voices once dear and familiar to our ears chanting this hymn of praise and thanksgiving, it is very certain that as these blessed souls are sped to heaven by our aid, they mingle with that everlasting canticle their fervent prayers for us. Well may we, therefore, apostrophize those happy spirits in the words of the poet, exclaiming,

May your utmost wish soon meet
Such full fruition, that the orb of heaven
Fullest of love and of most ample space
Receive you!

Dr. Delgado's Experience.*

I.

DR. DELGADO was a Spaniard of the most modern type,—that is to say, he had accepted many of the theories of modern science to the utter extinction of the faith learned at his mother's knee, and in which he had once gloried. He had been a pupil of the Jesuits,—one of whom they had been proud; and even now, when nothing could have induced him to darken a church door, he still preserved an affection for his former preceptors, while, to use his own words, he abhorred their fanaticism and deprecated their errors.

He had achieved a wide reputation both as physician and scientist. His fame had crossed the frontiers of his own country; in the French, Belgian, Prussian, Portuguese, and even American societies, he was an honored associate member. He had been called in consultation several times when the lives of important royal personages hung in the balance; and the advice he had given on those occasions, when followed, never failed of success.

When he was forty years of age, a very arduous season of attention to his numerous duties (among which was the restoration to health of no less a person than the Queen, whose illness had baffled the skill of other medical men) left him in a shattered, nervous condition, which he was wise enough at once to acknowledge and determine to be rid of. Throwing everything aside—which by this time he could well afford to do, as he was now a wealthy man,—he sought the vigorous air and curative waters of a famous mountain resort in the Pyrenees, where he remained six months, at the end of which period he found himself completely restored to health.

His sojourn at the springs had been productive of other results, which had not entered into his calculations when he there sought repose. He became greatly interested in an invalid widow, a Catholic Englishwoman, dying by inches of a malignant cancer; and, while he could not cure her sufferings, he succeeded in mitigating them to a great extent. She had an only daughter, a young girl about eighteen years of age, most beautiful in mind and person, for whose future the dying mother was deeply concerned. At the death of her mother, she would be left without a relative in the world of her own faith, as her father's people were very bigoted Protestants.

The widow, very devout herself, and somewhat inexperienced, had mentally concluded that, as Dr. Delgado was a Spaniard, he must also be a good Christian; particularly as he had been at great pains to fetch the priest to her at a critical moment of her illness, and had conducted himself toward the reverend gentleman as befitted the most punctilious and practical Catholic.

As the Doctor, having heard from the sufferer how she dreaded to leave her young daughter to the care of relatives who would undoubtedly persecute her on account of her faith, became more and more familiar with the sweet characteristics of the girl, as well as greatly impressed by her fresh, unconscious beauty, the thought of matrimony first entered his mind. It was, therefore, with delight and consolation that the widow heard from his own lips the welcome news that nothing would be more conducive to his happiness than to make the young girl his wife, should the proposition meet with favor in the eyes of mother and daughter.

"O Doctor," said the poor woman. "I shall die peacefully now, knowing that Edith will have a protector and guardian in this cruel world which

* For THE AVE MARIA, from the Spanish,

I am leaving, and of which she is as ignorant as a child."

"But what if she be not willing?" inquired Dr. Delgado, not so confident of the consent of the young girl as was her overjoyed mother.

The sick woman smiled.

"She will do what I ask," was the response. "Have no fears, Doctor. She has been well trained, and is a most obedient and docile child. She will make an excellent wife. She already admires you as a savant, and respects you as a man. She is deeply grateful for all the kindness you have shown us, and will not hesitate an instant to say 'Yes.' I assure you she will appreciate the honor—for it is an honor—as truly as I do myself. I shall have her called."

She reached her hand to the bell-rope, but the Doctor detained her.

"My dear Madam," he said, "I am fully sensible of the regard implied in all you have affirmed. But I hesitate still to take for granted that of which you assure me, as I have heard it is not the custom in your country to marry as we Spaniards do. Not for worlds would I take an unfair advantage of Miss Edith. Would it not be better that you should first ascertain her views?"

"Not at all,—not at all!" replied the sick woman. "As I said before, Edith has been well trained. I married for what they call *love*," she continued sadly. "God save my darling from a fate like mine! I was bitterly disappointed. Trust me, Doctor, to know what is best for her. She agrees with me in everything."

The Doctor had no more to say. The bell was rung, Edith summoned; and, acquiescing, as her mother had foretold in the plans which were being made for her future, everything was then and there arranged.

After a few days the dying woman begged that the marriage ceremony be

performed at her bedside, in order that she might have the happiness of seeing her daughter placed under the protection of her husband before the inevitable end, which was fast approaching.

What previously occurred between the *cura* and the scientist was not known; it is safe to assume, however, that the customary promises were made,—with, it may also be presumed from what followed, various mental reservations by the Doctor.

When all was over, and the newly wedded pair returned to Madrid, the young wife was installed in the finely furnished apartments of what had been the bachelor residence of Dr. Delgado. Youthful and inexperienced as she was, he did not wish that she should undertake any of the duties or responsibilities of housekeeping. He therefore retained his major-domo, as well as his other servants, leaving his wife to her own devices, which were not varied.

On the first Saturday evening after their installation, as she sat beside him in the library, a piece of embroidery in her hand, while he glanced at the evening paper, she remarked:

"There are so many churches here, Federico, and several so close to us, that perhaps you attend one or the other, as you please. Or do you prefer some particular one, as we do in England?"

"I never go to church, Edith," said the Doctor, as gently as was possible for one who knew oneself to be announcing an unexpected and unwelcome truth.

"You never go to church!" echoed his wife in astonishment. "But—you are a Catholic. Mamma was so pleased to know it. Surely she could not have been mistaken."

"I was once a Catholic," answered the Doctor,—“that is, until my studies and researches convinced me of the nonsense that lies behind all forms of religion. I believe in a Supreme Being,

perhaps,—but that is all. And I will admit that, could I pin my faith to any church, it would be the Catholic, and the Catholic only. At the same time I do not wish to hinder you in the practice of your religion, Edith. You may go to Mass where you please and as often as you please, provided you are ready to pour my coffee Sundays and weekdays. I shall never interfere with you, I promise.”

The young wife leaned back in her chair. Somehow, she felt that she had been deceived, her dying mother defrauded. In the main, hers was a placid nature,—one, too, which had been kept in subjection, albeit a loving subjection; and she was disposed to render obedience and service in all things where they were due. But her attachment to her religion was greater than even her mother had known. It was the strongest element in her nature. On the maternal side, her family had not only always been faithful to the Church from which so many of the English gentry had seceded, but they had sacrificed wealth and reputation, even life, in the cause of religion. Apart from this, Edith had been well instructed; her faith was an admirably grounded possession, as well as an inheritance.

For a moment she was at a loss for words, but at length she said:

“I am very sorry. My religion is such a dear thing to me! I had thought of nothing else than that we should have been one—on that subject.”

“It may still be as dear, Edith,” rejoined her husband with a paternal smile. “You are free to practise it.”

“But everything is different,” she said. “You are so clever, Federico,—too clever not to see, if you endeavored to do so, how superior are the claims of faith to—”

“‘Those of science,’ you would say,” he interrupted rather brusquely. “I know the old formula. You are but a

child, Edith, in years and in knowledge. But you are my wife. I rejoice in your beauty and I love your simplicity. I shall never by either persuasion or argument endeavor to shake the faith that is in you. Yours is not a compressive, an argumentative, or an analytical mind. Were I to undertake the task, for which I have not the slightest inclination, I might—I am sure I *could*—unsettle it; but your intellectuality is not strong enough to grasp the other side of the question. You would merely be made unhappy, and I am far from wishing to do that. Remain as you are, then,—contented in your beliefs, unmolested by me, who indeed would rather have you so than a woman going forth to seek and find, unsexing herself, losing, in researches for which Nature never intended her, all her sweet, womanly charm.”

Tears trembled on the long, dark lashes,—tears of disappointment; the pale cheek was slightly flushed.

“Federico,” she said, “I know I am not intellectual, in the broadest sense of the word; and I fully agree with you as to the results of over-study for women. But were I ten times more clever than I am, were my mind as inquiring and eager for knowledge as that of so many modern women, were you to use every effort in your power to undermine it, you would, I am confident, still be unable to shake my faith.”

He smiled indulgently as he replied:

“You are very sure?”

“I am very sure.”

“And why?”

“Because it is faith, the gift of God vouchsafed me at my baptism, than which there is not, and never has been, any stronger virtue in my soul. No, not even my love for my dear mother was so strong; and neither persuasion nor force nor death, so help me God, could take it from me!”

The Doctor looked at her with admiration.

"You speak like one of the early Christian martyrs, Edith," he observed smilingly, extending his hand and drawing her toward him.

"I belong to a race of martyrs," she exclaimed; "and the proudest inheritance I own is that not one of my people—that is, my mother's people—ever denied his faith. Some of them indeed lost their heads for it in the days of Queen Elizabeth."

"What mysteries women are!" said the Doctor, thoughtfully. "Who would have expected my Edith to display or possess such firmness?"

She blushed, then turned pale, a little frightened perhaps at her own temerity.

"You are very good to me," she said. "Another might have—"

"Yes, he might!" laughed the Doctor. "But I fancy my way is the wiser. He would probably have come off second best in the end."

"There is something I am going to begin to do this very night," said the young wife, impulsively,—"something that I shall never forget from this time forward."

"And what is that, my dear?"

"To pray that God may again restore to you the gift of faith."

"Do so; it will not hurt either you or me," he replied. "But I promise you—"

"It is not in your hands," she said, laying her white fingers across his lips. "It is in the hands of God."

(To be continued.)

The Inner Cloister.

BY EDWIN F. HENDRIX, S. J.

NOT all, indeed, can flee the city walls,
And bid the world a final, firm farewell,
And seek the lonely quiet of a cell,
And tread with burning heart the cloistral halls.

And yet from earthly din and woe apart,
The soul in love divine can ever rest;
For all can build a cloister in the breast,
And keep monastic silence in the heart.

A Pathetic Life.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A., OXON.

I.

FEW lives are more interesting, and few also more pathetic, than that of the only daughter of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette, France's most ill-fated King and Queen. This Princess, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, was born at the magnificent royal palace of Versailles, on December 19, 1778—eight years after their marriage, but their eldest child. Her birth nearly cost Marie Antoinette's life, especially owing to the French court custom whereby her room was filled with a crowd of officials, who, no doubt, were much disappointed at not beholding a dauphin.

The new infant was baptized that same day by the Grand Almoner, Monseigneur de Rohan—afterward the notorious Cardinal—in the palace chapel; being held at the font by "Monsieur," the Comte de Provence, her uncle, afterward King Louis XVIII. Her godparents were the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa—also her grandmother of course—and the King of Spain. Through her Bourbon father and her Hapsburg mother, she was indeed of the blood royal, and never did princess more truly display its noble qualities. She was idolized by her parents, especially by the benevolent King; but Marie Antoinette wisely prevented any indulgence, and her education was admirably planned. "Mademoiselle" soon began to show a somewhat serious disposition, being very pious and literary.

The subsequent birth of a dauphin, who died in infancy, and of the Duc de Normandie, afterward *the* dauphin of pathetic tragedy, necessitated special apartments under the splendid Galerie des Places for these "children of France." Sometimes both King and

Queen would themselves teach their little family; and the latter instructed our Princess to make linen, etc., for the poor. Mademoiselle's saintly aunt, Madame Elisabeth as she was called, had great influence for good, while the members of the children's separate household were carefully chosen.

At this time the French court was the most *élite* in Europe, and nothing more charming could well be pictured than its royal family group, up to the very outbreak of that frightful atheistic Revolution. Whatever may have been its real cause or causes, certainly Louis XVI. himself, so lenient and pure, was little to blame, being in reality the victim of others' past sins. In this world of tragedy, empurpled since Calvary amid manifold sufferings, surely none surpass that which engulfed in awful holocaust the proudest of secular thrones, and which in reality overwhelmed forever the French Christian kingdom of a thousand years.

Now came that fateful year of 1789, when at midnight, on October 5, a ribald mob invaded even the Queen's bedroom and forced the royal family to return to the Tuileries Palace in Paris, where they dwelt henceforth in semi-confinement. The pious candor of her father on this occasion, the dignified courage of her mother, and the calm unselfishness of her aunt,—all evoked a tender devotion on Mademoiselle's part. Next year, upon April 8, she made her First Communion in the private chapel. Marie Antoinette led her daughter, clad in white robes, to Louis XVI., who fondly blessed her and spoke touchingly prophetic words about adversity. Instead of the customary diamond *parure*, by mutual consent its cost was given to the poor. A life's sublime charity was thus beautifully inaugurated.

In June, 1791, occurred that disastrous flight in disguise to Varennes, resulting in ignominious capture near the frontier, when all were asleep from

fatigue. In vain did the King and Queen—with their weeping daughter clinging to the latter, in whose lap the little dauphin still slumbered—beg a wagon to allow them to escape. That night passed slowly in a wretched room above a grocer's shop, and then began a progress of misery back to Paris, once their loyal capital. Ten persons were crowded into the coach, although the summer day was hot; and often wretches would climb upon its steps to gloat over their sufferings. The hapless Princess, partially overcome by the heat and dust, fainted at seeing a loyal gentleman killed by the national guards. Already, at the age of thirteen, youth had passed from her forever. Henceforth the whole family were virtually prisoners at the Tuileries, and the long tragedy began with awful humiliations. Marie Antoinette herself now taught Mademoiselle, though often interrupted by a howling mob outside, who already clamored for "the Austrian's death."

A whole year of anxiety passed; and then, on June 20, 1792, twenty thousand maddened ruffians stormed this palace and burst inside. The female portion made for the poor Queen, whose arms were folded around her children on either side. Fortunately, *they* could not understand the obscene insults (for example, about Mademoiselle's parentage), which for hours Marie Antoinette bore with heroic calm; but the frightened Princess was then nearly rendered an orphan, as she well knew. Henceforth they could scarcely walk in the garden without insult; on one occasion "The Marseillaise" was sung even in their chapel; and indescribable outrages were perpetrated under their windows.

Upon the 10th of the following August, at midnight, the royal family heard with horror the tocsin once more. Mother and daughter wept silently for hours, and then with day-

light came the mob again. They were all five now taken to the National Assembly, and crowded, half starving and faint with the summer heat, into a very small box. Outside could be heard the shrieks of murdered loyal subjects, such as the faithful Swiss Guards, during the sacking of the Tuileries; while blood-stained wretches rushed into the hall, demanding their own immediate death—and worse than death too. For seventeen terrible hours were they kept here; and then, at three on the next morning, removed to a former convent close by. The Princess afterward said she seemed to have passed a long life on that day alone. After a vigil of thirty-six hours, the royal family spent a tearful and prayerful night, during which King Louis gave locks of his hair to his two poor children.

Next day they were all again dragged before the Assembly, expecting death any moment, and thence back to the convent. This body was now supplanted by the new "Commune" of Robespierre and Marat, who ordered the degraded "Majesty of France" to go to the Temple. Hither the King and Queen, their children, and the Princess Elisabeth, were taken at night—eleven persons being crammed into an old coach—amid howling crowds. They were driven *via* the fateful Place Vendôme, in order to make them see the destruction of its statue of Louis Quatorze; and, after two hours' horror, reached their future prison, henceforth our innocent Princess' living tomb.

It is piteous to think what this hapless little girl, not yet fourteen, must have suffered both on account of others and herself. Evidently the Queen was afraid she might even be outraged, and the mind revolts from contemplating their sufferings in detail. Mademoiselle had to sleep in the kitchen with Madame Elisabeth, and they used to spend much time mending their

meagre garments. What a change was that gloomy prison from the regal splendor of old! Yet every fresh adversity was met with heroic Christian resignation.

Our Princess now began to write her famous "Journal," and therein described their chief sorrows, which soon became acute, the while streams of noble blood flowed from many a guillotine, and churches and chateaux were being plundered or destroyed. First, the brilliant Princess de Lamballe was dragged away to death; and subsequently that once lovely head was brutally paraded on a pike under their windows. All that night Mademoiselle could hear her mother's sobs. Then an order came for the King to be placed apart from his family. Finally, one day, to their anguish, they heard the newspaper criers and a pitiless rabble proclaiming the news of his death sentence.

The authorities now permitted them to visit Louis; whereupon they rushed to his room. Then occurred that touching last farewell immortalized in historical pathos. The anointed heir of Clovis, so suddenly "plunged from the summit of worldly greatness to the depth of human misery," upheld himself bravely for a time, but at last even he burst into tears. In wild grief they all clung to the ill-fated ex-King, uttering heartbreaking cries and moans. As at length he serenely blessed and kissed them, with a tenderly impressive adieu, his devoted little daughter fell fainting to the ground and had to be borne away.

Then dawned "the terrible day," as Mademoiselle termed it, of January 21, 1793. They could hear the drums rolling, followed by that horrible shout of joy which told the agonized Queen of her widowhood. The Princess wrote: "Happily, my own illness was increased by sorrow; and this gave my poor mother some occupation." Soon after-

ward new cruelties were inflicted upon them. One midnight a band of armed ruffians burst into the two princesses' bed-chamber and searched even beneath their mattresses; but God watched over their persons. It is touching to read in the Journal: "They took from me a Sacred Heart of Jesus and a prayer for France." Henceforth the captivity was rendered more rigorous, even blinds being drawn; but the increased meekness of the prisoners actually caused the woman who was most guilty (the jailer's wife) to rave with remorse, whereupon her victims themselves nursed her. Marie Antoinette's devotion to her children was sublime, and months passed somehow in weary misery, consoled by divine assistance.

At length the inhuman "Convention" ordered the little dauphin to be separated from them; and upon July 3, 1794, their decree was read to the afflicted prisoners. This handsome and intelligent boy was now *de jure* King Louis XVII.; and his sister, according to the old court usage, "Madame Royale," or, more usually, "Madame." She is known to history as a rule by the former title. The hapless little dauphin clung to his agonized mother, who, in a paroxysm of grief, vainly refused to give him up. Thereupon the wretches seized his sister and threatened to kill her on the spot. The brutal shoemaker Simon and his wife now bore away "Louis Capet," who for days moaned and sobbed: "*Maman! maman!*"

Not long after this dreadful scene, and again at night, more ruffians burst into their bedroom and brought a new order—for the Queen's removal to the Conciergerie. We can faintly imagine her daughter's mental sufferings, while Marie Antoinette had, perforce, to dress before these men, and meekly made up her little parcel. Then came another last embrace. The Princess, motionless with grief and

terror, faintly heard her mother enjoining courage and resignation, and bidding her always to bear in mind her father's dying message of forgiveness for all. The Queen entrusted her daughter to Madame Elisabeth as a second mother; and, embracing her, too, murmured, "Love my children!" as she was led away.

Early one morning in the following October three human devils arrived at the Temple. Madame Royale was suddenly taken from her cell, and there, to her surprise, stood her brother, to whose arms she flew; but at once they were separated again. For three hours this innocent young girl was examined by the most revolting and hideous questions about her beloved mother. One can not even mention the principal lying accusation in a Catholic magazine. In her "Journal" she wrote: "I was smitten with inexpressible horror, and yet so excited with indignation that, in spite of my terror of those men, I could not help exclaiming that it was an infamy." Fortunately, the weeping Princess, now confronted, too, with her brother, could not understand much, and eventually collapsed speechless into her aunt's arms. Afterward, in horror, they both fell on their knees in blushing expiation. "The example of my parents had given me strength of mind," she wrote.

At length arrived that October day upon which, all unknown to her, the persecuted Princess became an orphan. After enduring unspeakable horrors for sixty days, Marie Antoinette passed to her Calvary, bound like a common criminal upon a tumbrel, but, ah! never more queenly than upon that historic scaffold of shame,—her once blonde hair all whitened by sorrow.

Meanwhile, it is said that Robespierre actually had thoughts of marrying Madame Royale; but Divine Providence still watched over her and Madame Elisabeth, although fresh sorrows were

at hand. Their embroidery was taken away, also their candles, and even their cards—especially because of “the kings.” The young Princess’ medicine was stopped, and a decree was actually passed exchanging their solitary arm-chair for a wooden bench. Their meagre food was thrown to them through a hatch, bad water and filthy linen were supplied, and revolting remarks made to these two holy women. The dauphin’s enforced “confession” doubtless did not deceive his relations, but their anxiety for his fate must have been intense.

During the winter of 1794 the saintly Madame Elisabeth kept Lent strictly, though not allowing her niece to do so, as she was under age. Religion alone sustained them, and the aunt composed a beautiful daily prayer breathing forth entire submission to the divine will. Now even the traitor Philippe “Egalité” of Orleans was executed; and next day, May 9, comes the pathetic entry: “Alas! all again changed, and I lost *her* too.” For once again at night, just as they were retiring, men burst into their room and tore away her beloved aunt to the dread guillotine. “O my God, that I had her virtues also!” wrote the humble Princess, who owed so much to her example.

Madame Royale was now left all alone, and must have expected death herself daily. Evidently she heard of her brother’s piteous fate,—or at least his *alleged* fate, for the matter is involved in pathetic mystery. “I really believe,” she wrote, “that there is no example on earth of such refinement of barbarity.” She was never once allowed to see him, as that slow inhuman killing of body, mind and soul proceeded.

No doubt they hoped to drive her insane too, but happily this diabolical plan was frustrated. In her small, bare room, the daughter of a hundred kings would daily pray, meditate, walk

up and down for exercise, mend her wretched garments, and bravely *hope*. Finally even the heartless *sans-culottes* themselves became somewhat ashamed of their cruelty; weary of executions, and perhaps a trifle aghast at their deeds, many began to advocate mercy for this surviving orphan of the Temple. Austria eventually proffered a ransom of two million francs. Upon this being refused, the imperial court asked for any terms, and at length an exchange of prisoners was arranged. A fire and books were given her, as well as permission to ascend to the top of the tower for air. Presently a sympathetic lady was sent there as companion to Madame Royale, and one of her old governesses was allowed in at meals; they also permitted her to walk in the garden sometimes. Now it was she learned by accident of her mother’s death and the full extent of her loss. Nothing but sublime forgiveness and prayer for the murderers was *her* retort.

Finally, upon December 19, 1795—curiously it was her birthday,—at midnight a man emerged from that gloomy Temple, with a young woman leaning upon his arm and walking unsteadily. The couple were the Minister of the Interior and our heroic Princess, who probably even now anticipated death instead of liberty. At the end of the street lay waiting a carriage, in which they drove to the Porte St. Martin, where another with post-horses awaited her Royal Highness. For over three years—no fewer than forty months—she had been detained in captivity, and it is appalling to think of the sorrows which had fallen on this innocent girl of seventeen. Very suitably did Mrs. Romer entitle her interesting biography of Madame Royale “*Filia Dolorosa*.” (From which work, published in 1852, the writer has mainly compiled this article.) Moreover, Madame afterward averred that hers

was the hardest fate of all, in that she alone survived those sufferings, which could never be effaced and darkened her life.

It is said that the Austrian Emperor's action was urged by the Tsar of Russia, at the entreaty of her uncle, now Louis XVIII. *de droit*; also that even then her mother's apathetic relatives were chiefly moved by the hope of marrying her to the Archduke Charles, with fair Provence as her dowry. It is interesting to note that the actual initiative in these negotiations was taken by the new American legation at Paris.

Afterward when one of the regicides entered Madame Royale's prison and read pencilled on its walls, "O my father, watch over me from your place in heaven! . . . O God, pardon those through whom my parents died!" he rushed out, torn with remorse. Her first letter to the new titular King began: "She whose father, mother, brother, and aunt they have put to death, implores you on her knees to forgive them!"

Many a silent homage did her Royal Highness receive en route to the frontier; and there the manager of her little hotel threw himself at her feet, begging a blessing despite republican frowns. Her love for France never wavered, and seems almost strange. Even now she exclaimed: "I leave France with regret; for I shall never cease to consider it as my country." At Basle the exchange of prisoners took place,—one of the French actually being that very man who had recognized Louis XVI. near Varennes, when he unwisely bent out of the coach window, and to whom all their troubles were primarily due. Madame Royale was now entrusted to the care of Austrian commissioners, and started that evening for Vienna, free but well-nigh heart-broken.

(To be continued.)

Harry the Conqueror.

BY MARY CROSS.

THE sun was sinking stately and serene behind the solemn hills that surround sweet Rothesay Bay; steeped as in fire, white sails glided across the shimmering splendor of the waves; and above the trees that rise beyond roofs and spires, a tangle of birds soared and swayed in the golden sky.

A steamer swept round the point into the bay, and from her deck a man, whose features had the angularity which tells of intellectual work, surveyed the scene with a sigh of content, looking from the lonely hills to the esplanade with its union of gay dresses, happy faces, music, laughter, and stir. The mingled suggestion of busy life and utter repose charmed him. Here he could enjoy his well-earned holiday. Behind him lay a year of conscientious work, represented by a book on the verge of publication, and fairly certain to achieve success; so that he could afford to relax his mental muscles and taste a while of idleness.

He was roused from reverie by a smart tap on the shoulder, and the owner of a dark, audacious, handsome face, and lithe, irreproachably clad figure further saluted him with:

"Penny for your thoughts, Percy; or perhaps to the literary man I should offer a penny a line. I've had my eye on you for some time, but I couldn't get away sooner from those girls."

"Inability to get away sooner from girls is your chronic condition," declared Percy; and Harry Kirk smiled acknowledgment of what he regarded as a compliment, twirled his mustache, adjusted the rose in his coat, and otherwise preened his feathers.

"I shall soon be unable to get away at all—from one girl, that is," said he.

"I've made up my mind to marry. No, not any one you know; a Miss Abby Jukes, who is said to be as unattractive as her name."

"'Said to be'? Don't you know?"

"I have never seen the lady, my dear boy, nor has she seen me, nor does she know that my hand, if not my heart, is to be hers. My mother has arranged the matter. Somehow I have had no luck in any of the professions I've tried, so she has decided that I must lift up our fallen fortunes by marriage. She met Miss Jukes at Moffat last month, and, having ascertained that she was rich and solitary, made herself most agreeable, for my dear sake, of course. She found that Miss Jukes was coming to the Hydro-pathic here, and so informed her that she had a 'darling son, the flower and glory of his sex, who purposed spending his holidays at the same place, and would be happy to do anything for her that she wished. So, according to maternal commands, I patiently await the elderly girl's arrival and the opportunity of smiling on her. After that, the wedding cake!"

"You take her consent for granted, it appears."

"Well, my dear fellow, I ask you if a plain woman a long way out of her teens is likely to say 'No' to me? Doubtless I shall have to do some love-making. Women with neither youth nor beauty always expect to be loved for themselves alone."

Percy eyed the younger man, who had sponged on his brains at college and on his purse in later years, with a touch of disdain.

"You don't think that you will be acting dishonorably? That Miss Jukes may believe in your love-making, and accept you because of it?"

"So long as she *does* accept me, I don't mind about the why or wherefore," returned Harry. "I say, where are you going to stay?"

"I am sure I don't know. Where Providence guides me."

"Humph! Look me up at the Hydro soon, anyhow."

"Not I. Miss Jukes might imagine that I was a bird of your feather," said Percy, coolly; whereat Harry laughed, tossed a careless farewell over his shoulder, and mingled with the crowd surging shorewards.

Percy followed more slowly. Given cleanliness and a reasonable amount of comfort, he did not mind where he lodged; he would find a corner somewhere. A young lady who preceded him contrived as she landed to alight on, not at, the feet of a porter, to whom she murmured an apology.

"Och, don't apologize, Miss! Is it hurt me indeed? Sure me toes is tingling wid delight!" declared he,—a gallant speech that induced Percy to glance at its cause, and his destiny was thereby settled. A life with new hopes and aims began in the moment he beheld that bewitching face, 'made of the lily and rose,' with dewy-bright brown eyes smiling under arching eyebrows.

Half unconsciously he followed her graceful figure, and soon discerned that, like himself, she was in quest of shelter. Whither she went he would go,—a decision that ultimately led him to a pretty white cottage facing the bay, a fuchsia hedge surrounding it, honeysuckle and sweetbrier framing its doorway. Yes, he could have rooms, the landlady told him; yes, it was a quiet house—only two boarders beside himself: the lady who'd just gone out, and had taken rooms for herself and a friend, and would arrive to-morrow or next day.

To-morrow or next day seemed ages off. His imagination pictured up scenes, idyls, sweet happenings in which the brown-eyed girl was the principal figure. As he walked away from the crowded town along the shady road,

she bore him company; kind Fancy set her at his side throughout that summer eve.

So passed the hours until he again beheld her in the flesh, accompanying a mountain of luggage; and another lady, much older, spare, sallow, with suggestions of caustic humor in her beady black eyes. Later, cushions, needlework, and a couple of basket chairs on the lawn emphasized the feminine presence.

"They were meaning to go to the Hydro," the landlady informed Mr. Dunbar; "but changed their minds and came here instead. Miss Jukes is not very strong, I'm thinking."

The name acted like a pistol-shot on Percy, and he echoed it sharply.

"Ay, Miss Jukes, sir. The thin lady is her. Yon bonnie girl is her companion, Miss Rose Radnor."

He drew a breath of relief, thankful that she was not a rich woman also. Wealth on her side would rob him of his proud privilege of providing for her every want, if only his dearest dream came true.

Meanwhile she was not aware of his existence. Fortune was kind to him, however, and by means of a trifling accident remedied that state of matters. Presently a third basket chair appeared, to be occupied frequently by Mr. Dunbar, who read aloud for the benefit of the ladies, they speedily identifying him with one of their favorite authors. He made offerings of the famous local strawberries, and was an authority on drives and sails; and so the course of true if untold love and agreeable companionship went smoothly on until a certain forenoon.

Rose—he called her Rose in his thoughts—and Miss Jukes were in their favorite corner of the garden, and he had just returned from a stroll along "the front," when a familiar voice hailed him, and a couple of strides brought Harry Kirk alongside him.

"So this is where you're buried, Percy! I say, Miss Jukes never appeared. Cancelled her arrangements, it seems. Bore, isn't it?"

Percy stood still in his embarrassment. He had neither the intention nor the desire of being responsible for introducing Harry to Miss Jukes; but the lady took the matter into her own hands. She rose and advanced, smiling.

"I heard you mention my name. I can easily guess who you are," she said; and Harry bowed like a cavalier, recognizing her at once from his mother's description.

He murmured reminiscences of the maternal appreciation of Miss Jukes, to which she responded by tributes to Mrs. Kirk's kindness. There was an interlude of strawberries and cream; and at the end of it Harry was perfectly at home, with one of the party at least, and the one with whom he was chiefly concerned. Miss Jukes surrendered herself to full enjoyment of his gay, irresponsible chatter, which was in no way affected by the frostiness of Miss Radnor.

"Mean beggar you are, Percy!" Harry seized an opportunity of saying. "I think you might have let me know Miss Jukes' whereabouts before this. Of course I see your game. I was a 'flat' to tell you anything about her; but, all the same, I don't think you'll succeed in cutting me out."

Percy did not think a reply necessary. He was puzzling over Rose's attitude toward "Harry the Conqueror," and striving to account for the scarcely veiled scorn which had entered her contemplation of his handsome personality. He was the sort of man to captivate girlish fancy, and his physical perfections had never been more obvious. Sun and sea had brought his complexion into rich harmony with his dark eyes and hair, and he looked every inch a Romeo. Nevertheless, Miss Radnor in no way responded to his charm.

Percy realized the difficulty and delicacy of his own position. It would be presumption and impertinence to warn that shrewd, sensible woman, who appeared pre-eminently capable of taking care of herself, against Harry's designs. Yet he felt as if by silence he was being accessory to them. Harry became a frequent visitor, and Miss Jukes received him with increasing graciousness; and Percy permitted concealment to prey on his damask cheek, and wondered what the end of it all would be.

There came a succession of rainy days, when mist veiled the hills, and the sea looked cruel and cold; black clouds hung above Loch Striven, and the esplanade was a vista of dripping umbrellas and disappointed holiday-makers. With a banjo and "coon" songs, Harry enlivened the consequent imprisonment of the inmates of Myrtle Bank.

"Your friend is very devoted," Miss Jukes remarked to Percy.

"He is not my friend," answered Percy. "I don't accept any responsibility for his visits."

"Do you know that you convey a rather unpleasant suggestion, Mr. Dunbar?"

"We will leave it at that," he said grimly; and there was a brief pause.

"Well, on the first fine day, if ever there should be another, we are going to Mount Stuart," said Miss Jukes. "I hope you won't refuse to join the party because I have invited Mr. Kirk. That would be carrying prejudice too far. You may find yourself able to endure his presence, don't you know?"

She laughed a little as she spoke, with a glance at Rose, whose swift increase of color enabled Percy to bear the accusation of prejudice. As if to hide that blush, the girl went to the porch, where grey sky, grey sea, grey hills met her view; the yellow and bronze

drops of the calceolarias were scattered down, over the path, the pansies were beaten and fallen bells of fuchsia lay deep and thick.

"Desolate, isn't it?" she said; for, as a matter of course, Percy had followed her,—not to discuss the weather, though.

"Miss Radnor," he began, without preface or preamble, "you have known me so short a time that I am almost afraid to speak lest you should condemn me as a presumptuous puppy. But I have loved you from the first minute I saw you. Is there any hope for me that I may win your love, and gain you for my wife?"

The words, simple, straightforward, manly as the speaker's self, called a glow into the girl's face.

"Mr. Dunbar, I am very poor—"

"What has that to do with my question?"

"Something, surely. You have genius, fame; I am a little obscurity,—just a 'penniless lass,' without even 'the long pedigree' to compensate."

"Does that mean that my hopes are vain? Are you, as kindly as possible, refusing me? Do you—"

"Percy!" It was her turn to interrupt; and, though she uttered only his name, he found that it sufficed to open the gates of Eden for him.

In a day or two the wet weather ended; the clouds cleared, the sun made a lovely play on the sparkling water. As agreed, the little party set forth for Mount Stuart, driving along the road that curves by sea and wood to lonely Ascog, to the hamlet of Kerrycroy, nestling under the wing of the great mansion.

The gates were open; the avenue was one long flush of rhododendron; glimmering through tremulous leaves, the sea waved a thousand white-handed salutes; light and shadow chased each other over the velvet slopes, where peacocks displayed their splendid

plumage; yellow roses tossed their fragrant clusters high against the shining windows.

Inevitably, Rose and Percy wandered away together into woodland cloisters, where squirrels played and wild birds called; and Harry felt that his hour had come. He opened the campaign by surveying his surroundings with a sigh, and:

"I wish this place were mine, Miss Jukes, so that I could bestow it on you!"

"It would be too spacious, Mr. Kirk, and over-accentuate my solitary condition. I haven't a relative in the world, you see."

"That must be your own fault," he asserted.

"Do you mean that I have slaughtered my kith and kin?" she asked suavely.

"I mean that if you had liked you might have had the dearest relative of all—a husband—long ere this. I am glad you haven't, though. I am expressing myself very awkwardly, I know; but it is not easy to put into appropriate words what I feel and have felt since I knew of your existence. I admired you before I had seen you."

"I can readily believe *that*, because I do sometimes look into a mirror."

"It is the mind that makes the body rich," he persisted. "I admire those noble qualities that gained my mother's esteem. Miss Jukes—Abigail! May I call you by your sweet, old-fashioned name?"

"Abigail isn't my name," she retorted. "Before you go any further, I feel obliged to tell you that my name is Rose Radnor. A misfit, isn't it?"

Harry stared speechlessly, and she continued:

"I am only Miss Jukes' companion. Whilst on holiday we changed names and conditions, so that she might have a rest from the pursuit of fortune-hunters."

It was a blow; but Harry had been in a tight corner before, and it was not long ere he rallied his forces, blessing his stars that Percy was "the sort of freak" who would not betray even an enemy.

"I was pretty sure of it the whole time," he calmly asserted. "The device is rather stale. My mother did not see through it, to be sure, but I did."

"Then you do love me, after all? You are sincere? If that is so, I have done you an injustice."

"You have indeed, if you thought I dared aspire to your love. I am too conscious of my deficiencies. I am not profound enough for such a woman as you. But, as I have said, I admire your mental strength, and I desire to enlist your good offices on my behalf with Rose—I mean Miss Jukes. Why don't you protect her from a designing fellow like Dunbar, who has nothing but his pen between himself and poverty?"

"I can't interfere, and I can't help you."

"But you will not oppose me?"

"Not more than I have done," she smiled.

Her graciousness did not abate, and he felicitated himself on the adroitness with which he had got out of an awkward position. How fortunate that he had not committed himself to a formal proposal! He would lose no time in getting right with the real Miss Jukes, who, doubtless, would be feeling tired of Percy, with his solemn face and prosy talk.

A day or two after the visit to Mount Stuart the ladies were enjoying a cup of tea behind the fuchsia hedge, and under the shade of a big Japanese umbrella. From a passing steamer came the sound of melody, and her pennon waved against a background of sunlit slopes.

"Here comes Mr. Kirk, looking as if he expected ten thousand cups to fly

from their saucers to offer him a sip," observed the girl.

"Then I shall seek covert," said the other; "I am not equal to an overdose of honey to-day."

Harry, witnessing her retreat, decided that it was the action of an ally,—a deliberate providing of an opportunity for him, a signal to make hay while the sun shone.

"What a charming old lady she is!" he observed, as he dropped into the vacant chair. "I feel almost like a son to her. I find her most entertaining."

"So it appears," returned the girl, icily; and Harry assumed a wounded expression.

"Is it possible that you have misunderstood me? That you don't know why I avoided you? I am more diffident than Dunbar, less certain of my merits; but I can no longer control my feelings. It costs me a struggle, it takes all my courage, to cross the barrier of gold between us; but for love of you I can bear even the suspicion of self-interest—"

The girl opened her eyes wide.

"Aren't you mistaking me for Miss Jukes?" she interrupted.

"What is the use of prolonging that deception?" he asked. "Even before your companion told me that you had changed names and identities, some instinct made me aware of it. Had I believed you to be Rose Radnor, I should have offered you my heart's best love ere this. But—"

"Oh, please don't say any more!" she exclaimed. "Miss Jukes has been hoaxing you. I really am Rose Radnor, her paid dependant. I suppose she has been testing your good faith. You have brought this on yourself, Mr. Kirk. It is unfortunate for you that you chose the deck of a steamer for the declaration of your plans regarding 'the plain woman a long way out of her teens,' who you were so certain would marry you; or that you did not whisper

them. I was near you when you were arranging her future, and I resolved that she should not be insulted by your pursuit. As she had set her heart on coming to Rothesay, I took these quiet rooms, hoping to escape you. As in duty bound, I told her what I had heard. So that when, despite my efforts, you did appear, she was prepared for you. Your assumed devotion amused her, though I could not be so lenient."

But Harry did not wait to hear more. His humiliation was complete, and, in a storm of rage and shame and mortification, he walked out of the garden, all his flags half-mast high.

Rose ran to the house, and to Miss Jukes' presence.

"Abby, what fearful fables have you been telling that confiding youth? My brain is in a tangle. Who are you and who am I? What is what and which is which?"

"Oh, I took the only way of getting rid of him!" said Miss Jukes. "It was in self-defence, my child. His facile change of front when I told him I wasn't myself was simply delicious. Let us hope he will profit by the lesson, and cultivate honor instead of fortune-hunting. The true knight is yours, you lucky girl, and the true and only wealth that brings real happiness."

It has long been the custom in an old church in Valsbol, Russia, for the people before leaving the edifice to turn toward an apparently blank wall and reverently genuflect. When questioned concerning the matter, no one could give an explanation, except that the custom had been handed down from father to son. Recently, while repairing the church, it was found that underneath layers of whitewash a fine picture of the Blessed Virgin adorned the wall, and had there been venerated, unseen, for five or six centuries at least.

Flowers of Purgatory.

BY E. M. WALKER.

"NO," I declared stoutly, "I don't believe in ghosts, spirits, dreams, warnings, manifestations of the Unseen,—call them what you will."

"Perhaps you don't believe in the unseen world at all," answered Arthur Dennison.

"Oh, but I *do*!"

"Then why shouldn't it manifest itself?"

"I can only say that it doesn't—or not to me, at all events. As for you, you are just as contrary as ever, and you are arguing for the sake of argument; for I know you to be a thoroughgoing sceptic."

"Not so fast," said Dennison, smiling. "We have not met for a year. Many things may happen in a year. A man may even change his opinion in less time than that."

"You have changed yours, then?" I asked curiously. He had always interested me, my friend Dennison.

"I don't know," he said, a little wearily, and bent his gaze to the fire. Suddenly he looked up. "Jim, I'll tell you. Believe it or not as you like,—I'll tell you just what happened."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe and began, and the unwonted earnestness of his manner would have compelled a respectful hearing from even a greater doubter than myself.

"During my student days in Paris," he said, "my greatest friend was Germain X. He was about my own age, talented, enthusiastic, and with a certain delicate distinction in face and manner. We shared rooms together in the Students' Quarter, worked together, played together, and I think talked over most things in heaven and earth. Intimacy with one of another race has for me all the fascination of a

voyage to an unknown land; and, besides, Germain's personality was peculiarly charming. I was a thoroughgoing sceptic, as you say, and sometimes he was rash enough to argue with me. One evening in particular, I remember, we spoke of the unseen world, the future life—heaven, hell, purgatory. I was astonished at his simple faith,—he, a very modern young Frenchman in materialistic Paris. But he could not produce proofs, and naturally I remained unconvinced.

"'You don't *know*,' I said to him: 'you only surmise. You talk about purgatory, but no one comes back to tell us there is such a place.'

"'Eh bien!' he retorted, with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders. 'You'll know one day, *mon pauvre ami*, when you find yourself there.'

"'Germain,' I said, 'will you promise, should you die before me, to come back and tell me if there is a world beyond?'

"'I promise I will come if God permits it,' he replied, gravely.

"This sort of thing is foolish, I know. Silly people have done it before, and have had all sorts of silly fancies in consequence. In my own case, I had spoken lightly; and, the promise having been given, thought no more about it.

"Years passed, and Germain and I drifted apart. At length we even ceased to correspond. I had almost forgotten him until one night, about six months ago, I woke to find him standing by my bedside.

"I sprang up, and in a flash all my old affection for him returned. 'Germain!' I cried, and stretched out my hands; but he drew back a little, and stood looking at me with a singularly wistful, pleading expression. The room was almost dark, but it is my habit to sleep with the blind up, and a pale ray of moonlight fell across his face, so that I could distinguish the delicate, aristocratic features,

large dark eyes and black hair. '*Prie pour moi!*' he whispered—oh, don't interrupt! I am not quite sure if he really uttered the words, but at all events they came into my mind; I seemed to hear them: they were in the air somehow.

"I sat on the edge of my bed looking at him, and he stood looking at me, one small white hand resting on the table, the other clasping a bunch of flowers to his breast. (He was always so fond of flowers, Germain!) Then the vision—if vision it was—gradually faded away, and the room was empty once more.

"Well, of course, being a doubter, I tried to reason with myself, and to remember what I had had for supper. But it would not do. There was in me a second self which refused to listen to sensible explanations; and it was this second self, I suppose, which forced me to kneel up in bed and say the *De Profundis* psalm for the peace of Germain's soul."

"And next morning you heard that he was dead?" I concluded confidently.

"No, I did not. To this day I have not heard it. No news of him whatever has reached me."

"Then he may not be dead, after all."

"Yes, he is," said Dennison, emphatically. "I *know* it. I know it in the same way that Germain used to know there was a future life. I can not prove it to *you*; I do not need to prove it to myself, because I know."

"It might have been a very vivid dream," I said slowly.

"So I thought in the morning until I found the flowers. You start. Well, I can show them to you!"

He went to the bookshelf, and taking down an octavo volume bound in vellum, opened it, and placed two flowers in my hand.

"There they are, my Flowers of Purgatory. Have you ever seen anything like them on this earth?"

"I must confess I have not. They remind me of edelweiss, yet they are different: they are smaller, and their shape is irregular. The green and blue tints in them are wonderful, exquisite; and they are not in the least faded."

"No; they are just as they were when I found them that morning on the edge of the table where Germain's hand had rested."

He laid them back between the leaves.

"What a curious book!" I said, taking it from his hand.

"Yes," he answered. "It is an old Emblem Book of the sixteenth century. I am very fond of it. The quaint symbols are full of meaning; they speak to one better than words, and they do not tire one so. Look there, for instance."

He pointed to a woodcut representing a little rowing boat lying upon a pebbly shore just at the edge of a great ocean. The waters were very smooth, and a shaft of light traced a narrow, shimmering path across them. Yet, despite the reassuring calm, it seemed too tiny a bark to venture upon so vast a sea. When darkness fell, and the wind rose, and the big waves tossed and tumbled round it, what then? Surely it would never reach the haven where it would be. And where and what was it, that distant, unknown haven? Below the emblem was the motto: "*Vias tuas, Domine, demonstra mihi.*"

Dennison replaced the book on the shelf and came back to the fire.

"It is a strange, weird story you have told me, Arthur," I said at last.

"Yes," he assented. "I seldom tell it to people; for I know they would only laugh, but *you* do not laugh."

"No, I do not laugh; I can not." Then, after a pause, I added: "How you have altered in a year! Germain's creed will be yours yet."

"Who knows?" he murmured. "*Vias tuas, Domine, demonstra mihi.*"

Another Instance of Loose Reasoning.

AS an instance of the proper handling of a typical piece of defective argumentation, we quoted a few weeks ago a paragraph or two from Dr. Barry's reply to a wordy socialist whose inaccurate thinking was evidenced in his loose expression. A recent issue of the *North American Review* contains a similar exposure, a portion of which it may be worth while to quote. A writer, "X," whom the editor of the *Review* stated to be "one of the most considerable thinkers in the United States of to-day," had contributed to a previous issue of that periodical an article dealing with the position and significance of the enormously rich class. In a paper entitled "Great Fortunes and the Community," W. H. Mallock replies to "X," and undertakes to show that in the latter's article "we have either economics gone astray or economics turned upside down." We commend the following paragraphs to that altogether too numerous class of readers who complacently accept sweeping generalizations—in history, criticism, politics, economics, or religion—as effective arguments. Says Mr. Mallock:

To begin with the question of method. The radical fault which pervades the entire reasoning of "X" is the fault of looseness and of unscientific inaccuracy. Of this a single specimen will suffice. "Each man," says "X," "by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of their common property."

Now, if taken as a mere rhetorical expression of the fact that, in a democratic country like America, where manhood suffrage is general, all men possess in common an influence of some sort on the government, which they did not in France, for example, in the times preceding the Revolution, this statement may be useful in briefly emphasizing what is true; but if it is transplanted from the sphere of popular rhetoric, and accepted as a proposition belonging to economic science, the element of truth contained

in it is lost in the wildest falsehoods. Voters become powerful only in proportion as their respective judgments are gradually brought into harmony with regard to specific questions; and if, as often happens, out of every hundred men the judgments of fifty-one differ from the judgments of the remainder, nearly half of the voters, in spite of their equal manhood, have for the time being no power at all.

But a further fact remains which is more important still. The power of the mass of voters being always necessarily confined to the choice or rejection of this or that specific proposal, these proposals require to be thought out and formulated before the power of the ordinary voter can have anything on which to act. Which proposal, out of several alternatives, shall be adopted is determinable by the votes of the many; but these proposals themselves, some one of which the majority of the voters select, are invariably formulated and submitted to the general judgment by energies and ingenuities of the few. Again, as soon as the work of selection begins, the many are powerless unless they are efficiently organized; and organization is invariably the work of the few likewise. Those who perform it do not perform it in virtue "of their manhood alone": they perform it because their manhood is in some way more active than the manhood of the majority.

Thus, although in a country where manhood suffrage prevails, each vote, like a weight cast into a scale, weighs exactly as much as any other vote, a few voters invariably exert far more power than others in determining in which scale the preponderant mass of votes shall be accumulated. If "X" had said that "each man, by reason of his manhood alone," has an element of political power in respect of which he is the equal of any other man, he would have been saying what is scientifically correct; but when he says, as he does, that the possession of this single element makes "each man's voice in the government of his country equal," he is guilty of an inaccuracy which renders his reasoning valueless, and the extravagant nature of which can be best indicated by a parallel.

A steamer, we will suppose, is propelled at ten knots an hour by the consumption of a ton of Welsh coal per minute; and it is no doubt true that each ton of coal in the bunkers has an equal power with any other ton to maintain the speed in question. But if an engineer were to say, "The powers of each ton, by reason of its coalhood alone, is equal, in the sense that, if the consumption is doubled, and a second ton burned each minute in addition to the first, the speed of the steamer will be doubled, and be twenty knots instead of ten," he would, as everyone knows, be talking absolute nonsense;

for one of the difficulties attendant on high speeds arises from the fact that an increase in the coal consumed, although it increases the speed, does not increase it proportionately. If the first ton produces a speed of ten knots, the second will only produce an added speed (we will say) of five. No one, treating of steamers, who ignored this well-known fact, and carelessly assumed that the propulsive value of every ton of coal was equal, would be listened to for a moment by any serious man; and yet a carelessness which "X" would at once detect and ridicule in any one who applied it to mechanics, is what he gravely indulges in himself when he is dealing with social politics. So much, then, for the general defect of his method,—a defect very frequent amongst thinkers occupied with the same subjects.

So with religious subjects. A great many who write upon them lack both learning and training. As a result, we have innumerable writings in which religion is either gone astray or turned upside down.

The "Ave Maria" of the Dead.

TOUCHED by the desolation which the privation of God causes the Souls in Purgatory, St. Gaëtan conceived the idea of coming to their aid by multiplying the number of their intercessors. He therefore established at Rome a pious custom which still prevails, and which is called "*The Ave Maria of the Dead.*"

At nightfall, the bells toll out a mournful sound. They remind Christians to give a last thought, before going to repose, to those poor souls who are sighing in exile for the face of their Lord. The pious inhabitants of the city thereupon recite the *De Profundis* or some other prayer for the Souls in Purgatory.

A pious author has well said: "Though we are bound to pray for all the Souls in Purgatory, strangers as well as acquaintances, we ought particularly to pray for the latter; for perhaps the sufferings of many amongst them have been occasioned by ourselves."

Notes and Remarks.

In his proclamation appointing the 29th of November as a special day of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty because of the blessings we have received, and of prayer that these blessings may be continued, President Roosevelt says:

"Never before in our history, or in the history of any other nation, has a people enjoyed more abounding material prosperity than is ours,—a prosperity so great that it should arouse in us no spirit of reckless pride, and least of all a spirit of heedless disregard of our responsibilities, but rather a sober sense of our many blessings, and a resolute purpose, under Providence, not to forfeit them by any action of our own.

"Material well-being, indispensable as it is, can never be anything but the foundation of true national greatness and happiness. If we build nothing upon this foundation, then our national life will be as meaningless and empty as a house where only the foundation has been laid. Upon our material well-being must be built a superstructure of individual and national lives in accordance with the laws of the highest morality, or else our prosperity itself will in the long run turn out a curse instead of a blessing. We should be both reverently thankful for what we have received and earnestly bent upon turning it into a means of grace and not of destruction."

In an address delivered at the dedication of the new engineering building of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the speakers took occasion to condemn the elective system now so general in American colleges. He pointed out that, while young men are supposed to be living under wholesome restraint, preparing in all seriousness for their life

work, they are allowed greater liberty than they have ever had before or will ever have again. They are free, for the most part, not only to select their studies, but to determine the amount of time that shall be devoted to them. Their chief concern is, not to gain an education but to have a good time, and, of course, to avoid being plucked at the final "exams." The discipline of most educational institutions is not calculated either to form characters or to develop minds.

Young men who make the most of their opportunities at college are the exception; and they owe little, as a rule, to those who should be their guides, philosophers, and friends. The lack of anything like discipline in American colleges accounts for the general devotion to athletics and the growing neglect of serious study. The natural result is that the professions and all branches of business are now crowded with men who find it hard to succeed,—hard because at college everything was so easy. "It can not be a good training for after life," said the speaker just quoted, "for a young man deliberately to be told by the university authorities that he can flagrantly neglect his duties sixty times in one term before any attention will be paid to it; while in business the same young man would be discharged for being absent two or three times without permission."

The intrusion of Freemasonry into a public function at Bombay, reference to which was made in these columns last week, has led the *Examiner* to discuss the status of that world-wide sect somewhat fully. The conclusion of the study is interesting and illuminative:

Our objections to the Masonic Order can therefore be summed up as follows: (1) The theological position of Freemasonry, which makes it a religious sect, embodying the sufficiency of theism, indifferentism regarding more specific creeds, and (by implication) a rejection of the divine claims of Christianity. (2) The secrecy of

the aims and methods of Freemasonry, which puts its lower members in the unjustifiable position of supporting a cause which is concealed from their knowledge, and which possibly may be evil. (3) The confirmation of this unjustifiable position by an oath, which in itself is wrong for the same reasons. (4) The open and declared anti-Christian policy of Continental Freemasonry, which reflects on English Masonry, at least through the solidarity of the Order throughout the world.

It is on the strength of these reasons that the Church, from the first manifestations of Freemasonic existence in the year 1717, has firmly and explicitly condemned the Freemasonic Order, and forbidden Catholics to join it under pain of forfeiting their Catholic membership. Any one of these four reasons would suffice to justify the Church's prohibition, while the four together constitute an unimpeachable case.

American Freemasonry, it need scarcely be pointed out, is in exactly the same position as is its English partner, so far as connivance at or participation in the projects of Continental Masonry is concerned.

In the last issue of the *Intermountain Catholic* we find an interesting sketch of the late Judge Thomas Marshall, of Salt Lake City. A nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, the great interpreter of the American Constitution, the recently deceased jurist seems to have been a man of exceptional ability and force of character. Apropos of his conversion to the true faith, our Utah contemporary says:

With him religion was not mere fancy and caprice. His legal mind studied the question according to the law and testimony which should govern so grave a subject; and his verdict, long before he took the important step he did, was that the Catholic Church was the true Christian Church. His clear and just conception of law enabled him to see in it—i. e., in all law—the expressed will of the legislator, who had the right to exact obedience. In reasoning out the important religious problem, he applied the legal principles which every lawyer holds, to the facts and claims of the Catholic Church; and, as stated, his verdict was for many years that, without a supreme and authoritative court to interpret the divine as well as the civil law, there could be no permanent, unchangeable religion, any more

than there could be a stable government. He had a sound, logical mind, and with him religion was not merely sentiment or feeling. His faith rested on a firm rational conviction; and with the simplicity and docility of a child, and the humility of a truly Christian, great mind, he asked to be received into the Church.

The passing of so sterling a public man may well be mourned by his fellow-citizens; while his coreligionists the country over will, we trust, breathe a prayer for his soul.

The great mission confided to John Henry Newman, and the wondrous way in which it was accomplished, would be the proper title for the sermon delivered by the Archbishop of Westminster at the solemn opening of the Newman Memorial Church in Birmingham last month. The interest of the audience must have been intense when the speaker was telling of how faithfully that great father of souls followed the guidance of divine grace, and how he became a pillar of strength to so many others; but the interest was doubtless intensified when, after referring to those persistent rumors that Dr. Newman was not satisfied as a Catholic and contemplated a return to the Established Church, the speaker proceeded to read an unpublished letter addressed to his own father, then a recent convert from Anglicanism, in which the future Cardinal again repeated his assurance as to the peaceful certainty that was the outcome of his submission to the Catholic Church. The letter is dated from Maryvale on June 13, 1848, and reads as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I return an immediate, though necessarily hasty, answer to your inquiry, which made me more than smile. It is wonderful that people can satisfy themselves with rumors, which the slightest examination, or even attention, would disprove; but I have had experience of it long before I was a Catholic. At present the very persons who saw through and reprobated the Evangelical misrepresentations concerning me when I was in the Church of England, believe of me things quite as extravagant and

as unfounded. Their experience of past years has taught them nothing.

I can only say, if it is necessary to say it, that from the moment I became a Catholic, I never have had, through God's grace, a single doubt or misgiving on my mind that I did wrong in becoming one. I have not had any feeling but one of joy and gratitude that God called me out of an insecure state into one which is sure and safe,—out of the war of tongues into a realm of peace and assurance. I shrink to contemplate the guilt I should have incurred, and the account which at the last day would have lain against me, had I not become a Catholic; and it pierces me to the heart to think that so many excellent persons should still be kept in bondage in the Church of England, and should, among the many good points they have, want the great grace of *faith*, to trust God and follow His leadings.

This is my state of mind, and I would it could be brought home to all and every one who, in default of real arguments for remaining Anglicans, amuse themselves with dreams and fancies.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Heroism in Catholic Sisters is of such frequent occurrence as to resemble the commonplace rather than the extraordinary. The most recent example of their undaunted courage in the accomplishment of what they consider simple duty—though the world would characterize it as extravagant altruism—is that of eight Little Sisters of the Poor, at Valparaiso, Chile, who laid down their lives in an effort to save from their burning hospital one of their missing charges. The secular journal *El Diario Popular*, quoted in the *Catholic Sun*, thus refers to the incident:

In the hour of horror, in the hour of sadness, in the hour of darkness, there shone, poured down from heaven, a light divine,—that of charity most resplendently beautiful, shining to illumine the paths of men forever, and making evident with striking realism the truth and the humanity of the religion of Christ. Although their house was in flames, with a heroism most sublime those eight Little Sisters of the Poor entered to seek and save the life of an aged cripple, and to-day they stand glorious martyrs before the throne of the Most High. Driven from France by an impious government, those

holy children of God have won, amid the ruins of the great hospital of Chile, the crown of Christian virtue, and in heaven their glory shall be imperishable.

The Chilean priests, as well as the Sisters, measured well up to the traditional standard of the Catholic clergy all through the terrible scenes of the recent earthquake. "After what I have seen during the past few days," declares a non-Catholic writer, an Englishman, in the *Chilean Times*, "I will take off my hat to every Roman Catholic priest as long as I live. They deserve it. I am not a religious man as the ordinary term goes, but the priest follows the teaching of Christ in the hour of need."

The assertion so often made in justification of large armies and powerful navies, that the only way to secure peace is to be ready for war, is as false as it is familiar. Who would say that the man least likely to go hunting is the man who keeps a gun? or that peacefully inclined citizens are most apt to go armed? Our bright South American contemporary, the *Southern Cross* of Buenos Aires, hits the nail on the head in saying: "Armed peace is almost as bad as open war. Progress is difficult in countries that are prevented by costly armament from devoting their energies to the arts of peace. Militarism is the curse of Europe, where the army and navy estimates are increasing every year; and there is grave danger that it will become the curse of America also."

Apropos of Count Creighton's latest magnificent gift to the educational institution founded by his brother, Creighton University, of Omaha, the *True Voice* says editorially:

Omaha, too, had something to give to the great Catholic philanthropist on his birthday. The tribute of esteem and love paid to him by all classes on that occasion, testified to the desire

to make some return for his unprecedented generosity. Omaha is proud of her first citizen, and of the splendid institutions that his generosity has made possible. The Catholics of the West, too, are proud of the name of Creighton, and with good reason. What city can point to a more illustrious benefactor of Catholic charities? What Catholic millionaire has used his wealth more generously for the good of his fellowman? Where are the other Creightons? There are many men who have greater wealth, but none who have made a better use of it than Omaha's philanthropist. He has given an example that other Catholic millionaires should take to heart.

On the face of it, it does seem just a little strange that the example set in this country by wealthy non-Catholics in repeatedly giving hundreds of thousands, and not infrequently millions, of dollars to educational institutions should be so very rarely followed by their Catholic co-millionaires. Surely such a tribute as has been paid to Omaha's philanthropist is worth more than is the sterile satisfaction of knowing that at one's death the world will comment for a day or two on the fact that one had amassed two or three or a dozen millions!

Writing from Sofia to the *Missions Catholiques*, a Capuchin Father pays a glowing tribute to the piety of Catholics in that Bulgarian capital, and instances in particular the superb manifestation of faith to which the Corpus Christi solemnities give occasion. "Although living, as a matter of fact," he comments, "in the heart of a schismatic and Turkish land, we have not only the fullest liberty of public worship, but are able to carry out, with the aid of the civil and military authorities, our processions of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the city with the greatest possible pomp." When, we wonder, will the Catholics of Paris again enjoy the aid of *their* civil and military authorities in paying public homage to the Real Presence?



Moon and Stars and Little Jem.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD is Jem, to whom
The moon's a disk of silver bright,
Which angels burnish all day long
And hang it in the heavens at night.

And as to all the winking stars,
This quaint belief is held by Jem:
The angels break the old moons up
And make the little stars of them.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

V.

THE Lawsons had been a fortnight in their new home, and had made the acquaintance of all the Wingate family. With the exception of Charlotte and the Captain, they had not found them congenial. Mrs. Wingate talked too much and too loudly; and Muriel, while very pretty, was fully aware of that fact, and expected everyone to do her homage because of it.

The Captain was kind and gentle to Charlotte, but his wife and younger daughter were anything but loving to the lonely girl. They made her fetch and carry for them,—a thing which, with her amiable disposition, she was always ready to do without command. But it had grown to be second nature to her to wait upon her mother and sister, to efface herself,—in short, to become a drudge in a household where there were several servants. She was never permitted to accompany the others anywhere, even in their drives, although she was allowed to go about alone wherever she pleased.

Stephen had not long been acquainted with the Wingates when he perceived this neglect and injustice, which filled him with disgust and aversion toward the others. They were too selfish and occupied with their own concerns even to notice this; the blind boy did not interest them at all.

Very soon Mrs. Lawson found that a life like Mrs. Wingate's, given up wholly to ease and the pursuit of pleasure, could never offer any points of congeniality with her own. Therefore, while she continued to be friendly and neighborly, no intimacy followed their first acquaintance.

Now and then, when she had nothing better to amuse her, Mrs. Wingate would stroll through the garden to have a cup of tea with her neighbor after the heat of the day had departed; and on these occasions she often made Charlotte the subject of her conversation. Why she did this Mrs. Lawson was unable to conjecture.

One day, when Stephen and Charlotte had gone to the beach in the phaeton, she came over with a piece of embroidery in her hand. Mrs. Lawson was sitting in a little arbor where they generally took tea.

"Stephen and Charlotte are great friends," observed Mrs. Wingate. "The Captain was speaking of it awhile ago. 'It is a godsend to the poor child,' said my husband; 'she has so few friends.' Really, he never seems to mind how very repulsive she must be to most people."

"Repulsive!" echoed Mrs. Lawson. "No one could call her that. Her appearance may not be prepossessing at first, but as soon as one comes to know her one forgets all that."

"Well, I, for one, *never* forget it," answered Mrs. Wingate; "neither does

Muriel. There is such a marvellous contrast between them that it is both mortifying and embarrassing to have to name them as sisters."

Mrs. Lawson was shocked.

"Excuse me, my dear Mrs. Wingate!" she replied. "But I can neither sympathize with nor understand your attitude toward your daughter. If Charlotte has outgrown the sensitiveness she must formerly have felt regarding it, the fact is due to her own beautiful character. In my opinion, she must often suffer, although she makes no sign."

"You have never had to bear with such an affliction—I might say such an *infliction*—as ours."

"I have a much greater one to bear," answered Mrs. Lawson, in a low tone.

"I do not agree with you," replied Mrs. Wingate. "Your boy is beautiful to look at; his deprivation has been of so long standing that he can now scarcely feel it. And you are his eyes."

"When I am gone?" asked Mrs. Lawson, sadly.

"Oh, you are a young woman! Do not anticipate that. But look at us! Muriel will soon be old enough to enter society, to go abroad. What shall we do with Charlotte then?"

"Leave her with me," answered Mrs. Lawson. "I expect to remain at Moxon. She already seems to me like a daughter, and in her Stephen has found a sister."

"It would not be a bad plan," replied Mrs. Wingate, reflectively; "and it would take a great burthen off our hands. I presume, as the wife of a physician, you have encountered many monstrosities."

"No," rejoined Mrs. Lawson, calmly. "I have never in my life seen a monstrosity. My husband carefully kept me shielded from such things."

"We were thinking of going abroad next winter," observed Mrs. Wingate. "And Muriel simply will not go unless

we leave Charlotte at home. When we were in Norway two years ago, she could not stand the glances and remarks that people directed to our party."

"Oh! you have been abroad then, with Charlotte?"

"Yes, we were obliged to go—a matter of business,—and we could not leave either of the girls with the servants. But I should not wish to repeat that experience. Muriel will be a very beautiful woman—and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Lawson, coldly. "She has very regular features and a fine complexion."

"It is a blessing your boy can not see," said Mrs. Wingate. Then, noticing the look of surprise on Mrs. Lawson's face, she hastened to add: "I mean see his friend Charlotte. I am afraid he would be quite disillusioned; for he seems to be in love with beauty. Charlotte has such attractive manners and so captivating a voice that I presume he has made them a foundation in his fancy for her personal appearance."

"Her voice, manners, and general character go far toward redeeming her plain features," said Mrs. Lawson. "If you would realize this, Mrs. Wingate, and be satisfied that others also realize it, don't you think it might reconcile you to her lack of beauty?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mrs. Wingate, with a lightness of tone that disgusted her hostess.

"What you say of Stephen is true," said Mrs. Lawson, after a slight pause. "He is a lover of beauty, and to him all that he loves is beautiful. It would certainly disappoint him were he to learn that Charlotte is conspicuous by her plainness; therefore I have never mentioned it to him."

"That is wise," said Mrs. Wingate. "You may be sure he will never hear of it from any of us. We are all too glad to know that she has found a mission in life, to do anything that

would interfere with it. And I assure you, that when the time comes, we shall avail ourselves of your suggestion to take Charlotte as an inmate. It will simplify things greatly, as the Captain especially was very much inclined to remain at home rather than leave her behind."

"What a heartless mother!" cried Mrs. Lawson, as her neighbor took her leave. "I can not conceive of such unkindness. I wonder she does not fear that God may take her beautiful child."

During the previous conversation Bridget had been carrying out the tea things, but her presence did not deter Mrs. Wingate from her remarks. She was one of those persons who consider servants as nothing but machines.

"It's my impression, ma'am, as I said before," remarked Bridget, "that she is not the young girl's mother at all."

"Oh, she must be!" answered Mrs. Lawson. "I do not think it has ever been doubted."

"Not here, perhaps; but the Wingates didn't live here in my day. There was no talk of any other child then. And you can see for yourself, ma'am, she doesn't resemble any of them, even in the best parts of her. She looks like a Swede or a Norwegian, doesn't she?"

"Well, she does. But Mrs. Wingate has light hair."

"Because she blondines it, ma'am. It may be getting gray by this, but when I lived with her it was brown at the roots of it. She's greatly made up, ma'am."

"We must have something hot for supper to-night," said Mrs. Lawson, desirous of changing the conversation. "The children will be very hungry. I don't think I shall have any difficulty in persuading Charlotte to stay."

"Indeed you won't, ma'am," Bridget responded. "She'd be glad to stay altogether, if you'd keep her. Ah, but it is a pity she should be so homely, with her pretty ways, and her fine skin

and hair! And she has the dawniest hands and feet. Sometimes, when I hear her voice and see how sweet and kind she is, I'll be forgettin' her ugly nose and mouth. And then again I'll catch a glance at her, and my heart goes down into my shoes at the sight of her queer face."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Lawson.

"There are kidneys," Bridget went on. "I'll grill them, and have bacon for breakfast instead of them. And I'll make waffles. There's a pot of the finest honey Mrs. Burch sent over for them clothes you gave her, ma'am."

Mrs. Lawson took up a book, and Bridget went back to the kitchen. But she returned in a short time, the mixing-bowl in her hand.

"I've just been thinkin', ma'am," she said, "that Captain Wingate had some kind of an old relation over in Norway. I used to hear them talkin' of her; they got letters from her. That would account for the Swedish look of the child."

"That may be," said Mrs. Lawson. "But I am sure I have heard the Captain say he could trace his American ancestry back two hundred years."

"And why would they be goin' over to that queer, distant place if he had no relations there?" inquired Bridget. "There are many persons that claim ancestors they've no call to; not but that the Captain himself was a very good man: I've nothing against him."

"Mrs. Wingate has never recognized you; has she, Bridget?" inquired Mrs. Lawson.

"Not that I know of," was the reply. "I've changed and grown stouter."

"Well, we've talked enough about our neighbors for one day," remarked her mistress. "We must not grow too gossipy, Bridget."

"That's so, ma'am. They're nothin' to us, nor their concerns," answered Bridget, as she retired to the kitchen.

A Lion's Gratitude.

The following account of how the Abbot Erasmus cured and tamed a lion, and of the animal's gratitude and affection for his holy master, was written by Giovanni Evarato, an Italian chronicler. The story is translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander, and published in her book called "Il Libro D'Oro." f

* *

At a mile's distance from the Jordan is a monastery, called that of the Abbot Erasmus; and when we came to this monastery, the monks who lived there told us of the Abbot Erasmus, who, walking one day on the bank of the Jordan, met a lion that was roaring loudly, and holding up one foot, in which there was a splinter of reed, so that the foot was swollen and much inflamed. As soon as the lion saw the Abbot, he showed him the wounded foot with the piece of reed in it, as if he were begging him to cure it. And when the Abbot saw the lion in this distress, he sat down, and took the paw, and opened the festered wound, and drew out the reed, and washed the sore carefully; and, tying it up with a piece of linen, left him. But the lion, finding himself cured, did not wish to abandon the Abbot, but, like a dear disciple, wherever his master went he followed him; so that the Abbot marvelled at so much gratitude, and from that time fed the lion and took care of him.

These monks kept a donkey, to bring water from the Jordan for the use of the Brothers; and they adopted the custom of committing him to the care of the lion, so that when he went to the bank of the river to feed, the lion should go with him and guard him. But one day when the donkey was feeding, the lion lingered a little behind him; and a dishonest camel-driver,

going into Arabia, found the donkey and, his guardian not being in sight, took him and carried him away.

The lion, having lost the donkey, returned sadly to his master at the monastery, with his head drooping; and Erasmus, thinking the lion had eaten the donkey, said to him: "Where is the donkey?" But he, like a human being, remained silent, looking on the ground; and the Abbot said: "You have eaten him, and, with the blessing of God, the work that he did that shall you do." And so from that day, by the command of the Abbot, the lion brought every day a barrel of water that held four measures, for the use of the monastery; until one day a cavalier, coming to the Abbot for his blessing, saw the lion bringing the water; and, asking the reason, gave three pieces of gold to the Fathers of the monastery in order that they might buy another donkey for their service, and deliver the lion from this humiliating burthen.

A short time after the lion had been freed from this labor, the camel-driver who had taken the donkey came with a load of wheat to sell in the holy city, having the donkey with him. And it chanced that he met the lion, and he fled at the sight of him. But the lion knew the donkey, and ran to him; and taking his bridle in his mouth, according to his old custom, and to the great satisfaction of them both, roaring as if to say he had found the lost donkey, he brought him to the holy Abbot, who then understood that the lion had not eaten the donkey, but that he had been stolen from him. And in memorial of these things he gave the lion the name of Jordan.

This lion remained in the monastery with the monks more than fifty years, never leaving the Abbot Erasmus, who passed to the Lord and was buried by the brethren when, by the will of God, the lion was not in the monastery.

But after a little time he returned and sought for his master; and the Abbot Sabatius of Cilicia, who had been the disciple of the Abbot Erasmus, saw the lion, and said to him: "Jordan, your master has passed to the Lord, and has left you an orphan; but take and eat." The lion, however, would not eat, but all the time wandered round the monastery, looking here and there, seeking his father, signifying by his great roaring that he could not support his absence. But the Abbot Sabatius and the other Fathers, patting his head, said to him: "The Abbot has passed away, and has left us." But these words could not assuage his sorrow; and the more they sought to console him, so much the more he grieved, showing in his face and his eyes the sadness he felt at not seeing his superior. And the Abbot Sabatius said to him: "Come with me, and I will show you where our father is laid." And he took him and conducted him to the spot where they had buried him, which was about the distance of five hundred paces from the church; and, standing by the grave, he said to the lion: "Behold, here is our father buried." When the lion had heard this, he threw himself down, beating his head upon the ground, roaring; and immediately died upon the grave.

But all this was done, not indeed that it is to be believed that the lion had a soul, but because God sees fit to honor those who honor Him, not only in this life, but even after death; and also to show us in what a state of subjection the animals were to the first man, before he had been disobedient to the divine command, and had been driven from paradise.

WORDS of violence commonly begin with "sp,"—for instance, spurt, split, spring, splutter, spasm, splash, spill, splinter, spurn, spar, spike, spat, spank, and so on.

A Clever Printer.

A story is told of a printer in Prague, who was called upon to print a report of the proceedings of the Board of Trade; but was required by representatives of the Germans and Czechs to issue it in two languages, with equal prominence given to each. So jealous indeed were the two parties, and so averse to seeing any preference given to their rivals, that they imposed an apparently impossible condition on the printer; for both the German and the Czech representative insisted upon occupying the first column of each page with his report. The printer needed the job; and so, after much thinking, devised a plan by which he secured the patronage of both parties. He merely printed one column on each page upside down, and arranged his titles accordingly; so everybody was pleased, and the printing bill collected without difficulty.

Youthful Saints.

Most persons entertain sundry mistaken notions about sanctity or holiness, the most prevalent mistake probably being that for ordinary people holiness is well-nigh, if not altogether impossible.

So far as boys and girls are concerned, they are apt to think that only grown-ups can attain to sanctity, but there are many saints in the calendar who were very young when they showed the qualities that mark those truly in earnest in serving God. Among them were St. Reparata, who was only twelve years old when she became a martyr; St. Stanislaus, who died at seventeen; St. Vitus, St. Celsus, and St. Hugh, boy martyrs; St. Agnes, the little virgin and martyr; and Blessed Imelda, the patroness of First Communicants.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Still another new book by Father Benson is announced by Sir Isaac Pitman's Sons. It is a problem novel and is entitled "The Sentimentalists." The theme is the danger of sentimentality, and the failure of convention to effect a cure.

—The Rev. Joseph Tonello has published, through Lyon & Healy, a musical composition of no little merit. It is the "Hail, Holy Queen," in a prayerful, melodious setting. The music is arranged for tenor or soprano, and is inscribed by the composer to Signor Caruso, who commends in warm terms this new setting for the ever-loved *Dio Ti Salvi*.

—A librarian of an English library relates that he saw twenty-seven folio volumes perforated in a straight line by a bookworm. The openings were so evenly made that a string was passed through them, on which the books were strung like beads. Think of that for an insect only about fifteen hundredths of an inch in length!

—Benziger's "Catholic Home Annual" for 1907 is even more attractive than usual, and that is high praise; for this yearly visitor has established itself in Catholic homes as a most convenient almanac and Church calendar, as well as a treat in the way of literature. There is also a Benziger's "Little Folk's Annual," which for stories and pictures should be a delight to children.

—"Daniel O'Connell; His Early Life and Journal, 1795-1802," edited, with an introduction and explanatory notes, by Arthur Houston, LL. D., K. C., with some full-page illustrations, is among the Pitman's autumn books. This Journal, now for the first time published in its entirety, forms a biography of the great liberator during his early life, from his birth in 1775 to his marriage in 1802.

—The death of Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of Rochelle, which occurred shortly after the meeting of the French prelates in Paris, is a severe loss to the Church. He was renowned as a theologian and preacher, author and educator. His pastoral zeal and devotion to the Holy See were not more remarkable than his humility and personal piety. The most popular of his books is a life of Christ, the first volume of which has just appeared in English.

—"Talks with Our Little Ones about the Apostles' Creed" is a very useful little volume; for in it a religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus has explained, in a way to interest children, the principal teachings of the Church as

set forth in the "*Credo*." Besides being of benefit to the "little ones," these talks should prove helpful to teachers; for the author, in addition to explaining the articles, anticipates the questions of children and meets them by answers which are to the point and often tellingly illustrated by examples and stories. Burns & Oates.

—"The Beatitudes," a deeply religious work by Mgr. Henry Bolo, translated into English by Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, England, is devoted to a consideration of the first and second Beatitudes. The difference between stoicism and humble resignation, indifference and religious detachment, is first made evident in this philosophical discussion of earthly happiness; and then Mgr. Bolo shows in what true happiness consists, and the means to attain it. The lessons emphasized are especially timely in these days of luxury and feverish money-getting. Benziger Brothers.

—The Cambridge University Press has just issued a work of special value and interest by E. Gordon Duff, M.A.—"The Printers, Stationers, and Bookbinders of Westminster and London, from 1476 to 1535." It gives an account of the introduction of the art of printing into England and of its spread, and describes the work of the early English printers, of those foreign printers who printed abroad for sale by the "stationers" in England, and of English bookbinders, from the introduction of printing down to the Act of Henry VIII. which restricted the importation of foreign books.

—Expurgated editions of certain classics are familiar enough to the ordinary reader, but laicized editions, we submit, are something of a novelty. It is in France, of course, that such laicizing takes place; and here is a specimen of the process. One of the French juvenile classics is Madame Fouillée's "*Tour de France par Deux Enfants*." In her preface, she stated her purpose of showing France "great by reason of its religious respect for duty and justice." In the latest (the 327th) edition "profound" has been substituted for "religious." The two children, in moments of distress or of astonishment, exclaimed in the original work, after the manner of French folk: "*Mon Dieu!*" Now they say: "What a misfortune!" "Oh!" or "Alas!" Clearly, there is no room for God or religion in anti-clerical France.

—The American Book Co. has sent us specimen copies of "Brook's Readers," an eight-book series compiled by Boston's superintendent of schools.

The paucity of selections from Catholic authors—we have not discovered half a dozen such selections in the whole series—precludes the idea that either the compiler or his publishing firm looks to the adoption of the books for use in our parochial schools, or our convents and academies, whose pupils are entitled to have access to the best excerpts from our own, Catholic, literature; but the series possesses many excellent qualities that may well justify their selection for use in public schools, in which Catholics—since they have to contribute to their support—"are, and of right ought to be," interested.

—"The Modern Pulpit" is a Protestant study of homiletic sources and characteristics, by Dr. L. O. Barstow, professor of "practical theology" in Yale University. The preface states that "it is Protestantism only that in the fullest sense may be said to have, either in theory or in fact, a modern pulpit." With the average Sunday discourse of the Protestant pulpit in mind, we feel like adding to that statement the comment: "Yes, thank Heaven, it is." Dr. Barstow further informs us that Catholic preaching "has no time-spirit. It assumes to be superior to modern life. It would dominate the modern world, not be dominated by it. . . . It shares the fortunes of a Church that would be [and is], like its Founder, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'" All of which is quite true, and, incidentally, constitutes about all that a Catholic need know about the book under consideration, which is brought out in the Macmillan Company's usual good form.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks About the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.

"The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.

"An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.

"The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.

"History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.

"Sister Mary of the Divine Heart." Religious of the Good Shepherd. The Abbé Louis Chasle. Benziger Brothers. \$1.60, net.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. \$1, net.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.

"Whispering Smith." Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

"Why Should I Believe?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 15 cts.

"Studies from Court and Cloister." J. M. Stone. \$3.50, net.

"The Life of Daniel O'Connell." Michael McDonagh. \$2.50, net.

"Teacher's Handbook to Bible History." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.50.

"Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.

"The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. M. Flohr, of the diocese of Nesqually; Rev. D. J. Healy, C. M.; Rev. Thomas Power, O. P.; and Rev. Martin Hollohan, S. J.

Sister M. Anastasia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. William Wagner and Mrs. Christopher Byrne, of La Salle, Ill.; Mr. Walter Durbin, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Collins, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles Degitz, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Reardon, Allston, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Devereaux, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Margaret Kelly, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Vollmayer, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Boyle, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. Benjamin Kraft, West Point, Neb.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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Morning Hymn to the Madonna.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

SWEET Mother of my Saviour mild,

O turn thine eyes on me!

In mercy hear an humble child

Who, trusting, prays to thee.

Dark Sin walks forth o'er all the earth,

And seeks our souls to kill;

But thou, who watched me from my birth,

Be my protection still.

Through thee mankind from death were bought

And Satan's power destroyed;

From thee sprung One with mercy fraught,

My Jesus Crucified.

Then, Mother, guard me well this day,

My passions all restrain;

Drive thou all sorrow far away,

My heart with grace inflame.

O pure and stainless Virgin Dove,

From sin forever free,

I ask, through thy maternal love,

Still keep me pure like thee!

Our French Brethren.

BY THE REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

OUR brethren in France are in the throes of a Titanic conflict, recalling the centuries of the Church's martyrdom. They are unselfishly taxing to the utmost their resources of patience and activity as the price of the future existence of religion in their beloved country. It would be nothing short of cruelty for their trials to be aggravated by

brethren in other lands through misconceptions based on the false conclusion that peaceful prosperity is a proof of superior prudence and diligence.

Yet we are brought to the blush by this very implication, published at least in the secular press, and extremely likely, under the ready impulse of self-congratulation, to find welcome in our minds. We are told that the clergy of France are to blame for the humiliations and perils that confront them. Lethargy, old-fogyism, royalist infatuation, ultra-radical preoccupation in pseudo-science, pursuit of theological novelties up to and at times across the threshold of Papal condemnation, lack of party loyalty and cohesion, and blind clericalism to the extreme of alienating the popular affection,—these are some of the contradictory charges that have recently been offered for the present persecution and as harbingers of the eventual destruction of the faith in France. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The very intensity and persistence of the persecution is a tribute to the energy and effectiveness of the French clergy as leaders of the people. If they were the weak and timid fossils of a vanished vitality, which many of their traducers would have us believe, the malice of the government would never have been aroused against them and the religion they gallantly support. The frantic opposition to them is in reality a true measure of their strength and courage.

The charge of treasonable royalism is a gross and clumsy pretext of their political adversaries. It should be classed with the fear of Negro domination which is so successfully employed in the United States to preserve the solid South, or the continued waving of the "Bloody Shirt" in Republican strongholds at the North. The feelings engendered by the Reconstruction period undeniably still hold sway over Southern hearts; but unprejudiced Southern minds as undeniably recognize the absurdity of adjusting the national policies of the present by the feeble light from the embers of a long burned-out conflagration.

The action of Leo XIII., in 1891, freeing the Church in France from its traditional alliance with the monarchy, and urging enthusiastic support of the Republic, did more for the perpetuation of the existing form of government than any other power could have accomplished. Obedience to the Holy See is the supreme motive of the clergy, in so far as it may be considered a state within the state. No official act of the French hierarchy has failed in obedience to the Papal decree; and the few exceptions among the clergy who have failed in entire submission to it are really negligible. The Republic is an accomplished fact. Dreams of overturning it would be evidence of a mental weakness entirely inconsistent with the alert vigor with which the French clergy dispose of the tasks actually confronting them.

It has long been recognized by those who are interested in the apostolate of the press, that the French clergy are by all odds the leaders in this movement. A comparison with the noble efforts being made in our country for the publication of a Catholic encyclopædia is an excellent case in point. For generations France has enjoyed special distinction as the home of encyclopædias; and the French clergy, with

indefatigable energy, have supplied encyclopædias covering every possible department of the Church's activity and of religious science. Nor are these hastily and imperfectly compiled: the same fields have been repeatedly surveyed, until the highest point of excellence in thoroughness and scholarship has been attained.

The jejune appetite for novelty which naturally governs literary fledglings has caused certain books published in France to be so widely exploited in this country that we have fallen into the danger of thinking that a notable number of the French clergy are infected with liberalism. This is a conclusion ridiculous to those who are familiar with the facts. In France, every student-priest cherishes the hope of one day producing a book. Publication is cheap; and, if the publishers do not seek the offerings of some unknown writers, it is customary for the frugal author to pay the expenses of the first edition. This national custom has the effect of stimulating a generous and most inspiring rivalry in the noblest sense of the word. Consequently the production of books covers all possible topics of interest known to a nation which is pre-eminently Catholic in its intellectual life.

Indeed, the very cause which discourages Catholic authorship in the United States—the predominant activity of non-Catholic writers and publishers—is wanting in France. The public has been accustomed to receive intellectual guidance, both scientific and imaginative, chiefly through the medium of Catholic minds; and this audience is, of course, an immense and indispensable stimulus to literary industry.

Naturally, where so many minds are busy, there are certain individuals who yield to the allurements of fame promised by novelty, and have been known to overstep the bounds of theological prudence. But they may be compared

to the bubbles of foam on a cask of good wine. The great body of French ecclesiastical literature is sound and orthodox to an extreme which we fail to appreciate, largely because we are unfamiliar with the loyalty to the traditional attitude of Mother Church which prevails in France to-day.

It is well for us to dilate on this question of literature; for in our age the printed word is one of the most efficient means of spreading truth. We are constantly overwhelmed with evidences of this in our campaign for the conversion of America, and we must hail with joy the day when the printing press has become more universally enlisted in the service of the Church for the greater glory of God in America.

Thinking along this line, it would appear that whatever eminence the French clergy have attained in the use of the press, is an accurate measure of their devotion and capacity as leaders of the people. I know that some Americans, utterly ignorant of the subject, have the impression that the books published by the French clergy are so abstruse and esoteric that they have no practical value to exert influence over the masses. This is, of course, a thoughtless contradiction of the well-known characteristics of the French literary genius.

France has always been supreme in the gift of popularization. It makes art, science, economics, polity, so attractive, that the world can not help taking notice of what it has to offer. This trait has been splendidly manifested by her clerical writers. Their long lists of lives of saints, lives of philosophers, translations of the great theological works of the Scholastic age and the presentation of neo-scholasticism in terms which the simplest minds can understand; their comprehensive and trenchant criticism of intrepid thinkers in every land, their vast array of religious pamphlets expressing the mind

of the Church in regard to all questions which affect the daily life of our people, and on which the Church rightfully has a word of direction to give, is the fullest possible refutation of the charge that the writings of the French clergy are destined to be covered with dust on the unfrequented book-shelves of brother authors.

The most superficial inspection of the announcement sheets of their numerous and flourishing publishing houses, shows that there is a healthy demand for the literary output of the clergy. This demand includes the most severely scientific works; but it is in the spread of the popular pamphlet that the most ingenious and fruitful efforts of the apostolate of the press are to be recognized. The authors do not stop at the publication of the most attractive and opportune tracts on questions of timely interest, but they also see to it that these pages shall reach the public. And it is a helpful hint to Catholic Truth Societies in other lands that Frenchmen have never resorted to the futile device of gratuitous distribution. They have been most happy in the organization of reading circles, where all of the accessories of social intercourse have been made to assist in bringing the spirit and truth of their printed teachings to the common mind.

Let us, for a moment, examine the intellectual standing of the French clergy from another point of view. It need not be said that the schools which produce the clergy are the standards by which we may judge the quality of the product. Now this is an argument which will readily meet the enthusiastic approval of a goodly number of the American priesthood; for the Society of St. Sulpice has been their teacher as well. This devoted body of divinely-chosen men has formed the manners and the spirit of a great number of the French clergy. It is a

small company, and has always been so because of its consistent loyalty to the episcopate.

When the edict against church associations was promulgated, it would have been within the bounds of expectation that this company, whose union is entirely voluntary—to be abrogated at will,—should have accepted the condemnation of the government as a signal for release from the onerous exactions of its rule. Precisely the opposite has happened. Living externally as auxiliaries, the members preserve the spirit of the community with more sublime fervor, if possible, than ever before; and, with the exception of the few who are enjoying well-earned respite after a life of toil, the devoted band was never more diligently employed in carrying out the great designs of their Society. It is interesting to trace this influence of the Sulpitians into the harvest field, where their pupils are at work. Instead of being abashed or disheartened, priestly activity was never more thoroughly alive with courage, or more splendidly blessed with fruit than it is to-day in France.

An American visiting the churches usually finds them thronged with worshippers, as they are in this country. Special devotions are universally popular. The practice of weekly Communion, already widespread, is on the increase. The recent foundation of the Order of Assumptionists, which has been established throughout the land, and is both numerically and spiritually strong, is a most significant witness to the religious vitality of the French nation. Perhaps nowhere else in the world are vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life more numerous or more sedulously and systematically fostered. Social work among young men, for the purpose of keeping them true to their early training, is admirably conducted and meets with enthusiastic response.

The fact that France has long been the leader in contributions to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is well known, and should be always remembered when the character of French Catholicity is under discussion. Again, the bond between clergy and people has been tested by the attempt on the part of the government to take inventories of the churches; and it is doubtful whether in any other country the fervent loyalty of the people would have been surpassed.

If, then, the charges against the clergy of France enumerated at the beginning of this article are so far from being substantiated, the question may well be asked, What is the origin of the bitter opposition of the government to the Church, and what is the probable outcome of this persecution?

In order to understand the present government in France, we must look back to the beginning of the great Revolution. At that time the middle class, the money-making and money-saving class, called to its assistance the laboring peasantry against the exactions of the king and nobility. Vested privilege, as it had been hitherto understood, gave way for a new conception of vested privilege which is familiar all over the world to-day under the name of Capital. This statement should make it easy for us to understand the main features of the present situation in France.

But the vested rights of Capital in France are far more shrewdly managed than they are in this country, in spite of the fact that the trusts have made America famous. The French government is absolutely controlled by the money power. It manipulates public opinion as expressed at the polls with a ruthless contempt for the will of the whole people, which should be the envy of machine politicians the world over. The truth is, that popular suffrage in France is a farce, and

every department of the government is as truly under the dominion of the oligarchy as it was under the King in the time when Louis exclaimed: "The State! I am the State!"

Now, I only wish to offer this as a suggestion; but it is a suggestion based on the shrewd observation of the world's foremost publicists. The Republic of France is seeking in its own way to weather the electrical storm which is disturbing settled conditions in all civilized countries. It is the rising storm of the proletariat, seeking to call Capital to account for its tyranny, as in times past Capital has called to account the monarchies which it has modified or overthrown. In its anxiety to counteract these growing demands, the existing order is strategically opposed to the enlightenment of the people, the destruction of party fetishes, and the quickening of the sense of justice which gives strength and dignity to the demands of the poor. But earnest and alert Catholic influence always means succor to the defrauded poor. It means popular enlightenment. It means fervor for the truth, death to superstition. It means, in short, a keen sense of justice. And those who are likely to suffer from the spread of this education are naturally antagonistic to the Church which is its source. A suggestive parallel containing the same elements now under consideration is found in the Book of Wisdom:

"For they have said, reasoning with themselves, but not rightly: Come, therefore, and let us enjoy the good things that are present, and let us speedily use the creatures as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let not the flower of the time pass by us. Let none of us go without his part in luxury. Let us everywhere leave tokens of joy, for this is our portion and this is our lot. Let us oppress the poor just man and not spare the widow, nor honor

the ancient gray hairs of the aged. But let our strength be the law of justice; for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth. Let us therefore lie in wait for the just, because he is not for our turn; and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraids us with transgressions of the law, and divulges against us the sins of our way of life. He boasts that he has the knowledge of God and calls himself the son of God. He has become a censurer of our thoughts. Let us examine him by outrages and tortures that we may know his meekness and try his patience."

Whatever merit of truth there may be in this suggestion, the course of events certainly tends to give it authority. The White Book of Pius X. shows in detail how the French government has been outgeneraled. The splendid unanimity of obedience to the Holy Father on the part of the Church of France has completed the victory. The Concordat was broken against the will of the Pope, and the government substituted, for the national control of church property provided for in the abrogated Concordat, the lay associations of public worship. The Pope forbids the formation of the associations. The united episcopate, in obedience to him, refuses to make use of the government expedient.

The next step would have been for the government to seize the church property and leave the church stripped and shelterless on the highroad. But, too late, the wealthy M. Clemenceau realizes that seizure of the church property by the State opens the way for the seizure of other property by the State in accordance with the socialistic program. This will never do; and the government finds itself in the embarrassing position of having waived its rights to control, in a measure, the hierarchy, and to have gained in exchange a control over church property,

to the limit of confiscation, which it does not dare to exercise.

At this writing the resignation of the French Cabinet has just been announced. The feeble health of M. Sarrien is offered in explanation of the act; but it is reasonable to inquire whether the health of the Cabinet was not impaired more by the fear of Socialist encroachments than by any other malady. Along with the revolutionary danger of socialism, the national finances are staggered by a blow which follows in the natural course of events. For oppression of the Church has turned the investing public of France to foreign securities, as safer than those offered by enterprises under the domination of a government which has ruthlessly imperilled that property dearest to the hearts of a Catholic people. Whether the depletion of funds for the development of national enterprises affects the complacency of the government, may be a matter of speculation; but it is certain that this removal of taxable property beyond the nation's frontiers is an immediate and drastic revenge for the unholy lifting up of hands against the patrimony of the Church.

The oppressors of Catholicism have built a corral, into which they themselves have fallen pell-mell on the stakes they sharpened for the destruction of loyal churchmen. The Church, on the contrary, is already able to realize some part of its miraculous triumph. Once more the blood of martyrs has proved itself the seed of Christians. The trials through which the Church has passed have cemented its bonds of union, and thrilled every heart with exalted devotion to the Holy See. The prompt and universal submission of the hierarchy to the Pope's leadership is a splendid proof of this; and the tears and prayers, as well as the pitiful gatherings for resistance, with which the people sought to protect churches

from the desecration of the inventory, must be coupled with this sublime act of the episcopate. Above all, the episcopate is free. No interference from the government can any longer intervene between the Pope and his venerable brethren. The solid foundation of learning, piety, and apostolic zeal on which the French Church has taken its stand in the hour of trial, remains for the upbuilding of the glorious superstructure which only an absolutely free church can plan and perfect.

Dr. Delgado's Experience.

II.

FOR ten years Dr. Delgado and his amiable wife lived happily together, her only deprivation being the attitude of her husband toward religion. While he never interfered with her, she very soon came to understand that the subject was one which must be forever tabooed between them; and she went quietly on her way as she had always done, practising the requirements of her faith, and fervently recommending him each day to that God who in the flash of an eye can touch the most hardened hearts and bring them back to the truth they have forsaken.

Their union had been blessed with one child, a beautiful little girl named Aurelia. In this child the hearts of both father and mother were centred. If his wife had lived until their daughter had reached womanhood, it is probable the Doctor would have permitted her to follow in the footsteps of her mother, without endeavoring to disturb their beautiful relations by the introduction into her mind of his own theories,—which, indeed, he believed to be beyond the understanding of any but a very small minority of the female sex. If she had been a boy, he would undoubtedly early have asserted his prerogatives

in the matter of education. His wife, aware of this, had often thanked God that Aurelia was a girl, and that they had no other children.

When the child was about seven years old, or a little less, Edith caught a severe cold, which, having developed into pneumonia, left her weak and ill. Very soon the Doctor realized that hasty consumption was carrying his beloved wife to her grave. When she became aware of her critical condition, she at once thought of Aurelia's future, and resolved to know what were the father's intentions regarding the education of the child. Her soul was full of fears, which subsequent events proved were based on all-sufficient grounds.

And now occurred a manifestation of her husband's character, which, incredible as it may seem in a man who had always treated his wife with the greatest kindness and affection, was based, we may presume, on what he thought his rights, and which his dying wife, knowing him so well, apparently did not seek to change or oppose, as one would think the most natural course—indeed, the only rightful course—for a good Catholic to pursue.

The Doctor had not concealed from her the condition in which she was. She fully understood it; and, after the first sharp pangs of regret at leaving her husband and child, as well as a world which had treated her most kindly, she prepared herself for the ordeal which she knew lay before her, and in which she naturally feared she might be worsted.

One evening, after Aurelia had been taken to bed by her nurse, the husband and wife were talking together, she reclining on the lounge, and he sitting by her side.

"Federico," she said, "I shall not be here much longer,—I feel it, I know it. And now, while I am able, I wish to speak to you about Aurelia's future."

"What have you to say, my dear?" her husband inquired.

"It is this. Will you send her to a convent—the *Sacré Cœur* I should choose myself,—and allow her to remain there until her education is finished?"

The Doctor took his wife's attenuated hand in his, as he answered:

"I would give my life for yours, Edith. Do you not believe it?"

"I do believe it, Federico," she said.

"If by resigning it I could leave you two, whom I love best in the world, in the enjoyment of health and the society of each other, I should be glad to take your place."

"I believe every word of what you say, Federico."

"Well, then. In spite of it I could not reconcile myself to what you propose. How can you ask me, Edith, to part from Aurelia, who will be, after you are gone, the sole tie which binds me to this world? Think of my loneliness, of what this house would be without you both!"

"But who will take care of her?"

"Marta is a devoted nurse."

"But very soon she must begin her education."

"I shall educate her myself."

"Not as I should have done, Federico," murmured the distressed woman.

"Probably not. My ideas and yours regarding certain things are entirely different. I have allowed you perfect freedom, have I not, Edith?"

"In religious matters, you mean?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, you have."

"When you are gone, Edith—pardon what may seem to be brutality, but we have always been frank with each other—"

"Yes, my dear husband!"

"When you are gone, Edith, *you will be gone*. I do not believe in a future life. Aurelia will belong to me then,—to me alone. It will be my right and privilege to do with her and for

her as I think best. She will be educated in what I consider the best way. She will, I think, be clever, she will have a discriminating and acute mind—"

"Yes: she is like you."

"In some respects she is, though in others she resembles you."

"And you mean, Federico, to teach her to despise and renounce her mother's faith, *your* mother's faith?"

The Doctor hesitated.

"You put it in a startling way."

"You would not be so cruel, dear Federico?"

"From my standpoint, I do not intend to be."

The wife reflected for the space of a few moments. Then she asked:

"Will you make me a concession?"

"Let me know what you wish."

"Promise me only that, if you do take from her the religion I have taught her, by discontinuing my teachings, and thus allow her to forget them, you will at least not inoculate her with your own theories until she is older—capable of understanding and comparing the so-called scientific truths with which you propose to fill her mind."

"You mean to let her grow up like a young animal?"

"If you choose to call it that, yes. But it will be as an animal caged and protected in an atmosphere of love. Do this at least for me, Federico. I am her mother."

Again the Doctor hesitated. He was not a hard-hearted man. At length he said:

"Yes, you are her mother, Edith. Your appeal is irresistible. Although where you are going when you leave us you will never know nor care, I feel that it would be cruelty to deny your request. I promise that I shall not undertake to carry out my intentions with regard to Aurelia until she is eighteen years of age. With the other steps that I shall take concerning her education, her mind will then be in

a proper receptive state; she will be better able to comprehend the great truths of science and materialism."

"Thank you, my husband!—thank you!" said his wife in a choking voice.

The Doctor smiled to himself.

"Poor dear creature!" he thought. "How like a woman that is! Simply deferring what she does not wish to take place,—simply deferring what can make no difference to herself, either one way or the other, after the grave has closed over her!"

Presently he remarked aloud:

"You had better go to bed now, Edith. This little conversation has exhausted you; you need sleep."

"Yes, I am very tired," she replied. "It is something I have dreaded—this understanding; and, now that the worst is over, I shall feel better. Again I thank you, Federico, for your compromise. And now but a few words more. I will be frank with you. You have been very good to me,—there has been only one cloud upon my happiness. But I have prayed for you at the throne of the Almighty, daily and most fervently, during the whole period of our married life. My faith in the outcome of these poor prayers of mine has never wavered,—it does not now when, humanly speaking, all seems lost, not only for you but for our child. Death does not end all, as you say. When I have gone down into its shadow, again to be upborne on the wings of light to my Father's house in heaven, Aurelia will belong to me, you will belong to me still. There, as here, my prayers and entreaties shall ascend to the Saviour of mankind for you, for her. And as firmly as I believe myself to be lying here to-night, looking into your face, touching your hand, so do I believe that my prayers and supplications will bear fruit, that we three shall one day be reunited in spirit and in faith, that we shall meet—in—heaven."

The Doctor turned away. He could not utter a word; the earnestness of his wife's declaration had so impressed him that he feared to betray his weakness by speech. He walked to the window, from which he turned, when he had controlled himself, merely to say "Good-night!" and leave a kiss upon her pale forehead. Then he went to his own room.

After he had gone, she lay for some time quietly thinking, her soul filled with a purpose which had formed itself in her mind some time before, when, in the solitude of her sick room, she had considered the likelihood of her request regarding her daughter being refused.

She arose from her couch and brought out her writing desk. Two o'clock was striking in the neighboring steeple when she folded and sealed the lengthy epistle, which had occupied several hours of the night. It had been carefully thought out and clearly explained; she had little doubt of the manner in which it would be regarded by the recipient, and her troubled heart found relief in the thought that it was God who had been its inspiration. The next morning, in order to avert the least possible chance of suspicion, instead of placing the letter in her husband's library, as was her usual custom, to be deposited in the post office by the footman, she gave it to Marta, telling her to put it in the pillar-box at the corner.

Husband and wife met as usual; there was no further reference made by either to the interview which had decided the future of their daughter. The sick woman seemed to grow better, and began herself to have hope that perhaps her illness might not be so serious as had been feared. But the Doctor well knew that this temporary rally was but one of the delusive signs common in pulmonary affections,—in many cases the indication of a speedy demise.

One afternoon, a few days later, when

he came into his wife's room she said:

"Federico, you have heard me speak of Miss Multon—Harriet Multon,—who was my governess for several years, and to whom I was deeply attached?"

"Yes, I remember very well. Have you had news of her?"

"A letter this morning. She would like to visit me."

"Would it please you to have her?"

"Very much. She was so fond of me and so good to me."

"Where is she living?"

"In London."

"Unemployed?"

"Yes. A cousin, some time ago, left her an annuity, on which, with her small savings, she manages to live comfortably."

"Is she very old?"

"Well, no: about your age, I should judge."

"I am fifty."

"Perhaps she is older; but so sweet and good, Federico,—not at all like the typical 'old maid.'"

"Send for her at once, Edith. She will comfort and cheer you. Send for her at once."

And thus it came to pass that about ten days later Miss Harriet Multon arrived. She was a kindly, bright-eyed, intelligent little person, who at once took the entire household into her loving heart, lifting a weight from that of the Doctor, who had vaguely felt the need of another woman under his roof at this sorrowful time, when every day announced the speedy culmination of the dread malady which was bringing his wife to the grave.

Proficient in French and Italian, the former governess very soon became familiar with the Spanish language, which further increased the satisfaction of the Doctor, who hated English, and could not bear to speak or hear it spoken.

With the first breath of summer, the wife and mother passed away. Her

last moments were made happy by the knowledge that her old friend would remain in the household, in charge of her child. This arrangement was very agreeable to the Doctor.

"My dear husband," said the dying woman, "we shall meet again. Remember what I say. Faith and Love will conquer. I feel it, I know it."

These were her last conscious words. In his grief he thought little of them at the time; but later—years later—he remembered.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts at Sea.

BY S. M. R.

FOR and wide the rolling waters,

Far and wide the pulsing sea,—

Type unto our finite vision

Of our God's infinity.

Far and wide the boundless heavens,

Far and wide the arching dome,—

Type of Him who rules the darkness,

And who makes the clouds His home.

Day and night are in His keeping,

Sun and stars obey His call;

Yet He knows the sea-gulls' nesting,

As He knows the sparrow's fall.

Though He speaks in all the splendor

Of the vivifying sun,

Yet His peace is on the waters

When the day of toil is done.

We are helpless, yet all trusting,

On this world of waters wild;

For we know that He is mindful

As a father of his child.

And at nightfall there's a message

That He sends us from afar,

Telling us of Mother Mary,

When He lights the evening star.

Then our hearts, renewed in courage,

Having read the signal fair,

Answer: "All is well, O Pilot!

Hear Thy children's vesper prayer!

"Bring us safe unto the harbor,

When life's journeys all are o'er,

That within Thy Heart, O Master,

We may anchor evermore!"

A Pathetic Life.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B.A., OXON.

II.

MADAME ROYALE had now become the heroine of her day, and excited great interest at Vienna. She was very charming both in appearance and manner, with a sad, sweet smile. Her kindly features distinctly recalled those of Louis Seize, while the fascinating grace and stately carriage of Marie Antoinette were alike reflected in her child. Her Royal Highness arrived at the Austrian capital on January 9, 1796, and for many weeks remained in close retirement. When she had to appear at court, she wore deep mourning and caused much sensation.

Very soon attempts were made to arrange her marriage with the Archduke Charles; but she replied that her father's dying desire—expressed in the Temple and sacred to her—was for his daughter to marry her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême (second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterward King Charles X.). Intrigues and even petty persecutions were all in vain. She had to appear before the imperial council, which displayed her feudal rights to various duchies; but she remained obdurate. Before long she was once more virtually a captive, though under very different circumstances, and not at all well treated.

In 1798, Louis XVIII. had accepted the Tsar's offer of a refuge at distant Mittau. The former now begged his Imperial Majesty's help over Madame, whom he had seen as a little girl at Versailles. The characteristic reply came: "Sire my brother, Madame Royale shall be restored to you, or I shall cease to be Paul I." An imperious demand followed by courier to Vienna; and in May, 1799, the young Princess set forth to rejoin her relatives.

The long journey thither occupied several weeks. Outside of Mittau she was met by three successive escorts of French nobility and faithful soldiers. Then appeared the King himself, accompanied by the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri, his nephews. Louis and Madame rushed forth to greet each other amid a touching scene. With tears of emotion, she threw herself at his Majesty's feet, while her *fiancé* kissed her hand. The King raised her to his arms, as she cried: "At last! at last!" For they had not met since those happy childhood days of hers, which must have seemed so far off. The Queen welcomed her at the castle, where even brave old retainers were unable to restrain their tears at the emotion evoked by that royal orphan's presence, sweet souvenir of a tragic past.

Here, too, was the venerable Anglo-Irish priest who had prepared Louis Seize for death. Upon hearing who he was, Madame nearly fainted, and then asked to be left alone with him. She now heard for the first time how royally her father had borne himself at the scaffold. Madame's hysterical weeping alarmed the good Abbé; but she said: "Let me weep on; tears will do me good. To shed them in your presence is a consolation." Many sobbing questions and painful answers followed. The Abbé Edgeworth indeed had sacred claims to her deep gratitude, as she now gratefully realized.

Only five days later—on June 10, 1799,—in the large ducal gallery, Madame was quietly married to her cousin, a man of high integrity, and became Duchesse d'Angoulême. The Cardinal of Montmorency sang the Nuptial Mass, and a host of *émigrés* participated in this joyful ceremony. The bridegroom and his beautiful bride continued to reside at Mittau, and now began her life-long angelic task of personally ministering to God's poor.

Meanwhile Napoleon had arisen; and

the capricious Tsar, smitten with admiration at such genius, as well as in answer to the new usurper's demand, suddenly ordered the French royal family to leave Mittau. At the same time he stopped his generous pension. Paul actually fixed on January 21, 1800; but afterward allowed one day's postponement, as Madame always kept her father's anniversary in solitude and tearful prayers. Her husband now went to join the Austrian army; the Queen was too ill to be moved, so Madame accompanied Louis XVIII., through a sorrowing crowd, upon a long journey to Poland. *En route* they endured many privations from intense cold and wretched quarters. Both gave all their spare money to their disbanded guards; she even sold her jewels.

At length the King of Prussia, under very ungracious terms, permitted them to settle at Warsaw, whence they had another terrible journey; their carriage was overturned, and Madame slightly wounded in the head. The cruel execution of her young cousin, the Duc d'Enghien, by Napoleonists, was a lasting grief to the Princess. Then a plot was discovered to poison them both, perhaps at Napoleon's own instigation; and for months their existence must have been one of misery. Ordered now, in turn, to leave Warsaw, the Tsar allowed them to come back to Mittau, where they were near the scene of action.

Convoys of wounded French soldiers arrived from time to time. Although these men were all traitors to their sovereign, Madame Royale helped look after them in the hospital. But when a contagious fever broke out, the Abbé Edgeworth perforce stopped this "angel of consolation," as she was called, and presently himself caught the fever. Despite entreaties and obvious danger, our Princess insisted on nursing him herself. So the good priest passed to his eternal reward on May 22, 1807, devotedly

tended by the only other survivor of that royal holocaust, who closed his eyes in death,—a recompense indeed.

They stayed on at gloomy Mittau for two more years, during which the castle was twice nearly destroyed by fire. The Tsar visited them on his way to face Napoleon, now his own enemy and soon his victor. Almost the whole continent became Bonaparte's mushroom empire. The Tsar made terms with him; and then, happily, came a kindly overture from Queen Charlotte, consort of England's King, George III.

Eventually, Louis XVIII. sought refuge in hospitable Albion, being followed next year by his Queen and Madame Royale; the latter reached Norwich in August, 1808, with a large suite. They joined the exiled monarch at Gosfield Hall in Essex, where all the royal family had assembled. Thus the Princess again met her other uncle (afterward Charles X.), who was now also her father-in-law; and two years were spent here. On November 13, 1810, Louis' wife died. Madame henceforth became mistress of the royal household—at present about one hundred and seventy persons,—and the genial King always called her "Our angel."

Louis XVIII. now, largely through the generous annuity given his Majesty by the British Government, hired the fine old Elizabethan mansion of Hartwell Hall, situated between Oxford and Aylesbury. Several princes of "the blood" dwelt there, accompanied by their numerous suites, and many exiled clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Rheims. The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême had an income of £4000, much of which she bestowed on poverty-stricken *émigrés*, or on the prisoners of war detained in captive hulks at Portsmouth. Many of the older villagers long recalled the serious but sweet presence of this Princess of France.

There was an oratory in the house, but on great festivals they used sometimes to go to the humble little French chapel in London, hidden, owing to penal laws, in a "mews," or stables, off King's Street, Portman Square, and founded by poor exiles. This still stands intact, and is a unique relic of that tragic time. Within its walls many bishops, together with two future Kings of France and the *élite* of French nobility, have assembled. Madame Royale, during one visit to London, laid the foundation stone of Chelsea's former mission chapel, to which she was a generous benefactress.

At the Prince Regent's wish, they all once appeared at court for the birthday celebration of King George III. We are told that a sympathetic hush fell upon that gay assemblage as this "daughter of sorrow" passed amidst them. According to the old French custom, the local county gentry used occasionally to be permitted to see the royal family dine at Hartwell, where they were much respected. Madame rose very early and took long walks in the country; sometimes she stood a while in the porch of the parish church, watching its Protestant service on Sundays. Her soldier-husband presently left Hartwell to join Wellington's forces in the Pyrenees, and she exclaimed: "Would that I could take your place against the brilliant imperial usurper!" Monsieur and his other son also departed for the Continent, and she was left alone with King Louis in eager anticipation.

Meanwhile events moved in rapid succession, ending in the first fall of Napoleon. Suddenly, on Lady Day, 1814, when she was praying before Our Lady's altar, two post-chaises dashed up to the hall. The postilions had white favors, and the passengers were waving white flags instead of the tricolor; for they were the long-expected deputies from Bordeaux with

the news that the Duc d'Angoulême had entered that Royalist city in triumph, and proclaimed his uncle *Le Roi* amid great enthusiasm. In France's name, the mayor and other dignitaries entreated the return of his Majesty, near whom stood Madame, greatly excited. In the library Louis signed the famous new "Constitution," and soon the preparations began.

On April 20 they all left Hartwell, and the whole countryside gave this new "Majesty of France" a hearty "send-off." Aylesbury was *en fête* with white banners, cockades, etc.,—the Royalist color, with its traditional *fleur-de-lis*. Outside the entrance to "the Abercorn Arms," at the village of Stanmore, stood "the first gentleman of Europe," the Prince Regent, afterward King George IV., who courteously kissed Madame's hand. Thence they made a state progress through London, and everywhere "the Orphan of the Temple," herself a lover of England, was the cynosure of all eyes. Infantry lined the route across Hyde Park, and a squadron of guards, all wearing the white cockade, formed their escort. As the royal carriage passed through Cumberland Gate, salutes were fired from the Tower of London and two other places. They stayed at an hotel in Albermarle Street, off Piccadilly, and here several addresses were presented. The Lord Mayor and aldermen were among those who offered congratulations and good wishes.

King Louis now invested the Prince with the illustrious French Order of the Saint Esprit, while afterward a Chapter of the Garter was held to initiate therein the heir of St. Louis. Madame visited Queen Charlotte in the afternoon; and later on the two royal families dined together at Carlton House, "a circle," or court reception, being held at nine o'clock that evening.

Next day, at eight, the French royalties left for Dover, travelling *via*

Canterbury, where the Lord Lieutenant of Kent and a yeomanry escort welcomed his Majesty. The gallant Prince had arrived in advance at Dover, where once again every conceivable decoration in white—the symbol, too, of peace now—bespoke the general enthusiasm.

Several British men-of-war, under H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, formed an escort for the *Royal Sovereign* yacht, and more salutes were fired as it left the crowded pier. It is interesting to recall that the last similar occasion must have been when the beautiful Princess Mary Tudor, with one Mistress Anne Boleyn, in waiting, crossed to marry King Louis XII. of France. The Prince Regent accompanied his royal charge as far as mid-channel, and, upon then taking his leave, is said to have wittily remarked that he hoped *never* to see his Majesty's face again, as his *best* wish for Louis XVIII., now *de facto* King of France.

At length, after nineteen years of exile, Madame Royale once more, amid tears of joy, set foot upon the soil of her beloved France, leaning on its new King's arm. Flags flew everywhere, the bells pealed merrily, and salutes boomed at intervals, as Louis XVIII. and his niece proceeded, through cheering crowds, to the old parish church of Calais—built centuries ago by our English ancestors—for a solemn *Te Deum* of thanksgiving at this long-delayed restoration of "the eldest son of the Church." The dames of Calais made Madame, attired all in white (with a small hat à l'*Anglaise*, we are told), a pretty offering of lilies—the royal *fleur-de-lis*,—which she placed near her heart. Ladies, also dressed in white, threw flowers from the windows as this triumphal progress passed by amid incessant cries of "*Vive le Roi!*"

On April 26 they went to Boulogne, where the horses were taken from the coach and enthusiastic citizens

drew them to the cathedral. Next day they started for Amiens, *via* Abbeville; and the Bishop himself welcomed his sovereign in state at the west door of that superb cathedral. Thence they proceeded to the royal chateau of Compiègne — once also the home of martyred Carmelites, — which was reached in the evening of April 29. Next morning there was a Mass of thanksgiving; and that afternoon no less a personage arrived than his Imperial Majesty the new Tsar of all the Russias, together with Monsieur, the King's brother, and the latter's second son. In the evening there was a gala banquet. On the 2d of May they arrived at St. Ouen Chateau, near Paris, and visited the desecrated royal pantheon of St. Denis. Here many receptions took place, and numerous addresses were presented.

On May 3, 1814, amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, King Louis XVIII. and Madame Royale made their state triumphal entry into France's capital. Troops lined the entire route, while on one side of the royal carriage, drawn by eight cream horses, gaily rode Monsieur; and upon the other the Duc de Berri, with a galaxy of generals. At the city gate the Mayor made the traditional offering of the keys, while a bouquet was presented to Madame. Amid more salutes, a forest of waving white decorations, and a tempest of cheering — many throats must have collapsed at that pathetic sight of the white-robed orphan, — they reached Notre Dame. The old cathedral was crowded for the customary *Te Deum*, during which the beautiful heroine of the day remained prostrate. Madame's eyes were red with weeping, but this time it was mostly for joy. We can imagine her emotion as they at length reached the Tuileries.

Two hundred pretty girls, in white and holding the Bourbon lily, lined its entrance; and a young boy, of the

hapless dauphin's age, read a little speech of special welcome; but she was too affected to reply, recalling her *departure* thence. Then they all knelt for her royal blessing; and she once more saw that staircase, full of painful memories, whereupon the emotional Princess fainted away and had to be carried inside. Upon her recovery, Madame found herself in what was her mother's boudoir, and, with convulsive sobs, rushed from the room. She soon, however, appeared on the palace balcony; and a great ovation awaited their "mediatrix," to whom the people now yearned to make amends for the past.

At night all Paris was illuminated, while the festivities continued for days afterward. At the opera the old King kissed the hand of this modern Antigone, "model of filial love"; whereupon the whole house rose and cheered. At the Hotel de Ville banquet there was presented to Madame a touching address, recording how all had wept over her unparalleled sorrows. At the state review she herself tied on the cravat of each new color and made a charming little speech. Meanwhile her charity to old friends and repentant foes was boundless. The royal "angel of consolation" once more sanctified Paris. She was now a beautiful woman of thirty-four, in the prime of life, but, alas! prematurely aged.

Most probably, Madame never visited that dread Temple, with its hideous memories, which was presently destroyed; but one matter engrossed her loving attention from the first, and that was to honor the mortal remains of her beloved dead. In 1797 an old Royalist had bought the common graveyard, where both Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette had been hastily interred, and wisely converted it into an orchard. Every year on their anniversaries he sent Madame flowers from it, and now she herself came thither in

private. The old man, in a voice broken with emotion, and others also, told her of what they had been eye-witnesses, and then he courteously gave the royal orphan this little plot of land.

Soon afterward excavations were made underneath the grass, and before long the two coffins were both found; neither had a lid, and the mass of quicklime used had left only a few bones or dust. Curiously, in each case the skull was almost intact; and these poor fragments were placed in leaden coffins with the old pompous inscriptions. Despite the grief entailed, Madame herself attended a private Requiem in the adjacent house. This meeting with her parents' relics must have been a terrible trial.

Twenty-two years after the King's execution, and upon its actual anniversary, a gorgeous funeral pageant wended its solemn way to St. Denis. Instead of a shrieking mob, how striking the silence, broken only by the minute-guns, which told the mourner of its progress as she prayed and wept at home! Madame now built, near the Madeleine, upon the site of her parents' graves the beautiful (and still untouched) Chapelle Expiatoire. Thither she often came in mournful memory.

For a short time her Royal Highness now enjoyed a peaceful triumph, but then suddenly reappeared Napoleon himself. The "Hundred Days" of renewed Imperialism began, and King Louis XVIII. precipitately fled. But our heroic Duchesse d'Angoulême kept near her soldier-husband at loyal Bordeaux; granddaughter of Maria Theresa, she displayed, and in a remarkable manner, all that courage which was now required. Like another Joan of Arc, on horseback, with her white oriflamme, she in person thrilled the Bordelais, raised and reviewed battalions, positively shouting with her somewhat harsh, masculine voice. But the soldiers themselves were apathetic,

and once more her tears returned. "O God," she cried, "banishment again will be a hard lot to bear! Twenty years of suffering are not accounted enough to us." When the enemy appeared before this city, despite obvious personal risks, Madame rode along, reviewing the civic forces, heedless of remonstrances. Napoleon afterward declared she was "the only man of her family." And his general (for whose life she afterward interceded) refused to fire at so gallant a heroine.

Finally she, too, had to flee, to the dismay of her loyal Gascons, to whom she issued a pacific farewell proclamation. At Pouillac she embarked for Spain, after distributing her plume of white feathers, with the cheering injunction, "Bring me back these souvenirs when better days arrive, and Marie Thérèse of France will reward you." Thus, after only eleven months, she was again in exile, and now rejoined the brave Duc d'Angoulême, who had been captured and nearly executed. From Spain she sailed to England, and thence to Flanders, where she resided with Louis XVIII. at Ghent. When back in London upon some special mission, she heard of Waterloo and Napoleon's final fate.

The King of France re-entered Paris on July 8, 1815; on the 26th Madame Royale followed, travelling *via* Dieppe. Here she received a delirious welcome from their changeable subjects. Her route was strewn with flowers, and a similar welcome occurred at the old city of Rouen. As both her uncles, the two last "Most Christian" Kings, were widowers, *Altesse Royale* represented France's Queen; but court functions or gayeties were distasteful to her saddened nature. Madame herself upheld the *ancien régime* of exploded feudalism, and naturally looked with suspicion upon the new constitutional *liberté*.

The Duchesse de Damas and other noble ladies formed her household; while

a future Cardinal, Monseigneur de la Fare, acted as her principal almoner. In her private oratory she religiously kept certain relics of her martyred parents and other relatives, such as some of the clothes worn by Louis XVI. on the scaffold. The Princess dwelt as much as possible in retirement, but did not neglect public duties. At first she rode a good deal, sometimes even joining in a royal hunt or *chasse*. It was noticed that during her daily drives when in Paris, Madame always avoided the scene of that dreadful guillotine.

This liberated prisoner rose about five and made her own coffee. Daily Mass was at seven, and an hour later she would receive and carefully instruct the chaplain who dispensed her bountiful alms to Catholics in distress. Widows, orphans, ruined merchants, and all needy persons found in her a generous but sensible benefactress. It is touching to read that every evening she would tear the seals off her letters, the wax of which supported one poor family.

As Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame had fondly but in vain hoped to become a mother; saying at Hartwell this would not happen until she was in France again. Now, however, her cousin and brother-in-law, the once dissolute Duc de Berri, married a princess of Naples, as his second wife. King Louis and Madame met her outside Fontainebleau, and this bright Italian lady brought gayety into the court *salons*. Alas! on February 13, 1820, only a few months afterward, came her royal bridegroom's tragic assassination, as he was leaving the opera for a ballet. The shocking news overwhelmed Madame; but she promptly drove to the dying Prince's side, supported him during a painful operation, and calmed his cries, saying, "*Courage, frère!*" He received the Viaticum with devout compunction, and Madame pathetically

bade him ask her father's intercession for France and them.

In him she thought her race was destroyed; but nearly eight months later the Duchesse de Berri gave birth to a son, who was always called *l'enfant du miracle*, and known to history as the Comte de Chambord. The dead Prince was given a state funeral at St. Denis, which Madame Royale attended; but when his coffin was taken into the vault, and she there beheld those of her parents, poor Madame fainted away. Her subsequent ecstasy at the birth of an heir to the throne on Michaelmas Day made her exclaim that now she was resigned. Ever after she devotedly watched over this last "child of France," and probably carried him at the gorgeous baptismal ceremony.

Madame's life was now more happy and tranquil. In 1822, when her husband went to assist in restoring the Bourbon King of Spain, she made a tour through the southern parts of France and La Vendée. Thousands assembled to obtain a glimpse of her, and the peasants would fall on their knees for a royal blessing. At Nantes she was greatly affected by seeing the first statue of Louis Seize. What with her tragic history, her charm of manner and engaging appearance, her saintly character, little wonder these devoted Bretons treated her almost literally as an angel. She made a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne d'Auray, and also revisited the graves of the Quiberon heroes before returning to the Tuileries.

In September, 1824, occurred the death of Louis XVIII., whose popularity had long waned; but Madame was much grieved thereby. Her other uncle, the popular but narrow-minded Comte d'Artois, succeeded to the throne as King Charles X.; and thus, as wife of his son, the heir apparent, she herself now became Dauphine of France.

A Glimpse of the Supernatural.

BY JOSEPH F. WYNNE.

IN one of our large Western cities, a number of years ago, there passed away a notorious criminal, one of national ill-repute. The death of this evil-doer, whom we shall call Kyran, was not—as is so often the case with those of his class—due to violence, nor did it take place within prison walls, where many years of his ill-spent life had been passed. He died peacefully at the comfortable home of a near relative, and surrounded by the assiduous care of several members of his family.

He should have been a Catholic, but had abandoned his ancestral religion and gone far astray in his early boyhood days. It was to a few months' siege of sickness, during which he was cared for at the home of a devoted sister, that he owed his conversion. This sister was a faithful Catholic, the only one of her family to continue such into mature life after the parents were called away.

The sister, whose name was Kate, was several years older than her wayward brother; and, notwithstanding the disgrace he brought upon her, he never lost her deep sisterly affection; in fact, the more abandoned and despised he became, the more poor Kate clung to him, trying to shelter where she could not defend.

When Kyran was stricken with his fatal illness he came home to Kate; and she received him now almost with joy, recognizing that his wicked course was nearing its end, and hoping she would be able to persuade him to leave the scene of his evil works by the happy passage of a penitential death. But, to the poor woman's dismay, she found that when she approached the subject he would not listen. He continued obdurate for long

weeks; but his sister did not abandon hope, and persevered in her appeals and prayers.

At last, one day, very suddenly, he asked for a priest, who was quickly brought to him. After this the good Father's visits to the poor sufferer were frequent. Suddenly, as at the first great change, a further development in the right direction showed itself in the lingering soul. The one-time abandoned sinner made a good confession, and while he lived—perhaps a month thereafter—tears of deep repentance scarcely ceased to flow from his eyes, and the rosary—which, like a little child, he asked his willing sister to teach him to recite—was never out of his hands: he died with the beads twined around his fingers.

But while the sister, so loyal to fraternal ties, had been deeply consoled in her brother's penitent passing, very soon after his death a most depressing thought took possession of her mind. Reflecting seriously on his sinful life, perverse even from early childhood, and remembering that the change which seemed to bring saving regret came only in the last moments, she argued, might not this seeming repentance be only a semblance in fact? He was weak and helpless, she reasoned; he saw the end before him, and, knowing he could sin no more, perhaps his sorrow was rather apparent than real. Then, too, had she not been urgent with him about seeing a priest and submitting to the Church's ordinances for the dying? Perhaps it was to satisfy her, or to make some return for her devotion to him, that he had yielded—pretended to yield, alas! it might be,—and his soul withal be actually lost?

With these distressing considerations almost constantly in mind, the mourning sister grieved still more deeply as days and weeks passed on. In fact, her state became so depressed at

last that her health was seriously threatened. Dutifully, as directed by confessor and friends to whom she made known her apprehensions, she strove against the dread ideas which persistently forced themselves upon her; and prayed, too, most earnestly, to be delivered from them.

When weeks and then months of worry had thus passed, the sorely harassed woman one night fell into a restful slumber,—the first sleep of the kind that had visited her tear-dimmed eyes even since her brother's death. Suddenly, after some hours had passed (as she found later), she awoke—thoroughly awoke, she was certain,—aroused by the near presence of some one in the room, which she was occupying alone. There was no light in the apartment save the moonlight coming from under a partly raised curtain; and, though the darkness near her bedside was unbroken, raising her eyes, she beheld standing there, so close as to be almost within reach of her hand, her brother Kyran, the uncertainty as to whose salvation had so oppressed her since his death, which had occurred now over two months before.

The face of the visitant was pale as in death, but animated with life, and bearing about it no other token of dissolution. He was clothed in a long dark robe; and as soon as his sister's eyes rested upon him he spoke to her thus, in the clear, distinct voice with which in his life she had been familiar:

"Kate, you have been grieving for me without true reason. I am permitted to come to tell you this, so that your sorrowing may be at an end. I am saved,—eternally saved; and my salvation is due to an act of charity I once performed,—help I gave once to a poor girl in New Orleans. I am saved, but with a long, long purgatory to pass through. So do not mourn for me, sister; but pray, pray, pray!"

The vision faded from before the gazer's eyes. Only the darkness and the straying moonbeams beyond them met her view.

Now, Kate was a woman ordinarily very practical and entirely without bias of superstition. She was therefore not so much impressed as might be expected by the vision with which she seemed to have been favored. Recalling it again and again in busy waking hours, she almost concluded that it was really but a dream, and that her impression of being conscious at the time was only imaginative. Still, from that time the anxiety about her dead brother fell away from her, and she prayed for the departed one in hope and peace.

It was perhaps a year after this when Kate had a visit from another brother,—one this time who had not yet passed out of the flesh. This brother, Edward by name, while considerable of a rambler and decidedly of careless life, was not crime-branded in the least; on the contrary, was well thought of by all who knew him.

Of course poor Kyran's death became the subject of discourse between brother and sister soon after their meeting. As the conversation went on, Kate asked, half carelessly, not expecting any satisfactory reply:

"Edward, did you ever hear of Kyran's doing anything particularly praiseworthy in his lifetime,—I mean did you ever hear of his doing any really good turn to any one? It would be kind of pleasant, you know," she added, half apologetically, "to hear of some such thing if it ever happened, so as to have it to think about. There was so much of the other sort in the poor boy's life."

"Yes," Edward answered slowly and reminiscently, "there was one good deed I know of the poor fellow's having done,—just one too; but, like his acts the other way, it was nothing on the small order. It was after his release

from the long term for the big Jackson-ville robbery. He wandered over to New Orleans, and he did a big thing for an unfortunate young woman there. He saved her from destruction—utter destruction too,—and, I believe, others with her. It was at no little cost to himself either, but he did not know her, and she remained an utter stranger to him.”

Kate, who had in the questioning already recalled the vision she so little credited as such, was now overwhelmed with awe and amazement. She made most minute inquiry as to the incident in the dead brother's life which had brought so rich a reward, and learned from the story that the savior's part was indeed a great work of mercy. Then she told her brother of her singular experience, and the revelation she had received concerning the fate of their departed one. Of course, the brother too, was dumfounded; though, being far from a practical Catholic, he was disposed to be dubious as to the actual occurrence, notwithstanding the incontrovertible proof his sister set forth. Kate, however, now realized that indeed she had been made the recipient of special favor from Heaven; that the doctrine of Purgatory and the need of those held there had been expounded to her by direct revelation.

Dear reader, while this is a comparatively recent and right-at-home instance of the kind, it is by no means an altogether rare or quite isolated one. All such happenings do not get into print; this one is so offered to strengthen your faith, if need be, and encourage you to answer the pathetic appeal of the visitor from Purgatory: “Pray, pray, pray!”

THE unrestrained gratification of the senses leads by all but inevitable steps to the unrestrained indulgence of the passions. — *Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.*

Elgar's New Oratorio.

EACH fresh composition of the great Catholic musician arouses a world-wide interest; and England—who only recognized the genius of perhaps her greatest living son when Germany and Italy had covered him with laurels—now follows Elgar's new inspirations with breathless and respectful homage. “The Kingdom,” which was lately given at the Birmingham festival, has not disappointed public expectation. What is more, one may dare say that it is not unworthy of the dedication on its title-page—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*; for Sir Edward lays the bright fruits of his genius at the feet of Him who gave it, and consecrates his harmony to the Maker of all harmony in earth and heaven.

“The Kingdom” is the third part of a sacred work which embodies the calling of the Apostles, their mission, and the establishment of the Church. The first two parts, under the title of “The Apostles,” were produced three years ago, and are now on the way to become as great favorites as “The Dream of Gerontius.” The composer had long cherished the idea of such a work, and he has given to it the best of his great powers. The marvellous facility with which he adapts his music to the sacred text shows a special vocation. Everything is chosen, everything is significant; and yet everything is as expressive and as intensely genuine as if it had flowed unbidden from the lips of angels.

“The Apostles” is a work which finds only admirers, even apart from the lesson taught by its grave harmony. Brilliant and glamouring as its chief parts undoubtedly are, the undercurrent of religious fervor is never absent. It grasps boldly the theme of human passions, and pictures in their violence the world's dangerous snares; but it

never forgets man's higher destiny, and there breathe throughout the purifying incense of the temple and the inner consciousness of lofty aim. Those penetrating strains which have descended from above into Elgar's receptive soul he transmits to his hearers with the ardor of an apostle. It is this force of intimate communication which carries away the reluctant and the sceptic toward the height on which stands the energetic teacher of renouncement.

"The Apostles" brings us to the Ascension; and "The Kingdom" leads us into that Upper Room where the disciples and the Holy Women are praying in anticipation of the Divine Paraclete. The choosing of St. Matthias is the occasion for a glorious chaunt on the sublimity of the priesthood. The scene of the Pentecost, the subsequent conversion of the multitude by Peter, the miraculous healing of the lame,—all are rendered with thrilling pathos and subtlety. The arrest of the Apostles, the Virgin Mother's meditation on her Son's teachings, the evening assembly of the little band once more in the consecrated room, are portrayed with the profoundest religious conviction. All is dignified, magnificent, redolent of a penetrating emotion that transports but does not unnerve, exalts but does not excite, and sinks into the heart with the forceful charm of true music.

While "The Kingdom" was receiving condign praise in England, the composer's earlier works were being enthusiastically welcomed in Germany. The Yorkshire choir, led by Dr. Henry Coward, gave his "Dance" in the Düsseldorf concert hall, where it evoked a storm of applause. Next day "The Dream of Gerontius" was performed for the first time in Cologne; and its success was so marked that a telegram was dispatched to King Edward, who replied, expressing his satisfaction at this triumph of English music in the land of *tonkunst*.

The singing was in wonderful keeping with the transcendent quality of the composition; and the soft rendering of the most delicate passages was listened to in hushed rapture by a cultured audience, on whom the new power in English music and the trained English performers broke as a revelation. The technical difficulties of vocalization had been mastered so completely by Dr. Coward's choir that sonority and accuracy seemed attributes natural rather than acquired. With such a noble task before them, both teachers and singers can be inspired to seek the ultimate perfection of art; and the modern world can not be sufficiently thankful that a man has arisen who gives all the heart can crave for in music, while at the same time uplifting and purifying. After drinking in the sublime delights of Elgar's oratorios, who would return to the empty enjoyment of mere delicious sounds?

B. H.

A Notable Book.

A REMARKABLE book is "The Coming of the Saints," by Dr. John W. Taylor. It should be of special interest to orthodox believers in the New Testament, and to historical students as well. The former will be strengthened in their conviction that there must be certain substrata of truth in the traditions of Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times, while the latter will learn that the last word has yet to be written on some questions which modern scholarship claims to have settled. "The modern critic is by no means infallible," remarks Dr. Taylor, "and in rooting out the tares is apt to destroy the wheat also."

The chapters dealing with the life of St. Mary Magdalene, the traditions of Joseph of Arimathea, Trophimus (the friend and disciple of St. Paul), Lazarus, Zaccheus, etc., are of deepest interest;

and it will surprise even well-informed readers to see how much Dr. Taylor presents in support of what authors, now often discredited, have written regarding these early Christian celebrities. The least credulous of historical students can hardly fail to realize, after reading these chapters, that the treatment of all Christian legends as mere idle myths presents greater difficulties than the idea that many of them have a solid foundation. A writer who presents considerations like the following, although he may not always succeed in convincing his readers, is sure at least to arrest their attention:

We read the story of the Gospels and watch the slow unfolding of the spiritual character in the various disciples, and especially in Salome, in Mary Cleophas, in Mary Magdalene and Martha, in Lazarus and the man born blind, and can not readily believe that all this had but little earthly sequel. Somewhere, whether in East or West, God, who had called them, lived with them, and taught them in the person of His Son, must have used them as His messengers and missionaries. It was not in the Holy Land or in the immediate East, or we should read of them in the Acts of the Apostles or Epistles. The silences of history (as in the case of St. James the Greater) correspond with the voices of tradition.

Dr. Taylor's work is no less learned and painstaking than modest and reverent. He weaves together the frail but fine threads that link the Christianity of tradition with the Christianity of the Bible. He has visited the sites identified with the coming of saints, and his descriptions of them are fresh and fascinating. Many a sacred spot ignored by guide-book makers is described at length, and it is shown that the traditions cherished in these localities may well have been handed down through successive generations.

Singular fact, that at a time when even Catholic critics—sometimes keen but often carping—are engaged in attacking venerable traditions, a non-Catholic scholar is found to defend them!

Notes and Remarks.

A contributor to the London *Catholic Times*, writing in a distinctly distrustful spirit of an unsigned article entitled "For Truth or for Life," in the current *Dublin Review*, opportunely quotes a statement of Newman's occurring toward the end of the "Apologia":

"Also I consider that, gradually, and in the course of ages, Catholic inquiry has taken certain definite shapes, and has thrown itself into the form of a science, with a method and a phraseology of its own, under the intellectual handling of great minds, such as St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas; and I feel no temptation at all to break in pieces the great legacy of thought thus committed to us for these latter days." These clear and strong words of the master might be pondered over by his disciples, who, we feel sure, have no wish to make the Church break with her past, to her loss. At present the preacher knows what he should teach; restate his doctrines for him, and he runs the risk of resembling a Unitarian minister holding an extinguished lamp and groping in a dark room for a revelation which is not there.

There will be many to sympathize with the *Times* writer's distrust, and to say with him: "If the old teaching totters, who shall confirm the new? Or must we profess belief in Criticism instead of in the Church? Let us yet walk in the old paths; they are still straight and lead to both Truth and Life."

Apropos of the ignorance of the Bible displayed by students of Harvard College exposed by Dean Hodges, of its theological school, in a contribution to the *Outlook*, the *Sacred Heart Review* remarks: "We doubt if in any college in the Middle Ages could be found a class of young men so utterly unacquainted with the Bible as this." Our contemporary may be quite certain of the matter. It is still asserted, of course, that before the so-called Reformation the Bible was a forgotten book and that the Church did all in her power to conceal the knowledge of it. But the

fact is that no book was more familiar to everyone. The sermons preached everywhere to the "plain, common people" were crammed full of Scripture. Witness those of St. Anthony of Padua, for instance. The most remarkable characteristic of all the writers and preachers and teachers of the Middle Ages is their intimate knowledge of the Bible. In the introduction to his interesting work on "Mediæval Preaching," the learned Dr. Neale bears this testimony:

If any one, to take the lowest view of the subject, will be at the trouble of comparing the number of references to be found in a modern with those which occur in an ancient sermon, he will find that ten to one is by no means an exaggerated estimate of their relative proportions. Nor is this all. Modern quotations are almost entirely taken from certain books or chapters of the Bible,—the more important portions, as men nowadays irreverently, not to say profanely, call them. The ancient preachers drew their citations from all parts of Scripture alike. Equally imbued with the spirit of all, it was impossible that they should quote otherwise than according to analogy. And those who more especially pique themselves on their knowledge of the Bible, and on declaring "the whole counsel of God," would do well to consider how and why it is that their sermons, in comparison with those of which we are writing, are so jejune in references to the Word of God, and so shallow and commonplace in their application when they quote it,—why they evince, in short, rather the knowledge of a child than the full grasp of a theologian.

The unpublished letter of Cardinal Newman's, read by Archbishop Bourne in his sermon at the opening of the new memorial church at Birmingham, recalls some noble words of Dr. Brownson in announcing the discontinuance of his famous *Review*. They were penned in October, 1875, and his death occurred a few months afterward. Like Newman, he was a great witness for the faith; and, as will be surmised, his life, too, was not unmarked by difficulties and contradictions:

I have recently received a letter, signed "A Catholic," telling me that the bishops and

clergy have no confidence in me, and, when they can no longer use me, they will repudiate me, knowing that I am too independent, when brought to the test, to submit to their tyranny. The letter goes on and exhorts me to open a correspondence with Dr. Döllinger, to repudiate the Council of the Vatican, and to turn the *Review* to the defence of the "Old Catholics." By so doing, it assures me, I may become immensely popular, and gain for the *Review* an almost unlimited circulation,—and, it might have added, belie all my convictions and the whole Catholic faith, and damn my own soul. If suggestions such as this could ever have moved me, I should never have become a Catholic. I did not seek admission into the Church for the sake of wealth, honors, or popularity. If I am, as I know I am, measurably unpopular even with Catholics, I can say truly that I have never sought popularity, but have rather despised it. Yet I have received more marks of confidence from our venerable bishops and clergy than I have deserved, more honor than I desired, and have been even more popular with Catholics than I ever expected to be. Speak of wealth! Why, what could I do with it, if I had it, standing as I do on the brink of the grave? The generosity of Catholics, in an annuity reasonably secure, has provided for my few personal wants....What do I need of wealth? What do I care for popularity which I never sought, and on which I turned my back when not yet of age?

I have, and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion....

Dr. Brownson, besides being a witness for the faith, was a pillar of strength to others; and his last public act was an endeavor to impart to them his own steadfast convictions and loyal love of the Church.

There seems to be little doubt now that the terrible loss of life during the recent typhoon at Hong Kong might have been prevented, at least in great measure, if the warning issued two days in advance by the Jesuit observatory of Si-ka-wei near Shanghai had not been disregarded. The director of the Hong Kong observatory must have known from experience that the weather indications sent out by the

Jesuits of Manila and Si-ka-wei were trustworthy, but as on a former occasion he allowed his prejudice or jealousy to get the better of his judgment. The whole world knows the result; and is awaiting with keen interest the official report of the commission appointed to investigate the alleged criminal neglect of the Hong Kong observatory.

While the dedication of a little wooden church capable of seating only some four or five hundred persons would not ordinarily call for special comment, that ceremony in connection with St. Helena's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, is thus far notable that it was the solemn blessing of the first religious edifice erected in this country by and for Roumanian Catholics. The pastor, the Rev. Epaminondas Lucaciu, the only Roumanian priest in America, has been a resident of Cleveland for scarcely more than a year, and his zealous labor in bringing together and organizing into a specific congregation his poor, scattered and isolated countrymen is worthy of all admiration. The Roumanians belong to the Uniate Greek rite, and their own vernacular is used in all their liturgical functions.

Concluding "Some Memories of Cardinal Newman" apropos of the disappearance of the old Birmingham Oratory, a contributor to the *London Catholic Weekly* writes:

Newman's last resting-place is at Rednal, in a little graveyard among the pine-clad hills, and beside the tiny chapel of the Fathers' country house. A little patch of green where the woods come to an end is dotted with simple crosses which mark the graves. At the head of one mound is a cross similar to the others, save that it bears two names, and beneath it lie the bodies of John Henry Newman and Ambrose St. John. "I wish," Newman wrote in 1876, "with all my heart to be buried in Father Ambrose St. John's grave; and I give this as my last, my imperative will." And again in 1881: "This I

confirm, and insist on, and command." On his memorial tablet in the Oratory we read the words penned by himself as his epitaph: "*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*,"—from the shadows and symbols of earth into the fulness of truth that is beyond; from an earthly home into that great eternal home, of whose peace and joy these homes of ours are but dim shadows and types.

The old question of prison labor, and the disposition to be made of the product thereof, recently came up for discussion at the National Prison Congress held in Albany, N. Y. The New Jersey delegates, represented by Father Fish, have addressed to Governor Stokes a report from which we quote a suggestive paragraph:

The prisoner often owes restitution for dishonestly acquired gain: why not make it possible for him to earn the amount of restitution? His imprisonment has brought privation upon those dependent upon him: can he not be made able to provide at least for part of their needs? It is an inborn desire of man to have, hold and possess; this desire is one of the mainsprings of human activities, both for honest and dishonest ends. It can be forced into abeyance, but it can not be extinguished. Why not train it into correct channels by giving the prisoner an incentive to learn the benefits of acquiring possession of this world's goods through honest industry?

Father Fish is reputed to be one of the foremost penologists in the country, and there is an antecedent probability that any scheme proposed by him is meritorious enough to warrant its being tried.

As an offset to the distressing religious—or anti-religious—news that comes from Paris nowadays, the following scientific announcement from that great centre is distinctly gratifying:

Twenty-four of Dr. Doyen's cancer patients who were despaired of in June, 1905, are now doing well; and out of a total of sixty-four cases that have come under his treatment, fifty-six cases are reported to have progressed favorably. Dr. Metchnikoff, Pasteur's successor at the Institute, is convinced that the microbe of cancer has been discovered, and Dr. Doyen

was accorded a most cordial reception at the Congress of Surgeons just held in Paris. Of all the experts present, only one, it is said, doubts the efficacy of his remedy.

Absolute certainty of cure can not, of course, even now be held out to cancer patients; but the triumphs achieved by medical scientists within the past quarter of a century warrant the belief that the experts in question have not been deceived, and that a remedy for one of the most terrible scourges of humanity has at last been discovered.

The venerable Archbishop of Madras, who celebrated the diamond jubilee of his priesthood on the 5th of last month, is by no means the patriarch of the Church; in fact, he is almost a score of years younger than the Rev. Father Machorski, of the diocese of Culin, Prussia. This venerable priest is now one hundred years old, and has had the unique distinction of celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Father Machorski, however, has been a stay-at-home, whereas Mgr. Colgan left Ireland for India during the pontificate of Gregory XVI.

This item, of hagiologic interest, is found in a paper contributed to the *Seven Hills Magazine* by Father Reginald Walsh, O. P.:

The number of Irish martyrs whose Cause will be presented to the Congregation of Rites is 352. Of these 3 are archbishops, 11 are bishops, and 46 are secular priests. Then come 9 Augustinians, 3 Carmelites, 11 Cistercians, 113 Dominicans, 93 Franciscans, 6 Jesuits, 1 Premonstratensian, and 56 lay persons.

As will be seen, the number of secular priests at present canonized bids fair to be very considerably increased.

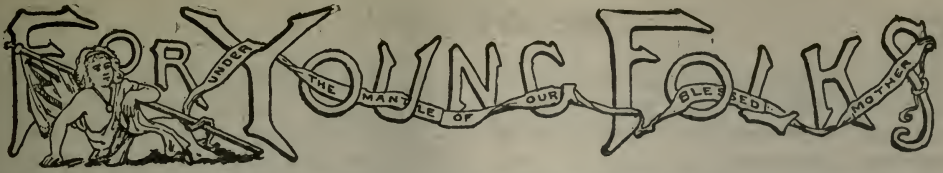
That the French Separation Law is indefensible on any grounds of justice or equity is acknowledged not merely by non-Catholics who recognize that,

in its last analysis, the action of the anti-clerical government is a protest against all religion, but also by agnostics who do not allow their prejudice to override their reason. Writing in the English *Freethinker*, Mr. G. W. Foote, who assuredly has no brief for Catholicity, calls attention to the fact that few, if any, of the great English papers seem to understand the issue between the Church and the French Republic. Personally, he is compelled to acknowledge that the Republic is in the wrong:

It is arranged by the Separation Law that the churches and their contents are to be handed over to the charge of a committee of Catholic laymen in each parish; and this committee would also become the guardian of the parish church funds and the paymaster of the parish priest. Now, it is easy to see that this is an attempt on the part of the State to thrust an alien organization into the body of the Catholic Church. No doubt it was not meant to be so, but such it is; and this alien organization is totally antagonistic to the Church's traditions and discipline. A government of the Church by laymen may be an excellent ideal, but it is not the ideal of the Catholic Church. And we do not see that the Pope had any alternative to proclaiming it an impossibility.... The Protestant press in England sneers at the idea that the Catholic Church in France has any "martyr spirit" to appeal to. Well, that is just like the Protestant press. But we implore the French Freethinkers not to be led away by that delusion. If they are, it may cost them very dear in the end.

The Protestant press in this country—or a very large section thereof—indulges in much the same sort of covert sneering as do the English papers; and it would be refreshing to see some of our pretentious non-Catholic religious organs show as much fair-mindedness as does this English *Freethinker*.

One-fifth of all the bishops in the Church now belong to religious Orders, that of St. Francis heading the list with 37. The Society of Foreign Missions comes next with 35. The total number of bishops is about 1500.



How Peter Got a Place.

"MOTHER, here's an advertisement that looks as though it would just suit," said Peter, coming in with his broom on his shoulder. He had been sweeping the pavement for Miss Patience Weeks, who, by way of compensation, allowed him to look at the advertising columns every morning.

"What is it, dear?" asked his mother, beginning to pour out the coffee at the little round table in the corner of the bright, clean kitchen.

"I'll read it to you," said Peter.

The advertisement ran as follows:

"Wanted: A good, smart boy, who is willing to run errands, and who is not afraid of work. At the Old Bookstore, corner of Fennari and Beech Streets."

"Yes, that sounds well. But by the time you get there, Peter," said his mother, "I am afraid the place may be given to some one else. It is a good distance from here."

"Well, I'll try it, anyhow," replied the boy, hurrying with his breakfast.

The meal over, he started for the store, and had gone about half way, when he saw a boy on a bicycle, a few feet ahead of him, run into a dog and throw the animal over. The bicycle suffered an injury also; a tire was punctured badly, making progress slow. Peter lingered a few moments to see if the dog was badly hurt. It was a pretty little fox terrier; and, as he lifted it from the ground, it looked beseechingly into his face, with short yelps of pain.

Peter glanced around, but saw no one to whom the dog seemed to belong. The boy examined it, and found that one of its forepaws was injured. He did

not know what to do. He could not bear to leave it in the street; and while he was considering, the little creature nestled down contentedly in his arms, occasionally uttering a moan, but on the whole appearing to feel rather comfortable.

Peter was obliged to accelerate his pace, and soon came up to the other boy, now making but slow progress on his bicycle.

"Hello!" he called out, as Peter passed him. "That's the dog that ran into me. Isn't it?"

"That's the dog *you ran over*," said Peter, and passed on.

"Is it yours?" shouted the boy.

Peter shook his head. The boy turned down a side street, and Peter lost sight of him. But when he reached the old bookstore he found him seated, with three or four others, on a bench inside the door. A little man with blue spectacles was talking to them. Peter felt that he had but a slight chance among so many; but joined the group, not forgetting to remove his cap, which none of the others had done. Before entering, Peter had taken the precaution of placing the dog under a box which stood in the vestibule. As he entered the old man was saying to the boy with the bicycle:

"I guess you'll do. You have a bicycle, and you can run errands more quickly. You'll have to carry home books, you know. Come in the morning."

"All right, sir!" replied the boy.

The others stayed not upon the order of their going, but sidled out one by one, evidently disappointed. Peter was about to do likewise, when the old man suddenly turned and asked:

"Was that a dog crying, boy? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Peter.

"Where is it?"

"Just outside,—under that box. It was hurt, and—"

"He! he!" laughed the successful one. "You see, I was goin' along pretty fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow he picked it up and carried it in his arms like a baby. I didn't know he was comin' here, though. He's a reg'lar sissy boy, that fellow is; you can tell it by his pink cheeks and curly hair."

The bookseller growled and looked sharply over his spectacles at his new assistant.

"Your dog?" he inquired of Peter.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Yours?" he asked, turning to the other boy.

"No, sir-ee. I ain't got no use for dogs at any time. And I'd like to smash that one, he made me puncture my tire. There was a sharp stone, and—"

"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the old man. "Most boys *do* like them."

"Yes, I like 'em with tin cans tied to their tails. That's lots of fun. Well, I'll be along in the morning."

"Wait a moment, boy!" said the old man. "Perhaps I'd better consider this matter a little longer. I'm fond of dogs myself. I'd like to see the creature. Fetch him in."

Peter hastened to the door, and returned with the dog in his arms. It held up a limp paw, moaned once or twice, blinked saucily, Peter thought, at the bookseller, and then hid its face against his coat sleeve, under the reproachful glance and admonitory finger of the old man, shaking slowly up and down, as he laid his other hand on the dog's back.

Peter thought the situation a little strange, while the old man said:

"So he's not your dog?"

"No, sir."

"Ever see him before?"

"Never."

"What do you propose to do with him?"

"He didn't seem to have any owner, so I thought I'd take him home to my mother. She's awfully good at curing things. I wondered if his leg was broken."

"And when he got well? What would you do then?"

"I guess I'd keep him."

"Would that be honest?"

"I think it would," said Peter.

"It would be better to hunt up his owner in the neighborhood where you found him. He's a pure fox terrier,—a valuable little dog."

"Is he?" answered Peter. "I think he's mighty cute, but I didn't know he was valuable."

"You might advertise for the owner," suggested the old man.

"Oh, no! I don't think I ought to do that," replied Peter at once. "If he is valuable, or if his owner wants him, he will do that himself."

"You're not so slow," remarked the old man, with a broad smile; "and your position is well taken. I think I'll keep him myself—if he will stay with me," he added.

"But," began Peter, "that wouldn't be right either."

"Yes, it would," rejoined the old man, "because he's *my* dog."

"*Your* dog!" exclaimed Peter, clasp- ing the animal a little more closely, while the other boy burst into a loud laugh.

"You're a *pair* of blokes!" he cried impudently.

The old man turned upon him.

"You may go!" he said, angrily. "And go at once, and don't come back! Do you hear?"

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter.

"It *is* my dog," he said; "I'll show you. Pinkie! Pinkie!" he called. And the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there,

he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

"Now do you believe he belongs to me?" inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. "Do you like books, boy?" he asked, after a moment.

"Very much, sir," replied Peter.

"There are plenty of them here," said the man,—"second-hand, principally; but interesting most of them, and valuable many of them. I *know* you like dogs. I have two passions in life—books and dogs. I think we shall get on together. You may come to-morrow. I will pay you four dollars a week. The bicycle doesn't cut much figure, when all is said. I guess I can rent one, if we need it, until I see how you do. I'll nurse up Pinkie. His foot is not broken; he'll be all right in a day or two. Come in the morning."

"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter. "I'll be sure to come."

"You see," said the old bookseller, as he accompanied the boy to the door, "I'm very fond of fox terriers especially. They're the most intelligent animals you ever saw; affectionate, too, and very companionable; but they have the bad habit of running away for days at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn up again though, unless they're run over and killed, as Pinkie might have been this morning; or stolen, as no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following customers. However, now that he will have a young companion, one that he likes besides—for I can see he likes you,—perhaps he may be satisfied with those little jaunts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name, my boy?"

"Peter, sir,—Peter Smith," answered the boy.

"I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost: that he does not wilfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward, Peter. I feel almost

certain he will stay at home, now that you are coming. What do you think?"

"I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away," said Peter. "And I'm very much obliged for the place."

"It was the dog that did it. Thank the dog," replied the bookseller. "I'll expect you at half-past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep out the shop and dust the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am absent. If you love books, as you say you do, you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on, Peter,—I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witch-hazel on Pinkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morning, Peter,—good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" responded Peter, blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him. And, thanking his good fortune, he hastened home to tell his mother the welcome news that he had not only found a place, a master, and a playmate, but that all three were just as he would have chosen them, if it had been given him to choose.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

VI.

Charlotte and Stephen were seated on the beach, enjoying the high tide. Already Stephen could distinguish between high and low tide by the sound of the waves increasing and diminishing; and the girl had pictured them to him so graphically that a bystander, hearing him talk about them, would never imagine him blind.

"Oh, that was a fine one!" he exclaimed, as a particularly large comber dashed against the rocks near the shelving beach where they sat. "Wasn't the foam soft and white, Charlotte? Wasn't it beautiful?"

"Glorious!" answered Charlotte; "and the next promises to be even finer, Stephen. They are following each other in such quick succession now that they seem engaged in a regular battle."

"And the salt air, isn't it delightful?" Stephen exclaimed again. "It makes me dreadfully hungry. I hope we shall have something good for supper."

"*You* always do," replied Charlotte. "Bridget is a grand cook, Stephen. If you knew the trouble we have, changing all the time, you would think so."

"*I do* think so," answered the boy. "Doesn't she make the best waffles?"

"I heard mamma say the other day that she had not tasted such good waffles for thirteen years. She once had a girl named Annette who used to make them."

"Do you remember her?" inquired Stephen.

"Oh, no! I was not living at home thirteen years ago."

"Not living at home? You must have been a very little thing at that time to be away from home."

"I was; I am only sixteen now. I did not come home to live until I was five years old."

"Where were you?"

"In Norway, with my grandmother."

"Is she a Norwegian?"

"Yes; she is papa's stepmother."

"Why did they send you away?"

"My grandmother wanted me."

"Did you like living there?"

"Yes, very much. I must have been a very little baby when I went away, because I can remember no other home."

"That was a queer proceeding, Charlotte. And you were the only child then, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you ever ask them why they sent you over there?"

"No: mamma does not like us to ask questions."

"Oh, I know why! Probably your grandmother was rich, and wanted to make you her heiress. Did she do it?"

"Not that I know of, Stephen. I have never heard anything about it."

"Well, it's very strange. Don't you think so?"

"I never think about it at all now, but there have been times, Stephen"—here her voice faltered,—"that I have wished I could have stayed there."

"You loved your grandmother?"

"Yes, and she loved me."

Charlotte's voice faltered; the next moment she was very sorry for what she had revealed.

"Charlotte," asked Stephen, abruptly, "why is Muriel the favorite?"

"She is the younger," said Charlotte.

"But she is spoiled and selfish. You are much kinder to her and all of them than they are to you."

"Oh, no! You are mistaken, Stephen. I am not a pet, like Muriel; but she is the baby. And, then, she is so pretty."

"Prettier than you are?"

"Oh, much prettier, Stephen!"

"I can not believe it."

"It is true, Stephen."

"You are too modest."

"I have nothing to be vain of."

"You are too unselfish."

"My grandmother taught me—and she was wise in doing so—that I must be very unselfish, if I wanted not only God to love me, but my friends."

"But you are naturally so."

"How do you know?"

"By your voice. It is so sweet and musical!"

Charlotte laughed.

"You are a flatterer, Stephen."

"No: I simply speak the truth."

"Well, however it came to me, I enjoy helping others. I have a great wish to be liked by all, and loved—by a few. It amounts to a defect in me."

"I can not think so, Charlotte. Do you remember Norway?"

"Oh, yes! We were there two years ago."

"Two years ago! And your grandmother, is she living?"

"Yes, Stephen; but she is an imbecile. She did not know me at all."

"That is sad. Have you aunts and uncles there?"

"No one at all but grandmother. Norway is a beautiful country, Stephen. I do not think there can be anything lovelier on earth than the high, snow-capped mountains, with glaciers gleaming between. And the skies are so very blue there. We saw huge whales in the harbors, some of them from seventy-five to one hundred feet long. They looked like immense boulders that had fallen from the mountains."

"I should love to go there. The icebergs must be very beautiful."

"You can not imagine anything more beautiful. They reflect the deepest tints of green, blue, and yellow; and when the moon shines upon them it is magnificent."

"What was the finest sight you saw in Norway?"

"The Midnight Sun."

"Did you see it, Charlotte?"

"Yes, at North Cape. We went there purposely for that. I call it the finest sight, because it was the strangest."

"Didn't it set at all?"

"Not at all. I had imagined it would look like a ball of fire, but it was not very different from the sun at home. At four o'clock in the morning, when we steamed out of the harbor, it seemed like a picture or a scene on the stage, the mountains and glaciers looked so weird."

"I wonder that all the poets and painters of the world do not go to Norway."

"Many of them do, and they find inspiration there among the mountains and glaciers, and torrents and waterfalls. I shall never forget that wonderful country."

"Do you expect to go again?"

"I do not know. There has been some talk of it. At Tromsø, where we stopped one day, we saw a Laplander's camp."

"Was it interesting?"

"Yes, in a way. It was very dirty. Their houses are just mounds of earth, with a very low door. One must stoop in order to enter. There are no windows, only a hole in the middle of the roof for the smoke to pass out. The fire is built in the centre of the earthen floor. They did not seem to have any chairs. Some skins on the floor served for beds. They were the most uncomfortable places I ever saw. The people, all undersized, went about clothed in greasy reindeer skins, which they never take off until they are worn out. They hardly spoke a word. And I did not hear a child laugh or cry while we were in the camp, though there were several children there. They walked about slowly and solemnly like their elders, without saying a word."

"And did you see any reindeers?"

"Yes, indeed,—hundreds of them. But they, too, were very shabby and dirty-looking. I think they must have had the mange: their fur was worn off in patches. They quite destroyed for me the mental picture I had always formed of Santa Claus and his jolly reindeers, with their silver harness and merry, tinkling bells."

"Charlotte," observed Stephen, "you said something about whales. Did you mean that they are found in the harbors of large cities?"

"Oh, no! Those whales were dead. It was up near the North Cape, in the small harbors that indent the coast."

"Oh, I see! I thought it would be strange to find whales so close to where people were living."

"Perhaps you have never heard it, Stephen, but the Norwegian roads are among the finest in the world. My grandmother lived in a small town far

in the mountains, and we drove one hundred and forty miles over the best-kept road my father ever saw. Oh, it was splendid!"

"Charlotte," asked Stephen, after a pause, "what color is your hair?"

"They call it a light golden brown."

"And your eyes?"

"They are grey or blue."

"And your skin?"

"Fair, I believe."

"With pink cheeks?"

"Yes, they are usually so."

"And you are not fat?"

"Oh, not at all! I am rather too slender, I think, for my height."

"Oh, how pretty you must be! And I am glad you are slender; I do not care for stout people."

"But that would not prevent your liking a person, would it, Stephen?"

"I don't know, Charlotte!" replied the boy. "Mother says I am too fastidious; but I can not bear uncouth or ugly people."

"And if I were just as good to you as ever I could be and fond of you, and happened to be ugly, would you like me less for it?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Charlotte," he rejoined, with more fretfulness than she had ever before seen in him. "What is the use of imagining disagreeable things? I can just fancy you in a pretty blue gown, wearing a red cap, and standing on some Norwegian hillside, with your golden brown hair all floating in the wind. Your hair is wavy, isn't it, Charlotte?"

"Yes, quite wavy."

"I knew it. I know just how you look," he continued, taking her hand and pressing it close to his cheek. His eyes were glowing, his lips smiling; he could not know that the girl beside him sat gazing mournfully into the ocean, wondering if she were not doing a wrong thing not to tell him the truth. But, try as she would, her

conscience did not accuse her; and, if it had, her courage would hardly have been equal to the unwelcome task.

"The tide is going down," she said, after a while. "And it is time for us to go home; the sun is setting."

"Yes, and I am getting more hungry every moment," said Stephen. "We have had such a happy afternoon, Charlotte; and now you must come home with me to supper."

(To be continued.)

In Safe-Keeping.

After the Communion at Mass, and after Benediction just before the Tabernacle door is closed, ask Our Lord to let you leave your heart in the prison of love with Him until your next visit to the church. Of course, if your heart is stained with sin, you will not venture to ask that precious privilege. But after you have once realized how safe and how secure it is to have your heart in the Tabernacle, you will try to keep it pure and kind; so that at every Mass and every Benediction you may put it in near our Blessed Lord for another day.

The Quiet Leaves.

THE leaves are playing tag to-day,—
Just see them skip and run!
I wonder do they like to play,
And do they think it fun?

The wind is driving them about,
First up, then down, the hill;
And yet they never seem to shout,—
I couldn't keep so still.

My teacher says that I should learn
To be as still as they;
But I don't think that I would like
That quiet kind of play.

And, then, the leaves have not a mouth,
Nor such a voice as I;
And if they're still and do not shout,
That is the reason why.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—We learn from the *Athenæum* that Mr. E. Hartland, who secured the valuable collection of Bibles made by Dr. Copinger for the purpose of his work, "The Bible and its Transmission," was already the possessor of a fine collection of Latin Bibles of the fifteenth century.

—Mr. E. Grant Richards, the English publisher, announces: "Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery," by Filson Young; with maps, charts, illustrations, facsimile reproductions, appendices, a frontispiece in color by Norman Wilkinson, and a note on the navigation of Columbus' first voyage by the Earl of Dunraven, K. P. The work is in two volumes.

—A third edition of "My Queen, My Mother," by R. G. S. (Benziger Brothers), testifies to the welcome accorded this tribute to the Blessed Virgin. The Litany of Loreto serves as a text; and as invocation follows invocation, more and more heartfelt is the response awakened—*Ora pro nobis*. The illustrations alone, half-tone copies of celebrated pictures, would make the book well worth while.

—The clergy will welcome "The Sacristy Manual," compiled by the Rev. Paul Griffith and published by the John Murphy Co. It contains the portions of the Roman Ritual most frequently used in parish church functions. Type, paper, print, and binding leave nothing to be desired; but we can not help thinking that corded silk markers would be preferable to the thumb indices, the book is so thin.

—Mr. E. Wyatt-Davis has published, through Longmans, Green & Co., an "Elementary History of England," for junior scholars in secondary schools. While following the general outline of his advanced "History of England," the compiler has made careful selection of the most important points to be learned, and has presented them in a manner to interest, and to indicate that the relation of events is quite as important as are the events themselves.

—Our English exchanges announce the death of Lady Amabel Kerr, who will be remembered by our readers as the author of several excellent books and of a large number of useful pamphlets. She was a devoted and most exemplary daughter of the Church, ever zealous in spreading Catholic influence and in upholding Catholic principles. Lady Kerr was the youngest daughter of the sixth Earl Cowper, her mother being the daughter of the late Earl de Grey. Her husband, Lord Walter Kerr, "Admiral of the Fleet," is the president of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland.

One of her sons is a priest—the Rev. R. F. Kerr, of the Oratory. Lady Kerr will have the grateful prayers of the poor, to whom she was a generous benefactor; and she deserves a kindly remembrance by Catholics everywhere. *R. I. P.*

—"Round the World," a series of illustrated articles on a variety of subjects, is among recent publications by Benziger Brothers. The themes include "The Ostrich and Ostrich Hunting," "The Great Wall of China," "Orange Culture," and "Rockwood Pottery." While there is a suggestion of the scrapbook in the unrelated chapters, the material itself is interesting, and will no doubt meet with appreciative readers.

—Whatever may be one's personal opinion about the generally accepted college requirements in language work, one must acknowledge that there is no dearth of reading matter at the disposal of the preparatory student, and the chief purveyor thereof is the American Book Co. Late publications of theirs are Theodore Storm's "Im Sonnenschein," edited for school use by G. L. Swiggett; and "Wilhelm Tell," edited by E. C. Roedder. The usual notes are furnished, and the introduction contains an analysis of the drama, with some critical remarks on Schiller's great play.

—Benziger Brothers have recently brought out Part II. of the "Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament," by the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D., professor of the Sacred Scriptures in St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York. Part I. of this important work treated of the Historical books only, the present volume is concerned with the Didactic and Prophetical writings. The work professedly deals with the historical and literary problems necessarily suggested nowadays by the scientific study of Holy Writ, and more especially by the study of the sacred books of the Old Covenant. The method of procedure, identical with that followed in Part I., consists in a systematic examination of questions regarding the authorship, date, purpose, contents, literary structure, integrity, general character, etc., of each of the didactic and prophetical writings of the Old Testament. As a rule the author contents himself with giving the arguments for or against the views, ancient and modern, which he sets forth. "When, however," says the preface, "he has made his own, or has simply inclined toward, some recent critical view, he is conscious of having done so in full harmony with that truly Catholic and scientific spirit" which Pius X. recently lauded in a letter to the late Mgr. Le Camus. Whether or not all Biblical scholars will agree that Father Gigot has invari-

ably followed the wise middle course between too free a critical method and the cast-iron impliability of traditional exegesis, none, we fancy, will be found to question the importance of this contribution to up-to-date Biblical literature.

—Persons who feel obliged to heed "The Edict of Oyster Bay" (President Roosevelt's order to the Public Printer) will be interested in a booklet just published by Laird & Lee, entitled "English Spelling Simplified." It furnishes an account of the reformed spelling movement to date, a list of the words adopted for use in the Government Departments, together with 3500 amended spellings and "other valuable[?] information." For frontispiece there are miniature portraits of His Strenuousness, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mark Twain, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The President looks meditative, as though he had begun to question the wisdom of his edict; Mr. Matthews appears calm and collected (his picture was doubtless taken when he was thinking of other words to conquer); Mr. Clemens has the stern expression he always puts on when he wants to be taken seriously, though he has long since forfeited such a right. The Scotchman, too, looks very grave, though perfectly self-satisfied. Possibly he contemplates awarding medals to all who are courageous enough to adopt the new spelling. The Philological Society of America, we notice, recommends that abominable be spelled "abominabl." This is the word we shall be apt to employ in referring to the reformed spelling, and we are glad to know just how it should be written.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.

"Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.

"Round the World." 85 cts.

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.

"The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.

"An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.

"The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.

"History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.

"Sister Mary of the Divine Heart." Religious of the Good Shepherd. The Abbé Louis Chasle. Benziger Brothers. \$1.60, net.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. \$1, net.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johner, O. S. B. \$1, net.

Obituary.

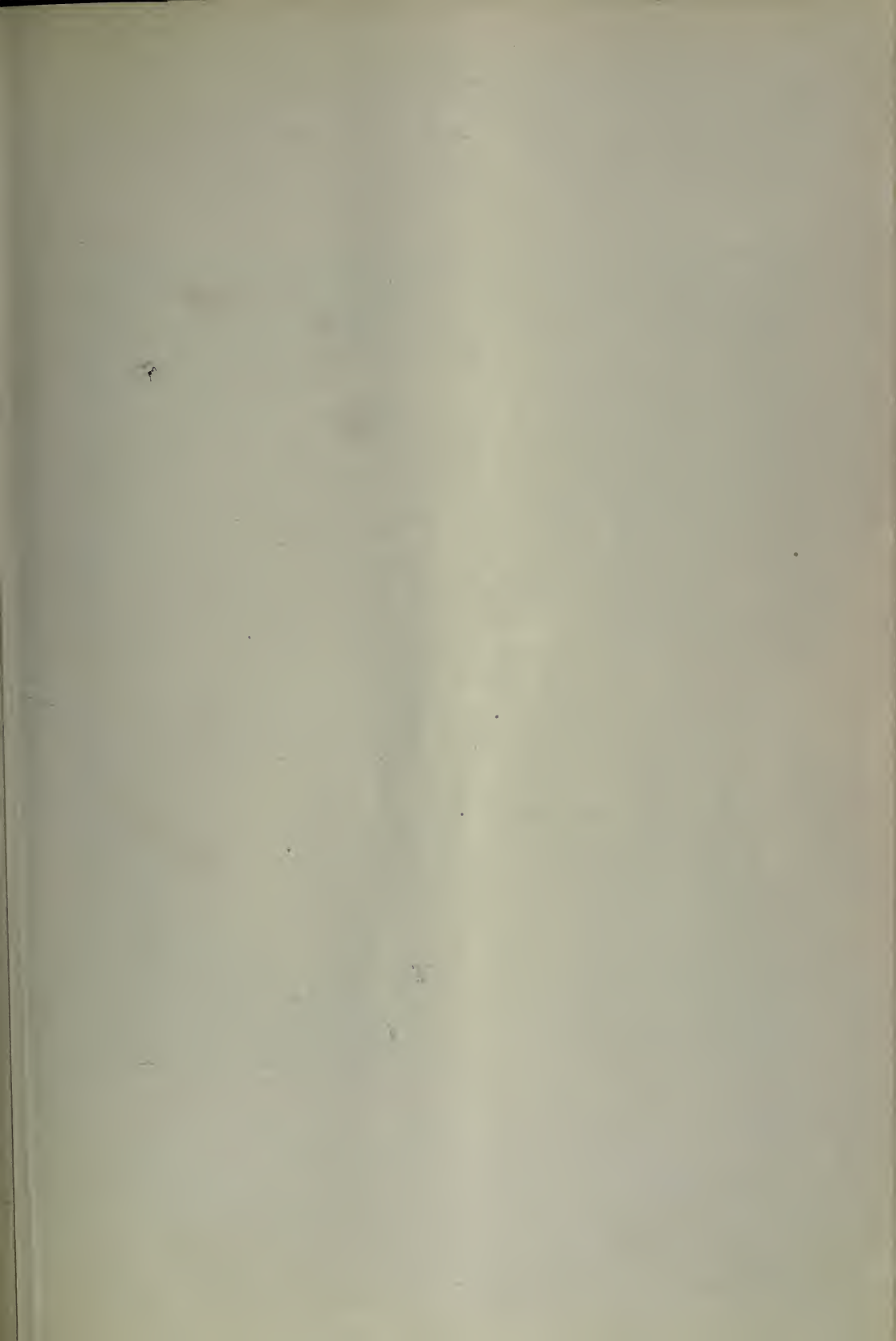
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edmund Wurtzburg, S. J.

Sister Sebastian, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister Mary Josephine, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Albina, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Samuel Hardy, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. William Nuelle and Mr. R. J. Sharpe, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ellen Curran, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Robert Mellyn, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Wilhite, Seaton, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Hackett, Milton East, Que., Canada; Mr. James Ryan, Westport, New Zealand; Mrs. Ellen Desmond, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, Bartonville, Ill.; Mrs. Edward Lennon, Newport, R. I.; Miss Catherine Kavanagh, Richwoods, Mo.; Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Daniel Lafferty, Peru, Ill.; Mrs. Anna Hermann, Sharon, Pa.; Mr. John Broderick, Mr. John Walsh, and Mrs. Margaret Fondy, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Eliza Sherwood and Miss Mary Flaherty, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Behr and Mr. Philip Bulger, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Salmon and Mr. Thomas Cassidy, La Salle, Ill.; Mr. P. J. Pepper, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Herbert Brogan, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. E. W. Paul, Canton, Ohio; and Mrs. P. J. Muldoon, Carbondale, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!





THE EXPECTED OF NATIONS.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Indian Summer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE April, like a daughter of the gods,
Only a moment in the wood at spring,
Tarried to tease with violets the clods,
And laugh and sing.

Then, like impassioned Eve, with tears and sighs,
Out from the leafy garden of her birth,
She fled through summer's gates of paradise,
Beyond the earth.

And now she comes again with singing thrush,
And gentians midst the fallen leaves outpoured;
But Autumn stands like angel in the hush
With flaming sword!

Some Royal Examples of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

LOOKING into the annals of the past, even the most superficial reader could not fail to be struck by the fact that Our Lady's name is closely associated with the chivalry of England. A deep personal love and devotion to her manifested itself in the lives of the highest as well as of the lowest. Monarchs considered it a privilege to erect churches and cathedrals in her honor. In those far-off days, when the "faultless King rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs to Camelot," he carried with him "his shield named Pridwen, in which the

image of the Holy Mother of God painted thereon perpetually recalled her to his thoughts"; and historians relate how, on going into battle, he would "invoke the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Juliana Berners, Lady Abbess of St. Albans, tells us in her quaint treatise on "Heraldry," that the "nobull [noble] and mighty Prince King Arthure toke to his arms a crosse of silver in a felde of verte, and on the right side an image of our Blessed Ladye, her Son in hir arme."

Speaking of shields, it must not be forgotten that St. John Damascene, Hugh of St. Victor, Richard of St. Laurence, and other writers, call the Holy Virgin "our Shield"; and numberless examples might be quoted from old MSS. showing that during the Ages of Faith she was in very truth so regarded.

Knights bore her image embroidered on their surcoats, as we see from Froissart's account of an incident which took place at the battle of Poitiers. Lord Jehan de Clermont, "one of the French marshals," having ridden forth to "aview the state of the English host," encountered Sir John Chandos, who "rode the same day" on the same errand in respect of the French army. And as soon as "these two knyghtes met together," they immediately became aware that "each of them bare one manner of device, a blewe Ladye embroidered in a sunbeam, above on their apparel." This discovery was the

cause of a quarrel between them,—Lord Clermont vehemently asserting that Sir John “had taken upon him to bear his device,” whilst Chandos protested with equal vehemence: “Nay, ye bear mine; for it is as well mine as yours.” Eventually the Englishman declared that on the “morrowe” he would “prove by feate of armes” the truth of his words.

Early in the thirteenth century, we learn from reliable sources, it became the custom to make linen tunics and lay them on the shrine which contained the relic of Our Lady of Chartres. So eagerly were these garments sought for by all the pilgrims to that famous sanctuary, that their manufacture “formed a considerable portion of the trade of the city.” “Warriors,” it is said, “wore them when they went to battle as a sure defence,—a shield, as it were, with which knights deemed themselves invulnerable to such a point that, in a duel, if one of the combatants wore a tunic of Our Lady, he was obliged to inform his adversary, otherwise the fight would have been unequal.” Again, we read in an old MS. that the knight, without fear and without reproach, went to Chartres “in order to invest himself with a tunic of Our Lady.”

“Eleven foreign and two British orders of chivalry,” says one who has given careful study to the subject, “were founded in honour of our Blessed Lady prior to the sixteenth century”; and historians of these orders not unfrequently mention the piety of different sovereigns, and their love for the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. Thus we find Ashmole, when writing of the most noble Order of the Garter, alludes to Edward III. as “this religious and pious King,” who was “singularly affected to the Blessed Virgin Marye, . . . the general mediatrix and protectress of all men and upon all occasions.”

He continues: “And no less was

King Edward IV. in a special manner devoted toward the same Blessed Virgin, insomuch as he thought it necessary that some additional ceremonies within the Order” (of which, it will be remembered, Our Lady is the chief patroness) “should be observed by himself and the knights and companions to her peculiar honour.” Therefore, “on her five solemnities,” it was ordained that the knights companions “should annually wear the peculiar habit of the Order as long as divine service was celebrating, . . . bearing on the right shoulder a golden figure of the Blessed Virgin Marye; and, further, that they should go in the same manner and habit upon all the Sundays throughout the year; and, lastly, that on the same days forever they say five *Pater nosters* and five *Ave Marias*.”

How impossible it would have seemed to the monarch who made the above statutes to realize that a time could ever come when the Merrie England over which he ruled—England, the Dower of Mary—would lose the true faith; when all prayer to Christ's Holy Mother would be forbidden, her shrines sacrilegiously pillaged, her images ruthlessly destroyed!

In respect of the Order of the Garter, the opening words of the ancient form of investiture are in themselves sufficient proof of the Catholic and Christian spirit of the age. They run thus: “To the laud and honour of Almighty God, His Immaculate Mother, and St. George, the holy martyr, tie or gird your leg with this most noble garter, wearing it to the increase of your honour, and in token and remembrance of this most noble Order.”*

Ever more and more insistently, as we read the records of “days that are dead,” are we reminded that then indeed the faithful regarded Our Lady as the mirror and model of all those perfections to which fervent hearts

* Ashmole, p. 87.

aspire here below; whilst they looked up to her in heaven as their perpetual help in all the weaknesses to which poor human nature is subject, and the temptations to which it is constantly exposed.

The celebrated Order of the Thistle of Scotland was also under the patronage of Christ's Holy Mother. It was founded "for the defence of the Christian religion," and consisted of the sovereign and twelve knights brethren, in remembrance of our Divine Redeemer and His twelve Apostles; and was placed, as we have just said, "under the protection of our Blessed Ladye," and St. Andrew, Apostle, the patron saint of Scotland.

We have seen the devotion of Edward III. and Edward IV. We must now go back to a very much earlier date, and we shall find the love of Mary still reigning in the hearts of kings. Æthelwald, whose father, Æthelberht, had been converted by St. Augustine, built the church of the Holy Mother of God at Canterbury, and there his body was laid to rest in 640.

The mention of St. Augustine recalls a fact which is, perchance, too often forgotten—namely, the very important part played by Irish missionaries in the conversion of England. When the "strangers from Rome"—in other words, the little band of pilgrim monks bearing a silver cross, and headed by Augustine—landed at Ebbsfleet, the Latin tongue became again one of the tongues of Britain, the language of its correspondence, its worship, and its literature. "If poetry," says the author of a short history of the English people, "began at a later day, in the English epic of Caedemon, prose took its first shape in the Latin History of Baeda."

After the acceptance of the true faith by King Æthelberht, the Kentish men crowded to receive holy baptism in thousands. But, alas! ere many years had elapsed, a fresh wave of paganism

swept over the land, and Mercia sprang into a sudden greatness as the champion of the heathen gods. Then it was that Irish Christianity flung itself so nobly into the breach. It will be remembered that, in the fair Green Isle where the great St. Patrick labored, the faith of Him who died upon the cross for our redemption had been received with a burst of extraordinary enthusiasm; letters and arts followed swiftly in its train; the science and Biblical knowledge which fled from the Continent took refuge in the famous schools which made Durrow and Armagh the universities of the West; and zealous missionary priests, constrained by the love of Christ to carry His message beyond the confines of their own beloved land, set forth to work amongst "the Picts of the Highlands, and among the Frisians of the Northern Seas." The Irish St. Columban founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines; whilst the Canton of St. Gall "still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary, before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of Lake Constance."

From Burgundy came missionaries to East Anglia. On a low island of barren rock, yet another Irish apostle, Columba, raised the famous monastery of Iona, whence bands of religious went forth to evangelize Northumbria. From there sailed St. Aidan, who fixed his episcopal See in the island peninsula of Lindisfarne. The Lindisfarne monastery, which gave to the spot its subsequent title of Holy Island, sent out in its turn an army of preachers; amongst others St. Chad to the Mercians, Boisil to Mailros (or, as we now know it, Melrose); and thus it was that the faith spread from Ireland over heathen realms. Nor can we doubt that those single-hearted men, who brought the glad tidings of a Saviour born to call the world out of darkness into His own marvellous light,

sought also to plant in the souls of their hearers the seeds of a loving reverence for her who was "properly and truly the Mother of God, the holy and ever-virgin and Immaculate Mary."

Indeed we learn from many sources that in Ireland, as in England, "devotion to Our Lady was coeval with Christianity." Not to speak of abbeys founded in her honor by St. Patrick and St. Brendan, we are told that St. Columban founded a monastery at Kells, County Meath, about the year 550, and dedicated it to the Most Holy Mother of God,—the place having been granted to him by Dermot, the son of Fergus Kervail.

In 708, Ina, King of the West Saxons, reconstructed the abbey and church of Glastonbury, and built, "out of love for God and His Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary," that celebrated "silver chapel" upon which he lavished such costly gifts. Truly this pious sovereign might have exclaimed with King David of old: "And I with all my ability have prepared the expenses for the house of my God. Gold for vessels of gold, and silver for vessels of silver, brass for things of brass, . . . and onyx-stones, and stones like alabaster, and of divers colors, and all manner of precious stones, and marble of Paros in great abundance."*

To-day, with our considerably less generous ideas concerning the adornment of the altar, the sums spent by King Ina appear startlingly large. We find, for instance, amongst other items too numerous to mention, more than twenty pounds weight of gold "for covers for the Gospels"; 10 lb. ditto "for a chalice and paten"; 17 lb. ditto "for vases for the altar" (i. e. cruets, etc.); 8 lb. ditto "for shallow gold basins"; 20 lb. of silver "for a holy water stoup"; 12½ lb. ditto "for candlesticks." And all this, it must be borne in mind, was over and

above the immense amount set aside "for the construction of the chapel."

Not to speak of the earlier sovereigns—Eadgar, the father of St. Edward the Confessor; Ælfred, Centwine, Baldred, Arthur, and even King Cenwalh, a pagan,—William the Conqueror desired to show his love for Our Lady by becoming a benefactor to her venerable Abbey of Glastonbury. Ambitious, avaricious, and cruel as this King undoubtedly was, he nevertheless displayed a strong sense of religion, and a profound respect for its institutions. "He daily heard the Mass of his private chaplain," says Dr. Lingard, "and was regular in his attendance at the public worship." It was noticeable also that, when in the society of men noted for holiness of life, he laid aside that haughty demeanor with which he was wont to subdue the most powerful of his barons. "Yet truly in his time," remarks a Saxon historian, who had ample means of judging—"men had mickle suffering, and very many hardships. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor men to be oppressed. He was so very stark."

When, however, the hours of his earthly sovereignty were numbered, and he knew that the moment was fast approaching in which he, who had ruled and judged, must go into the presence of the King of kings—the eternal Ruler and Judge of all the world,—William's thoughts turned to her in whose intercession he put boundless trust. Stretching out his arms, he said: "I commend my soul to my Lady, the Mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her Son, my Lord Jesus Christ."

If we study the personal records of their lives, we shall see that by far the greater number of English sovereigns up to the time of the so-called Reformation showed special marks of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, some by going on pilgrimage to her

* 1 Paral, xxix, 2.

noted shrines both at home and abroad, others by building churches and founding monasteries in her honor. Henry II., Henry III., Edward II., and Edward III.,—all made pilgrimages to foreign sanctuaries of Our Lady; whilst the list of royal pilgrims to English places made famous by some venerated image is too long to enumerate.

Henry I. founded three monasteries,—two for Regular Canons at Chichester and Dunstable, and one for monks of the Order of Cluni, “situated at Reading, where the great roads of the kingdom intersected each other.” The wealth, however, with which this latter house was endowed by its royal benefactor did not, we are told, cause the monks to relax in the smallest degree the rigid observance of their rule. It was their custom to offer hospitality to all who passed their convent; and thus, in entertaining strangers, they must annually have spent a much more considerable sum than that devoted to their own maintenance.

Henry II. by his will bequeathed large sums of money to the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers, as well as to different religious houses in Palestine, England, Normandy, and Anjou. He also left two thousand marks of silver to be divided among the nuns of Fontevraud, where he desired to be buried; and ten thousand to particular monasteries and convents. This King was, besides, an extremely liberal benefactor to the convent of Godstow, whither “that Rosamund whom men call fair” had retired to end her days in prayer and penitence.

Henry III. died, “with the most edifying sentiments,” at Westminster; and there, in the glorious abbey church which he had rebuilt from the foundations, and which was so full of splendid memorials of Our Lady, his body was laid in the very tomb whence he had formerly removed into a golden shrine the bones of Edward the Confessor.

Amongst other offerings made by him to the Lady chapel at Westminster, we find his coronation spurs. “Deliver from our treasure,” he says, “our gold spurs, which were made for our first coronation at Westminster, . . . which we have given to the chapel of Blessed Mary at Westminster.”

It would be impossible to enumerate the many proofs of devotion to God's Mother given by royal personages in England. Ancient documents are filled with such examples as the following: “Richard, Earl of Cornwall, son of King John, left five shillings” (no mean sum, by the way, in those days) “for the support of a light in the chapel of our Blessed Ladye” at Launceston. John of Gaunt, by his will, bequeathed to the Carmelites of London “fifteen marks of silver in honour of the fifteen joys of Our Ladye.” King John in 1508, by his will, left two dozen wax candles to burn before the image of Our Lady in her chapel in the venerable old church of St. Laurence, Norwich.

It would seem that Edward I. was in the habit of making a yearly offering to the Blessed Virgin. “On the 15th of May this year” (1300), we find from an entry in the wardrobe book, “he offered the image of Our Ladye, in the chapel of Walsingham, a clasp of gold of the value of eight marks; and on the same day the Queen offered to Our Lady, by the hands of John de But, a clasp of the value of six and a half marks.” Henry IV. “passed a license of mortmain” in order that certain lands should be settled on a chantry priest, whose duty it was to offer a daily Mass in the chapel of Our Lady at Kimberley, Norfolk. This chapel stood in the churchyard.

That “most Christian prince, Henry V., his great business in war notwithstanding,” during his life “chose his place of sepulture within the aforesaid monastery [of Westminster], and there,” continues Fabian, “ordained for him

to be sung *three Masses every day in the week* while the world lasteth." This famous King was a singularly devout client of Our Lady; many instances of his knightly devotion to her are related, and not the least striking of these is the provision he made in order to secure her help after his death. Out of the three daily Masses for the repose of his soul, one was always to be in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They were arranged as follows: On Saturday, of Our Lady's Assumption; on Monday, of her Salutation (generally understood to mean the Visitation), on Tuesday, of her Nativity; on Wednesday, of her Conception; on Thursday, of her Purification; on Friday, of Our Lady's Salutation; on Saturday, a Requiem Mass, as the Office of the day was "of the Blessed Virgin."

We have already seen how very numerous and generous were the offerings made by Elizabeth of York to different shrines of Our Lady in all parts of England. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., was in the habit of saying "every day" the Office of the Blessed Virgin; and another favorite devotion of hers was the *Corona*, or Crown of Our Lady. In respect of the latter pious practice, Cardinal Fisher tells us that, though kneeling was very painful to her, "yet, nevertheless dayly, when she was in health, she failed not to say the Crowne of Our Ladye, which, after the manner of Rome, containeth sixty and three Aves; and at every Ave to make a knelynge" (kneeling).

That noble lady and cruelly wronged Queen, Katherine of Arragon, had a deep and tender devotion to Christ's Immaculate Mother, whose Office she recited *daily upon her knees*. The remembrance of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, comforted her last hours; and in her will she wrote: "I supplicate that my body be buried in a convent of

Observant Friars" (Franciscan Friars who follow a very strict observance of their rule); "that for my soul may be said five hundred Masses; that some personage go to Our Lady of Walsingham in pilgrimage; and in going, by the way to deal twenty nobles" (that is, a sum of money of the worth of twenty nobles to be given to the poor). A noble, it may be remarked in passing, was a gold coin, and its value was six shillings and eight pence sterling.

It is scarcely probable that this will was carried out; for though Walsingham was not suppressed until three years later, Dr. Bridgett tells us that Henry contributed with the lawyers "to defeat his wife's pious intentions," diverting the money she had left to his own sacrilegious uses.

We have seen how the devotion of Henry VI. to the Blessed Virgin took concrete form in the shape of Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge, both of which were founded in Our Lady's honor. This monarch also recited her Office daily, and in numberless ways gave superabundant proof of his faith and fervor.

The will of Henry VII. is so singularly significant of the spirit of the times that some portion of it must be given here. After devoutly recommending his soul to God, he says: "My most merciful Redeemer, Maker, and Saviour, I trust by the special grace and mercy of Thy Most Blessed Mother, ever-virgyne, oure Lady Saincte Mary, in whom, after Thee in this mortal life, hath ever been my most singular trust and confidence, to whom in all my necessities I have made my continual refuge, and by whom I have hitherto in all mine adversities ever had my special comforte and relief, will now in my most extreme need take my soule into her hands, and it present unto her most dere Son." He then goes on "most humbly, most entirely, and most heartily," to implore the protection of

her whom he calls "Lady of Mercy," "very Mother and Virgin," "well of pitie," and "surest refuge" of all in need. An image of himself, "made of silver and gilt," was offered by him to Our Lady of Walsingham.

Thus did English kings, until the days of the great apostasy, endeavor to show by word and act that they believed, with the old Anglo-Norman poet, Wace, who sang in the twelfth century, that "whosoever shall love and serve Mary, and honour her with a good heart, will never lack her aid in death or in life."

Dr. Delgado's Experience.

III.

THE death of his wife affected the Doctor deeply. She had grown to be a part of his existence; and when she left him, his life seemed empty of all that had made it dear. He was tenderly attached to his little daughter, who, with a gravity beyond her years, endeavored to console him for the loss of the mother who had been her infant adoration. He considered it a most fortunate circumstance that Miss Multon had come into their lives just at this time; her conversation was interesting, her sympathy grateful but not obtrusive, she knew when to speak and when to be silent.

Three or four months had passed, during which period Dr. Delgado had conceived and reflected upon a plan, the desirability of which grew upon him the more he dwelt upon it. He was growing old, he had amassed a large fortune, and there was no necessity that he should work any longer. In the solitude and calm of the retreat which he had resolved to seek, with his family—far enough from the noise and bustle of the world to render its tumultuous life but an echo in his ears, yet near enough that he

might always seek it, should he wish to do so,—he would still, through his books and periodicals, be in touch with all that was going on in the busy arena of men. He had, besides, a theory with regard to the education of his daughter, which could better be carried out in the seclusion of the country than in the distractions of the capital. Desirous of knowing to what extent he might rely upon Miss Multon to assist him in his designs, he ventured to sound her wishes and opinions on the subject before making any final plans.

One morning as they sat at breakfast he thus addressed her:

"Miss Multon, I am contemplating an entire change in my life. I have decided to give up work, as I am getting to be an old man, and find myself in need of rest. Formerly I had anticipated spending my last days in the seclusion of the country with my dear wife, who enjoyed nothing better than the natural life which people—that is, sensible people—lead when away from the artificiality and complicated existence men lead in cities. But things have fallen out otherwise. Nevertheless, the desire still remains with me. I have resolved to purchase a country residence at no great distance from here, whither I shall retire with my little daughter—and yourself, if you will accompany us. Or perhaps you have other intentions which will interfere with my hopes."

"No, Doctor," replied Miss Multon, "I have no plans of my own. I loved your wife, and I love her child. As long as I live I shall be glad to remain with you, if you will have me. In so far as I am able, I will take a mother's care of Aurelia, with little less than a mother's love. My own preference is for a country life; there is no other comparable to it, I think."

"In so far we are agreed," said the Doctor. "I hope we shall be equally so in all things. I have peculiar ideas

regarding the child's education. I shall wish her to have a complete knowledge of English, French, and German, with as much geography and history as it is necessary for a girl to know, so that when the time comes she may have a good foundation for the higher studies which I intend she shall pursue. I mean scientific and philosophical studies."

"Yes," observed Miss Multon, tentatively. "I think I understand, Doctor. But will it not depend in a great measure upon her natural fitness for the higher studies?"

"Yes, to a great extent it will," said the Doctor. "I think she will be more than ordinarily clever, Miss Multon; and I intend that her preparatory education shall be as thorough as possible. I intend also that it shall be facilitated by good reading. It is my desire that she shall have a knowledge of the best authors in the languages which I have determined she is to study. At the same time I do not wish to overload her mind. I hope she will have a great deal of time to devote to reading the book of nature. I mean also that she shall have plenty of exercise."

"And music, Doctor? What of that?"

"If she shows remarkable talent for it, yes; otherwise, no. But I shall see to it that she shall hear good music whenever there is an opportunity."

"Will you have masters for her, Doctor?"

"Only for German. I think your knowledge of French is excellent; you have also a fine pronunciation. As soon as you wish, I would like you to begin it with her."

"I shall be glad to do so."

The Doctor paused, took off his glasses, rubbed them, replaced them on his nose and finally said:

"You are aware, of course, that my wife was a practical Catholic?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"I will be frank with you and say

that before her death she wished me to place the little one in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. This I declined to do. If Edith had lived, I should not have interfered with her views regarding the child. But she is dead, there is no more of her; whether the little one is Catholic or pagan can not affect her. I endeavored to make her see that when I was left alone with the child, I, and I only, would have the right to say what should be done with her. It may seem cruel, Miss Multon, but I assure you my wife accepted the situation very amiably. She was a very sensible woman. Indeed, I was surprised that she did not plead with me to change my intentions. But she did not. I do not believe in a future life. I believe only in the things I can see, whose *raison d'être* I can account for. I am a scientist,—a modern scientist. This much I conceded to my wife—that the child be not taught any of my beliefs until she had arrived at a certain age. I wish, accordingly, that she be taught the ethics of morality and good manners; and these you will teach her, I am assured, Miss Multon; for you are an educated, refined woman."

"I shall endeavor to do so," replied the lady.

"Furthermore," continued the Doctor, "I have not forgotten that you are the very person I should have chosen to help me carry out my experiment. I remember that my wife told me, early in our married life, that you had been requested to leave the employment of her mother because of your pronounced agnostic views."

"Yes, Doctor," answered the former governess in a low voice, "that was the cause of my leaving the family."

"My mother-in-law was a very good woman, but a fanatic in matters of religion," pursued the Doctor.

"Still it was natural that she should not wish her daughter to remain under the influence of one whose religious

views were decidedly opposite to her own," said the governess.

"That is so,—that is so. I remember being much interested in my wife's account of your change from Catholicism to a state of advanced thought; but the conversation was never finished," said the Doctor. "Something interrupted and it was not resumed."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the governess under her breath. "If it had been, I greatly fear I should not be where I am at this moment."

"Consequently," resumed the Doctor, "I shall have no fears that you will teach the child doctrines and superstitions I do not wish her to learn. The servants are good creatures, and pious also; but they will not be with her enough to influence her. Gradually, Miss Multon, you can arrange that she leaves off saying her prayers. My heart is in the experiment I intend to make, and I am desirous that the mind of my daughter be entirely unhampered. You understand?"

"Yes, Doctor, I understand."

"I shall at once set about looking for a desirable residence not farther than twenty miles from the city,—one that can be reached pleasantly by driving, and quickly by rail. Say twenty miles or so. I shall want about forty acres, I think. Twenty of these I shall devote to farm and orchard, twenty to a small park and garden. I am very fond of birds of all kinds. I shall have an aviary, also a moderate-sized aquarium. I intend to have some fancy cattle also. I shall spend a great deal of time out of doors, recuperating from the effects of my labors of forty years. I shall see that the house has all necessary modern improvements. Still, I intend that we shall live in a state of great simplicity. In short, we shall lead a genuine country life. I am looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. I shall not be in too great a hurry to decide on a

place, as I wish to be entirely pleased."

"Such a life as you propose will be ideal," said Miss Multon, as the Doctor smilingly leaned back in his chair, his face aglow with the anticipation of the country joys that awaited him as soon as he should have found a property to his liking.

Six months later they were established in a fair spot, somewhat larger than the Doctor had at first contemplated buying, but not too extensive, he found, for his plans. With three or four old and valued servants, the family removed to this beautiful country residence, already highly improved, which had been for several years the abode of a very wealthy retired manufacturer. Upon his death, his children, eager for a taste of city life, threw it on the market at a price ridiculously low. Dr. Delgado found his farm already well laid out and planted, with the latest agricultural implements at hand; the park nicely stocked with trees of a considerable growth; an orchard filled with the choicest fruit trees; a flower garden admirably arranged, an aviary just begun. The only thing lacking was an aquarium, his pet hobby; and that, he flattered himself, he knew how to stock and care for better than the former proprietor would have done,—which was the truth. The house, a long, low, two-storied building, in the Moorish style, was all that the most fastidious taste could desire.

For the first three months after they had taken possession, Dr. Delgado allowed his daughter to spend all the time in play. She enjoyed every moment of this freedom; her skin grew brown, her cheeks rosy; she seemed a companion of the flowers and butterflies that filled the beautiful garden. But when summer was over and the falling leaves began to prophesy the coming of winter, her father gave orders that lessons should begin; and after this the day was divided into

hours of study, reading and recreation. Twice a week a German professor came from the city; and once a month Miss Multon and her young charge repaired thither to purchase necessary household supplies, clothing, etc.,—so much easier to procure in person, she said, than by order. She had asked the Doctor, in the beginning, that Aurelia might be permitted to accompany her,—a request which he readily granted, as he had entire confidence in the governess, and thought a little wholesome change desirable for the child, whose world at the country-seat, though a very satisfactory and happy one, was very small.

His own visits were few and far between. He seemed to have lost all taste for that busy, tireless world of which he had so long been a part. His greatest pleasure consisted in feeding his birds and fishes, riding over the plantation, and plying an oar on the pretty little lake which glittered and murmured on the outskirts of the park.

Very few visitors came to Las Robles, as the place was called from a few large oak trees which grew in the centre of the park; and those who found their way, generally had business with the Doctor; for occasionally, to oblige an old friend or *confrère*, he would write a prescription, in spite of the vehement declarations he had made to the contrary at the outset of his new life.

With regard to his daughter, the Doctor's experiment was succeeding perfectly. Nothing ever occurred to disturb the perfect harmony which existed among the trio who composed the household. The girl was devoted to her father, and warmly attached to her governess, who, though old in years, had a heart almost as youthful as her own. She neither had nor desired to have other companions than the two who made up her world.

Playful and serious by turns, with a mind capable of receiving and

assimilating all that was presented to it, Aurelia appeared to fulfil every hope and desire of her fond parent, who looked forward to the time when her mind should be ripe for the seeds he intended to sow therein. He had loved his wife, he had not entirely forgotten her,—her memory was still a pleasant echo, half sad, half melancholy, in his twilight reflections; yet, with a curious inconsistency, he contemplated doing, in his own chosen time, a thing which would, if possible, have caused her to cry out in protest from the eternity which had so long enfolded her.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Petitions after Her Presentation.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

(Modernized from the Coventry Mysteries.)

ORD, I beseech of Thee to grant my seven petitions here!

The first, that I may ever keep Thy love and keep Thy law;

The next, that as myself I hold my fellow-Christians dear;

The third, that from all things Thou hatest I myself withdraw;

The fourth, that every virtue to Thy pleasing I may wear;

The fifth, that every Temple ordinance be kept by me;

The sixth, that all the people, Lord, serve Thee in sacred fear,

That in this holy House of Thine not any fault there be.

The seventh petition, Lord, of Thee I ask it with great fear:

That once I may that Lady see, God's Son who is to bear;

That I may wait on her and serve with all my senses five.

This, if it please Thee, Lord, and else 'tis not therewith to strive.

Prostrate in prayer, for each of these fair graces do I weep.

And, O my God, devotion deep do Thou into me drive;

That so my heart may wake in Thee, although my body sleep.

A Pathetic Life.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A., OXON.

III.

CHARLES X. at once determined to revive the ancient regal *Sacre*. This last coronation at Rheims was perhaps the most gorgeous of all, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. Next to the King himself, Madame la Dauphine, in her robes of state and princess' coronet, was the cynosure of that grand assemblage. Special addresses, couched in most touching language, were presented to her; and her tears could not be restrained, especially as she recalled how the previous coronation had been that of her own parents. Now at last the long night of terror seemed to have passed, and the Dauphine herself shared the universal joy. It is no exaggeration to say that she was now "France's darling," and, as one of the addresses stated, "at your voice tears vanish and grief is silenced, . . . model of courage, daughter of a hundred kings, your ancestors."

The scene in that splendid old cathedral on May 29, 1825, must have been indeed superb. About thirty prelates in *pontificalibus* were present; Cherubini composed his "Coronation Mass" for the occasion; all France was represented; and the ancient rites, hallowed by century after century, were faithfully reproduced. At its close the thirty-sixth and last King of France—in truth *le Roi très Chrétien* and *le fils aîné de l'Eglise*—passed down to his unforeseen fate, in glittering procession, with his sceptres, long-trained mantle, and priceless crown of diamonds. Rapturous ovations greeted Madame as she visited the churches, hospitals, and even factories, *en route* to another triumphal entry into Paris, with the traditional *Te Deum* at Notre Dame.

For the next five years this last of the dauphines, this sweet Princess of pathetic romance, presided over the French court at the Tuileries, St. Cloud, or Versailles. But soon it became evident that it was hopeless to combine both old and new régimes, and difficult to pacify France's unsettled people. The kindly but obstinate King acted with foolish arbitrariness, especially as regards the press; and soon, alas! the clouds of revolution reappeared. Madame again became melancholy, and more retiring than ever. She occupied herself chiefly with her nephew's education and her charities, living much in a little villa near the Palace of St. Cloud.

In the summer of 1830 the Dauphine had gone to Vichy for its famous baths. The general agitation was increasing; and when at Dijon, on July 27, on her way back, she entered the theatre, a shout of execration actually arose,—that noise which always made her shudder. She at once left her box, and started that night for Tonnerre, in order to rejoin the King and share his danger. There she sought asylum, half as a prisoner, in the prefect's house; and, on hearing the news of Charles' plight, escaped in the dark, and, after various unpleasant adventures, at length secured a post-chaise. Her Royal Highness had to disguise herself as a peasant, and thus pass through Versailles itself to reach the King. It was a hot summer day as she entered the palace square and took her place in a dirty common diligence for St. Cloud. The loyal coachman recognized her, but the other passengers sang and shouted over the Bourbons' fall, little knowing *who* sat among them,—“victors and victim huddled together.” When they roughly commented on her sad aspect, the wily driver said Madame's only son was dying at St. Cloud. When, however, they arrived there, she found its palace deserted, and another carriage had to

be hired to take the anxious Dauphine to Rambouillet.

This royal hunting-lodge bore a sinister reputation, as having been the scene of several royal calamities. Here she found the hapless old King, whose appearance had greatly changed, and no doubt her sympathetic tears were shed once more as she fell into his arms. Here, eventually, Charles X. abdicated; and, moreover, to prevent civil war or bloody revolution, Madame's husband the Dauphin also resigned his right to the throne in favor of the infant Henri of Bordeaux,—painfully reminiscent to her of another child-king, in the Temple long ago.

The heartless villagers refused to supply sufficient provisions, the soldiers began to desert, and finally came the news of the treacherous usurpation of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans. The helpless ex-King reviewed the faithful remnant of his bodyguard on August 1, and Madame passed along their lines in tears. She doubtless thought of that other fatal August day, over a quarter of a century back, when her father held a similar review in the Tuileries courtyard. She who, for those few moments between the abdicatory signatures of uncle and husband, was Queen of France, again had not sufficient clothes or food.

Charles was now ordered to leave his realm too, and rumors of a Parisian mob's advent were current. Then, in confusion, began that "funeral march" of this historic monarchy of a thousand years, as a sad procession of coaches started for Cherbourg. For twelve dreary days the slow progress continued, and sometimes Madame would get out and walk for a change. At Valognes they bade a tender farewell to the *gardes-du-corps*, and here they spent the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Mass was said in an humble inn, and, her husband having been called away, Madame had

to respond alone to the subsequent prayers for the King. Perhaps never before or since has the *Domine salvum fac* been chanted under such pathetic circumstances, and that evening was their last in France.

Next morning they started for Cherbourg. Its streets were lined with soldiers, but not in honor, although they rendered a final salute. The mute sympathy of its people was occasionally broken by cries of insult. They gazed mournfully at the obelisk erected in 1815 to commemorate the landing here of the murdered Duc de Berri. Madame successfully opposed the projected accompaniment of Louis Philippe's *commissionnaires* even on board ship, saying their duty ended with French territory. The port gates were closed, in case of a popular demonstration, and within two American vessels lay waiting: the *Great Britain* had been chartered for royalty, and the *Charles Carroll* for their suite.

A faithful nobleman escorted on board the poor Dauphine, weeping bitterly and staggering under this last terrible blow, while pathetic adieux were waved to her beloved France. Thus three royal generations passed to permanent exile. Madame bravely stood on deck, and, noticing a frigate close by, asked in alarm if they were being transported to America. In reply, she learned that it was stationed there to fire on them if any attempt at rescue were made. What a farewell from France to her long line of kings!

After a disagreeable voyage, lengthened to a whole week by tempestuous weather, the august but hapless party landed at Weymouth, in hospitable England; and thence drove to Lullworth Castle, the ancestral home of the Catholic Weld family. In its private chapel Mgr. Carroll, father and first of America's great Catholic hierarchy of to-day, had been consecrated bishop. The ex-King now called himself Comte

de Ponthien, and the ex-Dauphine became Comtesse de Marne. Here they spent the first weeks of sad reflection in simple country life, consoled by our holy religion and a warm English welcome.

In October Charles and the infant "Henri V." went by sea and the others by land to the royal palace of Holyrood, in Scotland—once the home of another tragic character, Marie Stuart, the widowed Queen of France,—placed at their disposal by the British Government. The outrageous decrees of their usurper, Louis Philippe, against her parents' memory, particularly wounded Madame; and the sympathetic Scotch noticed with sorrow how she was being crushed by affliction. She would ride or drive out with the old King sometimes; but, partly owing to her fragile health and partly to French representations, before long they had to leave Holyrood for Austria.

The Dauphine and her niece, a daughter of the Duc de Berri, travelled by land as much as possible. When in London she took Mademoiselle to the little French chapel once frequented by the latter's father. Madame also here received many of the old French nobility, some of whom could even remember her father's court. On October 8, 1832, they reached Vienna, where she lived in the apartments once occupied by her mother when a girl. Here, too, she spent Marie Antoinette's anniversary. Afterward Madame joined Charles X. at the gloomy old castle of Hradschin, above Prague, where they spent more than three years.

Meanwhile occurred the chief attempt of Naundorff, the romantic ex-watch-maker, who declared he was in reality her brother, Louis XVII. There had been other similar "pretenders," but the Dauphine indignantly refused to see or countenance them. However, many still believe in this man's claim; and a recent discovery has increased

the strange possibility that he was none other than the Dauphin of the Temple. On his deathbed he bitterly blamed Madame; but, fully convinced that her brother had died in prison, she can not be blamed for her conduct.

When the young "Henri Cinq" (Comte de Chambord) attained his majority, Prague was *en fête*, and crowds of Royalist adherents arrived from France, to Madame's joy. King Charles and she loved to visit the village church incognito, and kneel on its back bench praying for their distant, faithless *patrie*. Nearly every afternoon they went to service there. Charles X. had passed to a most pious old age, and this last "Most Christian King" was indeed worthy of his proudest title.

After dinner the Dauphine used to work for the poor, while the ex-monarch played whist to relieve the monotony of life in exile; occasionally she went to Vienna, and each summer to their country villa. She also took Charles to Carlsbad for the baths. Sometimes there would be a hunt, and the dear old King, once the pride of a royal *chasse du Roi*, still rode well on horseback; his serenity and youthful spirit being remarkable.

In May, 1836, they had to leave Prague for reasons of state. The poor made a novena in vain for their kind patrons, and mournfully lined the grand staircase as Charles departed. At Carlsbad the ex-Dauphine became very ill, and still more alarming was the sudden illness of young Henri V. Madame spent her convalescence at Ischl, while later her anxiety for her great-nephew was ended by his recovery at a country chateau near Vienna.

In October, 1838, they all started for Göritz in Styria; and, *en route* at Linz, Charles X. entered his eightieth year. Madame was devoted to his Majesty, and wept at his birthday premonitions of death. At Göritz the

ex-King and his grandson occupied the castle of Grafenberg, while the Angoulêmes lived in an adjacent house. The cholera was raging in this locality, and one morning in A. D. 1836 its fatal chill seized the aged monarch when at Mass. Alarming symptoms quickly supervened, and it became evident that his Majesty had contracted the dread disease. The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, who had crowned and anointed him with the storied *sainte ampoule* of Clovis, now anointed his sovereign once more, but in preparation for death. Mass was offered at his bedside, and with calm fervor the last King of France passed away, faintly smiling at times to the weeping Dauphine. She attended his burial in the Franciscan monastery above Göritz, and was pained by Louis Philippe's refusal to allow public Requiems for his soul in France itself. Before she herself was buried in the same vault, Madame lived to see Louis Philippe's Nemesis of similar dethronement, and also to hear of his death, when she at once had a Mass said for her enemy.

Her husband should now have been King Louis XIX., and herself Queen Marie Thérèse of France; but they at once resumed their recognition of the youthful Henri V., and she humbly kissed his hand now, just as she had done that of her brother in the Temple. They continued to live in retirement, broken by charitable and intellectual pursuits or occasional receptions. The Duc d'Angoulême was also very religious, and they frequently received Holy Communion among the poor in Göritz cathedral. He long assisted Don Carlos in his Spanish campaign, especially by gifts of money; but that project, too, was a failure.

In 1844 this ill-fated Prince became very ill, and soon it was evident he also was dying. Then an impressive procession entered his simple bedroom, as the Archb'shop brought the Sacred

Host, followed by his chapter and many clergy, holding lighted candles. When his Royal Highness heard its approach, this last of the dauphins, with painful difficulty, prostrated himself on the floor, and thus received his Viaticum. For six weeks he lay dying and half blind, while his devoted wife seldom left his side. Suddenly one morning, when, at his request, she had withdrawn to rest herself, a servant entered her room saying the Prince was expiring. She rushed in with outstretched arms, and flung herself by his bed, begging for the last prayers, during which he died.

Madame, now a widow, clasped his hand—as once they did when children “amid the golden galleries and gay parterres of Versailles,”—kissed it amid blinding tears, and bade the others render this last tribute too. After his funeral she removed to Frohsdorf, a village not very far from Vienna, where she had purchased a small, unpretentious chateau formerly belonging to the Napoleonist ex-Queen of Naples,—a dull but prettily situated place among the mountains. Here the little court of Henri V. was installed, and its household would still insist on calling Madame *la Reine*. Hither she brought the precious souvenirs of her beloved dead, whose portraits surrounded her bed. She always treated her great-nephew as King, and piously believed he would, through Divine Providence, reign some day. When he entered the room, this venerable *grande dame* would rise and courtesy with Old-World grace. Still she rose early, still she looked after the local poor; her large income was mostly spent in charities. This Princess' life was, indeed, almost that of a religious, and it will always afford a pattern of Catholic devotion as well as a consoling example to those in affliction.

On attaining the age of seventy, “Madame of France” was certainly the most interesting historical personage

in Europe, and also the most pathetic of survivals. Until the summer of 1851 she was in almost vigorous health, and often received distinguished French visitors at Frohsdorf,—including one republican writer, who was enchanted by her varied charms. As Mrs. Romer said in her biography, so often quoted in this article, through her Divine Master this lovable Princess stood on a far higher plane than any of the old pagan victims of "Fate"; and what human being ever beheld more changes of régime?

She always loved France, her native land, and sadly watched its changing fortunes. Although Madame knew she could not hope to see it again, Henri would return thither in triumph after her death, she fondly trusted, and happily knew not the sequel. This Comte de Chambord, another devout Catholic, had in 1846 married the Duke of Modena's daughter; but they remained with Madame at Frohsdorf. Unfortunately, and no doubt to her intense disappointment, a final sorrow, no children were born of this marriage. And so she must have foreseen with grief the future disappearance of France's ancient kingly line.

Madame Royale outlived Napoleon's son as well as Louis Philippe; she heard of the revolution of 1848, recalling that of her youth, when, moreover, an Archbishop of Paris was killed; she beheld yet another Republic which even glorified her parents' murderers; and, finally, Louis Napoleon was preparing his imperialist *coup d'état*, when death summoned the exalted exile to an eternal home.

On October 13, 1851, Madame, now aged seventy-three, suddenly fainted during Mass, and her changed features caused great alarm. The 15th was her saint's day; but her friends, including an Austrian archduchess, were not allowed to see her, by medical orders. The next day was Marie Antoinette's

anniversary, and to her great-nephew Madame murmured that no power on earth could prevent her from going to the chapel then, if possible. "I must render those duties to the memory of my mother, in which I have never failed."

During that night the symptoms grew worse, and she told her old governess' granddaughter that the sound in her chest was a herald of death. More fervently than ever our dauntless Princess prayed for her country, for pardon for its and her enemies, and forgiveness for herself—*forsooth!*—"a great sinner." In vain did she endeavor to go to the Requiem; but was consoled by hearing the Nuncio Apostolic had himself offered it. That day, by strange coincidence, she received her Viaticum, and with the most edifying devotion. She then insisted upon being carried to a chair, where she settled her papers and the bequests for "her colony,"—Christ's poor. This was her last occupation. The doctor insisted on her return to bed, for his patient had inflammation of the lungs. She now bade farewell to the household, and sent parting messages to all absent friends, especially, we are told, to those whose parents had died for her own. She frequently cried, "Lord, I humbly ask pardon for my faults!" and begged for divine mercy at her judgment. Soon the brain became affected, and she gradually lost consciousness; but Henri's voice always seemed to recall it. Her hand lay in his as, on October 19, Madame tenderly bade him a last adieu, while all knelt weeping around.

During her long agony the Abbé Trebriquet's voice alone was heard reciting the prayers for the dying. Suddenly he stopped, and stood pointing to the picture above her bed representing an angel of consolation showing the glory of heaven to Louis Seize—*fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel*,—hand and crucifix turned toward it. Every heart was numbed

with deathly chill, for they knew the end had come by this pathetic symbolism; but a world of sorrow had been exchanged for the joys of eternity. As said an eye-witness, "our souls understood his soul, and our hearts repeated with his: 'Daughter of St. Louis and Louis XVI., ascend to heaven!'" Surely she had passed her purgatory on earth; and so the wanderer went home, the orphan rejoined her parents, the ever-devoted soul beheld her God. "In the furnace of affliction she was tried, and at the crystal barriers of heaven she will find her great reward,"—thus Mrs. Romer concludes her excellent biography of this beautiful life.

Madame's dying act had been to pray for her still beloved *patrie*; and beyond the Veil we may trust her prayers, so sorely needed now, are being continued on behalf of that unhappy land. On October 28 was interred at Göritz "all that was mortal of her who had so ennobled mortality," between the bodies of Charles X. and her husband. By her own desire, this "crownless Queen," *filia dolorosa*, was buried with only a Low Mass of Requiem. Some day we may hope that what must have been her ardent wish will be fulfilled, and that her coffin will eventually rest in France itself, at St. Denis.

In conclusion are appended a few lines from this model and ideal Princess' last testament—her own words: "I submit in all things to the will of Providence; I do not fear death; I die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion, in which I have lived as faithfully as I had power, and to which I owe all the consolations of my life. After the example of my parents, I pardon with my entire soul, and without exception, all those who have injured or offended me.... I pray God to shower down His blessings upon France,—France that I have never ceased to love, even under my bitterest afflictions!"

(The End.)

An Anonymous Letter.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

FRANCIS CREIGHTON sat sipping a cup of coffee in a retired corner of a respectable restaurant, not far from the fashionable quarter of London. A table near was occupied by a couple of young men; and, as Francis sipped his coffee and read the news of the day, scraps of their conversation reached his ears. Suddenly a gleam of interest flashed in his eyes, and, though he continued to glance at the paper, his whole attention was given to the talk of his neighbors.

"Yes," one of them said, "I saw Jack Travers to-day. He is one of the two young men selected as being likely to suit old Mr. Wellborough for secretary."

"Wellborough, the big mill owner?" the second man asked. "Travers will fall on his feet if he gets the job. Wellborough's a millionaire."

"Yes, and a millionaire of a good type. I wish Jack may get the post; but I'm afraid he won't if Wellborough hears his story."

"What story! I didn't know Travers had one. Wasn't his mother that nice widow lady who used to live near your place?"

"Mrs. Travers wasn't Jack's mother, though he thought so till the time of her death. His father was an Irishman named Gilmore, who had married an Englishwoman. Gilmore was an engineer, or something of that sort. Well, Mrs. Travers, after her husband's death, went to stay at a place in Ulster called Rossclare, and became acquainted with the Gilmores. During the time of her sojourn in Rossclare, one of those party riots so common in the north of Ireland broke out. Hugh Gilmore in the *mêlée* killed a man with one blow. He was arrested, tried for manslaughter, and sentenced to two

years' imprisonment. He died soon after he was sentenced; and his wife, a delicate woman, never recovered from the shock. Mrs. Travers, in her own sorrow and loneliness, became attached to Mrs. Gilmore and her little baby; and when the former died, she took possession of little Jack Gilmore and took him to England with her. She had a sufficient annuity to educate the boy; but it ended with her life. My father was well acquainted with the story. Jack himself never suspected he was not Mrs. Travers' son till she was dying. She begged him to keep the name she had given him. He was telling me to-day about the secretaryship. It is worth several hundred pounds a year. Mr. Wellborough's lawyer interviewed all applicants for the situation in London, and selected two from the number. These two go down to the old gentleman's place in Yorkshire to-morrow, on approval as it were."

Francis Creighton listened attentively, and waited till his neighbors had taken their departure.

"By Jove," he muttered to himself, "this is interesting! I fancy the situation is mine. I believe Mr. Wellborough is thoroughly conservative. He will hardly give the secretaryship to a felon's son. An anonymous letter will bring him the information. I shall get my landlady's son to write a note; my own writing might be recognized. Rather fortunate that I lingered so long this afternoon!"

The anonymous letter was dispatched to Mr. Wellborough that evening, and Francis Creighton journeyed to Yorkshire by an early train next morning. At the station nearest to Mr. Wellborough's place a carriage was in waiting. The coachman explained that his master expected two gentlemen, and after a few moments Jack Travers appeared. The young men greeted each other with some awkwardness, and at once took their places in the carriage,

and a half hour brought them to Wellborough Hall. Its owner was waiting for them.

"You must pardon an invalid for asking you to undertake so lengthy a journey," Mr. Wellborough said courteously, "and partake of luncheon before we proceed to business."

During the progress of the meal, Francis fancied he detected a shade more attention to himself than to his rival, and his hopes were high as he accompanied Mr. Wellborough to his library. The gentleman seemed to have some hesitation in beginning the conversation.

"Up till this morning, Mr. Creighton," he said at length, "you had the better chance of obtaining the situation. Your training and qualifications seemed to fit you for the post. An anonymous letter, however, has caused me to change my mind."

"Indeed!" Creighton's surprise was genuine.

"It does not concern you, and generally I pay no attention to such letters; but this case is different." Mr. Wellborough hesitated a moment. "When my brother and I became joint owners of the Wellborough Mills in Bradford, the business was fast going to the bad. Neither of us had any private capital with which to prop it up, and not very much experience. At this period I became acquainted with a young Irish engineer named Gilmore. The man had a perfect craze for machinery of all kinds, and he gave me plans by which a great improvement might be made in the looms. Just after doing so he disappeared completely. His plans, after some changes, were found to be quite workable; and the new machinery effected a considerable saving both in labor and money. It proved the turning point in my brother's career and in mine also. New mills were bought, the new machinery introduced, and we became wealthy men."

Mr. Wellborough paused.

"We tried, and unsuccessfully, to find Gilmore," he resumed. "No trace of him could be found. The anonymous letter I received this morning tells me that the young man we have left in the dining room is the son of a Hugh Gilmore, who ended his life in prison for the crime of manslaughter. If that be so, he must have the situation, you see, Mr. Creighton. I shall make inquiries, of course, before arriving at a final decision. When I do so, I shall communicate with you. In the meantime, please accept this cheque for the inconvenience you have been put to."

The cheque was a liberal one, but Francis Creighton went back to London cursing his ill luck. A few weeks later he had a letter from Mr. Wellborough.

"Young Travers, when I questioned him, told me that his father was a Hugh Gilmore who had died in prison. I at once placed the matter in a detective's hands; and I now find that he and the man whose suggestions brought fortune to my brother and me were one and the same person. Gilmore unfortunately struck a man who was a ringleader in some row in Ireland. All evidences went to show that Gilmore was trying to make peace at the time, though he was afterward convicted. He had always been impulsive. I am very thankful to the writer of the anonymous letter, contemptible as such communications generally are. I think Gilmore—or Travers, as you choose to call him—will suit me very well indeed; and I hope you will find a situation soon, if you have not already done so."

"I don't think I shall ever again send an anonymous letter," Creighton said bitterly, as he tossed the communication into the fire. "If I had only not meddled!"

THE only hope of understanding lies in doing.—*George MacDonald.*

A Bishop's Wise Words to Young Men.

When Pope wrote the oft-quoted couplet,

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,
he not only exemplified the point which he was making, but gave the underlying reason of all the quoting done before his time and since. Emerson tells us that, "next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it"; and the statement is true enough even if the principle be applied to pieces of composition considerably longer than even the longest of sentences. We proffer no apology, therefore, for reproducing here some extracts from an address delivered several months ago to a band of Australian young men by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Duhig, Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland. Emphasizing the truths that society presupposes the individual, and that family comes before the community, the Bishop declared that brave sons and pure daughters made happy homes, happy homes make happy communities, and happy communities make a nation blessed. The following practical application of these principles is world-wide in its pertinence and timeliness:

So I would say to you, young men on the threshold of life, be not impatient to do something striking for the good of your country before you have served the apprenticeship of God's sons in your families. Begin to make things better, not at a distance which your voice and hand may never reach, but in your own heart, in your own home. Begin not with the resolution to reform the world, but set yourselves to improve and brighten and bless that little spot of it where the Almighty has posted you to do His work and to fight His battles. Put your vigor and your enthusiasm into the little commonplace homely duties that meet you every day. Be better sons to your parents, kinder and more affectionate brothers to your sisters, better neighbors to those around you, and more forbearing toward one another.

Young men often make the mistake of thinking that they must be doing great things, and that

good deeds that are not known outside the family circle are lost. To rescue a drowning person makes a hero of a man; to give his weekly wages to his mother and to show his appreciation of the devotedness of his sisters by an occasional present are mere trifles that may be omitted without losing any of our manliness. Yet I leave you to judge who is the better—the man that carries on his breast the medal of the Royal Humane Society, or the son that carries on his head the blessing of the mother and sisters whose helper, defender, and most affectionate friend he is.

Bishop Duhig's counsels to the beginner in any business, trade, or profession are in harmony with the sanest philosophy of "getting on in the world." "Work as if you owned the business," he says. "That is absolutely the soundest and safest advice I would give to a young man beginning life. Work for your employer with the same sense of responsibility, the same care and zeal as if you owned a share in the business. Make yourself indispensable to your master, and believe me he will make it worth your while to stay and work for him."

There are a number of other passages in this practical address which we had marked for reproduction; but we must content ourselves with this thoroughly sensible reference to a complaint not confined to distant Australia:

Men often complain of not being able to get on. Their religion or their nationality, or the fact that they are not members of some organization able to use its influence in their behalf, counts against them. I am sick and tired of that old tune. No one will deny that men sometimes stoop to the level of debarring a man from preference on account of his religion or his nationality. Thank God there are not many such men in Queensland! But in 90 per cent of the cases where men can not get on, or, having got on, have lost their employment, it is their own fault. In the hard struggle and keen competition of business, employers will not be led by sentiment. They will hire and retain the man whose labor will bring them the most satisfactory results.

The American business man is affected less, perhaps, than most others by sentimental or religious considerations

in his dealings with his employees, and Dr. Duhig's words on this point apply to our country as well as his own. It is true, of course, that we occasionally witness a recrudescence of old-time race prejudice and creed bigotry,—such as, for instance, a recent advertisement by a New England city merchant calling for Protestant employees only; but the paucity of such cases emphasizes the fact that they are comparatively rare exceptions to the general rule, which is that American business men, contractors, and employers of all kinds are on the lookout for competent, industrious, and reliable assistants, clerks, and workmen, quite irrespective of the latter's affiliation with this or that religious body.

The Night-Watch.

IN many of our old Colonial towns, the night-watch went his rounds and called out the hour, perhaps adding a remark about the weather, as "Twelve o'clock, and a starlit night!" or assuring the citizens that they might sleep in peace with, "Two o'clock, and all's well!" In winter he began his rounds at eight o'clock, in summer at nine. He wore a long cloak and carried a long staff, and a horn lantern that gave but a feeble light. He was usually a kindly man, and it must have been pleasant to wake in the night and to know by his cheery tones that a friend and protector was on guard.

In the old Moravian towns of Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, the watchman used to recite some verses written for him by Count Zinzendorf. They were filled, as may be seen, with a spirit of childlike piety:

VIII O'CLOCK.

The clock is eight! To Bethlehem all is told,
How Noah and his seven were saved of old.

IX O'CLOCK.

Hear, Brethren,—hear! The hour of nine is come;
Keep pure each heart and chasten every home.

I O'CLOCK.

Hear, Brethren,—hear! Now ten the hour-hand
shows;
They only rest who long for night's repose.

II O'CLOCK.

The clock's eleven! And ye have heard it all,
How in that hour the mighty God did call.

III O'CLOCK.

It's midnight now! And at that hour ye know
With lamps to meet the bridegroom we must go.

IV O'CLOCK.

Shines in your hearts the morning star's first
ray?
The hour is one! Through darkness steals the
day;

V O'CLOCK.

The clock is two! Who comes to meet the day,
And to the Lord of Days his homage pay?

VI O'CLOCK.

The clock is three! The Three in One above
Let body, soul and spirit truly love.

VII O'CLOCK.

The clock is four! Where'er on earth are three,
The Lord has promised He the fourth will be.

VIII O'CLOCK.

The clock is five! While five away were sent,
Five other virgins to the marriage went.

IX O'CLOCK.

The clock is six! And from the watch I'm free,
And every one may his own watchman be.

Apostle Spoons.

It was an ancient custom—one which is not quite out of use—for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or gilt spoons as a present to the child. These were called Apostle Spoons, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the Apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were moderately wealthy or liberal escaped at the expense of the Four Evangelists, or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting only one spoon, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honor of whom the child received its name.

Notes and Remarks.

Good old Dr. Johnson well deserves to be called the precursor of the Oxford Movement. More than Selden or Sir Walter Scott, he dissipated anti-Catholic prejudices and prepared the minds of his countrymen for the reception of Catholic ideas. Many passages might be quoted from his now forgotten sermons ("Sermons of a Layman") to show his sympathy with the ancient Church; and, being widely read, these sermons must have carried seeds of truth to many minds, at that time otherwise deprived of, or closed against, such impressions. The following is the text of one of these lay sermons: "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jeremiah, vi, 16.) We should like to quote at length from the sermon on this text, but a short passage will suffice for the present. Dr. Johnson writes:

In matters of faith and points of doctrine, those at least who lived in the ages nearest to the times of the Apostles undoubtedly deserve to be consulted. The oral doctrines and occasional explications of the Apostles would not be immediately forgotten in the churches to which they had preached, and which had attended to them with the diligence and reverence which their mission and character demanded. Their solutions of difficulties and determinations of doubtful questions must have been treasured up in the memory of their audiences, and transmitted for some time from father to son. Everything, at least, that was declared by the inspired teachers to be necessary to salvation must have been carefully recorded.... Thus, by consulting first the Holy Scriptures and next the writers of the primitive Church, we shall make ourselves acquainted with the will of God; thus shall we discover the good way, and find that rest for our souls which will amply recompense our studies and inquiries.

Our readers have already seen "Dr. Johnson at His Prayers," and doubtless wondered how, without any known

instruction, he could have been in so close sympathy with Catholic doctrines and practices. That he apprehended the doctrine of Purgatory, and believed in commune between the living and the dead, is proved by the touching prayer which he composed one lonely midnight, shortly after the death of his beloved wife:

O Lord, Governor of heaven and earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if Thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to Thy government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance, and, however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of Thy Holy Spirit. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

On the first anniversary of Tetty's death he writes: "I kept this day with prayers and tears in the morning, and in the evening I prayed for her condition, if it were lawful."

God rest the myriad souls of all like Dr. Johnson!

The Priests' Total Abstinence League of America, originally suggested, in 1892, by the Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, of Loreto, Pa., organized a few years later in Cincinnati, and made national under the honorary presidency of the late Archbishop Elder at Pittsburg, in 1903, held its regular annual meeting in August of this year at Providence, R. I. The Rev. M. A. Lambing, secretary-treasurer of the League, publishes an interesting statement, not merely as a history and report of the League, but principally to induce priests who are already total abstainers to join it, and thus make their labors more efficient. Father Lambing wisely says:

Unorganized individual effort, no matter how earnest and persevering, has not the force of united widespread endeavor. The success of temperance work among Catholics depends on the priesthood; and, though the work is a gigantic one, the priesthood is equal to it, if

only they unite. But even the best of them, and the majority of total abstainers among them, shrink from the publicity membership in the League would entail. But they may not hide their work alone with God. He, indeed, seeth in secret; but those for whom Christ died, and for whose salvation priests are called to the sanctuary, and who need their example as well as ministrations, do not. The light of the world may not hide or allow itself to be hidden under a bushel. Leo XIII. exhorts priests "to shine before all as models of abstinence," to promote temperance; and the present Pontiff trusts they will do so, just as Christ commands them to let their light so shine before men, that, seeing their good works, they may glorify the Father who is in heaven.

..

Apropos of the foregoing appeal to the Catholic clergy of the United States, a certain degree of interest attaches to the following paragraph quoted from a temperance pamphlet edited by Sir Andrew Reed, and dealing with the standing on temperance of Great Britain's legislators:

In the last Parliament there were 88 abstainers, while in the present House of Commons no fewer than 156 of the members are teetotalers; 114 of these represent English constituencies, 25 Irish, and 17 Scotch. 221 of the members representing England and Wales are favorable to the policy of the United Kingdom Alliance (the great English Temperance Society); 60 of the Scotch members are in favor of local veto. But the fact that there is so unprecedented a number of members in the House of Commons in sympathy with the cause of temperance reform, computed at over 400 out of 670 in the House, gives us the hope to expect and the right to demand effective temperance legislation.

At the recent Missionary Conference held in Washington one of the subjects which naturally occupied the attention of the participants was Catholic missionary literature, its production and dissemination. Speaking of the work done by the English Catholic Truth Society, the Rev. Father Orosz, of Scotland, said:

The cleverest Catholic laymen and most scholarly priests employ their talents in writing tracts which set forth the doctrines of our Church in a clear and popular style. Every year they hold a congress, and the London

Times says of them: "They are the world's best authors." Yet they do not think it beneath their dignity to write small pamphlets. I do not see why their method of distribution should not work successfully here. There, in the vestibule of every church, they have racks filled with Catholic Truth pamphlets, and near by a receptacle for any offering given in exchange for a tract. Many a time I have seen a non-Catholic enter the church and secure a leaflet. There is also a Catholic repository near every church, where people may procure religious books and articles of devotion.

Whether or not the plan mentioned in the foregoing paragraph be generally adopted in this country, the great desideratum at present is, not so much an increase in the volume of Catholic literature, as the widespread distribution of such books, pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets as we already possess. We have frequently insisted in these columns on the advisability of Catholic pastors' furthering the securing by their parishioners of the inexpensive publications of the various Catholic Truth Societies; and we are tempted to say that the parish priest who in our day and country altogether disregards so effective a means of indirectly leading non-Catholics to the true faith, and directly strengthening, enlightening, and confirming that faith in his own flock, is more or less derelict in his duty as a genuine pastor of souls. Let us by all means add still more to the supply of Catholic literature, but let the major part of our energy be devoted to increasing the demand for what already exists.

The controversy occasioned by the publication of "Lord Acton and His Circle" is included, we notice; among the "Notanda" of the London *Tablet*; but it would be no surprise to us to see in the next number of our contemporary the familiar dictum, "This correspondence may now cease." Certain of the letters are somewhat tart and others are too "tactical." To one writer the question seems to

be, whether the publication of "Lord Acton's Letters to Miss Mary Gladstone" gave scandal or not. We can assure the writer that it certainly did—as naturally as certainly. The progress toward the Church of one outsider that we know of was stopped short by the reading of those unfortunate letters. The truth is that Lord Acton, with all his learning, could be guilty of utter folly: he not only said things that were inane, but put them in black and white. If, as his defenders declare, he was always orthodox, at least it should be admitted that he sometimes took a strange way of showing it. We rejoice to have the assurance of Mgr. Scott and Mgr. Nolan that the great Englishman recovered his balance and died a most edifying death, in full communion with the Church. As manifesting his Catholic spirit in the Nineties, Mgr. Scott relates two or three little incidents, as follows:

On first coming to take up his post as Regius Professor, he called to pay his respects to his "pastor"; he accepted my invitation to carry the pole of the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, and attended to do so in full academicals. I sat next to him at one of his first public appearances, and his conversation was mainly about Oscott, and he expressed his great admiration of Canon Moore as being "so priestly"; and, in subsequently sending me tickets for his lectures, he said what pleasure it had given him to sit next to me at dinner on such an occasion. When he resided at Cambridge he was punctual at Mass every Sunday, so that a photo I gave his son at his wedding of the spot where his father knelt habitually, was especially pleasing to him.

When stricken with his last illness, he personally invited my "presence as an inexpressible consolation" to him. He himself arranged for my visits; and, as he was excessively ill at that time, what he did was really remarkable, and I shall not easily forget the way in which he threw out his arms immediately I entered the room, with the exclamation: "Oh, what a consolation!" When I brought him the Viaticum at his own request, before I could stop him, as I should certainly have done, as the doctor had ordered him not to move, to my great surprise he sprang up and knelt to receive Holy Communion.

To his piety and faith during his illness I can bear witness; and I may add that I was not only satisfied but consoled and edified by his demeanor and resignation.

This is indeed gratifying testimony. Let us hope that all who have taken it upon themselves to condemn Lord Acton as a heretic, because, while under the influence of the unfortunate Dr. Döllinger, he sometimes expressed himself like one, will not neglect during this Month of the Dead to breathe a prayer for his soul.

As usual we find especially notable passages in the latest pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newport. After exhorting his flock to 'fly to the patronage of the Blessed Virgin' in all their troubles and necessities, in their individual and family trials, and pointing out the great lesson of the use of adversity, his Lordship passes on to consider the calamities now threatening the Church:

The Sovereign Pontiff is still a prisoner, unable to stir outside the gates of the Vatican. The kingdom of Italy, nominally Catholic, binds the Catholic religion in fetters. The anti-Christian government of France has not only repudiated the illustrious Church which is the chief glory of France, but denies to Catholicism even the rights of the common law, and strikes at Religion whenever it dares to raise its head. Throughout the German Empire there is a sort of tolerance, but even in the Catholic parts the Church has to watch and fight for bare justice. In Catholic Austria, the government yields step by step to the demands of what are called the Anti-Clericals,—that is, the modern infidels, with their jargon of "progress" and "independent thought." Catholic Spain is following in the same path, and no government can maintain itself there without compromising on vital matters of Catholic law and tradition. The widespread Catholicity of the South American Continent is treated with contempt by every Republican government, whether it is capable and relatively honest, or, as they too often are, ephemeral, bankrupt and rotten. In the Protestant countries of Europe and America, the Catholic religion enjoys freedom; but, as we know too well in this country, our dearest beliefs and our most vital practice are never safe from being crushed

by the machinery of the modern majority, which is either frankly hostile or utterly indifferent.

As with the individual servant of Christ, so with the Church herself: she must be tried by the fire. Salvation is assured to those who persevere to the end; and for the Church there is the divine promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. She is sure to triumph over her persecutors in the end, and her trials are ever the prelude of fresh triumphs. To quote again:

This state of conflict which prevails so widely over the world is not wholly disadvantageous. It is not an unmixed evil for the religious interests which are so dear to us. It is a good thing that Catholics should be roused to stand up for their Faith. When a Catholic country has grown slack in Catholic spirit, it is a good thing that men should be made to feel that those who are not with Our Lord are against Him. When danger is at the door, the instinct of resistance and defence keeps Catholics on the alert, and they must think, speak and vote in order to hold their own. Persecution may succeed here and there, and for a time, in destroying faith and making religious duty very difficult; but it calls out the courage and sacrifice of the good, and it is very seldom that it does not end in the visible triumph of the Church. Almighty God, as the great bishop and confessor of the faith, St. John Chrysostom, has said, is a skilful forger of metal; and He knows not only that gold must be put in the furnace, but how long it must be left therein. No one, therefore, need be cast down or intimidated when the persecutor seems to prevail, and when religion is devastated or Catholic interests are for the moment overborne by modern political atheism, aided by the modern unbelieving press. It is God's way of advancing His cause. Let His servants use the moment right, and trust in His Divine Providence. Let them understand, let them take courage, let them make sacrifices and act. It is for their probation that the evil is allowed. And when the dross is burned out and the metal is pure, the Lord of Hosts stretches forth His hand, and the trouble is past.

It is gratifying to read accounts of Catholic activity in the mission field opened up by work on the Panama Canal. Besides the regular population of Panama, entirely Catholic, there are as many as thirty thousand workmen at present employed in the Canal zone,

one-sixth of the number being from this country, the remainder West Indian Negroes. A considerable proportion of each class is Catholic, and there is, accordingly, abundant scope for the exercise of missionary zeal. That thus early in the history of the enterprise, the Passionist Fathers, the Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of Charity are at work in the zone, where, it would appear, every facility is accorded them by United States officials, is both a blessing to the district and a credit to the wisdom and foresight of the ecclesiastical authorities who have made their presence possible.

A notable discourse was the sermon by the Very Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P., on "The Church and Liberty," delivered on the occasion of the Pittsburg cathedral's consecration. Says the *Post* of that city:

It was the avowal of the grand liberty allotted all churches in this republic,—a freedom that is not license. No sounder tribute could be asked for the genius of American institutions than that he paid. Without entering the field of controversy, one might write that only a fanatic could carp at the Catholicity of his address and its genuine Americanism. The spectres of assault upon free systems in this land were laid, and the self-assumed sentinel of imaginary obstruction must have skulked away in shame. The analysis of the religious situation of France exposed in the main what non-Catholic journals have perceived was the sad defect in that republic's attempt to separate secular control from the people's faith. The speaker brought into relief the actual and not the bigoted exhibit of the clash.

Much of the eloquent Passionist's sermon lends itself to quotation, but we must content ourselves with giving only a brief extract. Contrasting the religious conditions in France and this country, he said:

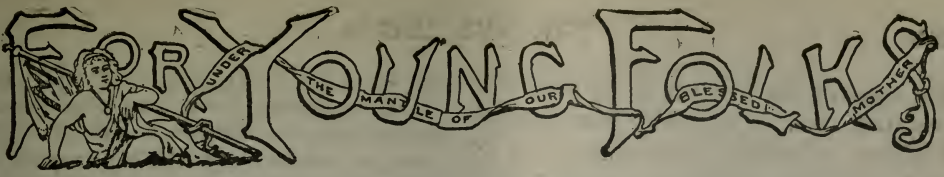
We are free, and we know it. We are at home in this broad land, and there is none to make us afraid. Nevertheless, it is possible that, by our own supineness or indifference, we may suffer our rights to be impaired, and our liberty to be thereby unjustly curtailed,—for it has been sufficiently shown that liberty is inseparable from

the maintenance and exercise of right. Show yourselves worthy, therefore, of being American citizens by the peaceful yet prompt and vigilant use of all those means which the Constitution of your country has placed at your command. We must not strive,—Our Lord has told us that; we must provoke no quarrel, nor seek any revenge; we can stoop to no plot and no intrigue. But to defend our liberty by all lawful measures is not only our privilege but our bounden duty. To this end we can use our influence,—yes, and our brains, our wealth, our voices, our pens, and last, but not least, our votes.

Naturally, so keen a logician and deep a thinker as Father Fidelis could not ignore the anomaly of the double educational tax borne by Catholics here in the United States; but, like ourselves, he is hopeful of better days for even that subject. His reference thereto was as follows:

There is one important matter which naturally suggests itself to all our minds, in which our countrymen have signally failed to do justice. I mean the education of our children. In my opinion, the time has not come to urge that question. It is too sore a point. Somehow, our fellow-citizens can not see the injustice of compelling us to bear a double burden,—to build and maintain our own schools, and at the same time to contribute to the support of schools to which we can not in conscience send our little ones. Well, let us continue to bear the burden until the time comes—as come I believe it will—when the natural sense of justice and innate love of fair play so characteristic of Americans shall freely give us our release.

Archbishop Williams' fourscore and four years did not prevent his attendance at the consecration of Portland's new prelate, Bishop Walsh. At the dinner which followed that solemn function, the Archbishop declared that at his own birth there was not a single priest in the whole State of Maine, and but one in all New England. On January 1, of the present year, there were, within the last named territory, 1828 priests. "It will be difficult," comments the *Catholic Transcript*, "to find in the history of the Church a corresponding growth during the lifetime of any one man."



What the Old Clock Said.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

TICK, tick, tick, tick,
March the minutes double-quick;
When they all have tramped away,
Off they lead another day;
When the nimble days have run,
All your little life is done.
Better work while shines the sun.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

VII.

NOTHING pleased Stephen better than to sit on the beach and "watch," as he called it, the bathers, who began to throng the cove about eleven o'clock every morning. Charlotte generally called for him about ten; sometimes Mrs. Lawson accompanied them, but usually they went alone. Charlotte had described the surroundings so accurately that he felt quite familiar with them; even going so far as to choose certain spots in preference to others, as they brought him closer to the bathers and the sea.

One morning, as he sat with his friend beneath the shelter of an overhanging rock, he suddenly bethought him that Charlotte never went into the water.

"Why have you never learned to swim?" he asked. "In this hot weather it would be so pleasant and refreshing. I almost feel that I could learn myself, if you were able to teach me."

"I can swim very well, Stephen," answered Charlotte. "And there is nothing I like better."

"Why didn't you tell me before, Char-

lotte? You have lost so many swims."

"I did not want to leave you alone on the beach, Stephen."

"What an unselfish girl you are! Go this moment and take a plunge."

"You would not mind being left alone?"

"Of course not. I should feel very uncomfortable if I thought I was keeping you from enjoying yourself."

"Very well. To-morrow I shall bring my bathing suit; and, if your mother is willing and you are not afraid, perhaps you may be able to learn to swim a little, Stephen."

Delighted at the prospect, the boy hastened to ask his mother's permission to learn to swim, which was readily given. Mrs. Lawson had entire confidence in Charlotte, and knew from the sheltered situation of the cove that, under her careful eye, there would be no danger. Stephen asked his mother to telegraph for a bathing suit, so that it would arrive as soon as possible. It came the next afternoon; and on the following day, accompanied on this occasion by Mrs. Lawson, they set out early for the beach. When Charlotte came down from the bath house attired for a swim, Stephen touched the skirt of her bathing costume gently and said:

"What is it, Charlotte? It feels silky."

"It is silk mohair," answered Charlotte,— "the best material, I think, for bathing suits. It sheds the water and does not cling to one's body."

"What color is it?"

"Dark blue, trimmed with red silk braid."

"Are the sleeves long?"

"No, they are short. My stockings are red, the color of the braid; and I

have a red bandanna kerchief twisted round my head."

"And an oil-skin cap?"

"No, I don't need one. I keep my head well out of the water when I swim. When a wave breaks and one goes under, it is impossible to keep the hair dry even with a cap."

"How lovely you must look!" exclaimed the boy, rubbing his cheek against her hand.

Mrs. Lawson and Charlotte almost involuntarily exchanged glances. The former thought, however, that she had never seen Charlotte look so well, and she said:

"The costume is very becoming to Charlotte. Her figure is so straight and slender, and she carries herself so well."

"She doesn't waddle, does she?" rejoined the boy, laughingly.

"No, indeed; she is like a young fawn," replied his mother.

Charlotte looked at her gratefully.

"Now for a plunge!" she said, and ran down to the water. Presently she returned, dripping from the waves, to say that she thought Stephen might get ready, and she would give him his first lesson.

Taking his mother's arm, he went up to the little room which had been engaged for him, and returned not long after, eager for his first acquaintance with the water. He proved an apt pupil. He was perfectly fearless, did exactly what his teacher told him to do; and before the lesson was over, Charlotte promised him many pleasant half hours in the waters of the cove. He soon learned to swim without her assistance, and, following her voice, went farther out into the waves than many others in full possession of sight, who were not so courageous as he.

One morning, when it was a little cooler than usual and the wind had risen very early, Charlotte and Stephen went down to the beach. It was almost

deserted, as a large party of the cottagers and visitors had gone to a harvest home excursion, which was held annually about six miles inland. When the two friends, ready for their swim, approached the water, they found a little fisher-boy whom they knew seated in their favorite haunt under the cliff.

"Not out with the boats to-day, Happy?" asked Charlotte.

"No, Miss," was the reply. "The fishermen aren't out this morning. I've got a holiday."

"Are you going to swim?" asked Stephen.

"I'd like to."

"Do you know how to swim—really swim?" inquired Stephen.

"Oh, yes, though I don't go in often. I'm always too busy, 'cept at night, and then I'm too tired."

"Come in with us," said Charlotte.

"All right!" replied the boy, beginning at once to scramble up the bank, taking a short cut to the bath house, where he had a faded suit hidden away with some fishing-tackle in an unused corner. When he came back, Charlotte and Stephen were already in the water. He joined them, staying with Stephen while Charlotte swam out, and then helped the boy back to lie on the hot sand in the sun till Charlotte should be ready to come in. The few bathers had all returned to the bath house; it was the turn of the tide, and the breakers began to disturb the usually placid surface of the waters in the sheltered cove.

Charlotte swam out farther and farther; and the fisher-boy, longing to do the same, said to Stephen:

"You won't mind if I go back to the water and swim out a little, will you? The young lady is as far as the raft already, and I'm just dying to go out there too."

"Can you swim so far?"

"Oh, yes! I've often swam farther; but my mother doesn't like me to."

"You'd better not do it, then," said Stephen.

"Oh, she wouldn't mind, so I didn't go alone!" answered Happy, as he was generally called, from his cheerful and obliging disposition.

"Well, go on then!" said Stephen. "Charlotte will be coming in soon."

Happy was quickly in the water, swimming toward the raft. Charlotte, seeing him, thought she would wait for him, as he did not seem a strong boy, and the distance was greater than one would calculate from the shore. She climbed onto the raft, and sat there resting and waiting. It seemed to her that the boy began to feel exhausted before he reached her; he came slowly, and breathed hard.

"Happy, isn't this too far for you?" she asked, as, dripping and panting, he climbed onto the raft.

"Oh, no!" he responded. "I'm just out of practice a little, that's all. I haven't been this far since last summer."

"I'm afraid you have undertaken too much," said Charlotte. "You're not a very large boy, you know; and you shouldn't try to come out here unless there are a good many swimmers in the cove. You might grow tired or get a cramp, and then where would you be?"

"Oh, I'd never try it alone!" said Happy. "But you're here, and I've heard many of 'em say you was the best young lady swimmer 'round."

His face looked very pale, Charlotte thought.

"Happy, have you a weak heart?" she inquired.

Happy's pale face flushed.

"Well, Miss," he said, "mother *thinks* I have; but I haven't. That's why she don't want me to swim far. But it's all imagination, it is."

"Why does she think so, Happy?"

"'Cause my father died of heart disease, and some old doctor told her

I was like that too. But 't isn't so."

"The doctor ought to know."

"They don't know nothin', them doctors," said Happy. "They said father wasn't dangerous, and he died."

"Happy, I think we'd better go back now," said Charlotte, when she thought the boy sufficiently rested. "Stephen is alone on the beach, and he may be cold."

"All right," rejoined Happy, striking out bravely. He felt quite fit again, and wished to impress the young lady with his strength and endurance. He had also the desire of letting his mother know how easily the feat had been accomplished.

At that moment a yacht in the distance, beyond the kelp, attracted Charlotte's attention. Shading her eyes with her hand, she looked at it long and closely, thinking it might be that of a friend of the family, whom they were expecting on a short visit. But the vessel was too far away to determine, and she prepared to return to the shore. Swinging herself over the side of the raft, she began to swim vigorously toward land. For a few moments she had forgotten Happy, who should have been swimming in front of her; but he was not there. Alarmed, she looked about her and saw that he had left the usual course, and was making straight for a group of rocks, with sharp, jagged points, always carefully avoided by swimmers.

"That boy has lived here long enough to know better!" she thought, and then called out to him. But he did not hear and kept on his course. And now she began to feel herself going in the same direction, and realized that as sometimes, though rarely, happened in the cove, the current had taken an eccentric course and was flowing to the left, toward the rocks. Always unselfish, Charlotte had no thought but to reach and draw the boy back from the current, never thinking that she would

find any difficulty in so doing. But she found herself making no progress coming in. The breakers began to follow each other in quick succession, in a manner she had never before experienced; and each fresh wave that broke above her head, instead of sending her toward the shore, seemed to leave her stationary, or a little farther from shore instead of closer. She knew that the tide was going out, and that not only to reach Happy but get to shore herself would be quite an undertaking.

Summoning all her strength, she swam between breakers as well as she could toward Happy, who was now on his back, floating. She could see his pale face as it rose on each successive wave. He seemed exhausted; she thought his eyes were closed. The rocks looked very near. With short, vigorous strokes she reached him at last, when, to her great joy, the breakers began to subside, and the water to resume its usual course. Seizing him by the arm, she cried:

"Come, Happy! Put your hand on my shoulder, and I will take you in."

He did not reply, and made no effort to do as she bade him.

"Happy," she said again, "can you put your hand on my shoulder?"

No answer. Then, feeling that he was utterly exhausted, she placed one arm around him and swam slowly and laboriously to the shore.

By this time a small crowd had gathered, principally women. There were no men bathers on the beach that day,—at least none that could swim. Five minutes more, and Charlotte laid her burthen on the beach, almost worn out herself by her efforts.

A woman was crying and wringing her hands:

"Oh, my boy,—my little Happy!" she exclaimed. "Is he dead?"

"Mother, I'm here! I'm all right!" said a small voice. "Don't cry!"

Charlotte shook the water from her long beautiful hair, which had fallen about her shoulders, helped lift the boy to his feet; and then, feeling that he had suffered no serious ill, thought of Stephen. She found him calmly sleeping on the sand, a blanket under his head.

"Weren't you gone a long time?" he asked, when she gently shook him.

"Longer than usual—yes," replied Charlotte. "Come now, let us get dressed. I hope you will not take cold."

Glad to know that he had been spared the anxiety of those who had seen the affair, Charlotte made no allusion to what had occurred. But as they ascended the steps on their way to the bath house she was met by Happy and his mother.

"O Miss, how can I ever thank you for what you've done this day!" cried the woman. "But for you my rash, disobedient little boy would have been drowned. How can I ever thank you!"

"It wasn't me: it was that crazy current, mother," said Happy. "It's a sign of a storm somewheres—maybe near, maybe far. And when the breakers begins to roll in like that of a sudden, it's a sign of an earthquake in Australia or China. All the same, I'm thankful to Miss Charlotte."

"You'll promise to be more careful in future; won't you, Happy?"

"Yes'm, I will," answered the boy. "But you'll see I'm right about that there current. Stump told me, and he's the best navigator I know. And I've seen it come true before this."

Charlotte was obliged to tell the story to Stephen as they drove homeward, making as light of it as possible. He was much interested in what Happy had said of the current. Charlotte told him that occasionally, when the wind was in a certain direction, or when there had been a storm far out at sea, the unusual happened.

"However," she continued, "I have never seen the breakers rise so suddenly

or follow each other so quickly as they did to-day."

The next day, when they arrived at the beach, Happy was awaiting them with the morning paper.

"See here!" he said triumphantly. "What did I tell you?"—displaying the headlines which ran, "Great Earthquake and Tidal Wave." "I told you Stump knew."

(To be continued.)

A Golden Deed and Its Reward.

The old author who relates the beautiful story on account of which the Strada Pia, a street in Bologna, received its name, speaks of it as "one of the most glorious examples of forgiveness to enemies recorded in history"; and declares that the name of the heroine, though unknown, is "worthy to be written in the Book of Life." Our young readers will doubtless be of the same opinion.

A widow of noble rank in Bologna had an only son, the sole object of all her hope and love. Playing at ball in the public street, the youth had by chance some dispute with a passer-by, who feeling himself insulted drew his sword in hasty anger and struck the young man to the heart; he fell dead to the ground. The murderer immediately fled with the bloody sword in his right hand, hoping to escape from the pursuit of justice; and as he ran by the house of the murdered youth, he saw the door open and went in, not knowing where he was.

He hurried up the stairs in great agitation after the sudden crime, and meeting the pious matron, who was entirely a stranger to him, prayed her for the love of God to conceal him in some secret hiding-place. The lady was surprised to see his disturbed face and the bloody sword, but not knowing yet that it was stained with the blood of her son, led him into a secret chamber, where she carefully concealed him.

In the meantime the news of the murder spread abroad, and having some suspicion of the place where the murderer had fled, the court of justice sent to search with all diligence for the guilty man. Every place in the house was carefully examined, but not succeeding in finding the hidden culprit, the officers decided to go away. One of them said in a loud voice, which was overheard by the matron: "Anyway, it is not probable that the murderer would take refuge in the very house of the one he killed." And one of the others added: "This good lady could not know of her son's death, or she would be the first to deliver the culprit up to justice instead of concealing him."

It may be imagined what horror froze the veins, and what anguish filled the heart of this unhappy mother. She would have fallen fainting to the ground if she had not been supported by the extraordinary aid of divine grace, which inspired her heart with the magnanimous resolution not to betray the guilty man, but to save him from his imminent danger for the love of that God who said: "Love your enemies, bless them that hate you." Neither did she limit her generosity to this forbearance, but going on from grace to grace, she added another worthy of eternal glory. The officers having gone, she went with a heavy heart to find the concealed murderer, and assured him of safety, giving him a change of dress and providing him with the horse of her own murdered son and a purse full of money, that he might the more easily escape from the city and seek safety in flight.

Now it remains to be seen what reward she received from God. The pious lady retired immediately to her prayers, when her murdered child appeared to her, surrounded by celestial light, and with a smiling face said: "Madam, I owe you eternal thanks because you have been twice my

mother; first in bringing me into this mortal life, and also in giving me a blessed and immortal life. You have so generously pardoned the injury done us, and have so kindly treated our enemy, that you have opened for me the doors of heaven. I thank you." So saying he ascended toward heaven in glorious light before the eyes of his consoled mother.

The street in Bologna where this golden deed was performed well deserves to be named "Strada Pia," in memory of so much goodness. "It is certainly not so wonderful," concludes the ancient writer, "that lions and tigers should become gentle and caressing toward the martyrs as that this lady, so grievously injured, should show herself so merciful and forgiving toward the murderer of her only son."

General Sheridan's Kind Heart.

It was during the War of the Rebellion. Poor little "General Scott," as they called an Ohio drummer boy, was very homesick. He had made his drumsticks beat the charge in many battles; but nostalgia—the name scientific men have given homesickness—had beaten him, after all. The bandmaster laid the case in writing before his superior officers, and it finally reached Phil Sheridan, who was placed in something of a dilemma. Applications like this had been refused steadily, for it was a critical period. There seemed no excuse for making an exception in this instance. But the hero of Winchester was equal to the occasion; and, taking a pen, he wrote: "No furlough can be granted but 'General Scott' is hereby ordered to repair to his mother, and to report for duty at headquarters in thirty days." So the happy little "General Scott" dried his eyes and went to see his mother, obeying the commanding General at the same time.

How the Worm Gets into the Apple.

Did you ever find a worm away in at the core of an apple when there wasn't a sign of a hole on the outside to show where it got in? Well, in the spring, when the trees are all in blossom and look their loveliest, a little moth slipped out of its chrysalis and flew among the blossoms. Then, when the petals of the flowers had fallen, the moth laid an egg in the upturned cup made by the five points of the calyx. In a short time the tiny egg hatched into a small worm, and the little worm bored its way into the apple that was just forming; and there it grew with the apple, meanwhile feeding on it.

When the apple falls to the ground, the worm gets out and finds its way into the tree, where it spins a cocoon, from which another moth is hatched the next spring, and so on. The birds are fond of these fruit worms; and it is good for us that they are, otherwise we should not have many sound apples left. The birds hunt very perseveringly for them in the bark of the trees; and if a worm ventures out, you may be sure that he will never harm another apple.

Needles.

Needles are very ancient implements. Many have been found in the cases with Egyptian mummies, and those discovered in the mounds and burial caves of America and Europe are supposed to be older still. These old ones were all made of bone, stone, etc.; while modern ones are of iron, brass, or steel. Needles first appeared in Europe early in the fifteenth century; but it was more than one hundred and fifty years after that before the secret of their manufacture became known except to Orientals.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"An Exposure of Christian Science," by T. G. Moulton, is among J. Nisbet & Co.'s new books. In view of very recent revelations concerning Mrs. Eddy, some of which, we are assured by persons in a position to know, are quite trustworthy, Mr. Moulton's exposure might be rendered more complete.

—"Off to Jerusalem" tells in a pleasing manner memories of a visit to the Holy Land by Marie Agnes Benziger. So graphic are the descriptions of persons, places, haps and mishaps that the story reads like a faithfully kept journal. There is a charming enthusiasm as well as a sweet piety evident in every page; and we feel sure that young folk will find much pleasure in following the traveller in her trip from Einsiedeln to Jerusalem and back again. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—"Experimental Physiology and Anatomy for High Schools," by W. H. Eddy, chairman of the department of biology in the High School of Commerce, New York city (American Book Co.), is compiled for laboratory study. It provides exercises for individual work on the part of the student, with a minimum amount of directions from the teacher. The interleaving with blank pages for comments does away with the need of separate notebooks. We give this brief notice of the publication, but refrain from stating our opinion as to the educational value of some of the experiments, as, for instance, the "Dissection of a Rat's Digestive Organs."

—Father Robert Hugh Benson is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being a very prolific writer. Every few months, apparently, he favors his publishers—and delights his readers—with a new historical novel; and yet finds time to contribute papers on widely divergent topics to different periodicals. Between whiles he writes still other books that—and this is the notable point—are thoroughly worth while. Such a book is "The Religion of the Plain Man" (Benziger Brothers), a handy and well-printed volume of 164 pages. To give a taste of its excellent quality, we can not do better than quote a short extract from its preface: "The book is intended for 'the man in the street,' who, after all, has a certain claim on our consideration, since Jesus Christ came to save his soul. This man in the street, like myself, is entirely unable to discourse profoundly upon the Fathers, or to decide where scholars disagree in matters of simple scholarship. His religion is composed partly of emotion, a good deal of Scripture, partly of imagination, and, to a very small extent, of reason." When we add to the foregoing

that Father Benson quotes the penny catechism rather than St. Thomas Aquinas, we have said enough to recommend the work, as we cordially do, to a very large circle of readers, Catholic and non-Catholic.

—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, recently purchased a magnificently illuminated Bible, the work of the monks of Cluny in the twelfth century, and presented it to the Protestant Episcopal cathedral of New York. Mr. Morgan paid \$25,000 for the Bible at public auction, outbidding King Edward, who, it is said, has long desired such an ancient edition of the Bible for presentation to the once Catholic, now Protestant, Westminster Abbey. \$4000 was exacted as duty on the Bible; though the Custom House officials explained to Mr. Morgan that if the book was intended as an art treasure for his own private collection, the duty would be reduced in accordance with the law that applied in such cases. Mr. Morgan, however, desired to present the book as a Bible, at its proper valuation, to the New York cathedral, and paid the duty without demur.

—Readers who delight in books of travel will be grateful to Dr. Nicholas Senn for a new volume entitled "Tahiti, the Island Paradise." It is an exceptionally interesting book, full of information concerning the Pearl of the South Pacific, and very pleasantly written. The author is a wide reader, and has a charming way of quoting from old and new books. He seems quite as anxious to benefit his readers as to entertain them, and his professional observations are of distinct value. We have seldom read a book in which so much of the writer's personality is revealed. The revelation is wholly unconscious in the present instance, however; and all who know Dr. Senn will unite in declaring that the personality is a charming one. We are not pleased with his publishers. Not to speak of other defects, the work before us has no index or table of contents, though there is a full list of illustrations. Anything that Dr. Senn writes for publication ought to be fittingly published. W. B. Conkey Co.

—We have received, in pamphlet form, a copy of a lecture on "The Irish School of Medicine," delivered before the Johns Hopkins Medical Historical Club, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. It will be of interest to many of our readers because it gives a good idea of how much three young Irish physicians of the nineteenth century—Graves, Stokes, and Corrigan—did for medicine in the important branches of heart and lung diseases. Corrigan, it is stated, remade the

chapter of heart diseases. Graves discovered the malady named after him, and was the first to "feed fevers,"—an advance that undoubtedly saved thousands of lives in every country. Stokes, besides making important additions to our knowledge of heart and lung diseases, was, by his interest in Irish antiquities and his encouragement of Dr. Petrie and other workers in this field, one of the pioneers of the modern Gaelic movement. Fordham University Press.

—The lady known as Lucas Malet, though often referred to as a Catholic, can by no stretch of truth be classed as a Catholic novelist. We have read two pages of a novel from the pen of this author, and they were quite enough for us. Readers of the higher form of fiction will have no welcome for her forthcoming book, if its tone is like that of the novel to which we refer but prefer not to name. We are astonished at the unqualified praise bestowed upon Lucas Malet by one of our most esteemed contemporaries. The editor should dip into the book of which he has unfortunately given a free advertisement. There are converts and converts. Books by Catholic writers which have no good word for the Christian religion—contain nothing that would lead one to suppose that the writer was possessed of the least love or loyalty for his faith—call for no special notice, we think, at the hands of Catholic reviewers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.
- "Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.
- "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.
- "Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.
- "Round the World." 85 cts.
- "The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.
- "Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.

- "The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.
- "Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.
- "The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.
- "An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.
- "The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.
- "Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.
- "History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.
- "Sister Mary of the Divine Heart." Religious of the Good Shepherd. The Abbé Louis Chasle. Benziger Brothers. \$1.60, net.
- "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. \$1, net.
- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Edward Griffith, of the diocese of Monterey; and Rev. Michael Farrelly, diocese of Newark.

Sister M. Pulcheria, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Alberta, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Joseph, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Mother M. Paul, Sisters of the Holy Childhood.

Mr. Sydney Walker, of Pasadena, Cal.; Miss Susan Grimes, Dover, N. H.; Mrs. Patrick McGuigan, Brighton, Mass.; Mr. Mark Finley, Mrs. E. Hickey, and Miss Annie Cannavan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. J. F. Meinert, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. John Mohr, Ostrander, Washington; Mr. F. J. Brown, Mrs. Anne Murphy, and Mr. Thomas Gallagher, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. H. St. Leger, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Celia Grey, Doniphan, Kansas; Mr. J. J. Donovan, Lewiston, Me.; Mr. A. Weixel, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Maher, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Charles La Plante, Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. M. J. Murphy, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Mary Bolland, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Busher, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. James Condon, Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Johns, Fostoria, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Hurley, Erie, Pa.; and Mr. Frank Burkhardt, Tiffin, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Winter.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

☉OW-HANGING, leaden masses of dark cloud,
Embosom all the earth like funeral shroud;
And rich land spread with grain six months ago,
Now lies enfolded in a sheet of snow.
Pathetic stand the trees; gaunt-limbed and bare,
They moan and shiver in the icy air.
The vales mute-hung with silence, frozen still;
Nor note of any kind the air to thrill.
The hillsides barren, soundless slopes of white,
With bush or bramble etched on background bright.
The streams tight-bound with shackles firm and strong,
Muffling with floor of ice each purling song.
The shrivelled grass blades diamonded with frost,
And strung with gems some fairy queen has lost.
Then lo! within a tangled thicket's heart,
Against the snow upsprings a flaming dart:
A blood-red pulse of life which glows and gleams
With warmth and color in the wintry beams.
It is the cardinal on fiery wing,—
God's solemn pledge and promise of the Spring.

A Pilgrim's Impression of Pius X.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IT is now more than three years since his Eminence Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, was proclaimed Pope. The readers of THE AVE MARIA may remember the circumstances that attended his election, of which an account was, at the time, given in these pages. The new Pontiff was of lowly origin, the son of a peasant, born at Riese,

in Northern Italy. He proved himself throughout his ecclesiastical career a model priest and bishop; at Venice he was beloved and revered by his people, and his election to the Papacy came to him as a painful surprise. It was well known that on leaving Venice for Rome, Cardinal Sarto, expecting to be back at the end of a few days, took a return ticket; and that, when he was made to understand that his acceptance of the tiara was a matter of duty, his genuine sorrow and dread moved all present. It was with a heavy heart that he submitted to the burden laid upon his unwilling shoulders.

Now that Pius X. has reigned for three years, his personality has become more widely and intimately known; and, in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," his character, his spirit, his aims stand more definitely revealed. His gifts and characteristics are widely different from those of his predecessor, Leo XIII. Comparisons are generally invidious; whereas it is both interesting and instructive to realize how in every sphere of life, men of contrasting temperaments may serve the same cause with success and efficacy. Popes, like other mortals, are not cut out on a uniform pattern: they bring to bear upon a similar task gifts of varied quality, which with equal felicity work toward the same end—the welfare of the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Pius X., both in his public acts and

in his private conversations, appears to the world a singularly simple, straightforward, benevolent, and fearless character. There is nothing complex about him; but his sterling inborn qualities are leavened by a deep sense of the supernatural that pervades his conduct and dictates all his decisions. This is the impression that he produces on all those who are fortunate enough to be brought into touch with his venerable personality.

On a bright May morning of the present year we found ourselves among a group of French pilgrims waiting in one of the reception rooms of the Vatican for the entrance of the Holy Father. The occasion was one of peculiar interest. The beatification of the sixteen Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne brought a deputation of French pilgrims to Rome. At their head was the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese Compiègne is situated; and Mgr. de Teil, the devoted postulator of the Cause, to whose unwearied efforts its success may be partially attributed. Moreover, the critical condition of the Church in France, the sense of impending persecution, the conflicting opinions put forward as to the best course to follow,—all these circumstances gave a special meaning to the gathering of the pilgrims of France at the foot of the Papal throne on that fair May day. It was well known, too, that the Holy Father was preparing to give his opinion upon the *Associations Cultuelles* proposed by the government to the French clergy; and, though it was evident that his final verdict would come under the solemn form of a Papal Brief, yet, in their anxiety and suspense, the assembled pilgrims hoped to gather from the Pontiff's spoken words some lights as to his ultimate decision.

After half an hour of waiting, a slight tremor ran through the crowd. The doors were flung wide open, and

the voice of a noble guard, "*Il Santo Padre!*" heralded the approach of the well-known white-robed figure that photography has made familiar to Catholics throughout the world. The Pope seated himself on his throne, and while the Bishop of Beauvais read an appropriate address we had leisure to consider the venerable countenance of him who at the moment is undoubtedly the highest authority in the universe. Our first thought—to use a commonplace expression—was that Pius X. looked like a thoroughly honest man. The words sound almost irreverent; not so is the meaning attached to them. They will be understood by pilgrims who, like ourselves, have marked the directness, sincerity, absolute truthfulness of the clear eyes that look so straight at men and things,—eyes, whose vision is unbiased by the glamour of vanity, selfishness or other base passions; eyes that are habitually turned upward to the regions where God's own light reigns supreme.

When the Bishop of Beauvais had finished his address, the Holy Father spoke to the assembled pilgrims. He spoke in Italian, and the pith of his discourse was then and there put into French by Cardinal Mathieu, who stood at his right. But it seemed to us that the translation lacked the charm, the mingled tenderness and dignity with which Pius X. alluded to the trials of the Church's eldest daughter. His speech, distinctly spoken, was easy to understand by those who possessed even a slight knowledge of Italian; but, in any case, it was impossible not to grasp his meaning when twice his voice broke down, and tears rolled down his venerable countenance.

Instinctively our thoughts went back to the Master, whose representative was now before us, weeping over Jerusalem, the erring city, and her sinful people. The same spirit of tender

compassion moves Pius X. And those who, like irreligious French journalists, represent him as a hater of France, wilfully ignore the fact that, if his duty obliges the Pope to condemn the policy of the government with regard to the Church, his fatherly heart yearns over the prodigal, and his sense of justice leads him to distinguish the faithful and harassed French Catholics from the persecuting minority in whose hands are the reins of power.

When the venerable Pontiff ceased speaking, the pilgrims were allowed to approach and, kneeling before him, to kiss his hand. The benevolence and simplicity that characterize him were more than ever apparent as, with a kindly graciousness that those present can never forget, he lent himself to this act of homage.

Recent events prove that at the root of this simplicity and kindness, the most apparent characteristics of Pius X., lies an indomitable will. When, after due thought and prayer, he has taken a weighty resolution, no earthly consideration can move him. His vigorous action with regard to the Law of Separation sufficiently demonstrates the truth of this assertion.

A first-class English organ, Protestant but liberal, the *Saturday Review*, aptly remarks that the Encyclical of August 15, 1906, is "the bravest thing that has come from the Vatican since Pius VI. hurled the Civil Constitution in the faces of the men of the First Revolution." This brave act was the outcome of months of intense and anxious mental strain, supported by earnest prayer. A distinguished French pilgrim had occasion to see the Pope during that time of suspense, when the future of Catholic France hung on the message that was to come from Rome. He ventured respectfully to allude to the eagerness with which the Pope's decision was expected. The old man smiled indulgently. "The Catho-

lics of France are impatient," he said; "but"—pointing to his crucifix—"He has not yet told me what I am to say to them."

When at last the Master's voice was clearly heard, His Vicar's action was prompt and determined. The Encyclical is no reckless declaration of war: it is a calm, well-balanced statement of facts, followed by a distinct and uncompromising rejection of arrangements that clash with the legitimate rights and privileges of the Church.

The message came as a surprise to certain Catholics, who hoped to the last that some kind of compromise might be effected, whereby the essential rights of the Church should be reserved, while the prescriptions of the law were fulfilled. To the greater number, however, it came as a relief. After months of harassing discussions and perplexing conflicts of opinions, where men, equally well meaning, differed as to the best line of conduct, they welcomed a verdict that made their duty clear; and, resigning themselves to the trials ahead, they gratefully rested on the message borne across the Alps on the feast of Mary's triumphant Assumption.

This attitude with regard to the French government gives a finishing touch to Pope Pius X.'s personality. We had heard much of his kindness, his humility, his genuine horror of empty pomp. We knew that his life was that of a monk, frugal in the extreme; that, by his wish, his sisters continued to dress as women of the people and to retain their simple habits. We had heard of his apostolic spirit; how, being prevented from going among the Roman people, he loved to gather them together in the courts of the Vatican; and there, in plain language, to explain the Gospel to them, as a parish priest might do when addressing his flock.

Since August 15 something has been added to these lovable traits: the ven-

erable, white-robed figure seems to have acquired new majesty. Before this old man, whose fearless attitude when his conscience is at stake is all the more striking because of his humility and sweetness in private life, the miserable sectarians who represent the government of France appear contemptible indeed. Their evident irritation and perplexity since the Pope has spoken is an unwilling homage to the world-wide influence of the sovereign of souls, the landless king, whose realm extends as far as the Catholic faith itself—to the uttermost confines of Christendom.

Long may Pius X. occupy the post to which he was appointed three years ago, when the choice of his brother Cardinals forced upon him the highest dignity in the universe! Firm and gentle, simple and kindly in his dealings with men, unbending when conscience points to resistance, far removed from intrigues and double-dealing, heedless of being unpopular when to risk unpopularity is a duty, he is at the present moment the most striking figure in the political and religious world. It is curious to notice how, in France especially, where the government affects to ignore his existence, his sayings and doings are eagerly watched and minutely discussed by men who in their public speeches profess to look upon him as the antiquated organ of a lost cause. Unwillingly, they render a perpetual homage to a power above all earthly powers,—to an authority which has now existed for nearly two thousand years, which is divine in its origin and human in its manifestations, and of which Pope Pius X. is now the venerable and beloved representative.

A WORD is a word, but its interpretations are many; and the understanding of a man's words depends both on what the hearer is and on what is his idea of the speaker.—*George MacDonald*.

Dr. Delgado's Experience.

IV.

WHEN years passed swiftly in the sylvan solitudes of Las Robles. Aurelia had grown to be a beautiful girl, now nearly eighteen years of age. The time had come for her father to begin what he was pleased to call her real education. Latterly, on several occasions he had alluded to his intentions,—not, however, in the presence of his daughter. But he had spoken frankly to Miss Multon, who had shown, he thought, an indifference which he had not expected from her, to whom he had supposed anything concerning her charge would be of interest. Still, it was immaterial to him what her ideas were on the subject, so long as she did not oppose his own.

It was just at this time, while he was arranging his plans, that Miss Multon was seized with a strange indisposition, which soon developed into a malady from which there was no hope of recovery. When the truth was broken to her as gently as possible by the Doctor, she seemed perfectly resigned.

"How long have I to live?" she inquired.

"Not more than a week or ten days," he replied,—“possibly not so long.”

"Very well, then, my good friend and master," she said. "My temporal affairs are in order. My annuity dies with me; I have already disposed of the rest of my savings, which, through your generosity, have for the last ten years been considerable. I have left them, by will, to the orphan asylum of Our Lady of Carmel, in charge of the Sisters of Charity."

"And a very good bequest," observed the Doctor.

"And now," continued the sick woman, "I have a favor to ask."

"It shall be granted," he replied.

"Allow me, I beg of you, to send for a priest. I wish to make my final peace with God."

The Doctor frowned, then smiled indulgently.

"I had thought—" he began, then paused. He was not the man to dictate to this woman, upon whom he had no claim, how she should spend her last hours, nor even to express his disappointment that on her deathbed the prop of agnosticism should have proven but a broken reed.

"Certainly," he said, without further remark or questioning; "you may have as many priests as you wish."

"I desire only one," was the dry reply. "And I thank you very much, Doctor."

"Have you any preference?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered promptly. "I wish to see Father Xavier Marcado, of the Jesuit church."

"He shall be sent for," said the Doctor. "He is a very good man. I once knew him well. The common people call him a saint."

"They have named him well," rejoined the sick woman. "Once more I thank you for your courteous kindness."

The Doctor immediately gave orders that the priest should be summoned, and went back to his library.

"By Jove," he said to himself, when he was again comfortably established in his armchair, "while we shall deeply regret Miss Multon, and can never replace her, I am not sorry that the certainty of this illness being fatal precludes the possibility of religion once more making part of our daily routine. For, should it not have been so, she would probably, on her recovery, return to the performance of the obligations of her youth. And a fine state of affairs it would be, just as I am ready to inaugurate a new régime, to have theology and orthodoxy introduced as a counterpoise, for the first time in ten years."

The good old priest came, his white

hair flowing over his shoulders, his clear, luminous eyes radiating the purity and unselfishness of his life. Dr. Delgado received him cordially and treated him most hospitably. Father Xavier returned twice in the interval between his first visit and the death of his penitent. The last time, as the Doctor conducted him to the carriage which was to convey him to the station, he said:

"Well, good-bye, Father! Probably we shall never meet again on earth. I do not, as you know, patronize men of your cloth, and so there will be no occasion. But you are a man after my own heart. I could wish that all your *confrères* were like you."

"I shall not consider it good-bye at all," observed the priest, smiling. "Together with others, of whom you do not know, I have never ceased to pray for your return to the faith; and, unlikely as the prospects are, I firmly believe those prayers will not go unheard. You have been too just and charitable a man not to have a good long score in the white book as well as in the black. I shall not bid you good-bye, Doctor, but *au revoir!*"

So saying, the priest stepped into the carriage and was soon out of sight. The Doctor, looking after him, shook his head slowly, and, smiling compassionately, re-entered the house.

.

The governess had been dead a month; the first edge of Aurelia's grief had worn off, but she was going aimlessly about the place, unable to settle herself to her usual occupations, when, one morning after breakfast, her father asked her to come to the library.

"My dear," he said, when she was seated opposite to him, "I have called you this morning for a purpose which I am about to explain. It concerns the completion—perhaps I might more accurately say the beginning—of your education."

"Yes, father," replied Aurelia, with an alertness that surprised the Doctor. It was as though she might have had an inkling of what he intended to say.

"I must go back a few years," he continued. "It may be that what I am on the point of disclosing will not at the first blush meet with your approbation. It may possibly seem that I acted toward your dear dead mother with a cruelty which was far from my thoughts. But I shall be frank, above all things; and I feel that, after you have heard all, I will have your willing co-operation."

The Doctor then went on to relate what had passed between himself and his dying wife; revealing, as he spoke, the depth of his unbelief, all the materialism of which, so far as he knew, his daughter was until that moment unaware. She heard him calmly; he was surprised at the absence of emotion she displayed. Finally he concluded as follows:

"The time has at length arrived, Aurelia, when it is proper to begin to interest you in my theories, to teach you the true science of life, to read you the story of nature as it is understood by the latest modern savants; to introduce you to a world, material it is true, but as full of fascinations as, and freer from illusions than, that spiritual world which exists only in the dreams of fanatics and the phantasies of religious enthusiasts. Up to this time I have meddled very little in your pursuits, but now we shall begin to study together, to learn together; for while we live we are always learning. I have here a list of books in German, French, English and Spanish,—works of some of the most famous scientists known to the modern world. I have marked them in the order in which I wish you to read them. I shall ask you to do a certain amount of work every day, and we

shall also review your reading from time to time. I shall be glad to answer any questions you may desire to ask, and request that you make notes of passages which you find most interesting or most difficult to comprehend."

As he finished, the Doctor selected a large volume from the pile before him and held it out to his daughter.

"I wish you to begin with this, Aurelia," he said,—when to his astonishment she left her seat, crossed her hands behind her back, and, with a quick uplifted motion of the head, looking firmly into his perplexed face, replied:

"I can not read it, father,—neither that nor any of them."

"You can not read it?"

"Perhaps I should say I *will* not read it,—I refuse to read it."

"You *refuse* to read it?"

"Yes, father."

"May I ask why?"

"Because it is unnecessary, as I have already read, and know almost by heart, I might say, all the best refutations of the doctrines you wish to teach me."

"My child, what do you mean?—what are you saying?"

"I am a Catholic, father."

"Child, you rave!"

"No: I speak the truth. I am a Catholic from the bottom of my heart. Since the age of seven, after my mother died, I have been instructed daily in my religion. I am ready to meet all your schismatics, heretics, and scientists. I do not fear their errors. I can refute them; and when I am not able to do so myself, I have always the Church to call upon."

"Sit down, child,—sit down! I fear your brain—or mine is turning."

"Neither, father," answered Aurelia, whose attitude at this moment vividly recalled the image of her dead mother the night in their early married life that

she had asserted her unswerving faith.

She sat down as bidden; and, grown calmer now, folded her small, trembling hands together as she said:

"I will explain, father. I do not wonder that you are mystified. Before mamma left us she well understood your intentions with regard to my future,—as you already know. But she was too wise to argue with you or plead, as it would have been useless. Hers was a prayerful soul; she had a sublime faith in God. In the silence and solitude of her sick room she remembered an old friend whom she felt certain she might call upon for assistance; for she was determined that I should be brought up a good Catholic, if it were possible for earthly means to achieve what she so much desired. She sent for Miss Multon and asked her to take care of me when she had gone,—to take care of me body and soul. That dear, devoted friend was only too glad to promise mamma that she would do her very best."

"But, my dear, I do not understand how she could have wished to entrust your education as a Catholic to a woman who, however devoted she may have been, was—I had it from your mother's lips—a confirmed agnostic."

"She *had been*, father, at one period of her life; but afterward she returned to the Church, and became more fervent than ever."

"Go on!" said the Doctor.

"When mamma died she left a great many Catholic religious books, doctrinal and argumentative—a fine collection, which had been selected for her by Father Marcado,—all that was necessary to teach and confirm me in my faith. But it was to be a secret, otherwise nothing could have been accomplished. Every day of my life until dear Miss Multon went I have had a doctrinal lesson or a reading. Once a month, when I accompanied her to the city, we went to confession;

and occasionally, when we could, to Mass, though seldom on Sundays. Five years ago I received my first Holy Communion from the hands of Father Marcado. I have not yet been confirmed, as we thought it too great a risk. But, with your permission, now that you know all, I shall receive that holy sacrament on Whit-Sunday."

"Humph!" grunted the Doctor. "We shall see about that."

"That is all I have to tell," said Aurelia,—“except to say that you can forbid me to go to Mass, but you can never deprive me of my faith. I love you, father—there is no need to assure you of my affection,—but my religion goes before all."

"And so," cried the old man, in a rage,—“and so I have been harboring two female Jesuits under my roof for all these years! Oh, that deceitful old woman did well to die when she did! I should have turned her out on the road this very day."

"Father, she only fulfilled mamma's dying wishes. My mother did not forfeit her rights in her child when death took her from me," said Aurelia, bravely, once more rising to her feet. "You are wrong, father. Death does *not* end all. I have felt her presence near me many a time since I lost her; and I believe as firmly as I believe the sun is in the sky—the sun which I see every day—that she is waiting in heaven for me—and for you."

"Go!" cried the Doctor,—“go away! Get out of my sight! Yes, I have been deceived and outwitted. But I have still other cards to play, and I promise you I shall not lose the next game. Go, I say!"

And Aurelia left him.

(Conclusion next week.)

SCRUPULOUS means literally having a stone in one's shoe. Those who have a stone in their shoe *halt*, and those who doubt halt between two opinions.

The Poor Souls.

COMPASSION urgeth me, O Lord,
 And love's desire,
 To quench with burning prayers and tears
 Love's penal fire,
 Wherein Thine own elect in flames
 Of justice burn;
 Patient 'neath love's restraint, the while
 For love they yearn.
 In every passing breeze, I hear
 Their piteous sighs;
 The flames that compass them, I see
 In sunset skies.
 Loose Thou, O Lord, the chains that bind,—
 Those chains of fire;
 That Thy elect, love-cleansed, may find
 Their love's desire!

The Chapel of Saint Denis at Montmartre.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

THE Chapel of Saint Denis is so intimately associated with the life and death of the first Bishop of Paris that the history of the one is practically that of the other as well. It may also be said to be the history of the rise and spread of Christianity in France, and even, to a great extent, of its propagation to the uttermost ends of the earth. For, as an inscription on the walls informs us, it was in the Chapel of Saint Denis—or Chapel of the Martyrs, as it was also called—that the Society of Jesus was founded. It was there, on the 15th of August, 1534, that Saint Ignatius Loyola and his first followers made the memorable vow that formed the illustrious brotherhood whose countless members since then have borne the standard of the Cross in every land, have preached the Gospel in every tongue; and, by virtue of "the white purity of doctrine and the purple of sacrifice," have won half Christendom to Christ.

Well may Montmartre be proud of

her daughter, as the Society of Jesus has been with justice called; and it is but right and natural that, in every generation, the children of this *fille de Montmartre* should turn with love and gratitude to the little chapel on the hallowed hill where Ignatius Loyola once knelt in prayer. The keys of the chapel were given to him by Mère Perretten Rudlard, the sacristan. This good nun lived to be a hundred, and to the last day of her life loved to recall the visit of the founder of the Jesuits on that far back summer's morning, when surely never, even in the Chapel of Saint Denis, did holier pilgrims kneel.

Visitors to that unforgotten shrine still feel their pulses tingle and their hearts glow within their breasts as they read the names inscribed upon the brass plate there,—names round which linger so many pious and heroic memories. They run as follows: Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, Jacques Lainez, Alphonse Salmeron, Nicolas Bobadilla, Simon Rodriguez, and Pierre Le Fèvre. On the memorable occasion mentioned, Père Le Fèvre celebrated the Adorable Sacrifice, while the others knelt at the foot of the altar and received Holy Communion from his hands. A large oil-painting in the chapel commemorates this scene to-day.

The crypt visited by Saint Ignatius stood on the site of the present chapel, and above it was a second chapel. The existing crypt is built on the very spot where Saint Denis and his companions, Saint Rusticus and Saint Eleutherius, suffered martyrdom in the third century, when the Roman Emperor Valerian held all Gaul in bondage. Here, according to the popular belief, Saint Denis erected an altar in a natural grotto, to which he used to retire for prayer and meditation. This historic chapel was eventually discovered; but not, as will be seen presently, till many years after the visit of Saint Ignatius Loyola.

When Montmartre was a mountain only, and covered with trees and vegetation, the Chapel of Saint Denis stood on that portion of it now occupied by the Rue Antoinette. This street takes its name from Mère Antoinette Anger, who was abbess of the convent of Montmartre when Saint Ignatius and his disciples made their pilgrimage. The present chapel is at No. 13 Rue Antoinette; and adjoining it is a convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls,—or Auxiliatrices du Purgatoire, as they are called in France. These nuns obey the Rule of Saint Ignatius, and the spot sanctified by his presence has been in their charge since 1880.

Above the white marble high altar is a round window, on whose violet ground a half-length figure of our Divine Lord is painted, with the severed head of Saint Denis and a palm branch resting on His left arm, while the right hand is raised as if in benediction. The explanation of this painting is that when Saint Denis walked away from Montmartre after his decapitation, carrying his head in his hands, he saw a woman and child coming toward him. In the kindness of his heart, he prayed that his appearance might not frighten them; and when they passed close to him presently, all they saw was the figure of our Saviour with a head upon His arm. Immediately beneath this window, and just over the tabernacle, is a statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus. To the left and right of it are oblong windows, with figures of Saint Ignatius Loyola and Saint Francis Xavier upon a crimson ground.

A small chapel of Saint Denis is on the right of the high altar, and another, of Saint Ignatius, is on the left. A bone of Saint Denis is preserved upon his altar, as is also one of the links of the chain that bound him in his prison. It is about seven inches in length,

hoop-shaped, and, as might be expected, covered with the rust of ages. In a handsome gold shrine on the altar of Saint Ignatius there are several relics relating to him and to his fellow-pilgrims. This shrine is a really beautiful work of art, and is an exact model of the cathedral of Reims, where Clovis was baptized.

In the body of the chapel there is a stained-glass window representing the conversion of Saint Denis at Athens, and another of his execution upon Montmartre. Exactly opposite are paintings of scenes from the life of Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis Xavier. A small door at the extremity of the chapel gives access to a winding flight of stone steps that leads down into the crypt. It is lit, from the right side only, by three low windows that look upon the convent garden. The floor of the crypt is several feet below the level of this garden.

Looking from a window, during a recent visit, I saw that a clock, placed high upon the convent wall, marked a quarter past five. Evening was closing in, and the crypt was but dimly lighted. But the air of tender melancholy and of mystery was in accordance with the scenes that sacred spot had witnessed; and the mystic silence seemed all the more impressive after the light and music, the flowers and the fragrant incense in the chapel overhead, where Benediction had just been given, and the relic of Saint Denis piously venerated by the crowded congregation.

Above the solitary altar of the crypt there is a statue of the Mother of Sorrows, who was also the Mother of Martyrs; and at intervals upon the walls are Stations of the Cross. But, with the exception of a dark picture here and there, and an occasional statue, the place is destitute of ornament of any kind,—in severe contrast to the upper chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. The altar of the

crypt is erected on the very spot where the triple martyrdom took place over fifteen hundred years ago. Montmartre has seen many changes since then, and is, of course, very different now from what it was in the time of Saint Denis and his companions, when an immense wood covered it, and it was watered by numerous streams.

At the period of the Incarnation, the Druids had a temple on Montmartre; and when Saint Denis first set foot upon the soil destined to be drenched with his blood, there was a temple of Mercury there, and a temple of Mars as well. Toward the summit, where now reigns the *Sacré Cœur*, the grass upon the Martyrs' Hill still grows as green as in the ages gone by; although the verdant woods have disappeared and the rushing streams and rippling brooks are silent. But in going to the Chapel of Saint Denis, which is about halfway down, and, as I have said, at the point now traversed by the Rue Antionette, one climbs through a netting of narrow and roughly-paven streets, full of tortuous, zigzag windings, and skirted by dingy houses that in no way recall that distant past.

How strange to hear the rattle of cabs and busses, and see all the life and animation of a crowded city, where white-robed Druids once watched beneath the Sacred Oak, where the tinkle of the first Mass bell was heard in France, where the blood of martyrs mingled its crimson tide with the crystal of the flowing streams, where the grey walls of a venerable abbey showed through spreading branches, the voices of whose myriad singing birds alone broke the stillness, and where pilgrim feet once passed on grass-grown slopes!

Here, where the banner of the Maid of Orleans was unfurled, and where she knelt with her proud warriors to implore the blessing of Saint Denis on

her arms, one reads such inscriptions as: "*Soldes en tous Genres*," "*Boucherie*," "*Robes et Manteaux*," "*Boulangerie*," and "*Horloger - Bijouterie*." Only a street name here and there, such as Rue des Abbesses or Rue des Martyrs, bears witness to what is now no more.

When our Divine Lord was crucified on Calvary, Denis of Athens—or Dionysius the Areopagite, as he is called in the Acts of the Apostles—was studying mathematics in Egypt. He was filled with astonishment and awe at the general darkness and other phenomena that attended the death of Christ. "Either the God of Nature is dying," he exclaimed, "or Nature herself!" These words were spoken at the very moment in which the soldier, Longinus, pierced the Heart of Jesus with a lance, causing blood and water to flow. The future convert was then in his twenty-fifth year, and had probably never heard of the teachings of Christ; or, if he had, had certainly never given the subject any serious consideration. But the precious tide that flowed that day was not destined to be shed in vain for him. He has been called "The first conquest of the Sacred Heart," and his conversion was beyond all doubt one of the most far-reaching in its effects.

Through him the fair land of Gaul, then plunged in a deeper darkness than that which shrouded Calvary, was to be illumined with the glory of the Gospel, and to become so renowned for her devotion to the faith as to be known to all future ages by the proud title of "The Eldest Daughter of the Church." And it was before the altar of his future chapel that, in centuries to come, the first members of the greatest missionary Order the world has ever known were to bind themselves to spread the faith in every land, and die for it, if need be, as Saint Denis did.

To-day, from the heights of Montmartre—where the Blessed Sacrament

is exposed from morning to evening, and from night to dawn,—countless graces flow, like a stream of light, from the Divine Heart once pierced on Calvary, and now keeping sleepless watch over the land so solemnly consecrated to it by the National Vow,—the land chosen among all the nations of the earth to be, so to speak, the herald of the Sacred Heart,—the God-beloved land of France, that owes its faith to Denis of Athens, the first Bishop of Paris.

Saint Denis was one of the most intellectual men of his day. And it was his talents and his erudition, combined with his great eloquence, that obtained him admission to the Areopagus, or Council of Athens, where, later on, Saint Paul expounded the “new doctrine,” at the request of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers. “And when they had heard of the resurrection of the dead,” says the sacred writer, “some indeed mocked; but others said: We will hear thee again concerning this matter. So Paul went out from among them. But certain men adhered to him and believed; among whom was also Dionysius the Areopagite.”

Both by word of mouth and by his brilliant pen, Saint Denis, during the twenty years that preceded his departure for France, preached Christ crucified. He enjoyed the friendship of St. John, the Beloved Disciple of Our Lord, and had the unspeakable happiness of assisting at the death of the Blessed Virgin. Needless to say, he never forgot that scene. The remembrance of it sustained him in after years in the midst of the cruellest torments. What could any earthly sufferings matter to one who had received the failing gaze of the Mother of our Redeemer! Of small account were the persecutions of men to one who had looked upon the glorified beauty of that more than angelic face.

How poor and paltry a thing, indeed, must all the pomp and splendor of a pagan emperor have seemed to the favored being who had seen those dying eyes reflect the light of heaven while still on earth, and shine with the joy of the approaching reunion! What other beatitude could ever equal that of the Virgin Mother's meeting with the beloved Child, whose bruised and bleeding body had lain in her arms, and whose thorn-crowned head had rested on her riven heart, fifteen long years before? Ah! no wonder that Saint Denis cherished a particular devotion to the Mother of God. And no wonder, either, that the French people have always been remarkable for their devotion to her, since, even in the time of her first Bishop, Paris had her Notre Dame.

When he preached to the pagan crowds upon Montmartre, it was the custom of Saint Denis to exhibit a picture of the Blessed Virgin. We may presume that it was of small size, for he carried it with him everywhere. It represented the Virgin Mother with the Infant Jesus in her arms; and it is by no means improbable that it was painted by Saint Luke the Evangelist, who was a clever artist, and, like Saint Denis, had been converted by Saint Paul. When Saint Denis erected his altar in the crypt of the Rue Antoinette, which was then a mountainous waste, he consecrated it to our Blessed Lady.

In the course of centuries the Chapel of Saint Denis passed through many hands and experienced many changes. Indeed, as time rolled on, there was often considerable difference of opinion as to the exact site of the martyrdom, although popular tradition always pointed to the spot venerated as such to-day. Subsequent events proved the truth of this pious tradition. In the fifth century Saint Genevieve visited the hallowed ground, and was deeply pained at its neglect and ruin. She made a stirring appeal to the clergy

of Paris to aid her in erecting a suitable chapel there. Her efforts were successful, and the chapel that owed its erection to her untiring zeal became the object of world-wide veneration.

After making his solemn recantation at the Cathedral of Saint Denis, near Paris, on the 24th of July, 1593, Henry IV. went in state to the Chapel of Saint Denis at Montmartre. It was fast falling into ruin at the time, and the venerable Marie de Beauvilliers, then abbess of the convent of Montmartre, took advantage of the royal visit to ask the King to order its restoration. Henry gave a ready assent, and the work was begun soon after.

In 1611, the year following the assassination of Henry by Ravaillac, the chapel was still further improved under Queen Marie de Medicis, who was then Regent. While these alterations were in progress a subterranean staircase was unearthed. It was found to lead down into a forgotten crypt, that had evidently been once used as a chapel, and the altar of which was in a fairly good state of preservation. Further examination convinced everyone that it was indeed the original Chapel of Saint Denis that had been thus strangely brought to light.

The letters Mar...Clein...Dio... could still be read upon the walls, although the remainder of the words had been worn away. When we remember that it was Saint Clement, the successor of Saint Peter, who at the suggestion of the Beloved Disciple, sent Saint Denis on his mission to Gaul, it is not a very difficult matter to fill in the missing syllables. But, as if to leave no possibility for doubt as to Saint Denis having been in communication with the Holy See, the Keys of Peter were found graven upon a shield sculptured on the crumbling walls.

The news of this discovery was hailed with the liveliest joy in Paris, and, for that matter, throughout the whole

Christian world; and pilgrims came from every quarter of the globe to visit the Cave of Saint Denis, as the underground chapel was called. Indeed, setting aside altogether the fact that our Divine Lord appeared to Saint Denis when he was celebrating the Holy Sacrifice upon Montmartre—and which alone should sanctify its hallowed heights forever,—when we think of the long list of men and women, illustrious for sanctity, who have knelt and prayed there, we are not surprised to learn that Pope Gregory XV. granted many indulgences to those who kissed its sacred soil with contrition and devotion.

Saint Germain, Saint Gerard, Saint Guillaume Berruyer, Saint Clotilde, Saint Cloud, and Saint Hugues,—all made pilgrimages to the Chapel of Saint Denis at Montmartre. When Pope Stephen visited Paris in 754, he stayed at the Abbey of Montmartre. While there he was stricken with a severe illness; but on praying before the altar of Saint Denis he was instantly cured, and was favored at the same time with a vision of the martyr and his companions. Pope Eugenius III. visited the chapel in 1147. He was accompanied by the great Saint Bernard, who left a portion of his vestments as a votive offering,—it was all he had to leave.

In 1162 Pope Alexander blessed the foundation stone of Notre Dame, and made a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Saint Denis. A few years later the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, prayed there for strength to die for the faith if need be. In the month of November following he was barbarously murdered, at the suggestion of Henry II. of England. When Saint Vincent de Paul was curé of Clichy he made frequent pilgrimages to Montmartre. Indeed, he never began any important work without first commending it to the protection of Saint Denis.

The gypsum, in which the Montmartre quarries abounded, produced, when calcined, the celebrated plaster of Paris from which the greater part of the city was formerly built. It is also for this reason that Old Paris was often called "The White City." Saint Vincent de Paul was a veritable apostle to the quarrymen of Montmartre; and one of them, Nicolas Moreau by name, was called as a witness to his sanctity in the proceedings for his canonization.

Saint Francis de Sales used to say that he breathed the air of Paradise upon Montmartre, and it was there that he conceived the idea of founding the Order of the Visitation. "The Angelic Doctor," Saint Thomas of Aquin, had a lively devotion to Saint Denis. According to many writers, it was while he was at Montmartre that he was once asked what he would give to be the monarch of all he saw before him. Montmartre, it may be observed, rises to a height of three hundred and thirty feet above the Seine, and commands a magnificent view over Paris and the adjacent country. Saint Thomas made a characteristic reply. "Ah!" he said, "I would much sooner possess a copy of Saint John Chrysostom's Commentaries on the Gospel of Saint Matthew than be king of this city."

After the Revolution the Chapel of Saint Denis fell into decay; and, though pilgrim feet continued to seek the sacred site, it was many years before Mass was again celebrated there. But during the Franco-German war, the Abbé Le Rebours, curé of the Madeleine, caused the chapel to be rebuilt; and on January 3, 1871, the feast of Saint Genevieve, the Adorable Sacrifice was once more celebrated there. While he lived, the Abbé Le Rebours organized a pilgrimage to Montmartre during the octave of the feast of Saint Denis. The piety of the Parisians has continued the custom ever since.

A Relic from Hilltop.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"HENRY writes," said the parson's wife, looking up from the letter she was reading, "that he will be at home Thanksgiving."

"I'm sure I'm very glad," answered the parson, well knowing that the assertion was expected of him.

"Of course you're glad, Mr. Moody. And Richard Thayer is coming with him."

"Well, he will be very welcome."

"That is a matter of course, Mr. Moody. My son's friend will naturally be welcome in my house. And Richard's mother is coming too."

The gentle parson, at a loss for the suitable expression, rubbed his shining high forehead and ventured:

"I have heard she is a very good woman."

"Good woman!" said his wife. "You speak of her as you would of the old dame who sweeps the meeting-house."

"Rich and poor are alike in the Lord's sight, my dear."

"I supposed you'd consider it your duty to say that; but, all the same, Mrs. Thayer confers distinction upon any family she visits. She is a lady, Mr. Moody; and I've seen few enough of them since I came to Hilltop. The people here may be well enough, measuring them by some folks' low standard; but they are very provincial and uncouth."

Here Mr. Moody would have spoken, perhaps with less than his customary meekness; for these were his own people of whom she spoke. But she went on:

"I hope you'll do what is right in the matter; I've done my part. I've had Henry invite her as many as five times. And now she's coming. She says she hasn't spent Thanksgiving

in the country since she was a little girl. It's lucky for us that her Richard is Henry's chum. If she's pleased with us, she may invite the girls to Boston. They say she likes to have young people about. We must make a good impression; and we will, if you just let me manage things and don't oppose me."

The parson sighed. He was accustomed to having his helpmeet manage things; but, hidden behind her words, he thought he discerned that something more than simple acquiescence was expected of him. He was right. Gathering her vocal forces together for a final onslaught, the minister's wife went on:

"She mustn't see Aunt Jane."

"Not see Aunt Jane! Why, I am sure—"

"We'll not argue the matter. When I came here and found your first wife's aunt in charge, I made the best of it. I have put up with her eccentricities in a Christian spirit, but now I am not the only one concerned: she must not be allowed to stand in the way of my daughters."

The bewildered man could not comprehend. To him Aunt Jane was a most respectable and worthy person, who would not stand in the way of a fly; and in his lonely days she had made a home for him.

"She can stay in the chamber over the big woodshed. I'm sure it will be a comfortable place for her. I should have nervous prostration if she came to the table. She is always dropping gravy on her dress waist—"

"You know her sight is poor."

"And putting her knife in her mouth, and wanting to take part in the conversation. But I'll make it all right with her."

And, Henry's letter in her hand, Mrs. Moody betook herself to the sunny kitchen, where Aunt Jane was darning the ministerial hose. The minister had been easily "managed." His first wife's

aunt might be a more difficult subject for diplomacy.

"Aunt Jane," Mrs. Moody began, "we're going to have company."

Aunt Jane looked up from her stocking and smiled. She liked company.

"Yes; Henry is going to bring a friend home for Thanksgiving, and his friend's mother is coming too."

"I'm real glad," said Aunt Jane, wondering if the ribbons on her best cap would bear another washing.

"And, Aunt, there is something we might as well arrange at once. Mrs. Thayer is accustomed to living in grand style. This house will seem very small to her, and I wondered if you would be willing to take the back chamber while she stays."

"Why, for sartin, Emily! It won't make a mite of difference where I sleep."

"And you might as well stay there days too. It will be very comfortable for you. The sun shines in there all the time, and you can have your patchwork and knitting; and if it's cold, I'll have a little stove set up. Mrs. Thayer is so wealthy and aristocratic that you wouldn't take any comfort in meeting her."

Poor Aunt Jane! For one brief moment there had been a bright vision of "company"; then the curtain had fallen, and all was gray again. She no longer thought about her cap ribbons.

"Jest as you say, Emily."

"I'm glad you take such a sensible view of it. I'll see about the stove right away. You can move back into your room again as soon as they are gone, and the time will pass before you know it. I'll have one of the girls take up your meals."

"I sha'n't want much to eat," answered Aunt Jane, who during her long life had never been exiled from a Thanksgiving dinner.

Mrs. Moody's conscience began to wake to life.

"You shall have as good as there is,"

she said; "and you won't miss much. You wouldn't enjoy meeting anybody so different. I dare say Mrs. Thayer has too good an opinion of herself to be comfortable. To-morrow we begin on the mince-meat. I wish Mr. Moody could afford one of those new-fashioned grinding machines."

"I can chop it," said Aunt Jane, who had learned from long experience the art of forgiving.

When the Widow Baxter (the second Mrs. Moody) and her children took possession of the parsonage, Aunt Jane was in quiet and undisputed charge, and had for years enjoyed a sort of distinction among the simple Hilltop folk as the feminine head of the minister's household. She had loved her niece, and tried in her way to make her absence as little felt as possible. Every whim of Mr. Moody was recorded for reference in the blank pages of an old almanac. Beginning with "Amos likes egg sauce on his codfish," and ending with, "In knitting Amos' socks, cast on forty stitches," there were seven columns of this work of devotion. So far as his temporal wants were concerned, there was little of which to complain; but a slight stroke of paralysis made havoc with her memory, and she became less and less a fit companion for her dead niece's husband. At this juncture a masterful and impecunious school-teacher from Lowell determined to marry him, and found him an easy victim. As for Aunt Jane, she settled down into a rather bewildered household drudge, waiting upon the headstrong offspring of the new incumbent, and saving her the expense of hiring "help." The minister, after dwelling a few weeks with a wife of intellect, found himself a nonentity in his own house; and, being a man of peace, took refuge in his dreary old books, and accepted the situation.

The preparations for Thanksgiving went on with undiminished vigor. The

village people, so ready to help Aunt Jane on similar occasions, now stood aloof,—some in awe; some in anger, knowing that they were secretly despised. But Mrs. Moody was not daunted. There was much at stake—it was even possible that young Thayer might fancy one of the girls,—and she went into the fray like a war horse into battle. Aunt Jane chopped and stewed and pickled and baked; and, the eventful morning having arrived, went to the little room above the woodshed to hide from the aristocratic eyes of the "company."

Mrs. Moody and her daughters did not hide,—not they. With complacency born of the knowledge that the turkey was in the oven and the pantry shelves laden with freshly baked eatables, they awaited their guests at the front gate. Their ease of mind began to vanish, however, at the first sight of Mrs. Thayer. Her simple, quiet gown made their furbelows seem tawdry; and the smooth hair that lay so plainly upon her well-shaped head was an unconscious rebuke to the exaggerated "pompadours" of which they had until that moment been so proud.

"I don't like her one bit!" said Mabel, angrily, thrusting her necklace of gaudy beads into the table drawer, as she went out to help her mother bring the meal to a successful climax. "She makes me feel so—cheap. And you look just like a scarecrow, ma, with all that false hair."

"Hush!" said her mother. "She will hear you."

"I don't care if she does! She isn't our sort. I don't care whether she invites me to Boston or not. I won't go if she does."

"I will go," answered her mother, with an attempt at dignity, as she basted the turkey. "If you were as old as I—"

"What a ridiculous remark, ma! How could I be?"

"If you had my experience, you would know that very rich people can afford to be indifferent about their clothes."

"It isn't her clothes alone, ma: it's her general get-up. You can see she is laughing at us."

"No, she isn't," said Flossie, breezily entering the kitchen. "I've been talking with her. She's just as nice as can be; and if you won't go to Boston, Mabel, you needn't. *I'll* go, and I am just going to play the agreeable to that old party to beat the band."

"I trust, daughter, that Mr. Moody may never hear you use such rough expressions," remarked the minister's wife, stirring the gravy.

"Oh, now, ma, don't go to putting on airs before us! We know how you used to talk before you came here."

While this refined dialogue was taking place, Mrs. Thayer was inspecting her surroundings. There was a jarring note everywhere. The beautiful old mantel-piece was draped with a hideous piece of fancywork; monstrosities of scarlet plush had usurped the places of the ancient chairs; and the walls were crowded with the painted fantasies constructed by the young ladies in their leisure hours. She had hoped for a glimpse of the old hill life she had known when a girl, but it was not here. "Another vanished illusion!" she thought, then turned bravely to make the best of things, as was her habit. The gracious tact of a gentlewoman made her courteous and winning; and the dinner, except for some minor mishaps caused by the introduction of unaccustomed table manners, passed off successfully.

The next morning the guest of honor was, to her delight, left alone. With profuse apologies, the minister's wife went on some housewifely quest at the other end of the village, and the young people had already set out to climb the mountain which gives Hilltop its name. Mrs. Thayer wandered about the old

halls, up stairs and down, noticing the construction of the timbers, and becoming interested in some old portraits exiled to the back corridors. Then suddenly she heard a voice. Some one was singing, in the uncertain tones peculiar to the aged,

Flow gently, sweet Afton,
Among thy green braes.

Mrs. Thayer started, almost in affright. It was the song that had been her lullaby. She waited a moment; then, hearing no more, tapped on the door of a room from which the voice seemed to issue.

"Come right in!" some one said. "Well, how do you do?" exclaimed a quaint little old woman. "Here, have this chair! I suppose you're the company. It's so good of Emily to have you come up here! I was getting some lonesome. I suppose she changed her mind; or mebbe she found out that you wasn't as 'set up' as she thought. She said I wouldn't enjoy meeting you, so she put up a stove here for me till you went away. This chamber is over the woodshed, though you wouldn't think it. If I'd known you was coming I'd had my cap ribbons washed. So you're from up to Boston?"

Mrs. Thayer comprehended the situation. The artless old soul had made it plain.

"Yes," she said; "and I heard you singing. Won't you sing some more? My mother used to sing me to sleep with 'Flow gently, sweet Afton!'"

"Well," answered Aunt Jane, "I'm no great of a singer, though I used to raise the tune in meeting. But I'd like to be obliging. And mebbe you'll jine in."

Mrs. Thayer nodded, and "jined in," as Aunt Jane requested, reaching the high notes when the older woman failed to do so, and singing steadily through to the end. Then they had a long talk, the stranger becoming more and more enlightened. But when the minister's

wife appeared, anxious and hurried, she found her guest much absorbed in examining the marks upon the bottom of an old Chelsea teacup.

"You can have that cup and welcome," said Mrs. Moody. "I don't care anything about relics. I clean them all out. The garret is full of such trash; it belonged to Mr. Moody's first wife. We'll go up there, and you can take home anything that suits you."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything. Mr. Moody'll never miss it. He's all wrapped up in his books, and hasn't any children to leave heirlooms to. So just say what you want."

As the minister's wife ran on she was trying to decide whether jet or lace would be more suitable for the garnishing of the new black silk gown that she must manage to buy when she went to Boston for the winter.

"You will let me take away anything, however quaint and out of date?"

Mrs. Moody nodded.

"Then I will take the little old lady in the chamber over the woodshed." Without stopping to observe the effect of her words, she went on: "I owe you an apology, dear Mrs. Moody. You gave me the privilege of wandering about the house in your absence, and I fear my curiosity led me too far. I heard somebody singing a song that my mother used to sing; and, almost without thinking, I rapped on the door and found the singer. It was certainly very considerate of you to keep your relative—"

"She's no relative of mine."

"To keep the first Mrs. Moody's aged aunt where she would be free from disturbance. But possibly your kindness was mistaken. She tells me that she has never been twenty miles from home, and I gather from what she said that life has been rather a gray day with her. I want to put some color into it; I want to teach her what

Christmas means,—I want to make her happy. I was brought up in the hill country, and she makes me think of my mother. The services she renders you can be better performed by a stout young woman, whom I shall take great pleasure in rewarding with a weekly stipend. In short, Mrs. Moody, as you have capped the climax of your hospitality by offering me my choice of relics, I take Aunt Jane."

The minister's wife had, in the course of a somewhat varied life, become accustomed to the necessity of rapid decision. Aunt Jane was daily becoming more feeble, and must shortly be but an incumbrance. Once domiciled at Mrs. Thayer's, there would be the excuse of interest in her to make frequent visits to Boston.

"You can take her," she said.

And this is why it happened that the happiest woman in New Hampshire went "up to Boston" with the wealthy Mrs. Thayer.

One may see her almost any time as she looks out of a front — Avenue window upon the leafy greenness of the park; and one near enough may hear her crooning, as the evening shadows gather, the sweet old words:

Flow gently, sweet Afton,
Among thy green braes—

But Mrs. Thayer can not trust herself to join in. She is thinking of her mother.

THE violence with which the Papacy is assailed is a proof of its utility as well as of its divine institution, and should make it as dear to the statesman as to the Catholic. This inveterate hostility, which for so many ages has been manifested against it, proves that it stands in the way of tyrants and of lawless passion; that it is, in fact, a shield interposed between the many and the ambitious few, between the masses and their oppressors.—*Dr. Brownson.*

An Act of Unselfishness.

BY B. F.

HALF-PAST nine! What had become of my model,—my model with the golden hair? The warm spring sun was shining through the windows of my studio in Paris, its bright rays falling on the bust of a Diana which stood in a remote corner, and lighting up the large portraits which hung on the wall. It was seldom that the light was so favorable, and I was anxious to get on with my work. For the third time I took up my palette and brushes, and even as I did so a slight knock preceded the opening of the door, and in came "my model."

Hastily discarding her hat and cloak, she sat down in her usual place, where the sun, falling on her auburn hair, turned it into gold.

"If Mademoiselle knew what has made me late," she said in her quiet way, "Mademoiselle would not be angry. Such a sad story, Mademoiselle!"

And a very pathetic story it was which she told me as I painted her wavy locks. She had run up that morning to ask the woman who lived on the upper story to do a bit of sewing for her; and had found her sitting at a table, crying as if her heart would break.

"Who is the poor woman, and why was she crying?" I asked.

"Her name is Madame Thibaut," answered my model. "She is the mother of three children, and it seems that her husband has been ill for months. Besides this, they owe the landlord two hundred francs for three *trimestres*; and this morning he threatened to turn them out if they have not paid by the 1st of June. Only two days more, and they have not a penny toward it! If Mademoiselle would be so kind as to speak to

the landlord, perhaps he might relent."

I promised to do my best, but told my model not to count on my being successful; indeed, I had not much hope myself.

"Now for it!" I thought when my model's departure left me an hour's leisure before my next sitter, a stout old lady, should put in an appearance. Donning my very best things, however—for I have always believed in the influence of dress,—I sallied forth, rang at the given address, and was ushered into the presence of a little old man whom, from my model's description, I recognized as the dreaded landlord. But, after all, I might have spared myself the trouble of putting on my fine clothes; for I was utterly unsuccessful.

"Mademoiselle must understand that I am a poor man," he said. "If Mademoiselle would guarantee?"

But that is just what "Mademoiselle" could not do; and with a heavy heart I went, as I had promised my model, to tell the poor woman the result of my interview.

Following the directions given me by a street urchin, I climbed several flights of stairs, and knocked at a door which faced the landing. A small boy opened, and then, struck with shyness, fled to his mother, displaying a pair of chubby legs as he ran. The woman herself now came forward to meet me, with many apologies for the boy's rudeness. I liked her at once; for her manners, though plain, had a dignity of their own. And it was only when I tried to express my sympathy that she broke down. Bit by bit she told me the whole story: how they had been so happy until the husband fell ill, and lost his place; and how they had always looked forward to better days till now, when their landlord proved obdurate.

"If the Sainte Vierge does not come to our help," the good woman went on, "we shall be turned out of our home. We are making a novena to her now,—

are we not, Pierre?" she said, turning to the chubby-legged boy, who had emerged from behind her apron. "He has a money box," she added, smiling through her tears, "which he has placed before the statue of Our Lady. He expects to find it full when he opens it on the ninth day, God bless him!" said his mother, patting the curly head.

A few minutes later I was making my way down the rickety stairs. Wild plans for raising money rushed through my brain, but I could think of nothing feasible. I remembered bills still unpaid at home, yet it made me wretched to think I couldn't help in this instance. I felt inclined to blame Providence for allowing such things to be.

These thoughts brought me to the house door. Letting myself in with the latch-key, I ran up to the drawing-room to join my mother. I found her entertaining an old friend of ours, a gentleman from England. I was much pleased to see him again, and we were soon recalling mutual friends and pleasant afternoons spent together some years previously. But when I have something on my mind, out it must come. Before long I was relating the history of the poor family I had been to see that morning. The strength of my feelings must have made me eloquent; for mother kept wiping her spectacles, and my friend's indignation and sympathy were so great that I almost regretted having spoken. He, like me, was one of the toilers in the world, and could not afford to be generous. We then spoke of other things. My friend was to spend a fortnight in Paris (a well-earned holiday), and we agreed to have some of our old reunions over again.

The next morning, when I came down to the *petit déjeuner*, I found a letter on my plate. The address was in my friend's handwriting. Two bank notes fell out as I opened the envelope, and I read the following lines:

"DEAR M——: I had put the enclosed sum by, intending to enjoy myself in Paris; but I have come to the conclusion that it will be much more usefully employed in helping the poor family you spoke of. When you get this I shall be on my way back to London," etc.

I had to read the letter twice over before I could grasp its full meaning. My friend to lose his holiday,—he who had worked so hard to earn it! And yet how proud I felt at having such a friend! For truly it was a noble deed.

Much as I should have liked to set forth at once to carry the good news to my *protégée*, it was past five o'clock when I was at last free and on my way to the distant quarter where she lived. The same chubby boy opened at my knock; and although, on inquiry, I found that the mother was out, I was told she would be in *tout à l'heure*. Pierre ran out into the street to see if mamma was coming, while I sat on the one chair the room possessed, considering the small statue of the Blessed Virgin of which the poor woman had spoken. On the table in front of it stood a small object, which I made out to be Pierre's money box. This gave me a sudden inspiration: why should I not play Providence? In a minute the two hundred francs were lying in the money box, and I was speeding down the steps, inwardly regretting the thoughts against Providence which I had entertained when I last descended the stairs.

The evening was far advanced, and I was trying to paint by the last rays of the setting sun, when my model's poor woman was ushered into the studio. Her radiant face told its own tale.

"How can I ever thank you, Made-moiselle!" she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "You have saved us from ruin."

It was with difficulty I explained that I had done nothing, and that it was

my friend who had sent her the two hundred francs.

"When did you open the box?" I inquired.

"This evening. I will tell you all from the beginning. I had come home after a fruitless search for work, my heart as heavy as lead. I knew the time the landlord had allowed us was up, and we had not got the money. 'Come, Pierre,' I said, 'we will say the novena. Our only hope is in Mary.' Together we knelt, and I prayed as I had never prayed before. As we rose from our knees, Pierre pulled me by the sleeve. 'Mamma, you have not opened the money box,' he whispered. To please the child, I pressed the spring, and out peeped something blue: one bank note and then another—two hundred francs! Snatching up my shawl, I rushed down stairs, out into the street, entered the landlord's room breathless, and placed the money triumphantly on the table. To tell the truth, he was very kind; he even promised to find work for my husband. So you see, Mademoiselle," she concluded, "all our troubles are over; and, if you will excuse me, I will return home and tell the good news to my husband. Poor man—"

"By all means hurry home and tell the good news," I interrupted, as I saw another flow of thanks coming.

Daylight was almost gone when the door closed on my visitor. Diana's bust loomed in ghostly fashion from the remote corner where it stood, and the last rays of the setting sun had long since vanished behind the housetops. But I noticed none of these things, for my spirit was elsewhere: it had followed the mother into the room, with its scanty furniture. I could see as though I had been present the father's joy when he heard the good news, and little Pierre dancing round on his chubby legs, crying out in his childish treble: "I told you so! I told you that the Sainte Vierge would come to our help!"

A Non-Catholic on the Influence of the Catholic School.

AN appreciation of the blessed influence of Catholic elementary schools that might have been written by one of ourselves—though a Catholic would, of course, write with fuller understanding and express himself somewhat differently—appears in a series of articles contributed to the *Westminster Gazette* by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, a well-known English author and journalist. According to this gentleman, "the real source of the Church's power lies in that pitiful and considerate attention to the Christian soul in all the great and small events of life, so that the soul is never lonely, never unprotected or abandoned." He thus describes the schools which the political party supported by the paper for which he writes has been doing its best to destroy:

As you pass within Catholic walls from the common streets, you may understand the curious surprise with which a Greek of the second century, or a savage worshiper of Thor, came upon some early Christian home in the midst of a cultured city or haunted wilderness. There at last he found a peculiar peace, a confident serenity, an almost womanly consideration for the wants and weaknesses of mankind. He perceived that from the hour of birth to its final departure upon the long but hopeful journey to God, the Christian soul was comforted and encouraged by words and ceremonies of a plain and beautiful symbolism. A guard had been set at every gate by which the unseen powers of covetousness, presumption, sloth, and despair might break in and assault the human spirit. To every phase of common life a kindly sympathy was extended, and to the very uttermost the living soul was never excluded from the hope of victory in the long spiritual contest of existence.

It is the same in the Catholic school. From morning till evening the children are surrounded by the plain and beautiful symbolism of protecting and merciful powers. The crucifix hangs upon the wall; the Virgin, with flowers round her feet, watches them like a mother more beautiful and considerate than their own. Three times a day their prayers go up, and three times a day they are instructed in the definite teachings of the Church, so reasonable and satisfying that I think

everyone would wish them to be true. When you see the children beat their breasts at the words "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault"; when you hear them repeat the "Hail Mary," and remember that the first part of it was made by the Angel Gabriel, and the second by the Church so long ago; when you hear them instructed that the oppression of the poor is one of the four sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance,—it is not difficult to understand why the ancient Church has maintained its hold upon humanity, and in most European lands always continues to be the Church of the poor. For the poor do not reason more than other people, but they suffer more. . . .

In the Catechism, which is the base of the teaching, the children are given not only the doctrines of sin and prayer and forgiveness: they are given a rule of life and a form of daily exercise. They are taught, for instance, not only that the Sacrament of Matrimony gives a special grace to enable those who enter into it to bear the difficulties of their state, but that it is their duty after their night prayers to observe due modesty in going to bed, and to begin the day by making the Sign of the Cross and saying some short prayer, such as "O my God, I offer my heart and soul to Thee!" Thus the child passes on into life, believing himself to be attended by powers and defenders which most children, I think, would like to have with them, and many grown-up people too.

Thus does an outsider write. And yet Catholic persons are to be found who oppose our parochial schools, and harshly criticise them for imperfect equipment, inferior methods, etc. But, happily, all grounds for reasonable fault-finding are fast being removed; and the time is evidently approaching when the great good influence exerted by Catholic elementary schools will be generally recognized, and the justice of giving them municipal aid will be substantially acknowledged.

The Monks of Mt. Athos.

A lady in society, speaking to a traveller who had visited the famous Mt. Athos, remarked: "I suppose the monks lead very idle and useless lives,—like all other monks."—"Yes, Madam," was the unexpected reply, "they only work and pray."

Notes and Remarks.

In an address before the Children's Betterment League of Milwaukee, a week or two ago, Judge T. D. Hurley attributed much juvenile criminality to "gadding" mothers,—mothers who, instead of remaining at home and caring for their families, are in constant quest of diversion among neighbors and friends. The effect of such neglect upon children in all large cities is best known to the police. The following entries are gleaned from the diary of an officer who has been "on the force" for many years; they are dated Oct. 30, 1906:

Took home a boy last night who was very drunk. Mother absent attending a meeting of the Mothers' Club. Many people wonder why so many boys turn criminals and so many girls go to the bad nowadays. *I don't.*

More saloon-keepers up this morning for selling liquor to children and keeping open after hours. No mothers present to give evidence. Two horrible cases in court to-day. Any number of women on hand, among them some Catholics, whom I recognized. Familiarity with crime accounts for the increase of it, to my mind.

There are other entries in the officer's diary which would be a revelation to most of our readers. The wonder is that a man who has seen so much of the seamy side of life can still have so much faith in human nature as this good man gives evidence of possessing. He is a lover of children, and it was in their interests that he wrote to us.

It is very pleasant to hear that two seminarians from the Philippine Islands, the first to arrive in this country, are now pursuing their studies in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. As soon as the great need of more native priests in the Islands was made known, the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, with characteristic zeal and generosity, wrote to the Apostolic Delegate at Manila, offering to receive into his seminary three students ready for

philosophy, and to bear all their expenses until the completion of their ecclesiastical course; promising, furthermore, to do the same for a larger number on the completion of the hall of theology, soon to be added to the magnificent seminary buildings. One of many superb examples of disinterested zeal and large-hearted charity on the part of the venerable Bishop of Rochester.

The joy of Mgr. Agius over the prospect of seeing, in the near future, Filipino-American priests at work in the Islands is unbounded, and he is full of gratitude to Bishop McQuaid for inaugurating a movement the immense importance of which should be realized by American Catholics. His Excellency states that the moral effect of the Bishop's action on the Filipinos is excellent, adding: "May God reward his charity to this struggling Church in time of its distress!" Next year a competition is to be opened in the various seminaries of the Islands for the purpose of selecting the best subjects to send to American seminaries. It is expected that the number will be large, and no doubt is entertained that the Catholics of this country will contribute generously to defray the incurred expense, whatever it may be.

Apropos of the Indian Question, which recent events on some of our reservations remind us is always with us, there is special interest in the following paragraph from *Ridgway's*:

Will the lively American intellect kindly address itself to the problem contained in the following description? A village without a pauper, without an illiterate person, with an exhaustive school and church attendance, with its thrifty and successful industries owned and controlled within its borders, with a high-class musical organization made up entirely of its own inhabitants, and without any lawless or disorderly element. Query: Where is it? One might search long amongst the dominant race of America to

find any such Utopian settlement. It is doubtful if the most ordered civilization of Europe could display it. The more wonder that it should be located in Alaska. Its name is Metlakatlah, and the happy villagers are Indians. Fifty years ago they were cannibals, as debased, blood-thirsty and cruel a tribe as any on the Continent. There came to them a wise and gentle priest, Father Duncan. He gave his life to the task of teaching the Indians to adapt themselves to the new civilization. And he did it by making and keeping them self-dependent and self-respecting; by guarding them from the association, the aid, and the influence of the whites. Under him they worked out their own salvation.

Readers conversant with the havoc played among the aborigines of this country by their contact with the white man and the white man's "fire-water," will particularly admire Father Duncan's prudence in guarding them from what is called "Anglo-Saxon civilization."

Father Bernard Vaughan's denunciation of present-day evils are not confined to the misdoings of the so-called "Smart Set." He made a vigorous speech the other day at the Mansion House, in support of a resolution favoring the preservation of Sunday as the one day of rest in seven. About 80 per cent, he declared, of the population of London went to no place of worship on Sunday; and he believed if children and those who went twice were eliminated, it would be found that only about 10 per cent went to church. There was a feverish unrest on Sunday,—everybody who was anybody at all had to go somewhere on Sunday. He made no complaint of people going into the country on Sunday, but of their turning Sunday into a day of busy unrest. Professional and business men needed their week-ends in the country, and he was glad to see them go; but it was not a case of going to a church in the country instead of a church in the town—it was going to church nowhere. Within a mile of where he stood, sixty churches

had been pulled down, and still there were too many. There was no space anywhere except in the churches; it was a disgrace to the great British Empire.

While the percentage of non-attendants at churches in this country is possibly somewhat less than Father Vaughan declares to be the case in London—though we are not at all sure that it is,—one thing is certain: the “Lord’s Day,” as a synonym for Sunday, has of recent years, even in the United States, lost much of its appropriateness. It is very generally acknowledged that, so far as the male population is concerned, Catholic men are much better church-goers than their Protestant neighbors; but altogether too many Catholics also, women as well as men, be it said, are unduly given to dispensing themselves from attendance at Mass on Sundays and holydays.

The death of Samuel J. Kitson leaves a genuine void in the ranks of American sculptors of distinction, and more especially in the ranks of Catholic notabilities in the plastic art. We speak of him as an American because, although born in England, where he studied during his youth, and a resident of Rome for a dozen years, it was in this country that he spent the last twenty-two years of his life, and here that the great bulk of his artistic achievement was created. Among examples of his best work may be mentioned his marble life-sized “David,” exhibited a quarter of a century ago in the Royal Academy; his statues “Christ, the Light of the World,” and “Our Lady of Lourdes”; and a bronze bust of Dr. Brownson. Since his conversion to the Faith in 1889, Mr. Kitson has executed many commissions for various Catholic societies throughout the country. His latest work of importance was done for the Iselin Memorial Chapel. As gentle and kindly in his personality as

he was eminent in his art, the deceased sculptor won the esteem and love of many an associate and neighbor, all of whom, we feel sure, will offer an earnest prayer for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

The average reader, we think, will find wisdom in the following bit of autobiography contributed to the *New York Sun* by an anonymous writer, hailing from Elizabeth, N. J. That the pot of gold is behind the rainbow, and nowhere else, for the great majority of persons, even in this great country of ours, there can be no question; and this good-natured attempt to convince them of the fact, it seems to us, ought to meet with some measure of success:

If some of the doctrinaires who are wasting good time, paper and ink in boosting Socialism or any other “ism” would only tell us how to keep what we get in this world, let alone increase it twofold, it would do more good to mankind generally than the vain things they imagine would happen if their recipes were followed.

I have had considerable money in the past, and lost it all in trying to keep it, and some of it in trying to increase it. I have none now,—not through bad habits of any kind or through misfortune: it has disappeared simply because I had no financial ability, or the second-sight possessed by those who make fortunes with a fraction of the opportunities which I have had but did not know enough to take advantage of.

It took a great many years of my life to convince me of this fact; and now, at past three-score and ten, I am satisfied that if I had the fee simple of a gold mine, some other fellow would have the gold in the sequel, while I would have only the mine. I do not waste any time in vain regrets over this state of things, because I am satisfied that the cause of it was born with me, and can not be eradicated by embracing any “new idea” that may come up. It is as certain as sunrise that if all the money in the world were divided equally per capita, in a given time the men who are wealthy now would be wealthier in the general round-up.

What is the use of talking about the producer’s share of the proceeds of his labor? The producer is able to work, certainly,—but that is all he can do; keeping what he gets is an entirely different thing. Men are born money wise; if

they are not, it slips through their hands like quicksilver, without any fault or remissness—moral remissness—of their own. The average man in this world toils from sun to sun to get his bread, and that is all. "For what hath man for all his labor and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun?" saith Ecclesiasticus, the preacher. Even in that ancient day the conditions seem to have been the same as they are now.

This is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, for men will still race for the dollar they shall not grasp until time shall be no more. Let them solace themselves with Socialism, if that is any balm; and build temples to it, the eventual tenants of which shall be the owl and the bat, wiser in their day and generation than they.

The wish is evidently father to the thought in the industrious correspondents who persist in attributing anti-clerical sentiments to Spain's young monarch, King Alfonso. Just how ridiculous is such a charge appears from what took place only a week or two ago at the Vatican. The Marquis Ojeda, the new Spanish Ambassador, in presenting his credentials to the Holy Father, said that the King had instructed him to be the interpreter of his sincere and constant filial attachment to the holy person of the Pope; and his Holiness in replying expressed his gratitude to and affection for "a King who was Catholic not only in name but in deed." That an "anti-clerical" would thus be spoken of by the Sovereign Pontiff himself is absurd on the face of it.

Prefacing his intensely interesting story of "The Christian Family Life in Pre-Reformation Days," a paper read at the recent Catholic Truth Conference at Brighton, and published in full in the *Catholic World*, Abbot Gasquet devoted a few minutes to the general question of family life. Emphasizing the importance of parental influence, he said:

The child is, for the most part, the creation of its surroundings; and no amount of schooling

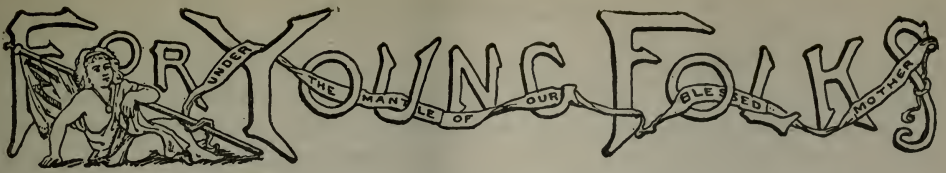
in the best of "atmospheres," or of religious instruction from the most capable of teachers, can supply the influences which are lacking in the home life. On parents rest the responsibility—a heavy responsibility, of which they can not divest themselves—of training their offspring in habits of virtue; of seeing, for example, that they say their prayers, attend church and the sacraments, and, as their minds expand, are properly instructed in their duty to God and their fellowmen.

The scholarly Benedictine is evidently no apologist of the educational fads which apparently exist in England as well as on this side of the Atlantic. "The State regulations for secular education claim children almost before they can crawl, and gratuitously instruct them in all manner of subjects; some no doubt useful, but many more wholly unnecessary, if they are not positively harmful."

One result of absence from the parental mind of responsibility for education is the correlative absence of "the sense of duty to the religious obligations incumbent on every parent in regard to the soul of his child." As Dom Gasquet puts it, "the priest has to go on trying to fulfil many of the responsibilities of parents, in spite of the danger that the child as it grows in age and knowledge may come to look upon all this religious training as a mere detail of school work, from which age emancipates it,—a disaster which will be all the more certain if the religious lessons given it are not constantly enforced by the example of its parents in the home life, and by their obedience to the practical obligations of religion."

These are considerations that well merit the serious meditation of all Catholic fathers and mothers. Parents owe their offspring a religious education that comprises both word and example, and vainly will they strive to shift to the shoulders of others responsibility placed by God upon their own.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



At the End of the Rainbow.

MICHAEL and Minnie sat at the prow of the fishing boat which had been their father's, gazing idly into the cove. The sea was very still. It had been a hot day, with not a breath of wind ruffling the surface of the water, which softly lapped the shore. It was low tide, and the beach almost deserted.

"It is a pretty good boat," said Michael, regarding the newly painted craft.

"Yes, it is," replied Minnie. "Tom Rafter likes it better than his own."

"Why doesn't he pay us more rent for it, then?" asked Michael.

"Probably because he can't afford it," answered Minnie. "He is a poor man, brother,—poor like ourselves."

"Yes, that is true. But the rent of it is all we have now. And mother is sick: she can't sew."

"When the scientific man goes, the room will be vacant," said Minnie. "But we may get some one else."

"I hope we may. It isn't a very good time of the year, though."

An elderly gentleman now came strolling toward them. He was tall and thin, with stooping shoulders and a kind, benevolent face. He walked with his hands behind his back, his eyes on the wet sand.

"Well, children," he said, seating himself on the side of the boat, "I am going to-morrow."

"We are very sorry," replied Minnie. "You have been such good company—and," she continued frankly, after a slight pause, "such good pay."

"I wish there was some one to step into my place," said the gentleman. "I

feel very sorry for your poor mother. She will hardly be able to work much until summer, will she?"

"No, sir," rejoined Minnie. "All we have is what Michael earns helping the fishermen, and the rent of father's boat; and sometimes we catch a few fish ourselves and take them to the cliffs to sell to the cottagers."

"Hard lines," said the gentleman, thoughtfully,—“hard lines.”

"The people over at the cliffs say they're tired of fish," said Michael. "They're city folks, and used to all kinds of fine eating," continued the boy. "What they'd like mostly is vegetables. The man comes over from Parsonville only once a week."

"Why don't the villagers raise some around here?"

"They say they can't. The ground is too alkali," replied Michael.

"Too alkaline, Michael," corrected their lodger.

"Yes, sir, that's the word."

"And, then, they have no time, if it was good," added Minnie. "You see, Mr. Smith, there is so much fish caught here that it takes all the men's time. They ship most of it to the city, and get good prices for it."

"Yes, I see."

For some time the three sat quietly on the edge of the boat, watching the water. Suddenly the day changed,—clouds began to scud across the sky, a cold wind blew, the sun disappeared.

"Storm in the mountains!" said Michael, glancing up at the bank of dark clouds skirting San Felipe.

It began to rain; the drops fell quite heavily for a few moments, breaking into a driving shower. Then the sun came out again, in the midst of the rain. The heavy clouds scattered.

"Ah, there is a rainbow!" exclaimed Mr. Smith.

"How lovely it looks spanning the ocean!" remarked Minnie.

"I never see one that I do not think of the 'Pot of Gold,'" said Mr. Smith.

"What is that?" asked Minnie.

"Surely you have heard the legend?"

"No, we never have," said Michael.

"Well, there is an old superstition, common to the folklore of all nations, concerning the rainbow. It is this: if one can follow the rainbow to the end of the arch, he will find a pot of gold buried there. Of course it needn't be said that by the time the end of the arch was reached, the bow would have disappeared."

"How lovely if it were true!" said Minnie, clasping her hands.

"Yes, indeed, it would be—for us, especially, who have so little money and don't know how to get any more," added her brother.

As she spoke the rainbow faded away. The three rose and walked slowly homeward.

That night, about eight o'clock, Minnie came out from the cottage for a breath of fresh air. Her mother had fallen asleep. Michael followed his sister.

"My, what a dense fog!" cried the girl. "But I like it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! It's fine."

As they stood, the fog began to roll upward toward the hills; the moon, struggling to pierce it, showed a pallid light. They could discern a giant figure approaching through the misty haze. It dwindled in size as it came nearer. It was Mr. Smith, wrapped to the ears in his long, thick overcoat.

"A bracer, this!" he said, standing beside them. "Look, children, just above the cliff! A lunar rainbow. Did you ever see one before?"

They never had. It was strange and interesting. The colors were very faint, but beautiful, seen as through

a falling mist. One end of the bow seemed to rest on Hippopotamus Rock, a mile distant, while the other dipped into the sea in front of them. And from this, owing to the refraction of the rays in the moonlight, shadowy waves of light seemed to issue, hovering over the shore, and resting almost at the feet of the three spectators.

"One would not have far to dig for the Pot of Gold here," said Minnie.

"Only to stoop over," replied Michael.

"I am going to mark the spot," rejoined his sister, picking up two small stones and depositing them, one on top of the other, where the end of the rainbow appeared to touch the ground. Then they went in.

Minnie was only twelve years old, but mature for her age; Michael was fourteen, and equally mature. Their parents had once been in good circumstances, but reverses had come. The father had fallen into ill health, and finally was ordered to a milder climate. Always fond of the sea, and of boating and fishing, the only means of subsistence open to him was that of a fisherman. But health did not return. He had been dead a year, and now the mother, who had contributed to the support of the little family by her needle, had been confined to her chair with rheumatism several months. The cottage belonged to her, but the poor woman feared she might not be able to retain it.

The next morning Minnie got up very early. Mr. Smith found her digging with a spade in front of the house, when he came out, valise in hand, ready to start.

"What are you doing, Minnie?" he inquired.

She looked up a little shamefacedly.

"I guess I was looking for the Pot of Gold," she responded.

"Well, I should not be surprised if you had found it," said Mr. Smith.

"Where?" asked the child, in surprise.

"This is rich black loam," he replied, bending over and taking some of it in his hand. "Alkaline on the surface, but underneath fine for gardening purposes. How much ground have you here?"

"An acre and a half," said Minnie.

"Very well. If you and Michael are energetic, you can have this ground plowed and harrowed, and you can plant all kinds of vegetables. They will be a bonanza for you here, where none are grown."

Minnie's eyes brightened.

"Oh, that would be fine!" she said.

"I will send you a couple of books from the city as soon as I get there," rejoined Mr. Smith. "Then you can take my advice or not, as you please. But it would be well for you to consider it. I feel confident you have found the Pot of Gold lying close to your hand."

Michael now made his appearance, and was delighted at Mr. Smith's suggestion. The mother also thought the idea a good one. True to his promise, their late lodger sent them two useful books on the subject of gardening. Following accurately the directions given in the treatises, they soon had a flourishing garden. They planted their crops in rotation, and everything seemed to thrive. Rows of lettuce and young onions, turnips and carrots, cabbage and parsnips, cucumbers and tomatoes, soon began to repay them for their labor. They even raised a little corn; and the garden fences gave the needed support to the rows of beans and peas, for which they received good prices from the cottagers all summer long. And there never were better muskmelons than those Michael raised in the sandy loam at the back portion of the lot.

The next year they rented some waste ground behind their own, and the services of an old man were engaged as an assistant. The mother recovered her health, the children preserved theirs; Michael owns a part interest in the

fishing business of the quaint seaside hamlet. And neither of them ever sees a rainbow without thanking the kind Providence that inspired Minnie to dig for the Pot of Gold. And their gratitude is extended to Mr. Smith, who comes to spend his vacation every year in the happy little household. But so far they have never seen another lunar rainbow.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

VIII.

"Happy" was so grateful to Charlotte that he hovered around her and Stephen whenever his duties as fisherman's boy did not keep him out with the boats, or cleaning the fish on a rock near the shore, which the boy called his "shop," as people were accustomed to go there and purchase whenever the boats came in with a "haul." By way of acknowledgment of what Charlotte had done in his behalf, he was very desirous of taking her and Stephen to row; but had had no opportunity as yet, the boats being usually occupied when he was at leisure.

Stephen had never been rowing; his mother had forbidden sailing, fearing sudden squalls, which no amount of assurance could convince her never happened on this coast. She thought it a great concession, as indeed it was, to allow him to bathe, and it showed what dependence she placed upon Charlotte when she entrusted him to her care. It is doubtful if, after what had occurred, Mrs. Lawson would have permitted Stephen to go rowing with Happy, had she been aware that such a thing was in contemplation. It was with no desire to conceal it from her that neither Stephen nor Charlotte mentioned the proposal to her; they simply did not think of it.

One morning Happy came running

to meet them as they alighted from the phaeton.

"Miss Charlotte," he cried, "guess what! I can have the glass-bottomed boat to-day,—that is, the old one. They're takin' out the new one for the first time this mornin', and Stump said I might have the other."

"The glass-bottomed boat!" said Stephen. "Why do they have a glass bottom?"

"So's you can see the fishes and sea plants growin' in the water," replied Happy. "It makes some people sick to look down that way, but others enjoy it."

"Isn't that fine!" exclaimed Stephen, with a sigh. "I wish I could see them!"

"So do I," said Happy. "But we'll describe them to you; won't we, Miss Charlotte?"

"Are you sure you know how to manage the boat alone, Happy?" asked Charlotte.

"Manage it!" echoed Happy. "Why, I've been out dozens of times in it!"

"Alone?"

"Well, not exactly alone. Jim goes, nearly always; but I've been *all* alone two or three times. I just went for fun."

"Isn't it heavy?" inquired Charlotte.

"That little boat? No, Miss. Do come out! We'll row round to the coves—no, we'll just drift round; for the tide is medium, and it flows that way. It won't take us five minutes to get back from there when we want to come. I'm sure I can do *that* much rowing; I've done lots more."

"He's all right, Miss," said the bath-house keeper, who was standing by. "Happy knows how to row very well. He often goes out to the launch with the small boats."

"If you say it is safe, we will go," said Charlotte. "I used to row myself when I was a little girl, but I suppose I've forgotten all about it."

Happy ran down to the beach and unfastened the boat. It was a squatty

affair, short and broad, with a flat bottom. As they were about to step in, two young women who had been sitting on the beach came forward.

"I guess we'll go along," said one of them, preparing to get into the boat.

"This here's a private party," said Happy. "You better wait till the other boat gets back; it's bigger and better than this."

"We don't propose to wait," said the other. "We couldn't go yesterday, because the boat wasn't ready, and this morning it was full when we came down. The man up there said we could go out with this party. We're going back on the two-o'clock train this afternoon, and won't have another chance. Come, Bessie!"

"Well," said Happy, "if he said so, you must go, I s'pose."

"It doesn't make a bit of difference, Happy," observed Charlotte, carefully leading Stephen to his seat. "There is plenty of room."

"It's a quarter each," said Happy.

The woman put a half dollar in his hand.

"Oh, I'm afraid!" cried Bessie, as her foot touched the glass floor. "It rocks and it's slippery."

"Don't be silly," said her friend, who was both large and heavy. "I only hope we won't overweight it."

"Oh, no!" said Happy. "I've seen eight in it."

"Far too many," rejoined Bessie, trying to steady herself by holding on to the seat, as the boat glided into the water; and Happy jumped in at the stern.

Charlotte saw the bath-house man making signs from the porch of the pavilion. She thought he was signalling good-bye, and waved her handkerchief in return. Happy, who had his back turned, did not observe him. Soon the man ran down to the beach with a pair of oars and shouted, but none of the party noticed him.

All went well at first. Happy seemed to have an easy task, as they were going with the tide. Charlotte began to explain the beauties of the ocean beneath them as seen through the glass floor of the boat. Stephen listened eagerly, asking many questions. The young women would utter occasional screams of delight or apprehension as some new wonder of the sea came into view, or the boat mounted the crest of a small wave. They were seated behind Charlotte and Stephen, and in a pause of explanation Charlotte heard one of them say to the other in a very loud whisper:

"It's dreadful to be blind, isn't it? But he seems cheerful."

Stephen smiled; he had heard her.

"Yes," replied her friend.

"And she's awfully kind to him, isn't she? Wonder if she's his sister?"

"She? No: couldn't be."

"They don't look much alike,—that's sure."

"Look alike! Why, he's a pretty boy; and she's the ugliest—well, she's the ugliest—"

Charlotte turned, and looked at her pleadingly. Stephen's cheeks were very red. The girls were abashed; they cast down their eyes. Stephen's were full of tears. He pressed closer to Charlotte and whispered:

"If their faces are like their voices, how dreadful they must be!"

Charlotte could not help smiling.

"They are not beautiful," she replied in the same tone; "but they are not ugly either."

"They *must* be!" declared the boy. "I wish they had not come. But you don't mind them, do you, Charlotte, or what they said?"

"Not at all," was the cheerful reply. "Let me tell you some more."

They had almost reached the coves, their destination, when one of Happy's oars broke with a loud snap. One of the young women screamed, as the

boat lurched to one side; the other leaned forward and asked:

"Is there any danger,—tell me, boy, is there any danger? There's not a soul in sight here: no one to help us if we should keel over. Turn about, boy,—turn about, I say!"

"There's no danger, if you keep still," said Happy, quite composed in voice, though he was not so in reality. He made no effort to turn,—he could not with one oar, and the women continued in an excited manner:

"Look, we're drifting! What are you going to do?"

"I can manage all right with one oar till we come to that flat rock," said Happy. "Then I'll land you all, and we'll have to go back by the beach."

They had almost reached the flat rock when the other oar snapped, leaving them helpless.

"What you going to do now?" cried Bessie, standing up.

"You sit down!" shouted the boy. "You'll upset us, and the water round here is fearfully deep. Sit down!"

Charlotte and Stephen now became frightened. The boy clung to his young protector; and, though fearful of what lay in wait for them, she began to reassure him. They were in a dangerous spot, she knew. Rocks surrounded them on every side; for the boat was drifting with the strong current, which, fortunately, flowed toward the large flat rock which it was Happy's aim to reach. Charlotte thought this fool-hardy; but said nothing, as she had no suggestion to offer. She began to wonder if their companions could swim, whether Happy could succeed in extricating himself from the current if the boat should upset, whether she could keep herself afloat in her ordinary clothing, and draw Stephen ashore. She began to pray, not audibly but very fervently.

Suddenly a great wave loomed up behind them, giving a powerful impetus

to the boat; and Happy, with a quickness of thought worthy of an older head, seized a rope with a loose knot which lay under his feet, and, skilfully casting it ahead of him, succeeded in throwing it over the end of a log providentially turned upward, like a capstan, for their salvation. The other end of the rope was wound tightly about a small keg in the bottom of the boat, weighted with stones for anchorage.

"We're all right!" the boy shouted gaily, giving one hand to Bessie, who clambered out as quickly as she could.

"I'm afraid,—I'm afraid!" said her companion. "Let the girl and boy go first."

Charlotte and Stephen were safely landed in a moment, but the timid woman still hesitated.

"The boat's rocking! I'm afraid I'll fall in!" she wailed.

"Come on, before another wave gets here!" cried Happy, with one foot on the rock and the other on the edge of the boat.

But the woman lurched backward, the boat tipped also, and the next moment she was in the water. She had presence of mind, however, to cling to the side with one hand, while Charlotte, Happy, and the other woman dragged her to the rock.

Persons on the hillside had seen the occurrence, and hastened down to the rescue. The women began to reproach Happy; but he declared it was not his fault, and justly.

"I had a pair of broken oars," he said. "They were cracked when I took 'em."

"Why did you take them, then?" asked Bessie, wringing out her skirts.

"I didn't know they were cracked."

"Oh, yes, it's easy to say that! They oughtn't to let a boy of your size go out with folks. It's tempting Providence."

"You oughtn't to have come, then," said Happy. "You knew I was a little boy when you got into the boat, just

the same as you do now. We all ought to be mighty glad we're safe."

The keeper of the bath house now made his appearance.

"Happy," he said, "I was afraid something would happen. After you'd gone, I saw that you had taken a pair of mended oars, and ran down to the beach; but you didn't catch my eye. It's well enough that you got back."

"I prayed; didn't you, Charlotte?" whispered Stephen.

"Indeed I did," was the reply. "All I wanted was that you should get home again to your mother; I didn't care for myself at all."

"Dear, good Charlotte!" said the boy, pressing her hand. "I'm afraid after this, though, that mother will not let me come to the beach at all."

"Oh, yes, she will!" replied Charlotte. "We'll coax her if she objects."

The women were now taken in charge by some kindly cottagers. Charlotte felt relieved when she saw them go.

After the excitement was over, Happy became very despondent. He feared he had lost the confidence of his friends. But they soon reassured him; and, after he had seen them safely in the phaeton, he ran home to his mother, fearing that some one might have already borne her disagreeable news.

(To be continued.)

The Sign of the Rose.

For the benefit of those travellers who could not read, it was formerly the custom to have the name of an inn, or tavern, indicated by a picture painted upon a sign in front of the building. Before the Rose Tavern in the quaint Moravian town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, there was upon the sign-board a single red rose. The property upon which the tavern stood was leased from William Penn, who asked as his annual rental, just one red rose.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The discriminating taste which has uniformly marked the "Educational Briefs" issued by Father McDevitt, superintendent of Philadelphia's parish schools, is again evidenced in No. 16 of the series, "Cloistral Schools," by the late Brother Azarias. The typographical neatness of the pamphlet harmonizes well with the excellence of its subject matter.

—The excellent article on Freemasonry which Father Hull, S. J., recently contributed to his paper, the *Examiner*, of Bombay, and reference to which was made in our pages a few weeks ago, now appears in pamphlet form with the title "What about Freemasonry?" It should have a wide circulation in all English-speaking countries.

—"The Golden Fleece" is the latest addition to the Eclectic Reading Series (American Book Co.), and the author, Mr. James Baldwin, has told the story of Jason and his adventures most effectively. It is indeed true that the old Greek tales breathe of the sea; and this narration of olden times, when men followed unknown ocean paths, must awaken a love for the great, the mysterious deep.

—The Dolphin Press announces the early publication of a critical edition of the "Golden Sayings" of Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi, newly translated out of the Latin by Father Paschal Robinson, whose translation of the "Writings of St. Francis" is, perhaps, the most important contribution to the English literature that has grown up around the sweet name of the Poverello.

—A new publication, especially useful to the clergy, is *Roman Documents and Decrees*, a collection of Apostolic Letters, Encyclicals, etc., and decrees of the various Roman Congregations. It is to be issued quarterly under the editorship of the Rev. David Dunford, of the Archdiocese of Westminster; and published by R. & T. Washbourne. The initial number contains the documents of July, August and September of the current year.

—At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Ithaca, N. Y., in June last, Dr. J. Pease Norton, of Yale University, read a very suggestive paper in which he made a strong plea for a federal ministry of health. This valuable contribution to economics is now issued in pamphlet form, under the somewhat cumbersome title, "The Economic Advisability of Inaugurating a National Department of Health." The purpose of the department suggested by Prof. Norton would be to take all

measures calculated, in the judgment of experts to decrease preventable deaths, to decrease sickness, and to increase the physical and mental efficiency of citizens.

—In view of the highly-colored religious news that has of late been coming from Spain, it is worth while reproducing here, from the London *Catholic Weekly*, this characterization of some leading journals in that country:

In the case of Spanish religious affairs, it should be noted that the *Correspondencia de Espana*, the *Imparcial*, and the *Heraldo* are all more or less hostile to the Church, although, of course, claiming to be Catholic. They are generally supposed to be under Masonic influence. The two last-named journals lead the van of anticlerical attack upon the episcopate and religious Orders in the present threatening religious conflict in Spain. The *Evangelio* is a fourth-rate Republican sheet, and also anti-Catholic.

—From Longmans, Green & Co. we have received a slender volumé, "The Master Touch," by W. Q. Scarcely longer than some of the current "short stories," the narrative is a charming little idyl of thirteenth century faith and piety. The tale deals with the fortunes of an apprentice engaged upon the carved stone-work of the Abbey church of St. Mary-in-the-Meadows,—a simple soul, exceptionally favored by his Divine Lord and by Our Lady as well. The atmosphere of the far-away period is admirably reproduced, and the book will please all lovers of the childlike naïveté that characterized the faithful in the olden times.

—The present Lord Acton, in a letter to the London *Times*, announces the publication, "after a definite period," of his father's letters to Dr. Döllinger. These letters, he thinks, will more clearly explain the writer's position than the correspondence which has so far appeared. There is much between the lines of Baron Acton's communication, but the following statements call for no qualification:

That in the ardor of his early days he [Lord Acton] was too prone to identify deeds with men and men with institutions, he would have been the last to deny. In the last year of his life, when he was stricken by illness, and during what was almost our last conversation, he solemnly adjured me not to rash judge others as he had done, but to take care to make allowance for human weakness. And I was present at his farewell meeting with Cardinal Newman, the most moving scene I have ever witnessed.

He himself [Lord Acton] would have best wished to live by the words: "In politics as in science the Church need not seek her own ends. She will obtain them if she encourages the pursuit of the ends of science, which are truth, and of the State, which are liberty."

—Benziger Brothers have brought out a second edition of that excellent work, in two volumes, "The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals," by the Very. Rev. Cornelius J. Canon Ryan, D. D. As

an exposition of the passages of Sacred Scripture most frequently explained to the people, the work is exceptionally full and thorough. In addition to an introduction dealing with the Gospels in general and with the scenes of the Gospel history, we have the Greek and Latin texts of the Gospel extracts, the English translation of each extract, the parallel passage or passages found in other Evangelists, a combined narrative of events related by more than one Evangelist, a full explanation of each verse, and, finally, moral reflections suggested by the matter expounded. This bald statement of the contents of the volumes will suggest to the ordinary missionary priest that the work is one which will prove of invaluable assistance in the preparation of his Sunday instructions. A cursory examination of its pages will convince him that Canon Ryan well deserves the appreciative letter in which Cardinal Merry del Val last year conveyed to him the Holy Father's cordial congratulations on the excellence of this explanation of the Evangelical narrative. When the publishers bring out the third edition, it is to be hoped that the volumes will have a more substantial binding than they have given to the present edition. The covers are rather flimsy than stout.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "The Master Touch" W. Q. 40 cts.
 "The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.
 "Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.
 "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.
 "Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.
 "Round the World" 85 cts.
 "The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.
 "Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.
 "The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

- "Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.
 "The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.
 "An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.
 "The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.
 "Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.
 "History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.
 "Sister Mary of the Divine Heart." Religious of the Good Shepherd. The Abbé Louis Chasle. Benziger Brothers. \$1.60, net.
 "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. \$1, net.
 "Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.
 "New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.
 "Humility of Heart." Father Cajetan Mary da Bergamo. \$1.25, net.
 "The Founders of the New Devotion." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Jacob Romelanger, of the diocese of Pittsburg; and Rev. John O'Connor, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Mary Josephine, of the Order of Mt. Carmel; and Sister Mary Joseph, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Samuel Kitson, of New York; Mr. H. H. Hammill, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Henry Heuter and Mr. William Poole, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret McLaughlin, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Duffy, Seatonville, Ill.; Mrs. George Faucher, Ottawa, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Mason, Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Dougherty, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. John McGreevy, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. L. V. Beck, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. James O'Hare, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. Dannemeller, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Daniel McMahon and Mr. W. B. Nolan, Mendota, Ill.; Mrs. Annie Robinson and Mrs. Anna Miller, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Mark O'Reilly and Mrs. Frank Callahan, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. George Patterson, Baltic, Conn.; and Miss Mary Ellwood, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Waiting upon the Master.

He turned and softly said, "Here stand and wait."

TO stand and wait the Master bids His own,
To stand and wait—aye, stand and wait and pray,
And cleave to Him, their strength and surest stay;
For who can stand or who can wait—alone?

To stand in faith, not wavering, 'mid the storm
And deepening gloom, when skies are overcast:
The wildest tempest e'er is soonest past,
On blackest clouds is limned the rainbow's form.

To wait from dawning e'en till close of day,
And murmur not nor pine for promised rest
From pain and labor: these give added zest
To bliss bestowed in God's appointed way.

To pray and faint not,—yea, to pray the more
When shadows thicken and the soul is sad,—
O Light of Light! make Thou our sad hearts glad,
Show forth, on life's dark sea, the eternal shore.

The Second Eve.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

“**W**HOLINESS befits Thy house, O Lord.” These last words of the ninety-second psalm, which is repeated in the Divine Office almost every day of the year, refer in their primary meaning to the temple of God in Jerusalem; but in a higher, mystic sense they are applicable to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For Mary is pre-eminently the house of God. We are all of us indeed God's temples; but in a special and transcendent sense our Blessed Lady is the tabernacle of God with man, the shrine wherein God's

glory dwelt. In the Incarnation, the Divinity wedded itself to our humanity, and this union was accomplished in the womb of Mary Immaculate. To no closer relations with the Infinite Creator could any creature possibly be raised than this relationship of Mother to the Man God. Not by a mere figure or metaphor, not by adoption or any external title, but in literal truth and reality, Mary is Mother of the Incarnate God of heaven and earth, for whom, according to His own word, a body was fitted—*corpus aptasti mihi*—out of her substance, and who drew from her veins that blood which was to wash away the sins of the whole world.

But her own soul, more perfectly than all others, was the first to be bathed in that cleansing tide. As fountains, mindful of their source, will strive to spring upward to the height from which they have come, even thus (says the great Bossuet) the river of the Precious Blood has sent its divine efficacy back to its source, the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Immaculate Conception, therefore, is no limitation set to the conquests of the Precious Blood, but it is its earliest and completest and most glorious triumph. It is no encroachment on the empire bought by the blood of the Lamb that, by promise and acceptance, was slain from the beginning of the world. It is no exception to the universality of Christ's “plenteous redemption”; it is but the first and fairest and richest of the fruits

of that redemption. For the mystery of the Incarnation almost began to be virtually accomplished at the moment of the Immaculate Conception,—the first instant that a human heart was beating which from its earliest throb was unutterably dear to the Son of God as the Heart of His Mother.

From its very first throb. Never for one instant did the serpent triumph over this Second Eve, this true Mother of all the living. Never for one instant was she alien to God and enslaved to sin. God could not suffer that even for a single instant, even for the swiftest lightning flash of time, His all-pure eyes should be offended with the presence of sin of any kind, or any form, in that soul for which He had waited so long, the object of His divine predilection from eternity. No, it beseemed the dignity of such a Son and of such a Mother that from the first instant of her being, the soul of the Blessed Virgin should be enriched and beautified with all graces, and preserved from the original stain by the special privilege of God's omnipotent mercy, through the merits of her Divine Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. "Fear not, Queen Esther: this law of death is not for thee but for all others."

The first feeling that the contemplation of this mystery ought to excite in our hearts is an unselfish joy. We ought to rejoice with God that there is one perfect trophy of His redeeming grace; one utter and absolute triumph over sin and hell; one human soul, in which the Enemy of God may never for one moment have any part so as to be able to boast that the Mother of Our Lord, the Daughter of the Eternal Father, the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, had ever been in any sense his slave; that there should be one soul at least on which the eye of God, for whom there is no past or future, might rest forever with complacency as perfectly pure and spotless.

And for Mary herself, the Queen of Heaven, must not her joy of joys and her glory of glories be this perfect sinlessness, purer than Alpine snows, purer than the stars of night, than the light of day? All others that have gone up from this earth to fill the vacant thrones of heaven have been at some time, in some degree, under the ban of God's displeasure; to her alone has He at all times said: "Thou art all fair, O my beloved, and spot there is not in thee!"

We ourselves, sinners though we be, can perceive dimly from afar how rapturous must be the glory and the ecstasy of this absolute freedom from sin. To have sinned even once is forever to have sinned. God Himself in His almighty mercy can not undo *that*. To have been for even the briefest term under the blight of sin is forever to have been in time past under that deadly blight. God can forgive but He can not forget. Blessed be His mercy and His power, that He has preserved one from the sad need of forgiveness,—one on whom for all eternity He shall be able to look without being (in our human language) *reminded* of bygone miseries, from which only His mercy could have snatched her! To be thus reminded of His mercies serves indeed to endear us poor sinners to Him; but a greater stretch of His mercy saved her who was to be the Mother of His Son from being ever plunged into that horrible sea of ruin wherein all other human creatures are well-nigh lost. For this greater mercy shown to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and for all the other special and singular graces reserved for her, let *our* souls also "magnify the Lord," and let our spirits rejoice with hers in God, her Saviour.

With this joy, however, is there not mingled a certain lurking jealousy, a selfish fear and sadness, as if all these great things which the Almighty has done for His Handmaid raised her

higher and higher above us and removed her farther out of our sight? How can she, the pure and sinless Virgin, look with love and interest on us, who are so sinful? But she can. The tenderest and most compassionate Heart of all is His who is immaculate and impeccable, not by grace only but by nature; and next to the Heart of Jesus the kindest and tenderest and most merciful of hearts is the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

In one of the exquisitely beautiful "Discourses to Mixed Congregations" which was John Henry Newman's first publication after his reception into the Church, these words occur: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this," he asks, "but because she gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing Mother?" Not by the young heart alone are these purifying influences needed. Hearts may remain youthful to the end in many things good as well as evil; and hearts both young and old require to be screened against the glare of temptation, and against the bewitchment of vanity,—screened by the very thought of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by her prayers and patronage, and by the holy moonlight of her smile.

There was a good French boy many years ago, Albert de Dainville, who received as a birthday present a handsomely illustrated volume. His mother and he, turning over the pages, found that many of the pictures were unfit for Christian eyes, and they determined to destroy the book, gorgeous as was its exterior. That night after they had retired to their rooms, the lady heard her son calling her to his bedside. "Those horrid pictures are haunting me still, mother. Sit here beside me and let me hold you by the hand till I fall asleep." Every careful and pious mother like this resembles in her measure the Mother who was bequeathed

to us all from the Cross; and so this simple incident has its counterpart in the life of many a child of Mary. Just in the same manner when assailed by temptations and by evil memories, or by any of the perils of life, we must summon the Blessed Virgin to our aid, imploring her to stay with us and to hold us by the hand, and not to let us part from her till all danger is past; and *that* shall not be till she has watched over us to the end, and we fall asleep in peace, to wake up with joy at the feet of our Immaculate Mother in heaven.

Her Native Air.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

II.

THAT day the Baron was to come for his answer. His brother had recently died in Italy, leaving his affairs in an unsettled condition. He had long resided there, having married a Neapolitan lady of fine family. The Baron, on the eve of setting out for an absence of a month or six weeks, was desirous of knowing his fate.

When she arose that morning, the Countess de Bruange had been very certain of her own mind. But now, three hours later, she was astonished to find it vacillating and undetermined. As she sipped her coffee she mused discontentedly thus:

"What a changeable creature I am! I must really be getting old, or my nerves are out of order. Désirée has quite upset me. I am in no loving mood; the thought of marriage or a suitor disgusts me. I do not wish to be fettered again; I was not made for chains. And yet only yesterday the other side of the picture presented every advantage. What can be the matter with me?"

She had always thought the Baron a handsome man; but this morning, when he presented himself at the appointed hour, she wondered that she ever could have considered him so. His closely-set steel-grey eyes, his insolent mustache, his air of easy assurance, even his irreproachable clothes, repelled her.

"He looks almost bourgeois!" she thought; and then she remembered that she had once heard his grandfather had been a hat-maker, and had bought his title. But that she could scarcely believe,—the name was of the *haute noblesse*.

"Probably it was on his mother's side," she soliloquized. "And that is why he married the fisher girl."

On his part, the Baron was not slow to see that the time was not favorable. The Countess looked pale and *distracte*.

"Are you not well?" he ventured, after she had answered him several times in monosyllables.

"Perfectly well," she replied fretfully. "What *gaucherie*, Baron, to ask such a question! It is no compliment to a woman's looks, I assure you."

"No, no, you mistake me!" he said. "But you seem absent-minded."

"I am homesick," she rejoined.

"Homesick? For what—for where?"

"For Brittany, my native country."

"Since when?"

"Only since this morning. I have not been there since I left it, a bride of seventeen."

"And—you are thinking of going to Brittany?"

"I had not thought of it till you put it in my mind. But now I believe I shall."

"You are not in good spirits," he laughed. "The day is rather gloomy."

"It was often gloomy at my home," replied the Countess. "And the sea,—how pitiless it is there! Yet I loved it long ago. Sometimes I hate—yes, fairly *hate*—your frivolous Paris."

"Frivolous! From the Countess de Bruange!" exclaimed the Baron. "You are surely not in good case, Madame. Paris is your life. Away from it, you would die; and therefore it is that I have determined we shall live here always when we are—"

She interrupted him haughtily.

"You are presumptuous, Baron!" she said. "Nothing has been settled."

"Do not be so changeable, Yvonne," he replied. "Only yesterday you almost promised."

"Yesterday is buried—we are living in to-day," she observed. "And kindly do not call me Yvonne."

"Pardon! But I have done it before."

"I do not like it. It betrays an assurance that I do not wish you to feel. I am still undecided. I do not care to give up my liberty. I can not reconcile myself to it."

"Some one has been talking to you,—no doubt that pious Madame de Frontenac," he said, with a frown.

"I have not seen her. She has no influence with me."

"I am glad to hear you say it. Who has?"

"No one—except perhaps—a person—whom I shall not name."

"A man?"

"You are almost insolent, Baron!"

"No, only jealous," replied her wooer, in a caressing tone. "You know your liberty would be, to all intents and purposes, the same—if you married me. We have gone over that before. We could be happy together, believe me. You would not regret it."

"I do not know,—I am not sure," returned the Countess.

"Put an end to this indecision by saying Yes. Rely upon it, you will feel much better—"

"Or worse," answered the Countess. "You know I would never recall my promise once it was given. But I am not sure; I must have more time."

"You have had two years."

"Yes, but I can not decide. Perhaps you had better leave me—forget me. And—I am not a widow."

"Nor am I a widower. I thought you had sensible views."

"I am a divorced woman. I do not know where my husband is, you are also divorced. What if we should all four meet some day face to face? It would be awkward—and—possible."

"Hardly possible. And if we did, you and I have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves. Come, come, put away these fancies and say you will marry me."

"No," replied the Countess, slowly rising to her feet and extending her hand to her discomfited suitor. "I will go, for a month, to Brittany, while you are in Italy. There I shall regain my poise, I hope, and return feeling more certain of myself than I do to-day."

"Very well," rejoined the Baron. "I shall try to be patient, feeling confident that a season passed in that gloomy country will be to my advantage."

With a brief adieu, he had gone almost before the Countess realized his departure. But the Baron was a man of the world, one familiar with the caprices of women. He felt, and justly, that if this was only a whim, the more he seemed to indulge her, the sooner she would emerge from her new-found reserve, and the surer would be his ground after the mood had passed. His prompt acceptance of her decision might also alarm her a little, he argued, not being a man entirely destitute of vanity.

Ordinarily, the Countess would have resented this acquiescence, but to-day she gave no thought to it. She was unaccountably depressed, and welcomed his departure. When he had gone, she remained for some time in reflection, then consulted her engagement-book and wrote a few notes of regret. Presently she summoned Désirée. When the old woman appeared, the Countess said:

"Désirée, how soon can we get ready?"

"For what, Madame?"

"For Brittany."

"For Brittany, Madame? The Baron has been dismissed, then?"

Her countenance was radiant.

The Countess smiled.

"Not at all, Désirée. Do not think it. He is going to Italy for a month, and I have decided to spend that time in my old home. My answer has been deferred. That much I will admit, no more."

"It is what I would have wished above all things, Madame; but I did not dare ask it, for Madame is sometimes—difficult."

"Naturally obstinate, you mean," rejoined the Countess, gaily.

"Well—perhaps—a little," said the faithful maid, also smiling; "though it was not always so."

"It will be very lonely in Brittany, Désirée."

"But it will be a change, and in renewing old associations—"

"I may become very melancholy," interrupted the Countess.

"That is sometimes a good thing, Madame. It makes one reflect."

"And that is precisely what I do not wish to do. But, what with late hours and so on, I have gone off a little, I acknowledge. I desire to renew my youth, as it were, in my native air. And when we return I shall feel so young, Désirée,—so young and so fresh—that my friends will not know me. But when can we be ready, Désirée?"

"To-morrow morning, if Madame wishes it."

"I do wish it. I think of nothing else."

"I will hurry, therefore, lest Madame should change her mind."

"Make all the expedition you please, Désirée. But I shall not change my mind. Do not fear it."

"And, pardon me, Madame, but will the Baron d'Auteuil—"

"Come there? Oh, no! He would die of *ennui* in a week."

"Not if Madame were beside him."

The Countess shrugged her shoulders.

"I fear you are mistaken, Désirée," she said. "But he is not coming."

Désirée went away rejoicing. Not daring to ask if Madame had given her promise, she believed that a sojourn in her old home, amid the simple, natural scenes of her childhood and its associations, might result in its recall even if she had given it; and if she had not, reflection would cause her to withhold it.

That night, all preparations completed, instructions given to the housekeeper, and only the last few articles still unpacked, Désirée came to assist her mistress at her toilet.

"I hear, Madame," she said, "that Mlle. Eugénie de Frontenac is to marry M. de Glessault."

"They have given their consent, then," said the Countess. "I am so glad; for they really love each other—those two."

"Yes, so I have heard. But I thought Madame did not believe in love."

"Well—I do—sometimes. This is a genuine affair. Perhaps, Désirée, if I had been allowed to choose for myself, my life would have been happier. At least there would have been no one *but* myself to blame if I had been disappointed. It must be pleasant really to love, Désirée."

"It may be so. From experience I do not know, Madame," answered the old woman.

"Désirée," said her mistress, after a pause, "you have not forgotten M. Jacques de Huon?"

"Forgotten him, Madame? Never!"

"He was handsome, was he not?"

"And good, Madame."

"In the vacations, when I came home, he seemed to me a delightful person," said the Countess. "At least he would have been, if he had talked to me a little more. I did not know then what ailed him, but I believe now, Désirée, that he was bashful."

"Very likely, Madame."

"And so was I."

"As was quite proper at your age, Madame."

"When I was a *very* little girl—eight or nine, I should say, and he perhaps four or five years older,—he used to go riding with my father and me. Do you remember that, Désirée?"

"Of course I do, Madame."

"Then he went away to England, to a Jesuit school—Stonyhurst, I believe they call it. He had an English mother, you know."

"Yes, I remember that too. She was very sweet and good; and when she died, she asked that her boy be sent for some years to England."

"I wonder if he is still living, Désirée?"

"Very likely. The family was of some importance. It would probably have been in the papers if he had died."

"I wonder *where* he lives?"

"We may learn something of him when we are at St. Jean, if Madame wishes. He may be living there."

"Oh, I do not care at all! The recollection just occurred to me. But I have never forgotten that he was a very handsome boy. I shall be so glad to leave Paris, Désirée."

"And I too, Madame; though I have not a soul belonging to me at home."

"You have *me*, Désirée; and I have you. What other soul have I? Not one. And yet I am longing for Brittany and St. Jean, Désirée—"

"A telegram for Madame," said a servant, appearing at the door.

"For me?" exclaimed the Countess.

She opened it hastily, threw it on the dressing table, and buried her face in her hands.

"Is there an answer?" asked Désirée.

She shook her head. When the maid had gone she turned to Désirée.

"He is dead!" she murmured.

"The Baron d'Auteuil, Madame?" asked the old woman, astonished.

"No: the Count de Bruange. I am a widow."

"God rest his soul!" said the waiting-maid, fervently.

"Amen!" responded the Countess. Then raising her face, on which there were no tears as yet, she burst into sobbing. "I am weeping!" she cried. "For whom, for what? Not for him—oh, no, not for him,—but because I *can not* feel a single regret that he is gone. Désirée, Désirée, I have no heart!"

"Madame, Madame, be calm!" said the old woman. "He died to you long since,—not to-day. Shall our journey be deferred now?"

"Why so?" asked her mistress. "His sister will take care of everything,—make all the arrangements. I am not so false and hypocritical a thing as to appear there; we parted long ago. If there should be any complications, they can send word to me at St. Jean. No: let us go to-morrow, as we planned, Désirée. And would you mind sleeping in my dressing-room to-night? I feel a little nervous."

"I will go for my things, Madame," said Désirée. "And at the same time I shall fetch a glass of wine."

"Very well. But do not be long," answered the Countess, as she moved nervously up and down the room.

"'Tis no harm to say 'God rest him!'" muttered the old woman to herself, after she had left the room. "But I fear he died as he lived. *Ma foi*, I wish he had waited a little longer; for this will give the Baron a better chance. Talk as she may, my mistress hesitates to take *that* plunge. And yet it is almost as bad; for the fisher girl still lives, I suppose. I hope he will not soon receive a similar telegram. And God grant, whether or no, that he may leave his heart, or what stands him in place of one, in Italy, where I hear there are many beautiful and very silly women."

(Conclusion next week.)

Cardinal de Geissel's Sequence for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

NOWHERE else except in the pages of the magazine which is so happy as to bear upon its forefront the inscription, "Devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin,"—nowhere else would I dare to crave space not only for a long Latin hymn about that glorious privilege of Our Lady which is commemorated on the 8th of December, but also for two independent translations of the hymn. The hymn itself was written by Cardinal de Geissel, Archbishop of Cologne,—the successor in 1845 of the illustrious Clement Augustus Droste von Vischering, who had borne so prominent a part in the perennial conflict between Church and State, between God and Cæsar. The Cardinal had previously been Bishop of Spire. I do not know how his beautiful hymn was first given to the public. I met with it first in the "*Manuale Sacerdotum*" of Father Joseph Schneider, S. J., who mentions in a note that the fourth stanza—"Ante mundum te dilectam," etc.,—was sent to him by his Eminence to be added to the hymn, which originally consisted of twelve stanzas only.

I.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Præter omnes Deo cara,
Dominatrix cœlitum,
Fac pie nos cantare,
Prædicare et amare,
Audi vota supplicum.

II.

Quis est dignus laude digna
Te laudare, O benigna
Virgo, fons carismatum!
Gratiis es tota plena,
Tota pulchra et serena,
Dei tabernaculum.

III.

O quam magna tibi fecit
Qui potens est et adjecit
Gratiam ad gratiam!
Qui cœlum terramque regit,
Matrem sibi te elegit,
Sponsam atque filiam.

VII.

Stainless did thy robe endure;
 'Mid the pure the only pure,
 Thou hast climbed the starry height;
 High above the saints in love,
 High the angel choirs above,
 Queen thou reign'st with sceptre bright.

VIII.

Now thou pray'st thy Son to break
 Sin's hard yoke for sinners' sake,
 Whom He suffered to redeem.
 Graces from thy hands distil,
 At thy instance blessings will
 Down on us in torrents stream.

IX.

Be to us the Ocean Star,
 Lest, 'mid winds and waves at war,
 Our inconstant bark be riven.
 Dayspring, whence salvation rose,
 When life's pilgrimage shall close,
 Be to us the gate of heaven.

X.

Virgin meek and Virgin mild,
 While we tread this mazy wild,
 Be thy safe protection shown.
 Here defend us as we go;
 There the happy sight bestow
 Of thyself and of thy Son.

XI.

Sure of thy befriending aid,
 We will in thy footsteps tread,
 And will watch and pray and strive;
 From on high thy favors pour,
 Patron, Mother, evermore,
 To Christ's Church protection give.

XII.

Bid our hearts stand fast in Faith,
 Hope, and Charity till death,
 By no hideous sin-spot marred.
 So Christ's fold be thy own dower
 (As our fathers willed of yore),
 Ever safe beneath thy guard.

I have not been able to discover the name of my rival translator. Father George R. Kingdon was, I think, prefect of studies at that time in Stonyhurst College. He was one of the Oxford converts, and had the old Oxford proclivity for turning English verse into Latin and Latin verse into English. Probably it was he who translated the German Archbishop's poem as a timely act of devotion on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception half a century ago.

M. R.

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ANNA MARIA TAIGI.

(CONCLUSION.)

AFTER the election of Gregory XVI. the revolution broke out anew. Anna Maria Taigi was then dead; but before her death she had foreseen in her mystical sun the sanguinary plots of the secret societies, particularly against priests. Having made an oblation of herself as an expiatory victim, she learned by a revelation that the divine justice required satisfaction from her for so many sins that were committed, or about to be committed, in Rome. She resigned herself to the divine will in order that the Church and the Pontifical States might be preserved from such great evils. It cost her terrible sufferings and a long illness, without taking into account family troubles and tribulations of all kinds.

When, on the night of March 21, 1812, she was praying for the Church and the whole world, before the little altar in her room, she suddenly had a vision of a globe, like the world, entirely enveloped in flames, which threatened to consume it. On one side was Christ crucified shedding a torrent of blood; and at His feet the Blessed Virgin, who, having laid aside her queenly mantle, was earnestly appealing to the Saviour to stay, by the merits of His Blood offered for sinners, the scourges which threatened men. Anna Maria joined in this prayer, and the vision disappeared.

She spoke often to the priest, the confidential and, as it were, official recipient of what was made known to her of the persecution the Church was to pass through, and of an epoch when a crowd of people thought to be estimable would be unmasked. She asked

God who would resist this terrible trial, and she was answered: "Those to whom I shall accord the spirit of humility." On that account she established in her family the custom of reciting, after the Rosary at night, three *Paters*, three *Aves*, and three *Glorias* in honor of the Holy Trinity. It was on this occasion and in this connection that she predicted the days of great darkness, when, it is alleged, only blessed candles will give light.* For several days in succession she saw the whole world enveloped in very dense darkness; and then the fall of ruined walls and beams, as if a great edifice had crumbled. She saw this manifested several times in the mystical sun. "It pleased God," said Cardinal Pedicini, "also to reveal to her that the Church, after passing through several painful trials, would achieve a triumph so striking that men would be astounded at it; that whole nations would return to the unity of the Roman Church, and that the whole face of the earth would be changed."

Pius IX., in an audience given to the collectors of Peter's Pence in Rome on July 23, 1871, said: "There was a good old priest, Mgr. Raffaele Natali, zealous promoter of the Cause of the Venerable Anna Maria, who told us marvellous things of that pious woman, and particularly predictions of the times in which we live. He very often repeated to us, as having it from the

Venerable Anna Maria, that a time would come when the Holy See would be reduced to live and maintain itself on the alms of the whole world; but that it would never, however, want for money. Indeed it would be difficult not to recognize the accuracy of this prediction." Speaking to an Oriental Bishop at the close of 1870, he said: "The world is plunged in evil, but a human hand is powerless to save it: it is necessary that the hand of God should be visibly manifest; and I tell you we shall see this very divine hand with our corporal eyes." Mgr. Natali declared to Mgr. Barbier de Montault, Papal Chamberlain to Pius IX., that Italy would submit to the Pope and restore to him what it had taken from him; and that the prophecies of Anna Maria Taïgi, which are sealed and in custody of the Congregation of Rites, and will be made known only after her beatification, extend to the reign of Antichrist.

She saw also in the sun the Spanish massacres, the war in Greece, the three days of July, 1830, in Paris, as she had seen the rout of the French army before Moscow when it took place, and described it in detail to Cardinal Pedicini before the news arrived. She witnessed through this mystical medium the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, and knew his fate in time and eternity. When General Michaud was in Rome for the Jubilee proclaimed by Leo XII., he heard a vague rumor of the death of the Czar, Alexander I. of Russia, and was much disquieted and very dubious about it. He had been the Czar's aide-de-camp, and had a great affection for him. He went to the Russian Embassy and to the Queen Maria Teresa of Sardinia, and was assured that the news was false. When, by the advice of a friend, he consulted Anna Maria, she told him that it was only too true: that the Emperor's soul was in Purgatory, and that he died a Catholic. The next

* It has been assumed that physical darkness was implied; but Anna Maria herself fixed neither the duration nor nature of the darkness, nor the period of its occurrence. That it would last three days, and that only blessed candles would give light, rests solely upon the assurance of the priest-confidant, Mgr. Natali, who added that it would take place precisely when one would have lost all hope of overcoming by human means the persecution against the Church. Anna Maria was not the only one to predict this event. Elizabeth Canori Mora, another Trinitarian Tertiary, also speaks in her prophecies of a time when dense darkness will prevail.

day the Russian Embassy received the official announcement of the Czar's death. She saw in the sun the Emperor's death, its cause, and how his soul was saved because he had shown mercy to his neighbor, respected the Sovereign Pontiff and protected the Roman Church.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* of November 4, 1876, published a remarkable document, which threw new light on the religious sentiments of Alexander I. It was from the pen of the Count de l'Escarène, an excellent Catholic, Minister of the Interior, to Charles Albert of Piedmont. The Emperor knew that Count Michaud was a Catholic, and often spoke to him slightly of the Greek religion. When he had to attend the Congress of Verona, he was desirous of going to Rome; but the Czarina diverted him from the projected visit, fearing that after an interview with the Pope he would become a Catholic. When he went to Odessa in 1825, he sent Count Michaud on a secret mission to the Sovereign Pontiff, charging him to convey to his Holiness his firm intention of putting an end to the schism, of getting the Russians to return to the Church, and making his own abjuration. He begged the Pope to send, as his representative to St. Petersburg, a simple priest without an official character. After giving the Count verbal instructions, foreseeing the terrible obstacles that would arise, especially on the part of his family, he added: "Well, if necessary, I shall be a martyr." The General fulfilled his mission; and the Pope [Leo XII.] had already designated the Cardinal who was to go to St. Petersburg, when they suddenly heard at Rome of the Czar's death at Taganrog.

Marvellous as was the gift of the vision of a mystical sun in which, at a glance, Anna Maria saw reflected the past, the present, and the future; in which she could read as in the pages of

an open book—a prodigy transcending anything recorded of the great mystics from St. Hildegarde to Anne Catherine Emmerich,—there was another marvel, one which points the moral of her life's story. It was that this singularly favored servant of God—one of the most interesting and remarkable personalities in modern hagiography, whose advice was sought by Popes, Cardinals, prelates and princes; who was the confidante and familiar friend of Marie Louise de Bourbon, Queen of Etruria,* and the spiritual counsellor of a large number of souls who put themselves under her direction,—was only a poor woman of the people, who had to bear the daily burden of all the cares, big and little, attendant on the bearing and upbringing of a family of seven children; who had to supplement her husband's insufficient wages of six crowns a month by needlework; who led the ordinary workaday life of a woman of a family in the world; like many others, destined to endure poverty; only, unlike them, she never repined at her lot, never sought to escape from it, but accepted it not only with submission but with joy. During the fourteen years she was bearing and rearing children, whom she nursed, she had not only to look after her own family, to manage a good-natured but brusque and impetuous husband, but to humor her old mother and her querulous

* By the treaty of Luneville, signed in 1801, between the French Republic and Austria, Tuscany was erected into the Kingdom of Etruria and given to the young Prince Louis of Parma, who died in 1803, when it was governed as regent by his widow, Marie Louise, daughter of Charles IV., King of Spain. In 1807 she had to resign this power in virtue of a treaty concluded between France and Spain. In 1808 the Kingdom of Etruria was absorbed by the French Empire and formed into three Departments. Marie Louise, forcibly expelled by Napoleon I., was led to Rome, where General Miollis put her into the Convent of SS. Dominic and Sixtus.

father, and tend the latter when he was stricken with leprosy.

She was a model of conjugal fidelity and of heroism in the home, of sanctity in the married state,—one of those destined by God to reconcile the world with piety, and demonstrate that heroic virtue is compatible with all times, all climes, all social conditions. Hers was a home which was a real sanctuary, in which God dwelt and reigned; in which she exercised the triple apostolate of prayer, love and sacrifice, that devolves on the Christian mother; a home in which the headship that God and nature have conferred upon the husband and father was recognized and respected; in which order, Heaven's first law, perpetually prevailed, and with it the peace and harmony ever attendant upon the fulfilment of the divine will. Distress and death visited it betimes; but instead of only giving occasion for murmuring and mourning, they served to bring out and make still stronger the robust virtues that flourished there. She could easily have bettered her position and that of her children, in a worldly sense, but she could never be induced to turn aside from the poverty which she believed it was God's will she and hers should endure.

The Queen of Etruria, wishing to have her near her, appreciating at their just value her inspired counsels, and knowing that she would never consent to separate from her family, offered to employ her husband in her palace at a higher pay than he received from the Chigi. Anna Maria politely thanked her benefactress, but would not change. "No, no!" she said. "I beg your Majesty to leave us in our mediocrity. The Lord wishes us to be in the condition in which we are. I have entire confidence in His succor. My hope will not be deceived: we shall never want for what is necessary."

In the same way she declined the offers of a high-placed English Catholic,

to whom she had rendered some service. He wanted to assign her a life-pension for the rest of her days in token of his gratitude, and because he was greatly pained to see this pious woman reduced to a daily struggle with poverty. Her firm refusal only increased his esteem for her virtues, particularly her heroic confidence in God. He continued, however, to have conveyed to her secretly by other hands some help; and, finding that the idea of sending it occurred to him precisely at a moment when she was in most pressing need of succor for her family, he felt convinced that God had put it into his mind, because of her entire abandonment of herself to Providence.

When she was at the end of her resources, she had recourse to prayer, and never failed to have her wants supplied. "We have often seen misery very near us," said her husband; "but we have never been utterly destitute." She liked to live thus from day to day, like the birds of the air, with no other granary than that of the Heavenly Father; in the firm hope that God, who provides for them, would equally provide for her. However poor or straitened, she always refused considerable alms from very rich people who had obtained signal graces through her prayers. "I don't serve God for interest," she said. "Thank the Blessed Virgin or some other saint, and not me." And when they pressed her to accept money at least for the poor, she replied that they might distribute their alms themselves. As she expressed it, she would not mix up money with the works of God, or quit the royal road of poverty.

God rewarded her confidence and constancy. Even in the midst of the calamities and general distress which followed the proclamation of the Republic in Rome, after the enforced flight and capture of the aged Pontiff, Providence watched over the Taïgi

family. Domenico was deprived of the casual additions to his modest wages, and his wife had to redouble her activity; but she could always get a good price for her needlework, so that he hardly felt the subtraction from his little income. Again, later on, during the distress which supervened on the fall of Napoleon in 1815, the remembrance of which is perpetuated under the name of the Famine Year, even in the midst of the most urgent domestic necessities, she would ask nothing from men, nor rely on their assistance, but trusted solely in God. Domenico tells us in his deposition:

"A crowd of persons of distinction came to my place to consult my wife—nobles, prelates, and others. I said to her: 'Why don't you think of speaking to such or such a person for our family, particularly to that Princess Maria Louisa, who is so kind and whom you see so often? They might help us.' She replied at once, 'Oh, let us put our confidence in God! Let us hope in God,' and other similar words which shut my mouth. Her faith, her confidence in God were so great that we have never wanted for anything, even at the most critical times. God be blessed a thousand times for it! It seemed to me that she obtained a continual miracle in providing for all the wants of so numerous a family."

This humble woman, living her lowly life and content with it, one of the toiling masses in a crowded city, was the recipient of gifts of the supernatural order equalling those bestowed upon great cloistered contemplatives. Her daughter Sophia deposed that she often saw her raised in air while she was sweeping her room or dusting the cobwebs off the walls. At other times she would be rapt in ecstasy when cooking the family meal in the kitchen or serving at table, or at night when they were saying the Rosary. All the members of her family, with the excep-

tion of her eldest daughter, attributed these raptures to some natural causes. "On going to see her in the morning," said Cardinal Pedicini, "I often happened to find her in ecstasy, and was obliged to wait patiently until she came to herself. The rapture sometimes seized her in the midst of our conversation; I had to wait again. It was only the voice of obedience which could immediately recall her to herself, but the priest-confidant had recourse to it only in case of necessity."

These raptures, proceeding from heavenly consolations, lasted several years; all her efforts to ward them off were powerless. Her husband—simple man!—would give her a good shake to rouse her, dreading an attack of apoplexy; or, thinking she was ill, would recommend some soothing draught; or, again, thinking she was drowsy, would rebuke her for falling asleep at meals or at the Rosary.

These extraordinary favors were a severe trial to the humility and charity of Anna Maria. Some persons spoke favorably of them, while others entertained a contrary opinion. Rapture became as easy and habitual to her as vocal prayer to ordinary Christians. It seemed as if her soul wished to take its flight heavenward, bursting the bonds of the body, like a bird escaping from its cage. Still, though her thoughts were continually drawn upward and supernatural infusions often inundated her soul, she would interrupt them to fulfil the duties of her state of life or for other reasons.

When she went out she had to be accompanied by some confidential person; for the least thing sufficed to set her heart aglow and produce a rapture, when she hurried into some church to breathe forth in presence of the Blessed Sacrament the love with which her heart was overflowing. The Eucharist was to her the centre and culmination of all mysteries. Cardinal

Pedicini says her transports toward this great mystery are as difficult to believe as to relate, and that words are wanting to express her sentiments in regard to It. No sight or sound could distract her when absorbed in contemplation, as, with hands joined across her breast, her rosary beads interlaced between her fingers, she knelt before the altar, motionless as a statue, only her copious tears mingled with sighs revealing from time to time that a soul still dwelt in that apparently inanimate body. Like St. Francis Borgia, she had received the gift of discerning the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and on entering a church went straight to the chapel where It was reserved.

Once, in the Church of St. Ignatius, near the Corso, when a priest, thinking she was a hypocrite, communicated her with an unconsecrated host, she detected the culpable imposition, for which the priest was severely reprimanded. On another occasion, in the Church of St. Charles, when the priest, about to give her Communion, was uttering the words, "*Ecce Agnus Dei*," the Host, detaching Itself from his hands, remained suspended in air for some moments, and then, in the sight of all the congregation, rested on the tongue of the servant of God.* Again, when she went for Communion to the Church of the Infant Jesus,† Our Lord visibly revealed Himself to her in the Sacred Host, in which she saw a beautiful lily, with blossoms of dazzling whiteness and delightful odor, the fairest and fullest blown forming as it were a throne for the Saviour, who sent forth beams of light of ineffable beauty. Turning tender glances toward her, she heard Him say: "I am the Flower of

the field and the Lily of the valley; I am all thine." A similar favor was granted her in the Church of St. Andrew della Valle, in which Our Lord appeared in the Sacred Host environed with light and clothed in a mantle of royal purple.

"It would be impossible," said Cardinal Pedicini, "to tell the number of ecstasies, of raptures of divine love, she experienced, and almost always after Communion. As soon as she had received Our Lord, the rapture seized her. Ordinarily she was instructed and consoled by the divine voice; its first accents produced an ecstasy, which rendered her motionless for some time. Several times after giving her Holy Communion, in order that she might not get herself too much remarked, I had tacitly to transmit to her from the altar the order to repress the emotions of her heart, which found expression in ardent sighs, particularly in small and little frequented churches, like that of the Piazza Colonna. It cost her much to repress this ardor. I saw her face streaming with perspiration even in winter. If the ecstasy began before Communion, she came to herself as soon as the priest approached with the Sacred Host. She received It very devoutly, and at once entered into the contemplative state. I did not stay her favor in deserted and distant churches, like Our Lady of Victory, St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, at the Altar of the Crucifix, or in the Church of St. Cecilia. I have seen her many times fall after Holy Communion, as if she had been struck by lightning, and remain long in that position. When she was enjoying these sweet infusions of divine love, if one drew near her, one at once felt the impression of divine peace. At other times one felt a profound sense of the love of God in his heart, accompanied with compunction; sometimes it was a heavenly perfume. The same ecstatic operations took place

* This miraculous fact was recorded by the Very Rev. Father John of the Visitation, Minister General of the Trinitarians, in the process for her beatification.

† Known as the Church Del Sagro Bambino, in a small street near St. Mary Major's.

in the servant of God during visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and particularly at the Forty Hours' Exposition."

So absorbed used she to be after Communion that one day, in the church she most frequented—that of the Madonna della Pietà in the Piazza Colonna,—she was rapt in prayer after receiving, when a seditious tumult broke out among the French soldiers in garrison; and the Piazza was crowded with military from the neighboring barracks, summoned to quell the riot. The beating of drums, the clash of arms, and the general confusion spread such alarm and consternation that the people fled, terrified; windows and shops were closed and doors barricaded. The sacristan, striking his bunch of keys against the doors, warned the people in the church, who precipitately fled to their homes; while, without waiting to see if everyone had left, he double locked and barricaded the doors. Anna Maria remained, totally unconscious of what was taking place.

Many things, as edifying as they are marvellous, are related illustrative of her devotion to the Trinity, to the Sacred Heart, to the Passion, to Our Lady of Dolours, to the saints, to the souls in purgatory, and to the Church and its visible head. One of her favorite devotional practices was the Way of the Cross. She was enrolled in the confraternity of the Coliseum, and never failed to assist as often as possible at those exercises so well calculated to inspire devotion, since they took place upon ground steeped with the blood of martyrs. Her love for the Blessed Virgin, whom she addressed as "*la Mamma mia cara*," was that of a child for its mother. It was by invoking St. Philomena she cured her husband Domenico of an attack of apoplexy, and one of her granddaughters of a wound in the eye.

Her zeal and charity toward the souls in purgatory were unbounded.

Cardinal Pedicini says that she imposed upon herself a very severe and continual purgatory to procure their deliverance. At one of his Masses she saw at the *Gloria* a soul, whose release she had procured, radiant with light, who said to her: "I thank thee, my good sister, for thy charity! I shall remember thee in heaven, where, thanks to thy prayers, I am going to be happy for all eternity."

"My pious mother," her eldest daughter, Sophia, deposed, "was accustomed to go often to the San Spirito Cemetery. Her visits took place during forty consecutive days. She made them, whatever the season was, always barefooted, despite sun, rain, cold, and mud. She said three *Requiems* and a prayer at each of the three hundred graves. I was usually her companion in this pious exercise. While my mother was praying at the tombs, I walked through the cemetery, made the Way of the Cross, and then went to wait for her in the Rosary Chapel."

Agnes Androver, in her evidence at the Apostolic process, related that Anna Maria often said to her: "Have great devotion to the souls in purgatory, particularly to the souls of priests. Get Masses said for them when you can. Make it a habit to recite a hundred *Requiems* every day for their intention. In assisting at Holy Mass, offer it for their solace. This devotion will preserve you and your families from many misfortunes."—"I set myself to follow this advice," added the witness; "and I was able in the sequel to experience its happy effects for me, my children and my parents."

She was no less devoted to the Church militant than to the Church suffering, and on every occasion defended it against those who condemned its teachings and blasphemed its precepts. She held in great veneration the hierarchy and clergy, and had such reverence for the Sovereign Pontiff that she declared: "He is God upon earth!"

Even in the streets she publicly displayed her respect for priests by kissing the hands of those of her acquaintance; and when they entered her modest dwelling, she treated them with the greatest regard, in presence even of persons whom the world deems superior to priests in fortune, titles, and dignities.

Her kindness to the living was as great as her charity to the dead. She was ever at the beck and call of the sick. Her husband tells how she could not take a morsel in peace, she was in such demand from all quarters. "Toward the close of her life," he says, "the maladies which afflicted herself did not permit her to continue thus. She dragged herself, however, as much as her strength would allow, without making distinction of persons, though the poor had the preference. Her great trouble was her inability to succor the miseries of others as she would have wished. To be able to care for the wretched, without wronging her family, she worked at night at the most critical times. She thus earned something more, and administered some relief with my permission. God blessed our household by granting what was necessary by an almost continuous miracle."

During the famine of 1798 she worked day and night to relieve the needy, and often took the bread out of her own mouth to feed the hungry; sometimes bringing home some poor, half-inanimate, famine-stricken creatures she met on her way, replacing their tattered garments with new clothes. Her whole life was a continual and laborious apostolate of charity, in which her own children were her disciples; for she often made her daughters accompany her on her visits to the hospitals, where her presence was joyfully greeted by the inmates, to whom she was a ministering angel of charity and compassion. Numerous were the maladies of soul and body which she miraculously healed; while

she herself remained oppressed with spiritual and corporal sufferings, which it was beyond the skill of man to cure.

Great was the grief in Rome, particularly among the sick and poor and sorrowing whom she succored and consoled, when, on the morning of Friday, June 9, 1837, Anna Maria Taigi, then an old woman of over sixty-eight, passed away, leaving behind her the inspiring memory and example of a great heroine of the home and a great apostle of charity.

The Teaching of the Collects.

THE SUNDAYS IN ADVENT.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"GIVE Thine ear, O Lord, to our prayers, and by the grace of Thy visitation light up the darkness of our mind."

Nearer and more perfect becomes our Advent task. Growth in holiness is the law of the spiritual man. The more we put ourselves at the disposal of the power of God, the more we, by His grace, work at the purification of our souls, the keener becomes our spiritual vision, and the more is the darkness of our minds illuminated. Light is a wonderful symbol of God. It is a word used by the Church in the Nicene Creed, to express the oneness of the divine nature of Jesus Christ with His Father: "God of God, Light of Light." He is Light itself, derived from the essential Light of the Father. One candle lighted from another shares in the original light without in any way lessening it. Our Divine Master has called Himself not only the Way, but also the Light: "I am the Light of the world; He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."*

* St. John, viii, 12.

Or, as the Beloved Disciple puts it, He is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Now, light varies according to the capacity of the one who receives it. The light of the sun shines in vain for a blind man; and one whose sight is partly obscured sees but dimly; whereas a man whose eyes are whole sees well and truly. The difference is not in the light but in the person who uses the light. So is it in the spiritual life. Those dead and blind in mortal sin do not see the things of God; those whose life is vitiated and lowered with deliberate love of venial sin, have the light of their soul diminished and impaired. Like the blind man in the Gospel when Our Lord first touched his eyes, they "see men walking as trees." But those who lead a life of grace and are warmed in the sunshine of God's love, see much, see many great things that others can not see. The spiritual man judges all things, says St. Paul; and the sensual man—that is, he who is without the full life of grace—perceives not the things of the spirit of God. That is, the first by using the divine light, sees and understands what the second can not see or know. The greater our light, the more clearly do we understand the holiness of God and the unutterable horror of sin. This is why the saints have used expressions which to us, on a lower level than they, seem so exaggerated. They saw clearly, and we do not. When St. Paul called himself "the greatest of all sinners," he was speaking according to the knowledge that came from the light that shined upon him as he journeyed toward Damascus.

Hence, we may take it, the greater the light, the greater the knowledge of holiness. A room may look clean and fresh; but when the sun streams in through the window, we see floating in the light many specks and impurities that had passed unnoticed. Thus is it with our souls; and, because of this

truth, we in the collect pray God to bestow on us the mercy of illuminating the darkness of our minds, so that more and more we may see what is offensive in His sight, and purge it away by the grace of the visitation of the Orient on high. We are the children of light, the heirs of God, who dwells in light inaccessible,—a light which clears by burning. Let us, therefore, as St. Paul says, walk as worthy of the light. The lesson of this collect is purity of soul. Wash me yet more thoroughly from my sins; for in Thy light I shall see light, and know myself even as I am known by Thee.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power, and come and help us with a great might; that, by the aid of Thy grace, that which our sins hinder may by the kindness of Thy atonement be speeded."

The time of waiting is nearly over. Soon throughout God's Church will be heard that glorious cry: "To-morrow shall be wiped away the iniquity of the earth and the Saviour of the world shall reign over us." The nearer we come to Bethlehem, the greater the light that streams from the Manger, and the more are we conscious of the need of God's power. Only He can prepare us to meet Himself; only He can change our soiled robe into one of spotlessness, the true wedding garment for the Feast of the High King. Our sense of sin has become more acute, and our distrust of our own strength is sensibly weaker. More clearly do we see our need of grace at every turn. Now we know in very truth that God must exercise a great might if we are to be anything but unworthy to gaze on the new-born King.

Our restoration to His favor is through the power of the Precious Blood. Reconciliation is atonement, which is the making "at one" of that

which has been separated. The atonement culminated in Calvary, indeed; for it was the foreseen merits of Our Lord's Passion that paid the price. But all His life on earth was part of that atonement; for in every act He was meriting man's reconciliation with Eternal Justice. He began His ministry of atonement in the spotless womb of Blessed Mary. He was busy with it as a babe at Bethlehem, as a fugitive in Egypt, as a youth at Nazareth. The Preacher of Galilee and the Wonder-worker in Judea was all the time, by the merits of His actions, making reconciliation of God to man. It was this truth that made our ever dear and Blessed Lady in her *Magnificat* speak of God as Her Saviour long before the actual shadow of Calvary fell upon her.

Christ's life was one whole, and atonement was its end. In this collect, one special side of this reconciliation is set forth: its kindness. Now, "kindness" is the quality of one that has the same nature as ourselves, who is akin to us. In order, therefore, that God should reconcile us to Himself, it was necessary, according to His decree, that He should become akin to us—that we should have, as the Apostle says, a High Priest like unto ourselves,—one who can feel for us; and that we, on our side, should be raised to a kinship in the divine nature. The phrase, therefore, "the kindness of Thy atonement," shows us the height of God's love and the depth of His mercy in the work of the Incarnation.

What is it that we pray may be "speeded"? It is that which our sins hinder from accomplishment—viz., our complete union with God: "Thy Kingdom come." A certain writer has said: "On the part of the creature, all holiness consists in keeping our will united with God's; for sin is the wandering away of our will." This union of wills can be brought about

only by grace, which works, especially as regards the will, by the last three Gifts of the Holy Ghost—Fortitude, Piety, and Fear of the Lord. God is ever ready for the union. We, alas! put it off. "I have bought a farm: I must needs go and see it." "I have bought a yoke of oxen: I must needs go and try them." "I have married a wife, therefore I can not come." These excuses hinder us from speeding the union of grace. These, then, by the thought of the "kindness of the atonement," we must put at their true value, and see that while we have to do with earthly things, we do not let them hinder that which is heavenly.

These four collects, then, contain a full measure of sound doctrine, which, if put into practice, will enable us to prepare for the Coming at Christmas, and will help us to stand in that other day of His Coming when He shall judge the world. The steps are: first, the saving knowledge of our sins, and the necessity of God's power to free us from the thralldom of Satan; second, a determination to prepare the ways of the Lord, and to recognize the obstacles that prevent Him from coming to us, and us from going to Him; third, a desire of more purity of soul as the Light grows in our hearts; and last, a great confidence in the might of the Precious Blood. As we started with the prayer, "Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power and come!" so we repeat it on the fourth Sunday; adding, from the conviction borne upon our souls from these considerations, the words "with great might"; because the Light has shown us more and more the necessity of His power and our utter need of His strong arm. The work He has begun in us will be accomplished at the feet of the Holy Child by the kiss of peace that reconciles Justice with Mercy.

THE greatest of all tolerance is God's.

Books as Gifts.

A NEW LIFE OF THE BLESSED CURÉ OF ARS.

THE season of gift-making approaches, and everyone will soon be asking the questions: "What shall I give?" "What would be most appropriate and acceptable?" Indiscriminate giving is felt to be almost an offence, and things of only temporary value are instinctively avoided. Most people whose good will prompts them to make gifts would like to offer something that would confer a benefit as well as give pleasure to the recipient. But the difficulty is how to choose among the multiplicity of objects. The more one considers the matter, the harder it often is to come to a decision. An easy way out of the difficulty would be to have recourse to the booksellers.

Almost everybody loves a book. Few gifts are more likely to afford greater pleasure or to confer more lasting benefit. From the servant to the master and mistress, from the child old enough to look at pictures to the grandparents with their spectacles, no condition and no age is insensible to the charm of the printed and pictured page. And the number of books from which to make a choice is infinite. One has only to consult the taste and state of the recipient. A good book will rarely fail to entertain and instruct and elevate. Pleasure, encouragement, consolation, instruction, inspiration are all to be had in books.

During the year now drawing to a close we have called attention to innumerable excellent volumes, many of which are especially suitable for holiday gifts,—books of all kinds and of all values. To this long list we are now minded to add the new Life of the Blessed Curé of Ars, just included in the English edition of the Saints Series. It is a book of extraordinary charm and

interest. Even those who have read all the other biographies of Blessed John Vianney will find in the present one much that will be unfamiliar to them. The translation might be more perfect than it is; but the original is all that could be desired, and the book, though low-priced, is acceptably produced.

Every class of readers would be interested in this beautiful story, which has more than the fascination of a romance, being the life of a saint of our own time. It is no pale presentment of the subject, but a vivid portrait faithfully executed. And there is something for everyone to learn and to profit by in this book. The first of many passages we had marked for quotation conveys a lesson to mothers. The grateful love of this austere priest (who, not to speak of other penances, took only one meal a day all the year round) for his own mother was unbounded. He sometimes referred to her in his familiar conferences, and often said: "Virtue passes easily from a mother into the hearts of her children, who readily imitate what they see her do."

How admirably practical he was, this modern St. Francis! His counsels were always prudent, his admonitions, like himself, invariably simple. He was a seraph of piety and was ever extolling works of devotion; nevertheless, he said in one of his familiar instructions on the Cardinal Virtues:

Let us suppose you have twenty *sous*, which you destine for having a Mass said; but you see a poor family in indigence, starving for bread; it is better to give your money to these unfortunates, because the Holy Sacrifice is always celebrated: the priest will not fail to say the Holy Mass, whereas these poor people may die of hunger.

Innumerable sayings of this sort are quoted,—wise words on all the thousand and one points of Christian practice. Some persons, perhaps, will regret that the biographer was not more reticent in dealing with one sad

trial of the sainted Curé—the persecution which for a long time he suffered at the hands of his fellow-priests. We do not feel this regret. The life of Blessed John Vianney is both a rebuke to all forms of self-seeking and an example of the most perfect single-heartedness. Rebuke and example are needed. For nearly ten years he was criticised, insulted, suspected and calumniated; in fact, everything within the range of possibility was done to make him weary of his saintly habits, to shackle his apostolate, and to ruin his good works. And the first to oppose him were his fellow-laborers:

Whilst he had merely preached missions in their churches, or acted as their substitute in times of illness, they had never been able to find strong enough terms in praise of his zeal. But when they saw their parishioners flocking to him in crowds, then that same zeal appeared to them most injudicious, and they began to murmur.

It is gratifying, on the other hand, to learn that one of the Blessed Curé's most devoted friends—a fellow-student who helped him in his studies and encouraged him to continue his course at a time when he was disposed to abandon all thought of the priesthood—was the future first Bishop of Dubuque, whose father had shed his blood for the faith. Bishop Loras himself was regarded as a saint by many who knew him intimately.

What a pity that such books as this are not in the hands of Catholic readers everywhere! The insignificant sale of our best publications is a sad comment on the literary culture of English-speaking Catholics. Once a year, at least, we should all feel obliged to patronize the booksellers. The holiday season ought to bring some encouragement to Catholic authors and publishers. Persons who are now embarrassed about the choice of gifts can not do better than to select books, and we hope they will not overlook the one of which we have written.

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, of the Irish College, Rome, in an extended review of the first volume of the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, has this to say of the Higher Critics:

The theories of the Higher Critics need not trouble us much. Many of them are constructed like a spider's web, and are just as durable. The solid, unquestionable history read on stone and brick by Assyriologists is yearly revealing the flimsy gossamer of which they are made. When they are attacked straight, the Higher Critics make a very poor fight for their theories; as, for instance, the weak reply which Canon Cheyney recently made to Emil Reich in the *Contemporary Review*. He spent his reply in telling Emil Reich that he did not grasp the mind of the Higher Critics; but he did not answer the plain and palpable evidence which Emil Reich had brought up against his critical position. They leave Prof. Sayce usually in peace, although he has confronted their verbal legerdemain with solid facts instead of philological fancies.

We are of Dr. O'Riordan's mind that the Higher Critics should be left to themselves until they are disposed to consider such stubborn facts as Emil Reich and Prof. Sayce have set forth. And we are also agreed that Inspiration is by far the most important and pressing phase of the Biblical question that presents itself to us to-day. The Sacred Books are inspired, yes; but in what does Inspiration precisely consist?

The sympathy of all right-minded people, regardless of political or religious views, ought to be extended to the persecuted Poles of Eastern Prussia. In spite of his professions of good-will toward his Catholic subjects, and of repeated protests by the Prussian Poles against the relentless tyranny of the government in forcing their children to receive religious instruction in an alien tongue—they have other grievances too,—the Kaiser and Herr von Buelow still refuse to amend the

law which makes it high treason to oppose the introduction of the German language into the elementary schools of Prussia. It is hoped that the open letter to Emperor William which Henry Sienkiewicz, the well-known Polish writer, has sent to the British and French newspapers will so influence public opinion in Germany that a voice of indignant protest will soon be raised against the unjust legislation. Sienkiewicz indignantly denies that the Polish unrest is caused by political agitation, and denounces the school laws as persecution. He says, in ringing words, every one of which we should like to quote:

Year by year the martyrdom of the children grows heavier, and the sound of blows and weeping is louder and more frequent in the schools. The measure is overflowing. Its overflow brings with it, besides God's wrath and the indignation of men, your own disgrace as well. . . . Two rights can not be contrary to each other. Other nations have the right to live by the grace of God, just as you, sire, claim the right to reign. If you assail one right, you should beware lest by so doing you imperil the other.

We doubt very much if the Kaiser will dare to disregard a protest like this,—one which will earn for its author the gratitude of his countrymen and the admiration of the world.

According to the *Chicago Israelite*, whose information as to such matters we have generally found reliable, Oscar Straus, while he is the first Jew to occupy a Cabinet position, is not the first who might have done so. During President Grant's administration, it appears, the Secretaryship of the Treasury was offered to Joseph Seligman, and Isador Straus refused the office of Postmaster General in the Cleveland Cabinet. Apropos of this matter, we find the following common-sense paragraph in the *Daily State*, of Baton Rouge:

When Oscar Straus was appointed a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, many throughout

the country commented at length on the Chief Executive's "recognition of the Jew," on the score that members of the Jewish race took pride in the fact that Mr. Straus was a "great Jewish citizen." It would seem that this is the narrower way of looking at the incident. It is not believable that President Roosevelt appointed Mr. Straus as a "Jewish citizen," any more than he appointed Secretary Bonaparte as a prominent Catholic of French descent, or Secretary Wilson as a Scotchman, or Elihu Root as a man of almost pure Anglo-Saxon lineage. Mr. Straus is a great citizen, a great American, who has worthily risen to prominence through brilliant integrity and honest ability, who has splendidly represented his country in the diplomatic service, and whose Americanism has been above the taint of personal selfishness that so often throws a shadow of sinister import across the paths of noted public men.

We heartily commend this point of view. Catholics, for their part, will be entirely satisfied when their religion is not made a cause for discrimination against them, as, we fear it *would* be made in the case of a Catholic candidacy for the President's office.

"Alas! what news is this?" exclaims a correspondent of one of the Chicago papers. "Glastonbury, the most famous of the ruined abbeys of England, under the hammer, and likely to fall into the unhallowed possession of some millionaire American?" So report has it. The history and traditions of this precious ruin, which for a thousand years was held "a second Rome for sanctity," are familiar to everyone. The legend of Joseph of Arimathea may be discredited, but surely there is enough of sober history about Glastonbury to make it an uneasy place of residence, and to shame the least reverent of our countrymen into awe. Writing to the *New York Sun* on this subject, an Anglican clergyman tells of the spoliation of the Abbey by "that monster of Protestantism, King Henry VIII.," yet asserts that "the first ground of God in England," as the manor of Glastonbury used to

be called, has "a special claim on Protestant Episcopalians."

We are at a loss to understand what this claim might be, and we sincerely hope that the Abbey is *not* destined to become a college for the education of Anglican ministers. Not all of our wealthy countrymen are uncivilized; and should the precious ruin be acquired by one of them, it is unlikely that he will prove more unsatisfactory than the present owner of the property. As the Chicago writer well says, the Abbey might possibly fall into the hands of some American "with reverence enough to cherish every stone, perhaps with wealth enough to buy up and wipe off the face of the earth the unspeakable brick tenements which of late years have vulgarized the once quaint village of Glastonbury. Such a man might come as a savior to the dishonored old Abbey ruin."

While St. Francis de Sales was preaching to the Calvinists of the Chablais, some of his associates complained of the kindness of his manner and language to these bitter anti-Catholics. They said: "He does more harm in a single day than we can undo in a month. He preaches to the heretics more as if he were one of their own ministers than like a priest, even so far forgetting himself as to call them his brethren; a scandal they lay hold of and triumph in, and they come flocking to listen to his honeyed words that flatter their ears, and to talk of his fraternity." But Francis would not allow these criticisms to change his spirit or manner in the least degree. And he answered his critics with the same kindness with which he addressed Protestants: "I have never allowed myself to give way to invective or reproach without repenting of it; and if I have had the happiness of reclaiming heretics it has been by gentleness. Love is a stronger power over souls—I do not only say that severity—but than even any reasoning."

We like to think that the foregoing, reproduced in the organ of the Missions to Non-Catholics, correctly represents the spirit and method employed by the zealous workers in that large and increasingly productive field. Invective

and reproach may well be confined, if useful at all, to the pastors of backsliding Catholics; the missionary to non-Catholics can not acquire or display too much of St. Francis' gentleness and love.

What many irreverent readers will probably style a new "Comedy of Convocation" is being written by publicists over in England. Mr. Herbert Paul asks, in the *Nineteenth Century*, "What ails the Government that they should have issued Letters of Business to Convocation?" and proceeds to indite a paper, many paragraphs of which will prove unpleasant reading to members of the English Church "as by law established." Take these, as specimens:

When the bishops talk about dogma, they mean money. There is nothing to prevent them from teaching their own dogmas at their own expense. But there are very strong reasons why they, drawing their incomes from funds vested by Parliament in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, should not allow the churches of the Establishment to be used for "the Mass in English." If people want a Catholic ritual, they should join the Church of Rome, and see how far they are permitted to do what they like there. Some of the bishops would like to drive every Protestant out of the church. The law prevents them from doing that; and if the law did not, the laity would....

If I had been a member of the Royal Commission, I would have asked every bishop who came before it the simple question, "Is your lordship a Protestant?" The replies would have been very interesting, and most of them would have been very long. So far as the clergy are concerned, the Church of England has ceased to be a Protestant church; so far as the laity are concerned, it is as Protestant as ever it was. There is the case for disestablishment in a nutshell. The clergy claim to be the sole interpreters of the Bible; the laity deny their claim. The clergy say that the Holy Communion is the sacrifice of the Mass; the laity say that it is not. Of course there are exceptions on both sides. But such is the general rule, and it can lead to only one result. The old-fashioned clergyman was a minister of the Gospel; the newfangled clergyman is a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, and the English people have no use for

priests. When Manning joined the Church of Rome, he found, to his great annoyance, that he was no longer an archdeacon, only a layman, and that the Pope could see no distinction between an Anglican priest and a Protestant Dissenter. It is strange that Manning should have been surprised. The existence of two Catholic churches is an absurdity, though Christian churches may well be numerous, as they are.

It is probable that, if the Church were disestablished, Anglo-Catholics, as they call themselves, would go over to Rome, and the vast majority of Protestant churchmen, while preserving their noble liturgy, would find very little to separate them from the other Protestant denominations. But that, of course, is a dream of the future.

Of the future, undoubtedly; but, conceivably, of a future not so distant that middle-aged Englishmen of to-day may not live to see it.

In response to a request from Father Doyle, Rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, the Chancellors of 29 dioceses in this country have supplied such statistical information as has been available concerning the converts received into the Church during the past year. The total number is 8352, or 1 in 506 of a Catholic population (for the 29 dioceses) of something more than four and a quarter millions. "If we apply this proportion," says Father Doyle, "to the dioceses that have made no returns, it would give us for the country at large very close to 25,000 converts; and this figure is as nearly exact as can be obtained at this stage of the mission movement."

A notable tribute to an exceptional man who has passed from life's stage this year was John Dillon's recent eulogy of Michael Davitt. Its concluding paragraph especially is well worth reproducing:

There never was a sweeter or more lovable nature than that of Michael Davitt. Brave to a fault, hot-tempered and fierce in his anger like a true Celt, the storm passed quickly, and his nature was quickly all sunshine again. He harbored no rancor against any man, not even against those who had injured him deeply. And

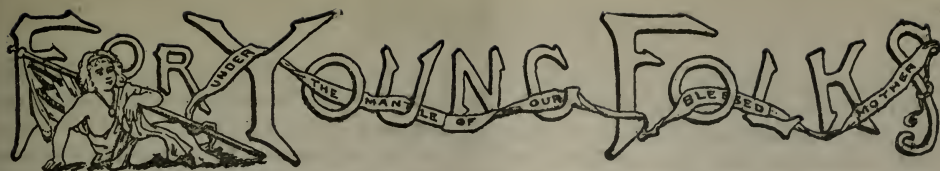
one of the faults on which his friends were inclined to rally him was that he forgave too quickly and was a bad hater. His was a great Christian life; and in the two main virtues of Christianity—love for his fellowmen and the true spirit of service and unselfishness—I can not recall that in my life-journey I have ever met his superior. And in my humble judgment some people who have felt called upon to find fault with Michael Davitt would be much better employed if they offered up to God an humble prayer that grace might be given to them to do for their fellowmen during their lives one-tenth of the work which Michael Davitt did during his strenuous life so gloriously accomplished.

Were any corroboration of Mr. Dillon's estimate needed, it would be found in Mr. Davitt's last will and testament,—the utterance of a thoroughly Christian, forgiving follower of Him who said: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, pray for them that persecute and calumniate you."

Replying to Emile Faguet, the French Academician whose book, "Anticléricalisme," exploits France's "national irreligion," Victor Giraud makes the point that there must be some religion left in France; otherwise the violence of the anti-Catholics is inexplicable. It is something of a relief to find that, notwithstanding the positive deliverances to the contrary of "able editors" in the United States and England, this University professor, thoroughly familiar with the subject, does not hesitate to say:

Politically vanquished, tracked and proscribed and persecuted, almost eliminated from public life and official organizations, never, since Bossuet and St. Francis de Sales—perhaps not since the thirteenth century,—has French Catholicism in reality been stronger, more fruitful, more alive.

If M. Clemenceau entertains any doubt of the strength and vitality of his countrymen's religious faith, the events of the next year or two are likely to afford him considerable light on the subject. French Catholicism is suffering an eclipse; but it is only a partial one, and is temporary, not permanent.



Our Mother's Heart.

AS white as yonder cloud that floats
Across the azure sky,
As spotless as the flakes of snow
That in the garden lie;
As pure as crystal streams that flow
In mountain ways afar,
As stainless as the dove's white breast,
As pure as yon bright star,
Was Mother Mary's virgin Heart,
From all eternity
Ordn'd to be conceived and born
From every sin stain free.
A tabernacle was her Heart
For Him, the Holy One;
Of purest gold God fashioned it
For His beloved Son.

C.

The Legend of the White Rose.

THE Count of Senil, dearly beloved by all his people, had enlisted, like so many of his compatriots, under the noble banner of the Crusaders, and had fallen before the walls of Jerusalem, leaving a widow and only son as sole heirs to his vast possessions.

Stunned at first by the terrible blow, Bertha, the desolate wife, had finally become resigned to the death of her husband. The sanctity of the cause for which he had died was some alleviation to her woe, and the care of her child filled many hours which would otherwise have been insupportably lonely.

Roberto, the boy, had inherited the beauty and solid virtues of his father and mother. His vassals looked up to him with love and pride, confident that when he came to his inheritance he

would be to them all that his father had been—a wise ruler and benevolent lord.

But one day the bright and amiable boy fell ill. The physicians were not able to locate the seat of his disorder; neither bleeding nor drugs could alleviate his pains, and at length they announced to the sorrowing mother that dissolution would be a matter of only a few hours.

The despairing woman hastened, in her grief, from the room where the child lay, surrounded by doctors and attendants, as the etiquette of the time and his position required. She longed to be alone, and directed her steps toward the garden. Bathed in tears, her hands clasped in anguish, she sought a small wood, where, concealed from observation, she could weep and pray. Seated close to a spreading walnut tree, she began to recite the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. When she came to "Mystical Rose, pray for us!" the trunk of the tree suddenly opened, and a figure, which she at once knew to be the Mother of God, appeared, smiling and beautiful, in flowing white robes, and bearing a lovely white rose in her hand. She was surrounded by an aureola of light, which bathed the entire spot in celestial brightness. Placing the flower in the hand of the weeping mother, she said to her, in tones of heavenly sweetness: "Go put this rose in a vase of water. Always preserve it, and your son will recover and retain his health." With these words the vision disappeared.

For a moment Bertha wondered if she had not been dreaming; but the white rose in her hand forbade this supposition. Hurriedly returning to the chamber of her son, she found him

apparently breathing his last. A servant had been sent in search of her; the physicians stood in a group at the foot of the bed, while around it the domestics of the household knelt weeping and wailing. When they saw the mother enter, joy sparkling in her eyes, the white rose in her hand, they thought her grief had driven her mad. Throwing herself on her knees beside the couch of her boy, she cried as she placed the flower between his fingers:

"Roberto, you are going to get well! The Blessed Virgin has promised it to me. In proof of it she has given me this beautiful white rose. Open your eyes, my darling! Come back to life, child of my soul!"

The boy obeyed: his eyelids unclosed, his pale lips parted in a soft, sweet smile. In a few moments he arose, was dressed, and from that hour his health was entirely restored.

Very carefully the happy mother tended the white rose, which preserved all its pristine beauty and fragrance, and bloomed on day after day in the priceless crystal vase in which she had enshrined it, at the feet of the statue of that Virgin who had so truly proved herself to be a compassionate Mother.

The fame of the apparition and miracle spread round about; it was talked of through all the principality; and people came every day to congratulate the widow, and look upon the happy face of the boy who had returned to life from the very jaws of death.

One evening as the Countess and her son were walking in the garden, a little girl appeared in the pathway.

"O lady," she exclaimed, folding her tiny hands together as she looked with pleading eyes at the Countess, "my mother is dying! The doctors say she can not get well. I have come to ask you to lend me the beautiful white rose of which everyone is talking, that, placing it in her hand, she may be

cured. Have pity on my dear mother, kind lady! We are five little ones, and she is a widow."

"Who sent you?" asked the Countess.

"No one: I came myself."

The Countess hesitated. It had seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin had wished her to keep the flower in her own possession; but the natural compassion of her maternal heart prompted her to grant the request of the sorrowing child. Hastening to the chapel, she took the rose from the vase, and, giving it to the little one, sent her away rejoicing. Then, once more returning to her oratory, she knelt before the altar, saying:

"O Virgin Mother, pardon my disobedience, and preserve the health of my son!"

And then, close behind her appeared an angel with snowy wings, who said to her:

"Because of thy tender and compassionate heart, it is granted to thee that thy son shall always be strong and well, in body and soul, till the day of his death."

Some time after this the Countess Bertha erected on the spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to her a monastery, which was called the Convent of the White Rose, and remained a monument to her faith and gratitude until the time of the Revolution, when it was destroyed.

The foregoing legend has, since the twelfth century, been transmitted from father to son among the poetical traditions of Brittany, and even at this day a white rose is placed in the hand of the dying, that the Virgin Mother of God may intercede for them and restore them to health, as happened to Roberto, the son of the good Countess Bertha.

It is easy to distinguish the planets from other stars, if one has sharp eyes. The planets do not twinkle.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

X.

After a while, as though in response to a call, the little boys suddenly left their position on the edge of the cliff; running swiftly away, shouting as they went. They were followed by the remainder of the small crowd, who cheered or waved their hands in token of encouragement and sympathy as they took their departure.

"I guess they're all goin' home to supper," remarked Happy, with a sigh. "I expect mother will be comin' along pretty soon."

"If circumstances were different, I should really enjoy sitting close to the incoming waves, and watching each one sweep closer up than the last," said Charlotte.

"Provided they did not come *too* close," said Stephen, with a shiver.

"Are you very cold?" she inquired solicitously.

"Not very," answered the boy; "but it is a little damp, isn't it?"

"I should say so!" observed Happy. "And it's goin' to be damper."

"Not much, Happy," said Charlotte, who had been watching the tide. "Those two last waves were not quite as high as the others. I believe it is turning."

"In that case we shall not get wet at all, shall we?" inquired Stephen.

"Mebbe not," answered Happy,—"specially if we hunch our feet up under us."

"I don't believe that will be necessary," said Charlotte.

And so it proved. The tide had really begun to turn. They felt relieved, as the worst before them now was the thought that they might have to remain where they were for a considerable time longer.

"I wish it was goin' to be moonlight!" said Happy, as the dusk began to fade into darkness.

"Yes, I wish it was," said Charlotte; "but it will be foggy to-night."

A woman's voice was heard calling from the cliff, where several persons had again taken up their station.

"That's mother," said Happy, drawing a red handkerchief from his pocket and waving it toward the shore. "Yes, that's mother," he continued. "See her wavin' that little basket? I bet it's full of good things for us. She ought to know we couldn't get 'em out here. If we could, we needn't stay here."

"Perhaps she has brought them to give us when we get off," said Stephen. "I'm awfully glad *my* mother isn't here, and I hope she stayed in town to-night."

"You may depend upon it she did, Stephen," replied Charlotte. "I am very much afraid, though, that she will never trust *me* again."

"Oh, yes, she will, Charlotte!" said Stephen. "My mother has a lot of good sense."

"That is the very reason," laughed the girl.

Suddenly a glare shot up from the cliff. In its light they could see a group of men and boys. They had kindled a fire, which soon began to burn brightly.

"They've gone and gathered a lot of driftwood and boxes," said Happy. "Aren't they good! They thought we'd be kind of lonesome out here in the dark. It is pleasanter, isn't it?"

"Very much so," answered Charlotte. "How thoughtful it was!"

"Yes, indeed! There's the strange man. *He's* the one that done it. That's what he went off for, wasn't it? He's directin' it all."

"Isn't he good!" said Charlotte. "See how tall he looks in the blaze of the fire, and how picturesque the figures seem as they move to and fro!"

"Let's pretend we're wrecked and some kind natives are going to save us," said Stephen, leaning forward as though he could see.

"All right," said Happy. "I used to pretend all kinds of things when I was little. But this is the nearest I've ever come to the real thing."

As the fire progressed, the crowd began to cheer more loudly; while the boys, largely reinforced in numbers, continued to pile wood on the blaze.

"The man in gray's gone off," said Happy. "I haven't seen him for some time. Mebbe he hasn't had his supper yet. But he'll come back all right."

"How long do you suppose it will be before we can get off?" asked Charlotte.

"We'll have to wait till the tide is low; and then it's goin' to be so awful slippery on them rocks, and mebbe full of seaweed, that we may have a pretty tough time."

Stephen shivered again.

"I wish we had some warm blankets," said Charlotte.

"And some hot coffee," added Happy, pressing closer to the blind boy as he spoke.

"It almost seems that the fire ought to make us warmer," said Charlotte. "It is so very bright and cheerful."

There were now a great many spectators on the edge of the cliff,—shouting, gesticulating, and moving about. All at once they set up a tremendous cheer, as the man in gray, followed by Stump, the boatman, both in bathing suits, made their way through the crowd, and began to descend the rocky path to the beach still under water.

"They're comin' to git us off," said Happy. "Isn't that fine?"

"But how?" asked Charlotte.

"I guess on their backs," replied Happy. "Think you'll be afraid?"

"Didn't you say the rocks would be very slippery, Happy?" asked Stephen.

"Yes, but Stump is sure-footed; and I guess the other one is too, or he wouldn't venture."

Charlotte's feelings were mixed. She had no doubt as to the intentions of the approaching men, but she did not fancy going ashore in the manner suggested by Happy. Yet, if it were inevitable, she would submit; for there were others to be considered beside herself. Stephen was really feeling very cold, and she hesitated as to the effect of the afternoon and evening experience upon his delicate frame.

"Happy," she said, "if they would throw a line across to you—"

"I couldn't catch no rope," interrupted Happy. "Even if they'd weight it, I couldn't catch it. And if I did, what then?"

"You might fasten it in some way to the Lady's Easy Chair, and I might hold on to it and get ashore that way, while you and Stephen could go on the backs of the men."

"But there ain't no way of fastenin' it to the Lady's Easy Chair," rejoined Happy.

The two men were now at the edge of the beach. Their voices could be heard.

"We're goin' out to get you!" shouted Stump. "The tide won't be low enough for the boy and the young lady to come ashore by themselves till ten o'clock."

"All right!" shouted Happy, after a glance at Charlotte. "Come along!"

The men waded into the water, which reached to their knees. Splash, splash, they came,—Stump solid and stolid; the stranger tall, lithe and confident, carefully choosing his steps, avoiding the sharp-pointed rocks that peered up here and there through the water. The stones beneath his feet were mostly broad and flat, however, having been worn smooth by the tides. When they reached the edge of the large rock on which the trio were seated, Stump called out;

"Hello! We've come to take you ashore. Step down, all of you."

"How are you going to do it?" asked Charlotte.

"Pickaback," replied the boatman. "You don't need to be afraid. I'm sure of my feet; and this here man is even more so,—if such a thing can be said, comparing a landsman to a fisherman and a sailor. I'll take the two boys; and the young lady, she can come with our kind friend here."

"You go first, Happy," said Charlotte. "Take one of Stephen's hands, and I will take the other. But what about my sketching things?"

"Leave 'em there, at the very top," said Stump. "If this tide didn't hurt 'em, the next won't either, and some one can get 'em at low tide to-morrow. I promise you I'll see to that."

"Very well," answered Charlotte, preparing to descend.

Slowly and carefully they crept down the slippery tiers of rock till they reached the water's edge.

"Give me the boy first," said Stump.

"You're not afraid, Stephen?" asked Charlotte, as the stranger tenderly placed him across Stump's broad shoulder.

"Not a bit, Charlotte," he replied. "Don't worry about me at all."

"I'll come back for you, Happy," said Stump, as he started with his burthen.

"All right," rejoined Happy.

"And now, Miss," began the stranger, in a voice with an accent slightly foreign, "you will not be afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"Oh, if there were only some other way!" cried Charlotte. "If I might wait a little longer, perhaps I could manage to get ashore holding on to your hand."

"Do not mind," said the stranger. "You could never wait here so long; nor I, in my bathing clothes. I should freeze to death," he added, laughingly.

"And you would also get your feet very wet."

"I can not bear to do it," answered the girl, shrinking back.

"Come now!" continued the stranger, persuasively. "If you were cast on a lonely island, and some one came to rescue you, there would be no objection to being carried ashore? Well, this is the same thing, only in a lesser degree."

"You are right and I am silly," replied Charlotte.

"Stump is nearly ashore already with Stephen," said Happy. "There isn't a bit of danger."

"It isn't that," rejoined Charlotte; "only I can't bear to think of going—that way."

"What way?" asked the stranger.

"On your back," Charlotte blurted out, desperately. "I don't see how I can do it."

"On my back!" cried the stranger. "I never thought of taking you on my back. Come!"

And, without any more words, he lifted her from her feet, flung her across his shoulder as though she had been an infant, and began to make his way through the waves to the beach. He arrived there just as Stump, having carried Stephen to the top of the cliff, was again descending to go for Happy.

"Oh, thank you, sir! You are very good!" murmured Charlotte, when they had come to level ground. "If you will let me down, I can climb the rocks and get to the cliff above by myself."

"What!" he exclaimed, never pausing an instant as he made for the ascent, formed of steps worn by many feet into the soft granite of the cliffs,— "what! You think, then, you may wet your feet and ankles, and draggle your skirts that have remained dry until this minute? No, Miss; I'll take you all the way, and leave you safe and dry with your little brother, who waits there near the fire. You are very light in weight, and have balanced yourself so

nicely that I have not felt it at all. I am a big, strong man, you know."

Charlotte said no more; she realized the truth of what her preserver said, and allowed him to deposit her, amid the cheers of the small boys, close to Stephen, who was seated near the fire, surrounded by a group of compassionate lookers-on. A woman, whom Charlotte recognized as Happy's mother, was placing a coffee-pot on a bed of coals, which some boys had raked from the larger fire.

Immediately after Happy had been placed next to Stephen, and his mother had greeted him with a sounding kiss, which embarrassed the boy very much, and caused his friends to snicker behind their sleeves, Charlotte turned to thank the stranger again, but he had disappeared.

"Probably to take off his wet bathing suit and get into his clothes," she thought.

But very soon she saw him making his way through the crowd, carrying her sketching book and board.

"Here they are, Miss!" he said. "I thought perhaps the tide might not have spared them to-morrow, and that it was best to be assured of their safety by getting them to-night."

"You are very kind," answered Charlotte, turning her face toward him; and as she met his gaze she fancied there was a peculiar expression upon it. "He thinks me so ugly!" she said to herself. "What a fright I must be, when even at such a time as this, persons can shrink from me!"

Involuntarily she pressed closer to Stephen, and took his cold hand.

"Here at least," she thought, "is one that will never be disgusted at the sight of me."

"It is nothing," said the stranger. "You are now with your friends. I hope you will not suffer by your unpleasant experience. I will now bid you good-night, and my little fellow, and

Happy also. Good luck attend you!"

"Stay, sir!" cried Stephen, putting out his hand, which the stranger clasped.

"If you could come over to see us—you and Mr. Stump,—my mother would be so glad. She would like to thank you. Can you come, both of you?"

"Where do you live?" inquired the stranger.

"At Moxon-on-the-Sea," said Stephen. "Not far,—a few miles only from here."

"I shall be glad, though I have done nothing to merit thanks. And as I drive about a good deal, I can easily go. And Mr. Stump? Where is he? I will ask him."

"Be sure and come," said the boy, as the young man, releasing his hand, went toward the village.

(To be continued.)

Wintergreen.

Did you ever gather wintergreen leaves and berries? Sometimes they are called boxberries, checkerberries, or partridge berries. The little plant is only five or six inches high, but it is hardy and is an evergreen. Both leaves and berries give out an aromatic flavor. The oil which is pressed from the leaves is used as a medicine and as a flavor in candies. The red berries look very bright as they cuddle close to the stems; and to see the dark green leaves and the red berries peeping out from the snow of winter, one realizes why the plant is called wintergreen, but wonders why it isn't called winter-green-and-red.

THE origin of the two little parallel lines as a sign of equality in algebra is thus quaintly given by an old writer: "To avoid the tedious repetition of the words 'is equal to,' I will sette, as I do often in work use, a pair of parallel lines of one length, because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—The Catholic Gaels of Scotland will be supplied with suitable publications by the Catholic Press of Scotland, just established at Perth. Its first book is a translation into Gaelic of "The Spiritual Combat."

—The Art and Book Co. are to be congratulated on the artistic and religious beauty of their new calendar for 1907. Richard Crashaw's exquisite lines on Christ's Nativity are a fitting introduction to the delicately colored reproductions of famous paintings, two of which are Fra Angelico's. The feasts of the year accompany the calendar proper.

—*Church Music*, published last year as a quarterly, by the Dolphin Press, now appears as a monthly, and comes from the publishing house of the Messrs. J. Fischer & Brother. The initial number, for November, of the practically new magazine contains, among other excellent features, eight Gregorian melodies of the *Ave Maris Stella*. In its revised form, *Church Music* is deserving of more widespread reputation and better support than were accorded to the original periodical.

—The *Sunday Companion* Publishing Co. have issued, in the form of an artistic and neatly printed booklet of forty-eight tinted pages, "Our Little King," a charming narrative of the childhood of Christ, gracefully and sympathetically interpreted to young folks by Katherine Frances Mullany, author of "Miriam of Magdala." That the literary skill which distinguished the late Brother Azarias, and still distinguishes his surviving brother, the Rev. Father Mullany, is shared also by their gifted sister, no reader of this beautiful story will be inclined to doubt.

—No library of mystical theology is complete without the writings of St. John of the Cross. His works, first published in Spanish in 1619, have served as a text-book of mysticism in all parts of the world, and countless souls have been guided according to the principles expounded by him to heights of contemplation. The first English translation of St. John's "Ascent of Mount Carmel," was made in 1864 by the late David Lewis, at the request of Father Faber; a second edition appeared in 1888; and now we have a third edition, with prefatory essay by the Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. It is published in attractive form by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—Volumes IX. and X. of *Tales of Foreign Lands*—a series of stories for the young by the late Father Spillman, S. J., and translated from

the German by Mary Richards Gray—are: "Crosses and Crowns," and "Blessed Are the Merciful." The latter is a tale of the Negro uprising in Haiti, and is sure to hold the interest of the youthful reader to its close; "Crosses and Crowns," taken from the supplement of the *Catholic Missions*, is an equally vivid narrative of a later date, its incidents having occurred in Annam, Farther India, scarcely a quarter of a century ago. Both books are welcome additions to the none too extensive library of Catholic juvenile fiction. B. Herder, publisher.

—A distinguished writer has passed away in Mrs. Bartle Teeling, whose death is reported from England. She was a contributor for many years to *Blackwood's*, *Temple Bar*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Month*, also to THE AVE MARIA, and other American Catholic periodicals, and published several books which have been deservedly popular. Mrs. Teeling's forte was historical and biographical articles, which were always of distinct value and interest. She also wrote for young folks. Our readers will recall, among other contributions, a charming juvenile story which appeared in these pages just a year ago. Her literary style was much admired. A fervent convert to the Church (the daughter of an Anglican parson), Mrs. Teeling bore her long and painful illness with admirable patience and resignation, leaving to her bereaved family and numerous devoted friends a tender and inspiring memory of virtuous heroism.

—By the death of Charles Stanton Devas, M. A., which took place suddenly at Farningham, England, on the 6th ult., the world loses one of its ablest writers on economics. His "Political Economy," "Groundwork of Economics," "Studies of Family Life," and "The Key to the World's Progress" are well known to students. Two of these works, by the way, have been translated into German. He was a regular contributor to the *Economic Journal*, the *International Journal of Ethics*, and the *Dublin Review*. For nine years he held the office of examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. In 1867 Mr. Devas became a convert to the Church, and remained ever after an exemplary Catholic. His voice and pen were always at the service of religion. Only a few days before his death we received a letter from him expressing regret at his inability, "for the present," on account of pressing literary engagements, to contribute two special articles to THE AVE MARIA.

—A precious specimen of early English typography has been discovered amongst a private

collection of old books sent for sale from Whiteley Beaumont, England, to Messrs. Hodgson of London. A writer in the *Athenæum* thus describes this interesting find:

It consists of a folio volume comprising within the contemporary stamped leather boards three works printed by William Caxton, but it must unfortunately be added that the volume has been cruelly mutilated. The three books (all of which are more or less damaged, either by the cutting away of blank margins or by the abstraction of entire pages) are as follows: "The Royal Book, or Book for a King," the colophon of which bears the date 1484; "The Book of Good Manners," 1487; and "The Doctrina of Sapience," 1489. The first mentioned is the most seriously imperfect—indeed, is hardly more than a fragment, containing about 100 leaves out of 160, and leaving only three of the six woodcuts which are found in a complete copy of the book. The second work (of which there are only two perfect copies in England) has suffered less, probably on account of its place in the middle of the volume, and contains 60 leaves out of 66. In "The Doctrinal of Sapience" many leaves have been wholly cut away, leaving only about 50 out of 92. Not the least remarkable feature of the volume is the stamped leather binding. It is in an excellent state of preservation, virtually the only defect being that the two clasps are missing. If not actually the work of Caxton, the binding is at least contemporary with the publication, the three books having been evidently complete when originally bound. In this connection it may be observed that Blades gives the date of "The Royal Book" "a perfect copy of which was sold in 1903 for 1550*l.*) as 1488, a date between those of the other books in the volume. . . . There are several other points in connection with this precious specimen of early English typography which can not be referred to here, but the sale of the volume is certain to arouse the keenest interest.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "Life of Blessed John Vianney." \$1, net.
 "The Ascent of Mount Carmel" St. John of the Cross. \$2, net.
 "Crosses and Crowns." "Blessed Are the Merciful." Father Spillman, S. J. 45 cents each.
 "Principles of Religious Life." Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. \$2.65, net.
 "The Master Touch." W. Q. 40 cts.
 "The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.
 "Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.
 "The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.

"Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.

"Round the World." 85 cts.

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.

"The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.

"An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.

"The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.

"History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Koehne, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Max Dorsynski, archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. Martin Delaney, diocese of La Crosse.

Sister M. Gerard, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Xavier, Sisters of the Visitation; Sister M. Flavian, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister Mary Jane, Buenos Aires.

Mr. David Stafford and Mr. Charles Yeager, of San Antonio, Texas; Mr. Thomas Garvey, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Charles Devas, Kensington, England; Mrs. Margaret McAllister, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Rosaline Taber, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. Mary Dempsey, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Bartle Teeling, Blackheath, England; D. J. Kirwan, Esq., Dalgin, Ireland; Mr. J. H. Schooley, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. James Kelley, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. S. Johnson, S. Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Alexander Gatley, Mendota, Ill.; Mr. Robert Gray, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss M. Lenehan, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. John Hardy, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Mary Kelleher, Fergus, Canada; Mrs. E. J. Voelker, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Welch and Mr. James Quirk, Kewanee, Ill.; Mr. George Schneider, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Mary Scanlan, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. John Mulville, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Regan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Carlin, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Bessy Burke, Boston, Mass.; and Mr. Charles Sell, Canton, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Refuge.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

MOTHER, in thy pure heart hast thou a place
For those poor children who have lost the way,—
Who, blinded by earth's light, have gone astray,—
Who have not known thy sweet, protecting grace,
And of thy beauty have not found a trace?
How starless is their night, how drear their day
Without thy inspiration, with no ray
Of love-light from thy blessed mother-face!

They are like children who are motherless,—
Who have not known that tender, watchful care;
Who have not felt a mother's fond caress,
Her soothing in the darkness of despair.
Oh, may they find a refuge sure in thee,
And know thy beauty in eternity!

The Teaching of the Collects.

THE SUNDAYS IN ADVENT.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

ADVENT, the Coming, is the season of expectation and waiting, when the Church sets before her children "the King who is to come" as the object of their adoration; and reminds them also that the night is far spent and the day is at hand,—that day when the Orient from on high, in the full splendor of His Godhead, the King all glorious, will once more visit His people, to reward or punish eternally. The "Great Day of the Lord" is at hand; and, knowing not the hour, we are bidden

to watch and wait, ready for the summons. "Lo, He cometh!" But as God always deals with His creatures as a loving teacher and father, so He educates us for the Last Coming in judgment by coming to us in mercy and love at various seasons and periods.

For four thousand years did the human race wait and expect the coming of Him who was to be sent to save His people from their sins. Many prophets and righteous men desired to see those things that we to-day see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which we hear, and have not heard them. The holy Fathers sighed forth their souls for this Coming. "Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow at thy presence!"* Or in that other Advent yearning: "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds pour down the Righteous One! Let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour."†

And when the time was over and Jesus came, we find old Simeon, just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, with the revelation from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. We, too, nowadays, are being educated for the Last Great Coming by this time of preparation; and waiting for the mystic Coming of Jesus, born again by grace in our hearts on Christmas night. For, properly understood, the Church's year is

* Isaiah, lxiv, 1.

† Ibid., xlv, 8.

not a cycle of bare commemorations of events long past, but a practical renewal to us, in this twentieth century, of the mysteries and impressions wrought nineteen hundred years ago in the Holy Land.

We are the heirs of the age, and Christ our Lord is immortal. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever,"* as St. Paul says. His life is a never-failing well, which flows to us as it did to our fathers; and the benefits of His first Coming are as fresh to-day for us as they were to the men of the Old Testament. So it is no mere play of the fancy, this time of Advent: we can and must put ourselves really in the state of expectation as did our forefathers. This truth Holy Church takes for granted in the sublime liturgy of this season; and if we would understand her teaching aright, we must bear it in mind while studying the collects of the four Sundays of Advent.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power and come; that, with Thee as shelter and deliverer, we may escape from the gathering dangers of our sins and be saved. Who livest and reignest," etc.

The very first words strike the note of preparation—"Stir up,"—and teach us a very solemn truth. We can not stir up what is not already there. God's power is always ready. His arm is never shortened, and His hand is always extended over us. If we do not feel its loving effect, it is because we by our sins put obstacles in the way. So, when we pray Him to stir up His power, we mean, let us experience it; let us take heed to it and draw to ourselves the advantages of this exercise of His omnipotence. We have at present the awful power of resisting His grace; but we pray Him, as in the Secret Prayer of the Mass of

the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost, to compel our rebel wills by the sweet grace of the Holy Ghost, that we may yield to Him.

It requires, indeed, the power of God to break down our pride and to heal the corruption of our hearts. There is no such miracle as that of the conversion of a soul; no healing of the sick, no raising of the dead, can compare for a moment with that act of spiritual re-creation which takes place when the sinner, that was turned from the Creator to creatures, is once more made alive to righteousness. It is a work peculiar to God, and is beyond that of making the world. The forgiveness of Adam was a higher manifestation of power than his original creation; for pardon shows a greater depth of love.

"And come." Here we have the invitation which is the desire and yielding to the call of grace. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."* It is the Holy Ghost, the "Finger of God's right hand," the directing, creative instrument of His power, that first inspires to our souls the good wish to be united to God. Until He says, "Come," we can not even desire to approach Him; for every good work, every holy wish first comes from His suggestion. But the Bride—that is, the soul destined to eternal espousals with its Maker—must answer to the call. "Come to Me," says God. "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"† must be our reply.

And why do we, on this the first Sunday of our preparation, ask Him to come? Because by His grace we recognize the dangers that lower over us, as the gathering, inky clouds foretell the coming storm. The measure of our iniquities is being heaped up; and how can we tell when the limit of the Divine Patience will be reached? Already, now, each one has done enough—and, alas! more than enough—to warrant the lightnings of the Divine Justice striking

* Hebrews, xiii, 8.

* Apoc, xxii, 17.

† Ibid., 20.

him. It is the mercy of the Lord, as the Prophet says, that we are not already consumed. But we can still rely upon His mercy to shelter us and deliver us from the wrath of His justice; for the Coming for which the Church is now preparing is that of mercy, not of doom. With Him, therefore, as our shelter, we shall be as Noah in the Ark when the Deluge came; with Him as our deliverer, we shall be as the Israelites whom Josue led through the perils of the Desert into the Promised Land. 'We shall escape as the bird from the net of the fowler,' as the Psalmist says; and we shall be saved with a mighty salvation.

The collect, then, teaches us, at the beginning of the new year, when once more the mystic life of Christ is set before us for our study, that before availing ourselves of the power of God's mercy, we must, on one side, first recognize our grave danger and our own helplessness; and, on the other, answer to His call of "Come" by beseeching Him to enable us to go to Him as our only deliverance and salvation. God's part is to give grace, ours is to use it. No adult is ever saved without using the means that God has provided. Hence, with this solemn truth sinking into our souls, we begin again in all humility to trust not in ourselves but in Him. "Stir up, O Lord, we beseech Thee, Thy power and come!" Humility based on knowledge is the first note of the preparation.

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Stir up, O Lord, our hearts to prepare the ways of Thine Only-Begotten; that through His Coming we may merit to serve Thee with purified minds."

We approach another step in our work of preparation for the Coming. On the first Sunday we expressed the desire of co-operation with grace to turn from sin; now we reflect that the aversion for sin is only the negative

part of the change: there is the positive side. We must not only avoid evil, we must also do good. Our hearts are now opened to grace. His power has come to us; and at the moment of conversion He has not only taken away our guilt but has infused into our souls that habitual grace which makes us pleasing in His sight.

This state of grace begins to take away the obstacles to the free working of actual grace in the carrying out of the good work that He has begun within us. Grace is in us; and He means it to grow and increase and bear fruit. Stir up, then, O Lord, this grace to work as does the leaven in the meal. We now have shown to us the necessity of desiring efficaciously to correspond with His power. He does His part; and we must do ours. He heaps grace upon grace to overcome our weakness. We may plant the grain, but He alone can stir it up to life and give the increase. What we particularly ask of God on the second Sunday of Advent is the grace to prepare "the ways" of His Son. There is a mystery in the word "ways." "Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths!"* cries the Psalmist in the Introit of the First Sunday.

God has many ways of reaching His end. Too often we are blind to this, and want Him to work in our way,—in that particular manner which to our circumscribed intelligence seems good. But His wisdom is above ours; and He leads all things, sweetly but strongly, to carry out His end. True, the Prophet says: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But he also adds, "Make straight His paths." And the meaning of the paradox is, if the divine glory is the end of God's working, the manner in which He reaches it is various. Then, also, a "way" has a twofold relation: toward the end and toward the place whence the journey

* Ps. xxiv, 4.

is begun. Hence the "ways" of God are at least twofold: His way to us and our way to Him. So, in this first part of the collect, we are again reminded that if He comes to us we must go forward to meet Him. The two ways must coincide "I am the Way....And no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." (St. John, xiv, 6.)

How are we, then, to prepare His ways? Each one, in the silence of his own soul, can recognize what hitherto has kept God from coming to His possession, and what has hindered him from going toward God. Is it pride? Then crush that and make the ways easy. Is it uncharitableness? Love of the brethren is the smoothing of rugged paths. Is it lust, drink, lying, or dishonesty? All these are obstacles that keep God from us and us from Him, and all must be set aside against the day of His Coming. Therefore, each one, according to his knowledge, must pray that his heart may be stirred up to put away the works of darkness and to put on the armor of light. In this manner, by the living power of His Coming, our minds shall be purified, and all obstacles to His service will disappear.

The lesson of the collect seems to be that once the ways are prepared, the journey can be made swiftly and surely. Hence if we feel that we are as far from the real love of God as we were in days gone by, we must acknowledge that the fault is all on our side; for we have resisted God when He stirred up our hearts to prepare the ways of His Son. When He sent us a sorrow, we refused to see that He was opening a way for us to go more speedily to Him. When a joy came, we took it, but did not use it to draw nearer to the Giver. Let us, then, purify our minds against His Coming, and so merit to serve Him not in word only but in deed and truth.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dr. Delgado's Experience.

V.

AURELIA had feared complications; to her surprise, her father made no further allusion to what had occurred. Neither did he place any restrictions on her future conduct. Beyond a silent gloominess, which lasted three or four days, and which gradually dissipated itself into his usual cheerful frame of mind, everything went on as before. The girl admired and blessed him for the nobility of character which was evidenced by this tacit acceptance of the situation. Presently they were working and walking together as before; the death of the governess having brought them into more constant and closer proximity.

But there was in the old man's soul a very sore spot, which would have smarted even more intensely had he not believed that the future contained for him elements of victory, of which he was determined to take the fullest advantage. He seemed to have lost sight of the fact that, as his wife had preserved her religious faith from the time of their marriage until her death, and his daughter was following step for step in the path laid out for her by her dying mother, it would probably be useless for him to hope to change Aurelia.

With the dogged resolution and belief in his own methods so characteristic of men of his type, he saw ahead more than a glimmer of hope that in the end he, and not his dead Edith, would be victor. Since her departure from this world, he had cherished a threefold purpose with regard to their child. The first had already been defeated, he trusted only temporarily. As for the second, while he wished Aurelia to marry early and marry well, he had resolved that love so-called should not enter into the details of the union he

should arrange for her. Well aware that, with his assured reputation and great wealth, he would have no difficulty in finding an agreeable and desirable son-in-law, he determined to select, himself, that favored young man; firmly convinced that, with his knowledge of mankind, he could make a much better choice than could Aurelia. To that end, he concluded they would spend the next winter in the capital, where he had the *entrée* of the best homes, and he would select the future husband of his daughter from among the most intellectual and advanced coterie of that brilliant city.

It was not in his plan to inform Aurelia of his intentions in this regard; there would be time enough for that when the proper man made his appearance and had been chosen. At the same time he was not a little curious to know whether the girl felt perfectly happy in the life she had hitherto led; whether she did not perhaps occasionally long for a little variety, a little more intercourse with her kind. Proposing to sound her on this subject, he said one morning, as they were walking in the garden:

"My dear, I have almost concluded to close our house for the autumn and winter, and spend a few months in the city."

"That might be pleasant," she rejoined. "But I am sure we shall both be glad to return home when the season is over. It will result only in making me, at least, more in love with Las Robles than ever. I hope, father, that having again a taste of your old fleshpots, you will not wish to go back to them."

"Do not fear it," said the Doctor. "Nothing could induce me to return to them. I love this place. I feel that every tree and shrub and flower and bud is part of my life. It is for your sake that I go, Aurelia. You are young—and not unlovely." (He looked

at her fondly as he spoke.) "It would be purely selfish on my part to deprive you of the enjoyments to which by reason of your youth and my position you are entitled."

"I am perfectly happy as it is," answered Aurelia. "I should be content to live here alone with you always, father, just as we are."

"But some day you must marry. Have you never thought of it?"

She looked at him, and burst into a merry laugh.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "If it were not that your face is so serious at this moment, I should think you were jesting with me."

"You have never wished for a lover?"

"Never!" she replied, her young smooth cheek flushing pink.

"That is as it should be," thought the Doctor. "That ground is in good condition. I shall have no trouble in getting her well married."

Inwardly chuckling, Dr. Delgado changed the conversation.

"She will be as wax in my hands," he reflected. "I shall marry her after my own heart. That virgin soul, that delicate mind, unspotted as the page of an unwritten book, will receive only the characters that I shall ordain to be traced there."

A servant approached from the house, walking hurriedly.

"Sir, there has been an accident," he announced. "A carriage has been overturned directly in front of the house."

"Any one injured?" inquired the master, turning about.

"A lady and gentleman," was the reply. "The lady seems only bruised, but the gentleman is unconscious. It is—a countess, sir," continued the man. "Shall they be brought in?"

"Countess or peasant, it makes no difference when there is a question of humanity," thundered the Doctor. "Don't you know that I would not turn an injured dog from my door?"

Then, addressing his daughter, he said in a milder tone:

"Go, my dear, and have two rooms prepared. Let them be on the ground-floor. Pass round by the shrubberies, so that you may not be brought in contact with perhaps a painful sight. And tell Marta to be in attendance."

With these words, the Doctor flew to the assistance of the unfortunate travellers, who proved to be the noble Countess of Grenadilla and her son, a young man about twenty-five years of age. The mother was but slightly injured; the young Count had suffered a dislocation of the shoulder and a deep cut on the back of the head, from which the blood flowed freely, and which had rendered him unconscious. The mother, greatly alarmed, besought the Doctor to inform her if her son's injuries were mortal. He soon reassured her and had the young man brought into the chamber which had been prepared for him. In a short time the patient was feeling quite comfortable.

Later, Dr. Delgado learned that the Countess had been on her way to consult him with regard to some internal trouble of her own, and the carriage had been upset at his very door. Having diagnosed the malady, he prescribed special treatment, and hospitably invited her to remain under the shelter of his roof until the condition of her son's health permitted his removal. The invitation was simply and gratefully accepted.

Aurelia and the Countess became very good friends; while, in the society of this refined and intelligent woman, the Doctor felt reawakening within him the social impulses which had long been dormant. It was three weeks before Aurelia and the Count met. He was the first young man of her own class to whom she had ever spoken; but her well-poised character prevented her from showing the

embarrassment which she naturally felt at this new experience.

Count Ricardo Grenadilla was a very handsome youth; the hue of good health and right living was on his cheeks, their sign-manual in his clear skin and frank and smiling eyes. Possessing intellectual gifts of a high degree, with cheerful spirits, and an optimistic view of life, his was a most interesting personality.

It soon became the daily programme for the elder couple to take the lead in their long walks about the grounds, the younger following at a discreet distance. The Doctor, unsuspicious man, enjoyed the society of the Countess, without giving a thought to the possible danger which might ensue from close intimacy between the younger members of the household. Thus time passed with these agreeable visitors, until but two days remained of their stay.

One afternoon the Doctor and the Countess sat talking within a shaded arbor; the young people could be dimly perceived at a distance walking slowly toward them. The Countess had been thanking her host for the boon of recovered health; while he, in turn, expressed the pleasure her sojourn and that of her son had given him.

"I trust we shall meet again," he said. "You will always be welcome here, Countess,—you and the Count, who is one of the most satisfactory boys I have ever met."

The Countess smiled.

"I do not know whether Ricardo would altogether approve of being called a *boy*," she said. "And indeed he is quite mature for his age. He has had considerable responsibility for one so young, and it has been good for him."

"He can not be more than twenty-six?" queried the Doctor.

"He will soon be twenty-seven," said the Countess.

"Still, only a boy."

"However, he knows what he wants. He has deputed me, Doctor, to pave the way for an announcement he wishes to make you."

The Doctor looked puzzled.

"No doubt you have noticed, and have not, I trust, looked with disfavor on the friendship of our two young people," continued the Countess.

Still mystified, the Doctor looked inquiringly at his guest.

"You are only a man, after all," laughed the Countess. "A woman has quicker powers of observation. I know from his own lips the state of my son's affections, and flatter myself that I have detected the same signs in the bearing of your sweet daughter. In short, Doctor, Ricardo desires permission to address you on the subject,—one which has my entire approval; for he could not find anywhere a more desirable wife than Aurelia."

"Wife! Aurelia!" cried the Doctor, springing to his feet. "What do you mean, woman,—excuse me—Countess?"

"Is my son, then, not considered a desirable *parti* for your daughter?" said the Countess in a changed tone.

"Decidedly not,—decidedly not! I never heard of such a thing! It is preposterous! I will not hear of it!"

"And why, my dear Doctor? I fancy the last scion of the Grenadillas is a sufficiently good match for the daughter of even the famous Dr. Delgado, who, after all, has not, I should judge, a particle of noble blood in his veins."

"Not a drop, Madam—Countess, I mean,—excuse me!—not a drop. The boy is well enough,—well enough; but I have other plans for my daughter. She shall marry a man of mature years and wide experience, one whom I shall choose myself,—a man whom she will revere as a father, one who will direct her in all things."

"Is she aware of these intentions

of yours in her regard?" asked the Countess, dryly.

"Of course not,—certainly not. There was no necessity that she should until the proper person had arrived."

"That is a pity!" continued the Countess, in the same tone. "If she had been made aware of them, she might, like the dutiful daughter she is, have fallen in with them, and so guarded her affections that she would not have permitted herself to fall in love."

"Fall in love!" echoed the Doctor. "That is the very thing she is not to do. Since her earliest childhood, I have resolved that Aurelia should not marry for love, should not have any experience of that ridiculous passion, should not even know the meaning of the word until I had placed her in the keeping of a sensible and responsible husband—"

"You have spoken too late, father!" interposed a sweet voice at his elbow.

"Yes, Doctor, too late!" chimed in a masculine echo, as the poor old man turned to see Ricardo and Aurelia standing before him, hand in hand. "I meant to ask your permission before saying a word to this dear girl," added the Count; "but, somehow, this morning my feelings escaped me. And we come now to ask you to ratify the promise we have just made each other in the garden. I love her, she loves me,—what more can I say?"

The Doctor ran his hands nervously through his short thick white hair, scowled first at one, then at the other of the blushing, smiling offenders; took three steps forward, then backward; and finally, turning to his daughter, he exclaimed:

"You—you were *not* to fall in love, Aurelia!"

"I did not know it, father," she answered demurely. "I have already done so."

"You are *not* to marry for love!"

"Then I shall *never* marry."

"Did you not tell me no longer than

six weeks ago that you had never wished for a lover?"

"At that time it was the truth."

The Countess placed her arm around Aurelia's shoulder.

"My mother approves," said the Count. "And you, Doctor?"

"I suppose I have no alternative," cried the old man, half angry, half laughing, as, plunging his hands once more in his hair, he walked rapidly away. But he retraced his steps in a moment. Throwing himself on a garden bench, he exclaimed: "At least I shall have one thing in my own hands,—one project shall go my way. Twice have my plans been frustrated, but there is still some hope left. At least I am giving my child to one who will lead her through the right and sensible paths. I take it, Count Ricardo, that you are a modern Spaniard, a progressive man?"

"I hope so—I believe so," answered the Count.

"What is your politics, what your Party? You are all right on the subject of—religion?" said the Doctor, looking eagerly into the young man's face.

"I trust so," he answered. "I was a pupil of the Jesuits, and still cherish their teachings. I belong to the Clerical Party; and, though we may be in the minority, with my *confrères* I have full faith in the glorious future of *Catholic Spain*."

"Checkmated again!" groaned the Doctor, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Defeated at every turn! Almost could I believe, Aurelia," he continued, turning sharply round on his blushing daughter,—"*almost* could I believe that death does not end all,—that your poor mother, wiser than I, chose well the weapons which were to fight her battles for the future of her child, levelling at the same time all the structures I have built—in air."

"Ah, dear father, *do* believe it, for it is the truth!" exclaimed his daughter,

seizing both his hands in hers and kissing his wrinkled cheek. "We shall be so happy then, Ricardo and I!"

"Well! well!" cried the old man. "Already you have progressed so far, while I was not even aware that you knew his first name." Then, with that characteristic justice and graceful acceptance of the inevitable that was one of his most prominent traits, the Doctor blessed them both, made his apologies to the Countess for his late rudeness, and, turning abruptly away, went hurriedly indoors.

There is a pretty little chapel now at Las Robles, and a neat little presbytery. In the former a good old priest daily officiates; and in the neat little house he lives, in company with his well-thumbed library. But he spends many a recreative hour assisting the Doctor in his laboratory, his garden, and his aquarium. They are fond of interchanging views; and, though these occasionally clash, the old men are very good friends.

And there are in the nursery two charming little girls, adored by their grandfather, at whose knee they as frequently say their night prayers, as at that of their mother. Every evening the Doctor and the Countess walk in the garden; but if there could be jealousy in heaven, Edith would have no slightest reason to feel it, because, in the opinion of her husband, she was and is his guardian angel, in sole possession of his heart and memory for time and for eternity.

(The End.)

It is the law of love that from the first moment of its existence it can live only on condition of its augmenting. It must grow, must rise, must fortify itself by joy or by suffering; must take deeper root by virtue of its happiness,—or, still more surely here below, by virtue of its trials and sacrifices.

—*Perreyve*.

A Happiness but Little Known.

(Rondeau.)

BY E. BECK.

THEY who make others happy gain
 A happiness but little known
 By those who strive, and oft in vain,
 Unceasingly to win their own.
 Pity they need who strive and strain
 For self from youth till youth is flown,—
 They who make others happy gain
 A happiness but little known.
 Who strives with heart or hand or brain
 For others' weal is never lone;
 Time spent in soothing woe or pain
 Leaves shorter time for self to moan,—
 They who make others happy gain
 A happiness but little known.

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ANNA MARIA TAÏGI.

EVERY phase of life has its heroes and heroines. There have been heroines of the battlefield, like the saintly Maid of Orleans or the chivalrous Maid of Saragossa; heroines of the perilous seas, like Grace Darling; heroines of the hospital ward, like Florence Nightingale; heroines of charity, like our nuns in times of war who risk their lives, and often sacrifice them, to tend the wounded and dying, "where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword"; or those earthly ministering angels who succor the sick in periods of pestilence; and countless others. The world is thrilled, from time to time, by the narratives of the toils and dangers fearlessly faced by heroic explorers in repeated efforts to reach the North Pole; on their return, they are lionized by society, fêted and flattered, and decorated with titles of honor. Then there are heroes of adventure whose sole ambition is to reach

the summit of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc.

But what of those humble, hidden heroines of the home who have not spent their lives in ineffectual efforts to reach the North Pole or the topmost peaks of the Alps, but have successfully reached far greater heights—the heights of sanctity? The modern world, which is as clamorous for new sensations as the pagan populace for their Circensian games and gladiatorial combats, takes no note of these. It is loud in its praises of the heroes of science who have unravelled a few of the secrets of nature, and added to the sum of human knowledge by the discovery of hidden physical forces; but it has not a word of praise or admiration for those heroes and heroines of the home of the higher life, who have enlarged our knowledge of the science of the saints, although physical science is to the science of the spiritual life "as moonlight is to sunlight or as water is to wine."

When, on March 4, 1874, Pius IX. received in audience the members of the Pious Union, composed of all that is noblest and most distinguished among Roman women, and, in a touching address, the ladies expressed their devotedness to the cause of the Church and the Papacy, the Sovereign Pontiff, in the course of his reply, proposed to them as models of Christian womanhood in the world and in the midst of the home two Roman matrons,—“valiant women,” he declared, “in the fullest sense of the word.” These were Elizabeth Canori Mora and Anna Maria Taïgi, who died in the odor of sanctity,—the former in 1825, and the latter in 1837.

Speaking of Anna Maria Taïgi, whose whole life was devoted to domestic work and prayer, his Holiness added: “God had granted her extraordinary favors, and in particular foreknowledge of future facts which have been verified,

and which obedience obliged her to reveal, and this without her ever losing that spirit of humility, that simplicity, which is the condemnation of our age, in which predominate materialism, falsehood and pride." The Church, voicing the *vox populi* and the *vox Dei*, in this instance happily harmonious, is about to decree the honors of its altars to these heroines of the home.

Anna Maria Antonia Gesualda Gianetti, daughter of Luigi Gianetti and Maria Masi, was born in Siena on May 29, 1769. She was Roman not by birth, but by adoption. Her father was the son of a Siennese druggist or apothecary, who, after attaining a position of independence in his native city, fell upon hard times, and left a legacy of debts when he died. Luigi, having striven in vain to retrieve the family fortunes, sank deeper into debts and difficulties, had to sell all he possessed to satisfy pitiless creditors, and finally turned his back on Siena to hide his poverty in Rome, along with his portionless wife and five-year-old daughter Annette.

Poor and penniless, they of necessity had to find a lodging in one of the poorest quarters of the city, the Rione dei Monti, then frequented by the pious pilgrim canonized as Saint Benedict Joseph Labre,* whom Anna Maria's mother prepared for burial, and whose honored remains now rest at the foot of a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of Santa Maria in Monti, a picture before which he was often seen absorbed in prayer and even rapt in ecstasy. Anna Maria Taïgi herself must have frequently met the French pilgrim, who died in Rome in 1783, when she was only fourteen, and was still living in the Via delle Vergini, near San Pietro in Vincoli.

When they entered Rome, Pius VI.

had just been elected Pope after a protracted conclave, and the whole city was *en fête*. The people were prosperous and contented. Money was abundant and living was cheap. The Gianetti soon found what they wanted: a modest but secure subsistence. Anna Maria, schooled by the Maestre Pie, or Pious Mistresses, was placed in a work room, where she was able to earn a little to help the family, when she grew up and became the *donnina di casa*, or little housekeeper, an expression peculiar to Tuscany. There was, of course, poverty in the home; but there was also peace and happiness; for the spirit of charity and order reigned therein. And the Rosary, nightly recited in common, after the father and mother returned from their day's work outside—for they were both employed in domestic service,—brought a blessing upon the little household.

Anna Maria was first prompted to pray for the Church when, in the spring of 1782, she heard the priest announce from the pulpit the approaching departure of the Pope for Vienna, whither the proceedings of Joseph II., in relation to ecclesiastical reform, called him; for the Emperor of Austria, imbued with the principles of eighteenth-century philosophism, and impelled by his minister Kaunitz, was overstepping his authority and posing as a reformer. She felt awakening within her a desire to sacrifice herself entirely to God for the preservation of the Pope, the triumph of the Church, and the expiation of the sins of bad Christians; though as yet she did not fully realize what that sacrifice and expiation implied.

Meanwhile the Donna Maria Serra, in whose house (the Palazzo Mutti, at the foot of Monte Cavallo) her father was employed as a domestic, engaged her as lady's maid, attaching her mother also to her household. Anna was about three years in this lady's

* Canonized by Leo XIII. December 8, 1881. His feast is kept on April 16. At No. 3 Via dei Serpenti is the room in which he died.

service when she married Domenico Taïgi, a Milanese attached to the service of the Chigi family. Though poor and a bit rough and unpolished, he was a descendant of the illustrious family of the Taeggi, formerly one of the first in Milan, whose sovereigns loaded them with honors and dignities. The name he gave the daughter of the broken-down Siense apothecary she was destined to render still more illustrious by her own virtues and heroism; and, long surviving her, he was privileged to bear testimony to her holiness when he had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

The marriage took place on January 7, 1790, in the Church of St. Marcellus, near the end of the Corso. Domenico was then a good-looking youth, and was called *le bel angiolino*. Though pious at heart, there was a singular mixture of rudeness and good nature in his character; while Anna Maria—she was in her twenty-first year—was amiable, reserved and polite. There is a trait of human interest in the admission that she was not indifferent to his good looks when she accepted him for her husband. Although he filled the humble rôle of a man-of-all-work in the Chigi household, Domenico was thought much of by the Prince, who always took him with him to the Conclaves, at three of which he was present. At the election of Pius IX. in 1846 he was living as a pensioner of the Chigi family. Nevertheless, the Prince asked him again to accompany him; but his children dissuaded him from going, as he was too old. They sometimes said to him, alluding to his employment and the confidence reposed in him by the Prince, that he would enter heaven carrying the Chigi family on his back. He died in 1853, aged ninety-three. His master, Prince Sigismond Chigi, Marshal of the Holy Roman Church and Perpetual Guardian of the Conclave, died in May, 1877, aged seventy-nine. The Chigi

family is one of those who have given sovereigns to Christian Rome and Popes to the Church, among others Alexander VII.*

Diversity of character and habits did not mar domestic harmony in the Taïgi household; for husband and wife were united by mutual affection and respect, prayed at the same altars, participated in the same sacraments, were animated by the same faith, and had their thoughts continually centred in the service of God and their neighbor and the salvation of their souls. Prince Chigi gave them apartments in his palace reserved for confidential members of his suite. It was there they spent the first years of their married life, and there, with one exception, were born all their children.

Born in Siena and reared in Rome, Anna Maria was a thorough Italian, and displayed that taste for self-adornment which may be attributed as much to the artistic instincts of her race as to vanity and that fondness for outdoor life and gayety which is characteristic of Southern peoples. She liked to appear neat and well dressed when she accompanied her husband to a festa or some public entertainment; but when allured and drawn to the higher life, she looked back remorsefully and regretfully at this epoch in after years as time ill-spent and wasted on frivolities, and regarded these as grave faults, which she expiated by severe penances. Misinterpreting these self-accusations, some writers have erroneously assumed that she had given herself up to dissipation, and that her youth was almost as wild as that of Margaret of Cortona; but credible witnesses have testified that, though lively and fond of dress, Anna Maria was always very reserved and modest. Don Rafaele Natali, a priest who lived in the same house with her for twenty-

* Fabio Chigi, 1655-67.

two years (1815–1837), and who gave evidence at the Apostolic process, said: "She liked very much to cultivate neatness in dress, as is customary among Tuscan women; but I do not believe she ever betrayed any immodesty in her style of dressing. She entered the service of a lady of quality as lady's maid, and was there exposed to great dangers, but she never fell." All the evidence adduced for her beatification affirms that she never committed any grave fault.

Though she dressed and adorned herself only to please her husband, she began to feel a growing repugnance to wearing jewelry and such trinkets as Italian girls love; and when she was taking off her pearl necklet and gold chain after returning from her walks with Domenico, she would hear a voice within her gently reproaching her and saying: "Will you never lay aside these vain frivolities?" One festival day, as she was crossing the Piazza of St. Peter's, a vague uneasiness disturbed her, as she thought that all this display of finery could not be pleasing to God, particularly in the church she was about to enter. Divine grace, observes her biographer, was more pressingly drawing her to a life of complete renunciation.

In the midst of the immense concourse of people who were crowding to St. Peter's, on the occasion in question, she found herself alongside a religious of the Order of the Servites of Mary, to whom she was then unknown. The moment they met, he felt involuntarily prompted to look at her, and simultaneously heard within him a mysterious voice which distinctly said: "Pay attention to that woman. I shall one day put her in your hands; you must lead her entirely to Me. She will sanctify herself, because I have chosen her to be a saint." This was Father Angelo, or John Angelo Verardi of Bologna, who, when she afterward

went to confession to him in the Church of St. Marcellus, at once recognized her; and, to her surprise, said, as he drew the slide: "Ah, you have come at last, soul beloved of Heaven! Have courage, my daughter! The Lord loves you. He wishes you to be wholly His." And then he told her of the meeting in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and the interior voice which he was convinced came from God.

From the general confession she then made dates the life of austerity she thenceforth led up to the day of her death, although her confessor did not find in her accusations the shadow of a deliberate sin. Feeling, as she expressed it, an earnest desire to offer herself to the Lord unreservedly, to be an expiatory victim for the sins daily committed in the world, she became, with her confessor's and husband's approval, a Tertiary of the Discalced Trinitarians. "Assuredly," said the priest, "it is God who wishes you to be so,—that is, a religious in the midst of the world."

"She was very devout to the holy mysteries," related her husband in his deposition; "but particularly to that of the Most Holy Trinity. That is why she asked my permission to assume the habit of a Tertiary of that Order,* to which I willingly consented. Father Ferdinand, of the Convent of San Carlino, received her, but on condition that she should always fulfil her obligations as a wife and mother; seeing that a married woman is no longer mistress of herself, but subject to her husband. Such were our conditions: she always observed them with ready obedience and complete fidelity."

Her devotion at her reception, which moved her to tears of joy and other external manifestations, which she promptly suppressed at the command

* The Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives was founded in 1198 by St. John of Matha and St. Felix of Valois.

of her confessor, so impressed those present that they at once conceived the highest idea of her holiness, and regarded her as a privileged soul. Thenceforward her charity knew no bounds; her prayers were more prolonged, her meditations more fervent, her penances more rigorous; and the Lord responded to her generosity by an increase of sensible graces, and by favoring her with divine communications, which gradually prepared her for higher favors.

A short time after her admission into the Trinitarian Third Order, she was one day prostrate before the crucifix. Her meditation had been more prolonged than usual, and her hand had not spared the strokes of the discipline on her bared shoulders. Suddenly a great light, brilliant as the sun, met her gaze. She first thought it might be a diabolical deception; but subsequently felt reassured and convinced that there was no illusion, as she contemplated this luminous globe, of which she afterward gave her confessor a most minute description. When Anna Maria first saw this sun she observed that its light, although dazzling, was still veiled by some slight clouds. An interior voice told her that the radiation of this luminary would increase more and more in proportion as she purified her heart, and that it was granted to her for every day of her future life. This strange phenomenon, unique and unparalleled in the lives of the saints, was special to her and her mission, which, while illustrating the sanctity of the sacramental marriage tie and of the Christian home, was to be a mediatrix for sinners.

Inspired by an extraordinary zeal for the salvation of souls, she had made a voluntary offering of herself to obtain for sinners the grace of conversion by her prayers, sufferings, and corporal austerities. To pursue this self-sacrificing apostolate in her

home without mixing in the world, this Christian heroine needed some means of knowing the different needs of souls she wished to succor, the deplorable condition of sinners, the snares of the devil, and the perils of the Church; in short, all the disorders she was desirous of remedying. God, in answer to her prayers, healed the sick; and, through the medium of this mystical sun, imparted to her the science of religion, the knowledge of the past, present, and future. She saw therein the state of the consciences of men, the situation of different nations, revolutions and wars, the designs of governments, the machinations of the secret societies; the crimes, idolatrous superstitions, and all the evils that scourged humanity. The existence of this sun has been verified by myriads of marvels, as recorded in the depositions of witnesses at the Apostolic process. The fact that she was enabled by the supernatural knowledge derived therefrom to effect innumerable conversions and work immense good to the profit of the Church is taken as evident proof that the light that emanated therefrom was divine.

For her encouragement, and to help her in the fulfilment of her difficult mission, it was revealed to her that God had done for her what He had not done for any of His servants, in granting her a gift that none of them ever had. It was always before her wherever she went, night and day,—like a mirror, reflecting good and evil, as it was explained to her.* In the beginning the light was of the color of a flame, and the disk like dull gold; but according as this pious woman advanced in virtue, it became more brilliant, and in a short time emitted more splendor than seven suns focussed

* The actual words in Italian are: *Questo e uno specchio che io ti facio vedere, perche capischi il bene ed il male.*

in a single centre. It was as large as the natural sun and environed with rays, and was so dazzlingly bright that it would have fatigued the strongest sight; but she could see it with an eye that had almost lost its faculty of vision, and with which otherwise she had been unable to distinguish ordinary objects.

At the verge of the upper rays was a large crown of thorns interlaced, of the dimension of the sun; from either end of the crown extended two long thorns, the points of which were crossed underneath the solar disk, in the centre of which was represented a beautiful female, seated, with eyes raised to heaven in an attitude of contemplation. Her garments were shining, and from her brow came vertical rays, like those of Moses when he came down from Sinai. The centre was inaccessible to earthly shadows and figures, and seemed to repel all obscurity with invincible force. When she gazed at it, she felt interpenetrated with a sentiment of respect and dread, such as the Israelites felt when they looked upon the face of Moses after he descended from the Mount.

For forty-seven years this vision lasted. It was like a continual and permanent participation, so far as was possible to one still on earth, in the enlarged knowledge alone possessed by perfected souls in the beatific vision. "Some will think I exaggerate," said her confessor, after speaking at length of the marvellous phenomenon accorded to the pious woman. "But I can assure them that I have said only what is indispensable to form an idea of it; volumes would not suffice if all the facts that took place for forty-seven years were to be related."

"We are told," observes one of Anna Maria's biographers, "that God gave to St. Francis of Assisi the sacred stigmata to awaken the world from its lethargy—*refrigescente mundo*. One

may also believe that in our days, when modern Science glorifies itself, over so many new inventions, God was pleased to confound the pride of an age which calls itself enlightened, despite the darkness accumulated by impious maxims and the abuse of divine benefits, to give His humble servant, in the mysterious light of this sun, a kind of heavenly mirror, in which a poor woman destitute of knowledge could, by a single glance, learn the most distant things, political events with all their consequences, and reveal the most secret thoughts of men."

In this mystical sun she foresaw the election of a succession of Popes from Pius VII., and predicted the events of their pontificates. When General Miollis still held the command at Rome, she saw the glorious return of Pius VII.; and when that saintly Pontiff was ill unto death, and the physicians did not think he was in any danger, she warned those about him to hasten to administer the last Sacraments, as he would soon die,—as, in fact, he did. At the time of the last malady of Leo XII., she was supernaturally made aware early in the morning of his approaching end, hearing these words: "Arise and pray for My Vicar, who is on the point of being summoned to My tribunal." She at once got up and prayed, and the next day heard of the Pope's death.

"I remember very well," relates the Marquis Carlo Bandini, "that after the death of Leo XII., when the Cardinals were in Conclave, and no one could foresee the time when it would please God to console the Church by the election of a new Pope, Anna Maria announced the election eight days before it took place; adding that the pontificate of Pius VIII. would be short." She saw beforehand in the mysterious sun the catafalque prepared for the obsequies of this Pontiff. He died a few days afterward. His death was

followed by the outbreak of the revolution in Rome, when God revealed to the pious woman, overwhelmed with expiatory sufferings, the different means Providence employed to foil the revolutionary plots. She likewise had foreknowledge of the pontificate of Gregory XVI. and the chief events of his reign.

"I went with the servant of God to visit the crucifix in St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls," says Mgr. Natali. "Cardinal Capellari came there after us from St. Gregory's. Anna Maria occupied the only *prie-dieu* in the chapel. I tried to move her, that she might give place to the Cardinal; but she was in ecstasy and saw nothing. The good Cardinal signed to me to leave her alone, and knelt before the rails. Anna Maria, on coming out of her ecstatic trance, began to look fixedly at her sun and then at the Cardinal. On returning to Rome, I questioned her about the gaze she had fixed for a time upon Cardinal Capellari. As she was bound by obedience to tell me everything, she said to me frankly: 'It is the future Pope.' She described to me the allegorical signs she had remarked on this subject in the mysterious sun. It was a little dove surrounded with golden rays, which rested before him. It was covered with clouds, which indicated the trials of the pontificate." When, subsequently, the Conclave was being held, she saw in the sun similar signs: one little dove carrying a cross, another the keys, a third the tiara, and two drinking out of a chalice bearing the Camaldolese arms.*

* Gregory XVI. had been a Camaldolese monk before he was created a Cardinal.

(Conclusion next week.)

LIKE the crevices on the face of a volcano, the Fall is to be seen everywhere in the universe and in souls.

—*Anon.*

Her Native Air.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

"DÉSIRÉE," said the Countess de Bruange to her faithful maid, as she entered the bedroom where the old woman sat darning linen, "I have decided,—at least I *think* I have decided."

"What to do, Madame?" inquired Désirée, lifting her eyes to the face of her mistress as she snapped off the end of her thread between her sharp white teeth,—the teeth of a healthy Bretonne.

"To marry the Baron," replied the Countess, sinking into a *fauteuil*, leaning back as she did so and closing her eyes.

"I am sorry to hear it," answered Désirée. "And yet I had half feared it. In this atmosphere, with Madame's associates, what could one expect?"

The Countess laughed bitterly.

"You are right," she said,— "as right as you always are, and as fearless. If it were not for you, Désirée, I should not have a shred of goodness left in me. As it is, there is very little."

"So it seems," said the old woman, dryly. "I thought there had been more. But what could one look for beside? First, it is that Madame leaves off her charitable visits, then her confraternities, then her monthly Communions; finally, it is only once a year; and lately Madame has been too tired to go to Mass. The rest is very easy."

"I hate it all, nevertheless," rejoined the Countess, after a brief silence. "I am not happy; I never shall be happy again. But I am young and strong: I can not die,—I do not wish to die. I am borne along, almost against my will, by a current which already has begun to overwhelm me, and I can not resist."

"So it seems. But, does Madame *try* to resist?"

"In a measure, yes,—at least I *have* tried. In the beginning I made a

sacrifice. Even my dear father did not know to what a monster he was marrying me, or he would not have done it. I endured it as long as I could. Say what they will, Désirée, there is something about the status of a divorced woman which sets her apart."

"That is true, no doubt, Madame, especially if she does not seclude herself, if she is not prudent."

"Have I been imprudent?"

"Only in encouraging the attentions of the Baron d'Auteuil, who is a divorced man."

"His wife was impossible, Désirée,—the daughter of a common fisherman, coarse, uneducated, unrefined, with nothing to recommend her but her physical beauty. I am hideous beside her. I wonder that, having been fascinated by her extraordinary loveliness, he can find anything in my face to charm him."

"To me, Madame, it is as though the divorced Baroness was a weed growing beside a lily. The weed flaunts, the lily blooms grandly but modestly withal. The fisherman's daughter is the weed, the daughter of the Lord of Morlarde the lily."

"Thank you, Désirée! Your comparison is sincere at least, if not just. But all the world knows that the Baron loves beauty above all else."

"And does that recommend him to Madame?"

"It flatters me, perhaps, that he thinks me worth looking at."

"And what if Madame should lose her beauty by accident or disease? It would be a risky thing to stake all one's chance of happiness on so slight a thing, so perishable a thing as mere beauty of face or form."

"The chances are far from even," said the Countess. "Not one woman in ten thousand is likely to lose her beauty from either one or the other cause. I am willing to take that risk. I think I shall marry the Baron."

"And give up your birthright?"

"My birthright! What do you mean, Désirée?"

"You will no longer be a Catholic. You can not go to Mass or the sacraments. Even at the hour of death they would be denied you unless you should renounce the Baron."

"I know it,—I know it," replied the Countess, impatiently. "I have counted the cost, and, to be candid, that does not bother me any more. Religion no longer consoles me, it no longer appeals to me. As you have just remarked, I do not go to Mass as it is."

"Because Madame is no hypocrite—thank God!—whatever false steps she has made; because she is yet too true, too faithful to the traditions and teachings of God and her family to try to reconcile outward conformity with inward defection. What Madame wants now is to make a heroic effort,—to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'—to throw herself on the mercy and compassion of Almighty God."

"You speak as though I were a dreadful sinner, Désirée."

The old woman went on with her darning. Her lips were firmly set, her hand did not tremble.

The Countess spoke again.

"Désirée," she asked, "will you leave me if I marry the Baron d'Auteuil?"

"Does Madame wish it?"

"Désirée!"

"I shall never leave Madame until she sends me away."

"Good Désirée! And yet understand that since I came into this room I have resolved positively to marry the Baron."

"Madame thinks so, yet it may not come to pass. I hope for the best."

"What shall prevent it?"

"Almighty God, if He chooses."

"Yes, but He has abandoned me."

"No: it is Madame who has abandoned Him."

"Ah, no! I still pray night and morning."

"I am surprised to hear it."

"After this perhaps I shall not."

"That would be more consistent with what Madame proposes to do."

"Very true, Désirée. One can not serve God and mammon. Once I did the first faithfully; now I am trying the other master."

"And yet Madame is no happier."

"I am weary, Désirée,—weary. Nothing seems to matter any more."

The tone of despondency in which her mistress spoke pierced the old woman's heart. She laid aside her mending, went into the bedroom and brought out some *eau de Cologne*, with which she bathed the beautiful cheeks and forehead. Tears began to trickle from beneath the closed eyelids, sighs of content to issue from the oppressed bosom. Gradually they subsided. Désirée bent down to look at the beautiful pale face. The Countess was asleep.

"God pity her, she has had much to bear!" murmured the old woman, as she softly left the room.

Yvonne de Roscoëf had been married at seventeen to the Comte de Bruange, with whom she had lived seven miserable years. He had fallen in love with her pretty face; her old father, last scion of a noble Breton house, a brave soldier but a man most unworldly, had thought it a very good match for his motherless daughter, who never dreamed of protesting against his wishes, though she was far from being attracted by the appearance or manner of her future husband. Had it not been that she feared to wound and distress her aged parent, she would have left the Count after the first year. When seven years elapsed, and the old Breton nobleman was gathered to his fathers, the Count forestalled her wishes by going to Algiers one morning with a famous, or notorious, adventuress. After this latest and most atrocious indignity, she obtained a divorce, retiring for a short time from

society, in which she had formerly tried to drown her sorrows. But the social whirl had become second nature to her: she could no longer exist without pleasure and admiration. Little by little, as Désirée had truthfully and fearlessly said, the havoc had been wrought in her soul, once so pure, so pious, so open to every call of virtue.

Désirée was a privileged person; the Countess looked upon her as her best friend. Her father had been the steward of the old Count de Roscoëf, herself the early companion and faithful attendant of his young wife until her death, after the birth of their only daughter. Honest and incorruptible, she was the only shield between the call of the world and the bitterness of a sweet nature spoiled by the saddest of experiences—bad example and worldly surroundings.

It was to the credit of the Countess that she had always kept close to her this guardian of her infancy, who never hesitated to say what she thought on any subject; loving her mistress with an uncommon love, and praying for her night and day with all the faith and devotion of her Breton soul.

"Is Madame still of the same mind?" she inquired next morning, as she was brushing the Countess' hair.

"In what respect?" asked her mistress, although she was well aware of Désirée's meaning.

"As to marrying M. le Baron?"

"Certainly: I have decided, as I told you yesterday."

"Madame loves him very much?"

"Well—no," answered the Countess, a small frown gathering between her brows,—“not as you mean, Désirée. That sort of affection does not go nowadays. It is out of fashion. And it is just as well; for the disappointment and disillusion are less poignant and hard to bear when they do come.”

"How does Madame know? Madame has never loved—thus."

"How could I have done so? I married from the convent door, one might say; and while I lived with my husband I was true to him."

"Madame is not so far advanced then, after all," replied the old woman.

"I was not—then," said the Countess. "Heaven only knows what I should do if it were now, when I am older and wiser, and—"

"Less scrupulous," added Désirée, sharply, finishing the sentence.

The Countess laughed.

"How merciless you are!" she said. "But even if I am less scrupulous," she continued, "there is something in me which I believe would always have forbidden anything very base."

"Madame is not beyond redemption," said the old servant gaily, with a tender little pat of the brush on the soft brown hair of her mistress.

"Not quite; *but* I am going to marry the Baron, Désirée."

"Madame has decided?"

"I have decided."

"It will be only a civil marriage."

"A civil marriage, of course."

"Madame will be sorry. The Baron is one to tire soon of what he wants, after he has obtained it."

"We understand each other very well, Désirée. He admires what he calls my beauty; he will like to see me well dressed; he is not a jealous man, and I shall not give him cause for jealousy. I shall have the satisfaction of having some one to protect me. He will not be too devoted; he is good-natured, and so am I. We shall not go plodding along together in bourgeois fashion, Désirée. Oh, we shall each have enough liberty! We shall get on very well together, I assure you."

"Madame's ideals are not high these days. I should not wonder either if the Baron's were less so."

"Nor I," responded the Countess, carelessly. "Being a man, that is only natural."

"Madame's *best* friends (I speak in the real sense of the word) will—will—" she hesitated, fearing to go too far.

"Will ignore me or drop me, you wanted to say," laughed the Countess. "I can stand it, Désirée. Those to whom you refer are fossils or abnormally pious persons, who have no charity in their souls."

The Countess arose from her chair and placed a high jewelled comb in her shining braids.

Désirée's back was turned. She wiped her eyes. The Countess perceived it.

"Poor old girl!" she cried, impulsively seizing her faithful maid by the hand. "Don't make me cry also, Désirée!"

"Madame is happy: why should she cry?" sobbed the old woman.

"Happy!" echoed the Countess, with a break in her voice. "What is happiness?"

"It is to fear and love God with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves," replied the old woman, gazing steadily into the eyes of her mistress, which drooped before her earnest regard.

The Countess, quickly recovering herself, exclaimed, with a merry laugh:

"Happiness! To know it, to feel it, is to be a star floating in the blue ethereal, sparkling, unattainable, yet the desired, the envied of all who gaze upon it."

"And to be thrust from heaven some day, perhaps," said Désirée,—"to fall, shattered to pieces, lost, banished forever."

"Happiness!" continued the Countess, still smiling, her hands resting behind her on the dressing-table. "What is it to be happy? It is to be a rose, the queen of the garden, lovely and fragrant, admired and envied by all who pass; to be worn at last on the bosom of some fond adorer, to whom its beauty, its breath, its fragility are the sweetest things in all the world."

"To be cast aside when it is faded,

to wither in the dust," said Désirée, still gazing undismayed into the eyes of her mistress.

"Happiness!" again exclaimed the Countess, pinching the old woman's cheek with a ringing laugh. "It is to be a butterfly, airy and light-winged, delicately robed as a fairy, flitting from flower to flower; tasting all the sweets of the garden, bathing in its dews and basking in its sunshine."

"To be swept away one day by a cruel hand, or crushed under foot by a careless passer-by," rejoined Désirée, turning to the door. Then, pausing on the threshold, she repeated: "There is only one road to happiness, Madame, my beloved mistress! It is to fear and love God with all one's heart, and our neighbor as ourselves."

As her slow steps resounded along the polished corridor, the Countess threw herself in a chair.

"To fear God!" she exclaimed. "Do I fear Him? Not by my actions—no. Do I love Him? Still less, if my life be a test of either. And my neighbors? Do I love them as myself? Do I love them at all? Alas, no! But that is—nonsense, that precept; it is impossible to follow it; it is obsolete. And yet—and yet, they are the words of Christ Himself. Thank God, I still have faith! They are the words of Christ Himself. Better that I had not faith, perhaps; for then I should be less guilty."

A paroxysm of tears stifled her utterance. When it had subsided she jumped to her feet and looked in the glass, another mood possessing her.

"I am a fright!" she pouted. "My eyes are red, my cheeks mottled."

Then she rang the bell. When Désirée appeared, the Countess said:

"Hurry,—finish me! You have made me look a fright. You have been cruel to me, Désirée. I am vexed with you,—vexed with you, almost for the first time in my life."

(To be continued.)

A Favor of Our Queen.

THE Augustinian Fathers of Manila reckon amongst their greatest achievements a confraternity under the patronage of Our Lady of Consolation, which is widely diffused among the Filipinos, who, as we know, are deeply pious and tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin. On her part, the Mother of fair love and of holy hope has always been pleased to listen to the supplications of those who, with faith in her patronage, invoke her with humble hearts. An incident which occurred in September, 1902, proves this truth in a very striking and consoling manner.

A two-masted schooner, battling against an angry sea, under a leaden sky which poured torrents of water, was making supreme efforts to reach the port of Manila. She seemed like the toy of one of those sudden and violent cyclones which occur with greatest fury in the tropics. The waves were already inundating the deck; the foremast had been broken and washed away; the injured rudder, too, had finally become useless. All hope was abandoned: nothing remained but to become resigned to inevitable death. Twenty-five men expected momentarily to be submerged in the depths of the sea. Exhausted by an unceasing struggle of several days against the elements, they acknowledged themselves vanquished.

In this desperate situation a ray of light from above entered the mind of one of the crew: he remembered Our Lady of Consolation, in whose honor a novena was then being made by the Augustinian Fathers in the Church of St. Paul. He knelt down, raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed: "Mother of Consolation, pray for us, save us!" Suddenly the sky began to clear, the sea became calm, and the ship, as if steered by unseen hands

moved across the bay and soon entered port. Here the crew safely disembarked, amidst the exclamations of thousands of people, who, learning of their peril, had interceded in their behalf with Our Lady of Consolation.

Meanwhile the earnest prayers of the ship's owner contributed in no small degree to this wondrous escape. Anguished by the thought of the great danger that beset ship and crew, he appealed to her who is the Consolation of the Afflicted. In the beautiful church of the Augustinians he passed long hours imploring her intervention. While absorbed in his prayers, one of his servants approached him, saying: "Sir, the ship is coming into port!" Directing a tender glance toward the statue of the Mother of mankind, he hurried to the port to witness what soon brought joy to all Manila.

Weeping with gratitude, the owner of the ship, with the crew, repaired to the convent of the Augustinians and related to the prior what had occurred. With a piety which moved the good Father profoundly, he begged him, on bended knees, to allow the faithful sailors, on the feast of the Blessed Virgin, to carry her statue on their shoulders, escorted by a band; thus to proclaim in all quarters of the town the extraordinary favor which the Mother of Christ had deigned to grant them.

A few days afterward, at the closing of the novena, a solemn procession issued from the Church of St. Paul, presenting to the gaze of the faithful a tender and affecting picture. The statue of Our Lady of Consolation—borne on the shoulders of twenty sailors, and preceded by their companions, carrying their oars and lighted candles—was the object of a most profound tribute of gratitude. The sky itself seemed to contribute an added beauty to the celebration, which deeply impressed all hearts. The lowering clouds lifted,

and the sun suddenly shone forth, as if to signify the pleasure with which our Sovereign Lady regarded this act of gratitude and devotion. The festive sound of the music, the sonorous pealing of the bells, the happy faces and enthusiastic hearts of the assemblage,—all indicated the joyous ending of the festival, which the gratitude of the fortunate sailors had converted into a glorious apotheosis of Our Lady of Consolation.

By virtue of the intercession of Mary, Star of the Sea and Mother of the Afflicted, the merciful God of tempests rescued those poor sailors from imminent danger of perishing. They became publishers of the divine bounty, and, prostrate on bended knees before the altar, poured out their souls in fervent thanks to God and the Virgin-Mother for having heeded their earnest petitions in the dark hour of their need.

Turkish Sayings.

*Translated at the Armenian Monastery of
St. Lazarus, Venice.*

He that speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.

The nest of a blind bird is made by God.

The bear that is hungry never dances.

Every fish that escapes appears larger than it is.

He that does not know how to read aspires to the dignity of prime minister.

It is like digging a well with a needle.

The sword is not to be used against him who asks forgiveness.

He that eats does not know how much is consumed, but he that carves knows very well.

A cucumber being given to a poor man, he refused it because it was crooked.

Do not observe him who speaks, but him of whom he speaks.

He that has no shirt, wishes every day for ten yards of cloth.

Few desires, happy life.

He who asks has one shame, but he who refuses has two.

While my beard is burning others say, Let us try to light our pipes at it.

God is the enemy of the proud.

The replenished understand not the pain of the destitute.

He that falls by himself never cries.

Before the rich man makes up his mind to give, the poor man dies.

The vessel leans but her course is straight.

It is better to lose an eye than to lose one's reputation.

Vinegar given is sweeter than honey.

The insolent are never without a wound.

You can not find a cupboard in the hut of a gipsy.

Chattering will never make the soup boil.

An Important Suggestion.

A VALUABLE contribution to the ephemeral literature of the Labor problem, particularly as that problem affects Catholics, is a paper recently read before the Newman Club of Los Angeles, Cal., by Mr. M. J. Riordan, himself an employer of many workmen. Affirming that the Church is the teacher of Capital and Labor, and asking how priests are to perform the office of instructor of the workmen and capitalists in their relations with each other, Mr. Riordan, as quoted in the *San Francisco Monitor*, said:

It would seem to me that the model is ready at hand in the old trade guilds that were formed under the direction of the Church during the old days. Why should not every parish in this broad land form its laboring classes into work-

men's guild, or sodality, or union, or whatever you might choose to call it? Assembled together once a week—on Sunday afternoon or a weekday evening,—a practical course of instruction in matters relating to social subjects could be given, that I feel sure would attract the interest of and greatly influence the carpenters and masons and plumbers and plasterers and draymen and other wage-earners of any Catholic congregation. And as we have seen that the employing class, not less than the workingman, is in dire need of wholesome instruction in social science, this section of the congregation, too, could find enlightenment side by side with the employee.

When one thinks of it, what a great gain this would be,—the bringing together under the same teachers of the two factors in the struggle whose interests in reality are identical, but between whom ignorance and passion and malice are erecting an impassable barrier! The very rubbing together of broadcloth and jeans would have an incalculable effect in producing smoothness and harmony, where now nearly all is harshness and discord. This is really one of the necessities of the situation,—the bringing together of the two classes on common ground, and under a leader having authority, and whom both acknowledge and respect.

What can one imagine nearer the ideal? What can one think of so nearly fitting the words of the Psalmist, "How good and how pleasant it is for brothers to live together in unity!" Where else in all the world can we conceive of these two classes being brought into such intimate relation as in a Catholic church before a Catholic priest? Where else in all the world, indeed, are the two classes equal? Not in the State, notwithstanding all our prating about equality; not before the law, in spite of Constitutional provisions. The poor man, much as we may try to make ourselves believe the contrary, is not on an equality with the rich man anywhere on earth, except before the altar of God.

Mr. Riordan is not the only philosopher who looks to the Church and churchmen for the enunciation and the actualization of the only principles that can peacefully solve the problem which from year to year is becoming more and more intricate and threatening,—the problem of harmonizing the two giant forces of the industrial world, Labor and Capital. A revival of the olden guilds would undoubtedly be a step in the right direction.

Notes and Remarks.

Readers of British papers, magazines, and reviews nowadays find that Mr. Birrell's Education Bill is still one of the burning topics of public debate; and American readers in particular are impressed by the unwavering firmness evinced in the discussion by the English Catholic laity and clergy. England is not a republic, not a democracy in which, theoretically at least, the government is "of the people, by the people, for the people"; but we question whether a prelate in any such democracy will be found to speak out any more plainly than does Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, in the current *Nineteenth Century*. Concluding an article on "The Peers and the Education Bill," his Grace says:

Meanwhile let his Majesty's ministers take heed. They are entering on a very perilous path. If they have their way, some five hundred Catholic schools will be closed. In five hundred districts Catholic parents will have to face the alternative of depriving their children of education, save such as may be given at home or in ill-equipped and poorly-staffed schools, or of entrusting them to those who, on account of their religious belief or non-belief, are unable to command the confidence of Catholic parents. Is the law to be put in force against these parents? Are they to be compelled, against their will and against their conscience, to send their Catholic children to non-Catholic schools, taught and controlled by non-Catholics? This is the very grave question which in all earnestness I put to the members of the Government. Let them think again before they create a situation which they will ever after most bitterly regret; and let them remember in time that it is a foolish thing to trifle with men's consciences, above all when those consciences belong to Catholics. At the moment of the General Election, in the public discussions since that time in Parliament and outside its walls, we Catholics have treated this question in its true aspect—namely, as one which intimately affects the religious convictions of our people. We have neither used party weapons nor sought party advantages. As far as the Church is concerned, it is absolutely immaterial whether it be eventually settled by this Liberal Government or their Conservative opponents. In our eyes it is a

question outside and above all sectional and political differences. There will be an evil day in store for any political party that dares to disregard our united conscientious cry for justice in the treatment of our elementary schools.

* *

In the action of the Catholic bishops, priests, and people of England with regard to the school law, the *Messenger* sees a lesson for the adherents of the Church in this country. "The English hierarchy," says our contemporary, "are united. They know what they want, they do not fear to ask it, and they do not conceal the consequences which they foresee as a result of this law. They have it in their power—and the Government knows it—to keep the Catholic children out of the schools, and thus defeat for large numbers of them the very purpose of the law. The Catholics of the United States would do well to observe carefully the action of Catholics in England during the agitation over this Education Law. We have many things to learn from them, but nothing more important than the value of unity among ourselves, of clear views of our own needs, whether in education or in other matters, and of fearlessness in speaking for our rights."

Two or three months ago we commented on the anti-Lourdes campaign started by M. Jean de Bonnefon, who denounces the world-famous Grotto as a menace to the general health, a very hotbed of infection, etc., etc. We noted at the same time the speedy refutation of his libellous charges by the Lourdes doctors, who needed only to publish the civil records of France's mortuary statistics to show that M. de Bonnefon's imaginative indictment is absolutely disproved by the facts of the case. Of late weeks, some interesting side-lights have been thrown on the abortive campaign in question. In the first place, it has

developed that some of the "hundreds of physicians" whose condemnation, on hygienic grounds, of Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine, M. de Bonnefon was said to have received, are mere fictitious entities: they don't exist. In the second place, to do away with the possible suspicion of special pleading attaching to the reply of the Lourdes medical corps, Dr. Vincent, of Lyons, has published this declaration: "To the question, 'Should Lourdes be closed?' the undersigned physicians [four hundred in number] reply that there is no reason to close the Grotto of Lourdes in the name of hygiene and medicine, because they do not know of any case of contagion imputable to the exodus of pilgrims, or to the use which the said pilgrims may make of Lourdes water, either for drinking or bathing purposes. The undersigned are of the opinion that, medically, Lourdes is *not* a public danger."

On the whole, it would seem that if irreligious-mad France wishes to close Our Lady's shrine, it will have to accept the odium of persecution pure and simple; the pretext that hygienic considerations render such action advisable is too palpably flimsy to deceive any impartial onlooker.

The lively controversy concerning Abbot Gasquet's book, "Lord Acton and His Circle," will doubtless have a good effect, both on those who have had part in it and on all who have looked on. "If we are to judge the whole man," writes one of the disputants, "let us not confine ourselves to an arbitrarily selected part of his life." That for a time Lord Acton was disloyal to the Church, there can be no question; but it is equally indisputable that subsequently he made reparation, withdrawing, implicitly, all language to which ecclesiastical authority took exception, and died a most edifying death, in full communion with Holy

Mother Church. To condemn such a one as a heretic on account of hasty, perverse judgments written in private letters, seems not only unjust but uncharitable. We have the testimony of those who were intimately acquainted with Lord Acton that he "adhered throughout his life, notwithstanding many difficulties which would have shaken a less profound faith, to the Church of Rome." And he once said to Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff: "I am not conscious that I ever in my life had the slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church."

It is therefore perfectly reasonable to hold that certain passages in the Drew letters do not represent Lord Acton's sober judgments. As the Abbot Gasquet has well said: "Heresy-hunting is, at best, a very poor and degrading sport." Those who engage in it should feel obliged to study the lay of the land, and to turn aside when confronted with hedges that in the main are orthodox.

The current issue of the *American Catholic Historical Researches* reprints, from a Catholic almanac for 1859, the American martyrology, or list of the priests and religious put to death for the Faith within the limits of the United States. Forty-seven Fathers and Brothers are mentioned by name; and five unnamed Franciscans—two of whom suffered at Puaray, New Mexico, at the end of the sixteenth century; and three at St. Mark's, Florida, in 1904,—bring the total up to fifty-two. Of these, thirty-one were Franciscans and sixteen were Jesuits. Two Dominicans, one Sulpitian, and two secular priests, complete the number. Chronologically, the first to suffer was the Franciscan Father, John de Padilla, in New Mexico, 1541; and the last, also a Franciscan, Father Dias, at Nacogdoches, Texas, in 1832. The death of Father Dias is the only one recorded for the nineteenth

century, while twenty-one deaths are credited to the eighteenth, ten to the seventeenth, and twenty to the sixteenth century. Both the secular priests suffered in Louisiana,—the Rev. Nicholas Foucault in 1702, and the Rev. John Buisson de St. Come in 1707. To the list, as published, the accuracy-loving editor of the *Researches* appends the inquiry, "Who can add to or correct the above?"

We can not help wishing that there were more men like the editor of the *Baltimore Methodist* in control of religious papers; and it is pleasant to think that the time is coming when only such editors will be in demand. Our Baltimore brother is no bigot; on the contrary, he is tolerant and broad-minded. He is not disposed to attack the Church, but to take sides with her in advocating Christian principles and in defending Christian morality. Having been requested by the *Catholic Mirror* (singular request) to mention things in the Church to which he has no objection, this Methodist editor declares that he is happy to comply, and will do so "with the utmost sincerity, and in words containing no trace of criticism, jealousy or bigotry." In a passing reference to Catholic doctrines and practices of which he can not approve, he adds: "The times are too perilous, and the enemies of our common Lord are too many and too dangerous, for us to discuss our differences as variant Christian believers in anything but dispassionate and charitable words."

What especially commands the homage of this fair-minded Methodist is the stand of the Church on the marriage question. For this he "praises her and thanks God." We quote:

There is no peril that to-day threatens the welfare of society as does the prevailing divorce abomination. The family is the social unit of the race. Whatever shortens or makes uncertain

its tenure brings disaster to society and spreads moral pollution everywhere. The loose views that have become current concerning the binding nature of the marriage contract, and the extent to which the laws and courts of the land are catering to that sentiment, are little less than alarming. Against all this the Catholic Church is a standing protest. Against all this the Catholic Church lifts up her voice in no uncertain tones. She declares to the world that absolute divorce is a sin, and that remarriage after divorce adds shame to sin. She holds that death alone can dissolve the marriage bond; that, when the worst possible comes—as it does sometimes, when domestic life is a constant and fearful tragedy,—separation may take place, but never divorce; that when a man and woman choose each other for life, and in the beautiful wedding service say each to the other, "For better or for worse, . . . till death do us part," that promise is so solemn, and its faithful fulfilment involves so much to the world, that the Church of God can not do less than say of the union, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Whatever the Catholic Church may have done by exceptional dispensations—and there have been some noted cases of this kind,—it still remains that the immense preponderance of her testimony is mightily against divorce and in support of the doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage tie; and for this we praise her and thank God.

And Catholics who read these words will also thank God that prejudice against His Church is being dispelled, and will pray that all who sit in darkness may see the light of faith.

In a special article contributed to the *London Times*, Mr. Sydney Webb discusses the shrinkage in the English birth rate. He is much impressed by the absence of such shrinkage in Ireland and in the great English centres of Catholic population, like Liverpool, Salford, Manchester, and Preston. In explanation of this fact, he says: "Among the Roman Catholics in the United Kingdom any regulation of the marriage state is strongly forbidden, and has during recent years been made the subject of frequent, special animadversion, both privately and from the pulpit." By "privately," thinks the *Catholic Times*,

Mr. Webb doubtless means in the confessional; and this is one more testimony to the beneficent action of that much-abused institution of the Church. "The question in point does not lend itself easily to open discussion, yet it certainly can not be ignored. The race is dwindling in birth rate; and all the churches, as well as politicians and economists, must soon be impelled to deal with what imperils the future of the country."

One does not ordinarily look for condemnation of mammon-worship in financial publications; but here is a bit of sane sermonizing, from the *Wall Street Journal*, which has been going the rounds of the press:

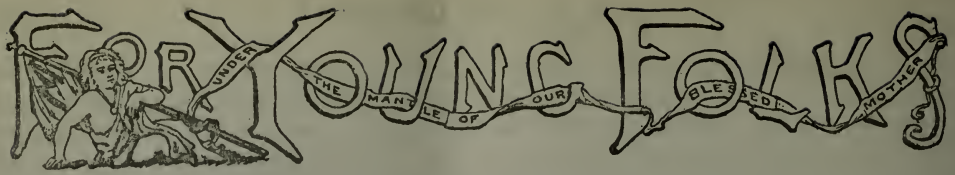
What America needs more than railway extension, and Western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety.... That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions.... Great wealth never made a nation substantial or honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence, the chances are that it will get your son.

All the more reason, say we, why your son should, in the impressionable season of boyhood and youth, receive a religion-impregnated education. To the public-school boy, what is likely to look so good as "big money," high place, temporal prosperity?

Those critics who deny the authenticity of the story about the translation of the Holy House of Loreto by angels to its present site near Ancona, maintain that the famous tract of Teramanus, which belongs to the second half of the fifteenth century—more precisely 1472,—is the only evidence that can be adduced in support of the tradition, the date of which is given as 1294. But now, as

noted by the Rome correspondent of the *Tablet*, the Italian papers announce that Mgr. Faloci Pulignani, a learned and well-known authority on such subjects, has "discovered" at Gubbio a fresco of Giottoesque style representing the Madonna of Loreto, in which a group of angels is represented bearing the Holy House over the Adriatic. Corrado Ricci, the art critic, has, it seems, affirmed that this painting belongs to the very beginning of the fourteenth century, and that it is practically contemporary with the miraculous event. It is also stated that this view is held by the other art critics who have seen the picture. But Mgr. Faloci Pulignani has written a correction to the papers. He disclaims that he has made any such "discovery," because the fresco has always been perfectly well known in Gubbio. He announces at the same time that he is preparing a work on the Holy House, in which the fresco forms only one link of a strong chain of evidence which has apparently been overlooked by Chevalier and recent writers against the authenticity of the Holy House.

One of the by-products of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs" is the vindication of Windhorst's memory and reputation. That great leader of the Centre Party has long been accused by Bismarck's defenders of having entrapped the Iron Chancellor into a private interview, which interview he contrived to have reported to the Emperor in a light most unfavorable to Bismarck, thereby undermining the Emperor's confidence in his Chancellor and hastening the latter's fall. The recently published Memoirs, which continue to be the chief subject of political and literary interest in Germany, effectively refute any such charge. The Macmillan Co. inform us that the work will be published in this country next week.



The Little Maid and Winter.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

MAIDEN.

O WINTER, ugly Winter,
Why are you freezing here?
The nuts are hardly gathered,
I did not think you near.
I do not take it kindly
That you are back so soon;
I miss the red, red roses,
The mellow autumn moon.
My joy has all departed;
Your snow is thick to-day
Above my darling flowers,—
O Winter, go away!

WINTER.

So, so, my little maiden,
You do not welcome me!
But if I did your bidding,
Where would the Summer be?
Beneath my snowy mantle
I warm the slumb'ring seed;
But for that spotless covering
The plants would die indeed.
And with my frosty chariot
Come skating for the boys,
And sound of merry sleigh-bells,
And blessed Christmas joys.

MAIDEN.

O Winter, I am sorry!
My foolish speech forget.

WINTER.

Thanks, thanks, dear little maiden!
We may be comrades yet.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

IX.

FOR some days after the occurrence related in the last chapter, Mrs. Lawson could not bear to have Stephen out of her sight,—not that she feared the experience would be repeated, but she felt that unknown dangers lurked about the sea. She made it a point, therefore, to accompany Charlotte and Stephen to the beach, where she could observe all that went on. If she had been a nervous woman, she would have seen peril in many things that did not present that aspect to her well-balanced mind. Her blind boy, fortunately for him, had inherited her even disposition and temperament.

A fortnight had elapsed since the adventure with the boat; and there had been three days of rain, during which they had remained at home. Business called Mrs. Lawson to the city one morning; the sun was once more shining brightly, the atmosphere was delicious, the breeze fair and mild.

"O mother," exclaimed Stephen, as she was about to take her departure, "let us go down with you in the phaeton to the station, drive over to the beach and spend the day, then call for you again in the evening. We have never yet passed a whole day there."

"I was going to suggest that very thing," said Charlotte, "but was afraid your mother might not be willing."

"Yes, I am willing," replied the lady, after a moment's reflection. "I think it will be a very good idea, if it does not fatigue you too much, Stephen."

"I shall love it," said the boy. "The

THE heart is a wonderful worker. If we consider this organ a pump, we can say that if the whole force expended in twenty-four hours were concentrated into one huge stroke, such a power could lift one hundred and twenty-four tons one foot from the ground. The muscles involved in breathing are industrious in proportion.

day will pass quickly enough, I promise you, mother. First, we will bathe—Happy always can help me undress and dress,—and we can take a book and Charlotte her embroidery, if she likes. And I can have a nap on the sand in the sunshine.”

“Very well. Charlotte, will you kindly ask Bridget to put up a little lunch?” observed Mrs. Lawson. “This will give her the opportunity for a long day at her tomato ‘catchup;’ she will be glad to have us all gone.”

When Charlotte returned, with the luncheon neatly packed in a small basket, Mrs. Lawson said:

“It is just possible that I may not be able to return to-day. If I can transact my business in an hour, I can do so, but not otherwise. And Mr. Craydon, my lawyer, may be out or engaged. I had not thought of that before.”

“That need not interfere with our picnic, mother?” inquired Stephen.

“No, it need not,” rejoined Mrs. Lawson. “Suppose we decide that you do not call for me? I can easily get a cab from the station at Moxon to Pleasant Gardens.”

“Very well,” said Charlotte. “We can drive you to the station, though. That will still give us a long day.”

It was eleven o’clock when Charlotte and Stephen reached the cove. Happy was off duty, and hastened to meet them.

“I am going to put up the horse, Happy,” said Charlotte. “We are here for the day.”

“That’s good news,” said the boy. “Mebbe we can find a lot of shells on Coffee Bean Beach. The tide is low—very low,—and you said you would like to have some more to finish that basket you are making.”

“Jump up behind, Happy,” replied Charlotte, “and we can go directly from the stable to the beach. I do want some more shells very badly.”

Coffee Bean Beach was a long stretch

of sand, where, at low tide, many small and peculiar-looking shells were found. This beach, almost semicircular in form, sloped back to a mass of irregular rocks, worn in many places into little pools, where numerous tiny shells were deposited, and eagerly gathered, not only by the children but by collectors of curios and persons wishing to use them for *portières*, baskets and work-boxes. Of an infinite variety of shape and color, they lent themselves to all manner of ornamentation, being strung on wire by patient workers for curtains and baskets, and glued on wooden boxes and frames for pictures. These clear, pellucid pools of water in the rocks were miniature aquariums. All these things, and many more, Charlotte had so vividly portrayed to Stephen that he fancied he could see them and distinguish one from another.

“Suppose we don’t bathe to-day, Stephen?” she observed. “The water is full of whitecaps here; so I fancy there may be more breakers than usual in the cove, and my head aches a little.”

“Just as you say,” replied Stephen. “To sit or lie here and listen to the boom of the waves against the rocks is pleasant enough for me.”

“I have brought my sketching book,” said Charlotte. “I have been longing to paint the cliffs from this point of view; and, as the tide is so very low, I think we can all go and sit on that large flat rock yonder, eat our lunch there; and while I do a little sketching, you and Happy can talk or take a nap.”

Happy thought this a good idea. Giving Stephen his hand, he led him over the rocky stepping-stones to the spot Charlotte had indicated. It was about twenty feet square. Charlotte had called it a flat rock, but in reality there was an elevation in the centre, with a slight depression at the back, to which some imaginative person had given the name of the “Lady’s Easy Chair.”

Here Charlotte seated herself, with

Happy and Stephen at her feet, and began to sketch the cliffs that lay off in the distance, the blue and grey foot-hills towering behind them.

Happy busied himself, in gathering the little shells that lay in the small pools round about them; while Stephen was content to feel them passing through his fingers as he turned them over and over in the basket, which was rapidly filling.

They had gathered quite a large quantity when Charlotte announced that she was hungry, and thought it time to have some luncheon. It was now nearly one o'clock. Happy, who had no regular time for his meals, but took them whenever he could, assured them that his mother was not expecting him, and gladly accepted Charlotte's invitation to share the repast. When it was over, Charlotte returned to her sketching, which was going on to her satisfaction; and Happy, spreading out a blanket for Stephen, asked him if he would not like to take a nap. Stephen declared he was not sleepy, but said he wouldn't mind lying down for a while, if Happy would tell him a story. The boy agreed.

The murmur of their voices sounded pleasantly in Charlotte's ears for some time, then it died away; but so absorbed was she in her work that she hardly noticed it. Whatever she did was done well, and her whole attention was given to it for the time being. At last the sketch was finished—that is, in so far as was possible at present,—and, placing her sketching materials in the portfolio, she leaned back in the Lady's Easy Chair, only conscious at that moment of having worked hard and being quite fatigued. It was then she noticed that the boys were no longer talking. Stepping down from her elevated position, she saw that they were lying sound asleep almost at her feet, their straw hats over their faces; and saw also, with

great surprise and consternation, that the tide was rapidly rising, that they were cut off from the shore. The small rocks which had made a path for them in the morning were now entirely hidden; even the larger ones surrounding them were almost invisible. There were clouds in the sky; a stiff wind began to blow while she gazed helplessly about her. It seemed to the bewildered girl that the waves were unusually high.

"Happy! Stephen!" she cried, bending over the sleeping boys. "Wake up,—wake up! The tide is rising fast! I don't know what we are going to do!"

The boys sat up, wide awake at once. Already the waves were dashing against their rock; there was no doubt as to their being cut off from shore.

"This is a go!" said Happy, as he stood up and regarded the situation.

"There is no danger, is there?" asked Stephen. "Can't we wait till the tide goes down, and get off all right?"

"That's what we'll *have* to do," rejoined Happy, grimly. "Them waves looks kind of fierce. Guess we'll all have to huddle together in the Lady's Easy Chair when they get higher."

"But how long do you think we shall be obliged to stay here, Happy?" asked Charlotte.

"Let's see?" rejoined Happy. "Tide will be full at eight."

"At eight!" she exclaimed. "Then it will be dark before we can get away."

"Can't get away at eight, neither, Miss," said Happy. "Can't get off till the tide's low enough to walk over them stones 'thout gettin' wet."

"When will that be, Happy?" asked Stephen.

"Mebbe—nine, mebbe ten to-night."

"And what shall we do here all the time?"

"Just grin and bear it."

"But mother! What will she think, Charlotte?"

"I hope and pray and believe she will

not be able to return till to-morrow; then she will know nothing about it until we are safely home. But I fear that this will put an end to our beach visits. We are having too many adventures, Stephen."

"I sha'n't let myself think of that," answered the blind boy. "Mother will get over it. It's only a sort of lark, isn't it, Charlotte? There's no danger."

"No," replied Charlotte, "I do not think we are in the least danger. But we are likely to get uncomfortably wet and hungry; and Happy's mother will, I am afraid, be very much frightened."

"Oh, no, she won't, Miss!" said the fisher-boy. "Some one walking along the cliffs will see us pretty soon. Tide's too high for any one to be on the beaches. They'll tell it all around. Mother won't be uneasy when she knows where I am. What time is it, Miss?"

"Four o'clock!" replied Charlotte, looking at her watch.

"Four o'clock! Stephen and I must have been asleep a long time. If it hadn't been for that, I'd have seen the tide comin' up."

"And I was so taken up with my sketching that I didn't notice or think about it," said Charlotte. "I alone am to blame: it was very stupid of me, boys."

"It was nobody's fault," said Stephen. "I am going to enjoy it. But what of *your* folks, Charlotte?"

"No one ever misses me but papa," answered Charlotte; "and he is away. Mamma and Muriel will think I am at your house."

"A good thing you brought them bathin' blankets," remarked Happy. "They'll keep you warm after a while, when you need 'em."

"And a good thing, too, that we have some luncheon left," said Charlotte. "I am sure we shall enjoy *that*."

The tide was coming in very fast now. Happy pulled the blankets up

higher, and all three sat together, at the foot of the Easy Chair. A few little urchins now appeared near the cliffs; they were soon joined by a couple of men, and later several women and girls. They shouted at the unfortunates, but nothing of what they said could be heard. People came and went; Stump, the boatman, clambered down in his water-proofs, and, making a trumpet of his hands, bade them be of good cheer: that there was no danger. Very bravely they bore the ordeal of the rising water, the roaring waves, the chilly wind, and the frantic endeavors of the spectators to make themselves understood.

Charlotte made the boys come closer as the tide rose higher; and as twilight deepened, she began to feel a little anxious. The waves seemed to be unusually high, she thought. They were really not so, but she had never before observed them from such a situation. They were now seated close together in the Easy Chair; Happy and Stephen wrapped in one blanket, Charlotte in the other. Charlotte had opened the lunch basket; they were eating with much appetite when a man in a dark grey suit appeared on the edge of the cliff.

"That's the strange fellow that can hardly speak English," said Happy. "He's an awful good swimmer. He walks about forty miles every day. I wonder what he's sayin'?"

Charlotte looked up. The stranger in the Norfolk jacket was making gestures, but they seemed to be ineffectual; the crowd remained passive. At length they saw him leave the group, accompanied by the boatman.

"Let's turn our backs to 'em," said Happy. "We're no show."

"They are sympathizing with us," rejoined Charlotte. "That would be very ungracious, Happy; and, besides, if we turn our backs, we shall not be able to sit down."

"Yes, that's so," said Happy. "The Easy Chair faces the shore, and we've got to climb into it right now; the next wave will wet our feet if we don't, Miss Charlotte; that's why I feel so kind of foolish sittin' up facin' everybody. Some of them little fellers would make fun of a person if he was goin' to be hung. They'll never get over guyin' me for this."

"Why don't the people get a boat and come out for us?" asked Stephen.

"Too many rocks and water too shallow. You can walk all over this place where we are at very low tide."

Stephen shivered; Charlotte wrapped the blanket more closely around him, glad to feel that the wind was dying away and the clouds all gone. Huddled together, the trio sat in the Lady's Easy Chair, while the twilight faded and the stars shone out in the blue. The crowd on the cliffs was now quite large, and Charlotte observed that a number of dancing, shouting little urchins occupied the foreground. They were Happy's friends and tormentors.

(To be continued.)

How She Saw the King.

Young King*Alfonso, of Spain, is very fond of automobiling, and frequently acts as his own *chauffeur*, or driver. Shortly before his recent marriage, he was returning alone in his motor car to Madrid one day, when, at some distance from the city, he overtook an old woman who was trudging along in the middle of the road. The King stopped his automobile and cried out:

"Look out there, good mother, or you'll be run over! Where are you going?"

"To Madrid, to see my son, who is sick in the military hospital."

"Well, then, get in here with me. I, too, am going to Madrid."

The traveller gladly accepted the

invitation, and the conversation soon became quite friendly. The old woman spoke about her past misfortunes, her fears for the future, and her actual needs. Then, all at once, she exclaimed:

"I wish I knew the King! They say he is so good to the poor!"

"I will take you to see him when we get to Madrid," said Alfonso XIII., with a smile.

A few moments later the automobile entered the capital of Spain. Hats were raised as it passed along the streets, and there were frequent shouts of "Long live the King!"

The old lady looked about her on all sides.

"But where is the King?" she asked her companion.

"I can't show him to you here," he replied, "the crowd is too big."

On reaching the hospital, his Majesty got down, helped the sick soldier's mother out of the car, and said:

"Now, can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, sir, thank you! You are a charming young man, and the good God will bless you. But you promised to show me the King."

"Well," said Alfonso, pointing his finger at his breast, "here he is."

"You the King!" cried the old woman. "Oh, what kindness!"

"Yes, the King, who is going to free your son from military service. As soon as he's cured, you'll have him back with you. And here," handing her a purse, "is something to live on until his return."

Then Alfonso, jumping into his automobile, sped away, leaving the good woman overwhelmed with joy and gratitude.

It will be seen, says the Toulouse *Semaine*, from which we borrow this account of a real incident, that the young monarch takes after his ancestor, Henry IV., and knows how to imitate his chivalrous acts.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Our Sister Maisie," by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), heads a list of "new books for girls" published by Blackie & Sons.

—The "Temple Classics Dante," to which the "Vita Nuova and Canzoniere" has just been added, is the only complete edition of Dante's works in English.

—The late Ferdinand Chaigneau was one of the last survivors of the Barbizon School, of which Millet, through the "Angelus," became the best-known member. M. Chaigneau died at Barbizon, where he had lived in retirement for many years.

—The attention of our readers is invited to the prospectus of THE AVE MARIA for 1907, which is published in the present issue. Some leading attractions for the New Year are set forth; and there is a special offer by the publisher, which it is hoped will be very generally accepted.

—"Franciscan Days," by A. G. F. Howell, which is among Messrs. Methuen's new books, consists of selections for every day in the year from ancient Franciscan writings. The passages are well chosen and carefully translated, and they are sufficiently long to contain a complete episode, while short enough to retain something of the epigrammatic nature appropriate to the form of the book.

—August 2d of the present year marked the Golden Jubilee of the foundation at La Crosse, Wisconsin, of the Franciscan Sisters, and the Silver Jubilee of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in their mother-house. The chief feature of the double celebration was the consecration of a new chapel, "Maria Angelorum," at St. Rose Convent, La Crosse. An exceptionally artistic souvenir booklet, profusely illustrated, very fittingly commemorates the interesting occasion.

—The Clarendon Press, Oxford, announces the third edition of "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies," by the Abbé J. A. Dubois; translated from the author's later French manuscript, and edited with notes, corrections, and biography, by Henry Beauchamp. The Abbé Dubois was born in 1765; went to the Far East the very year of his ordination, 1792; and returned to France to die half a century later, in 1848. The secret of the work's value and interest lies in the fact that from the moment of his arrival in the Orient, the author of it made himself, so far as possible, a Hindu of the Hindus.

—"Outlines of Ancient History," by W. C. Morey, was compiled to meet the college entrance examinations on the subject, and covers all the

important points of Ancient History, at the same time indicating the historical relations of the various countries. Geography as an adjunct to history is not forgotten, and twenty maps illustrate the text. The ground covered is from the earliest records to the time of Charlemagne. Among the reference books listed as helps to the study of the early Christian ages, we are pleased to notice late works by the Rev. Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University of Washington. American Book Co.

—In a recent catalogue of ancient and modern books in various departments of literature, on sale by Messrs. Bull and Auvache, of London, we find this important and interesting item: Biblia Sacra Latina, a manuscript of the fourteenth century, on thin vellum, finely written in small, neat Gothic letters, double columns, by an Anglo-French scribe; with numerous ornamental initials and marginal decorations in red and blue. "This desirable specimen of fourteenth-century work represents a prodigious amount of patient labor. The writing is very small and neat, and the columns vary in the number of lines they contain. There are numerous side notes in a contemporary hand, and three leaves of 'Tabula'; also a leaf at the end has 'Articuli per Archiepiscopos, Episcopos, etc., in Synodo inchoata Londini, 24 Nov., 1584,' in a contemporary English hand."

—We rejoice to see a third edition of so excellent and useful a work as "Principles of Religious Life," by the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B., which was reviewed at some length in these columns on its first appearance. The chief object of the work is to furnish those who wish to lead a solidly devout life in the ecclesiastical, in the religious, or in the secular state, with a manual or text-book containing, in as compendious a form as possible, the principles upon which such a life must be founded. The world-famed "Conferences" of Cassian, and the "Theologica Mystica" of Dom Dominick Schram, O. S. B., are the principal sources from which the author has drawn the materials for his work. An admirable plan has been followed in presenting them, and in an appendix will be found a careful analysis of each chapter. There is also a fairly good index. R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Bros.

—A writer in *Printer's Ink* has let the cat out of the bag in regard to the boom in book advertisement, which began in 1893 and continued until book-readers everywhere were thoroughly disillusioned and disgusted. The most wretched literature was represented as enjoying general popularity, and at the height of the boom

exaggeration ran wild. Figures of sale were declared that were not only preposterous but ridiculous. "As a case in point," says the writer, "while the papers were telling of a sale of a book having reached 120,000, the author showed me his bi-annual statement; 8000 books had been sold, 12,000 had been printed. His royalties had not reached \$100, and never did. The last edition of the book was sold out at cost, but the author was never able to learn what that was."

—"Little Stories of France," by Maude Barrows Dutton, belongs to the Eclectic Readings Series (American Book Co.), and is designed to meet the needs of children from seven to fourteen years of age. The stories are interesting in matter and manner of telling; but we are not sure that, with days of ordinary length, the teacher will find time to teach the history of France to pupils supposed to be learning the history of the United States. As to the historical value of these studies, we have only this to say: many reputable historians do not agree with Miss Dutton as regards Madame de Maintenon and the Huguenot question; the statement concerning Eleanor of Aquitaine's "divorce" conveys a wrong impression; and St. Vincent de Paul was not the founder of the Sisters of Mercy.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Principles of Religious Life." Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. \$2.65, net.

"The Master Touch." W. Q. 40 cts.

"The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.

"Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.

"The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.

"Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.

"Round the World." 85 cts.

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts.

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.

"The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.

"An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.

"The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.

"History of the Little Sisters of the Poor." The Rev. A. Leroy. Benziger Brothers. \$1.85, net.

"Sister Mary of the Divine Heart." Religious of the Good Shepherd. The Abbé Louis Chasle. Benziger Brothers. \$1.60, net.

"Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." Madame Cecilia. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. \$1, net.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"New School of Gregorian Chant." Rev. Dom Dominic Johnner, O. S. B. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Clark, of the diocese of Rochester; Rev. R. C. Middleton, diocese of Northampton; and Rev. Charles Cullinane, O. S. A.

Mother M. Angela, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Veronica, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Afra, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. J. W. Mace, of South Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Albert Biediger, Castroville, Texas; Mrs. Mary Cannon, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Cunningham, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Sarah Hayes, Aurora, Ill.; Mr. Lawrence Winters, N. Ridgeville, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Gorman, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. William Bowe, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. W. J. Myles, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. Eliza Walsh and Mrs. Honora McDonald, Marengo, Iowa; Mr. Josiah Richardson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Michael Brown, Ayer, Mass.; Mr. Henry Salley, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Kearns, Warren, Pa.; Mr. E. J. Wright, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss B. E. McCullough, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Seyler, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. James Powers, Mr. William Powers, and Mr. William Crowley, Mendota, Ill.; Mr. Henry Koke, Toledo, Ohio; and Miss M. E. Birmingham, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Prepare Ye the Way.

BY S. M. R.

©IFT up your gates, O princes,—
Lift up eternal gates,
For He, the Strong, the Mighty,
The King of glory, waits.

He cometh out of Sion,
And costly His array;
The splendor of Mt. Libanus
Is shed along His way.

The wilderness rejoiceth;
The land, no longer bare,
Buds forth in all the glory
Of Carmel's beauty rare.

Lift up your gates, O princes,
For He would enter in,—
Aye, He, the Strong, the Mighty,
Who claimeth you as kin.

Too long your gates, O princes,
Have barred the royal way;
The King of glory cometh,
O lift your gates this day!

The Poetry of Advent.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

Happy they who penetrate into internal things,
and endeavor to prepare themselves more and more,
by daily exercises, to the attaining to heavenly secrets.

—*The Imitation.*

THE ordinary meaning of the word "advent" is the coming of something or of some person. When we speak of the ecclesiastical Advent, we mean the coming of some great One indeed. Now, we have birth-days and anniversaries and centenaries and bicentenaries of great persons; and

according to the person to be honored do his admirers make efforts in various ways to prepare for the great day of his honor; and rightly.

If, then, rightly in the case of a mere man—if a city or a country acts a proper part both in preparing to honor and in honoring its great citizen or fellow-countryman,—oh, who will think that the Church is acting other than rightly when it honors One who left, in a sense, the heaven above with all its life and happiness and glory, and came to earth, choosing instead shame and crucifixion and death? Heaven is high above earth, but God is higher above man; consequently God's glory is above man's; and by inference, therefore, more meritorious are the exertions made in preparation, as well as the glory of the work on the great day of honor.

"I saw a vision," says the son of Amos,— "the vision of Isaias, the son of Amos, which he saw concerning Juda and Jerusalem in the days of Ozias, Joathan, Achaz, and Ezechias, kings of Juda. Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood. Wo to the sinful nation!"*

"Brethren, now is the hour to arise from sleep," cries out the Church on

* Isaias, i, 1-4.

the eve of Advent. "For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed."* Then, lifting up her voice, she chants the ancient hymn, *Creator Alme Siderum*, one of the most beautiful in the whole Liturgy, which has come down to us almost from the time of St. Ambrose:

Bounteous Lord of life and light!
Eternal Light of souls art Thou;
Deliverer from wrath and plight,
In pity hear Thy suppliants now!

Oh, Thou descending from on high,
When, perishing in slavery,
All flesh 'neath Satan's yoke did lie,
Didst flesh redeem in clemency.

Bearing a debt that none was Thine,—
The debt of all the human race;
To Calvary's height from Mary's shrine,
A weary journey Thou didst trace.

And to Thy name is glory given,
That, at its first and faintest sound,
The lost in hell, the blest in heaven,
Shall cast them prostrate to the ground.

Tremendous Judge, on judgment day,
When all before Thy Cross shall stand,
With demons cast us not away,
But set us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

To God the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost all glory be,
From morning dawn till set of sun,
In time and in eternity. Amen.

Bowing down, the Church prays with humility: "Distil your dews, O ye heavens, from above; and, ye clouds, rain down the Just One. Open up, O earth, and let the Saviour come forth."

At Matins: "Arise, brethren, and let us adore the Lord King who is about to come!" the Church cries out, casting herself to the ground. "Looking from afar, behold I see the power of the Lord coming toward me," she continues, taking up the burden of the song of the son of Amos. "Go ye forth to meet Him, and say: Art Thou He who is to rule in Israel? Go forth, every mortal man, the rich and the poor together, and say: O Thou who rulest Israel,

and as a sheep ledest Joseph, tell us if Thou art He."

And again: "I saw in a vision of the night, and behold in the clouds of heaven the Son of Man was coming; and there was given to Him power and honor; and every people and tribe and tongue shall serve Him. His power is eternal power, which shall not be taken away."

Then the Church sings concerning the coming Saviour:

Begotten in the Father's breast,
Ere the eternal years began,
In time to succor the oppressed,
Thou com'st on earth the Son of Man.

Oh, fill our hearts with holy fear,
Inflame them, Lord, with light and love,
That, heeding not what passeth here,
We set our hearts on things above.

Thus, when before the Judgment Cross
All men shall stand to left or right,
Our portion be not pain and loss,
But with the just in glorious light.

Honor and praise and glory be
To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit equally,
While never-ceasing ages run.

"Woe to the sinful nation!" exclaims the Son of Amos. "Woe to the rebellious people! They have left the Lord, and blasphemed the Holy One of Israel."*

"When the Saviour was instructing His disciples," observes St. Leo, "about the coming of the kingdom of God, and about the end of the world and of all time, and, in the persons of the Apostles, was instructing the whole Church, 'Take care,' said He, 'that your hearts be not weighed down with food and drink or earthly desires.' Now it becomes every man to prepare for His arrival, and no one to find himself given up to the lust of the appetite, or entangled in worldly desires. For daily experience proves that the keenness of the mind is blunted by satiety of drink, and the vigor of the heart diminished by over-sufficiency of food. But the

* Rom., xiii, 11.

* Isaiah, i, 4.

soul, delivered from the appetites of the flesh, devotes itself freely in the hall of the mind to divine wisdom; and as often as the noise of earthly care is removed, so often does it rejoice in holy meditations and in heavenly delights."

"Hail Mary, full of grace!" devoutly repeats the Church. "The Lord is with thee. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High overshadow thee; and He that shall be born of thee shall be holy, and shall be called the Son of God."

And again: "We expect the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour; and He shall change the body of our humility, making it like to the body of His own brightness. Soberly therefore, brethren, and justly and piously let us live in the world, expecting the blessed hope and the coming of the kingdom of God."

"The Lord and Redeemer," says St. Gregory, "desiring to find us prepared for His coming, denounces to us the evils that shall pursue this world when it grows old, that so He may win us from its love. For nation shall rise against nation, and the distress of them shall burden the earth more than anything in our times that we see, or that we read of in history. And there shall be signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations by reason of the confusion of the sea and of the waves."

"Hear, O ye nations, the word of the Lord," exclaims the Church, "and announce it to the ends of the earth! Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, saith the Lord, and she shall bring forth a Son and His name shall be called Admirable. He shall sit on the throne of His father David, and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

At Lauds, oh, what touching and instructive antiphons!

"Behold the day shall come, saith the Lord, and the King shall rule, and He shall be wise, and shall do justice

and judgment on the earth. In that day the mountains shall distil sweetness, and the hills flow with milk and honey. O all ye that thirst, come to the fountains! Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. The voice of one crying in the desert: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths. Behold the great Prophet shall come, and He will restore Jerusalem."

Hearken! A fearless Voice on high
Resounds, revealing things obscure;
Bidding unworthy shadows fly,
And peace proclaiming to the poor.

And souls that slept, in eager joy
Arise, awakened by the sound;
And blinded eyes look up on high,
And bless the joyous light around.

See ye, in peace He cometh down,
The Son of God, to set us free;
Through pain and shame to win His crown;
In bonds and death, our liberty.

With girded loins, then, brethren, rise
And earnest serve in faith and love;
That when His Cross comes in the skies,
We may have peace with Him above.

Prayer: Arise, O God, in Thy power and come! By Thy protection shield us from the dangers of our sins, and by Thy salvation free us from them forever. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

To attain union with God, all the adversities that He sends us are necessary; for His only aim is to consume all our evil inclinations from within and from without. Therefore, slights, injuries, insults, infirmities, poverty, abandonment by friends and relatives, humiliations, temptations of the devil, and many other things opposed to human nature,—all are extremely needed by us, that we may fight until by means of victories we have extirpated all our evil inclinations, so that we may feel them no longer. Nay more, until all adversities no longer seem bitter to us, but rather sweet for God, we shall never attain the divine union.

—*St. Catherine of Genoa.*

Con Magee.*

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

AR, far from the home he had quitted long years ago I met Con in a mountain camp of Montana. After many wanderings I had found my way into this camp; and ever eager to meet with exiles from my own home parish, wherever they were—I seemed to find them everywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Gulf and the Great Lakes,—I had, on coming to the camp, inquired if any such were here. “Ay,” they said. “There’s Larry Meehan, he must hail from your part.”

I sought and found Larry. Five Donegal boys and girls had foregathered in a little room on this Sunday night to exchange the latest news from home; and, for the ten thousandth time, to speak of the hills which, despite the sweet whispers of that deceiver Hope, no one of them might ever see again. It was good to meet those boys and girls, though none of them—not even Larry, as I found—was from my own particular parish; a great bond, though, was that from our father’s doors we were used to see the same grey mountain.

“Ah, but,” said Larry Meehan, with irrelevance, in the middle of a home reminiscence with which one of the party was fascinating the remainder of us,—“ay, but,” said Larry, “sure Con is from Inver,”—which was my parish. He struck the little table around which we sat a sounding blow in enthusiastic appreciation of his discovery. I noted that every eye brightened and every figure straightened when he named Con Magee.

“Ay,” said three of them together, “surely it is from Inver Con is.” And they looked at one another, wondering

why they had not thought of that before.

“Wait a minute!” said Larry, eagerly.

He grabbed his hat, and at a bound was gone through the door.

“Ay,” said the others, “you’ll like Con.” They spoke with a wistful fondness.

It was not long till Larry came back, leading in with him Con, who was blushing; but whether from pleasure or from bashfulness it would be hard to tell. There was probably a little of both at the back of that bewitching blush. Con was tall, with a graceful slouch, loose-limbed and handsome; he had brown eyes which seemed at one moment to betray merriment, the next pathos, and always poetry. During our after-interview I could never quite convince myself whether the light which came and went in Con’s liquid brown eyes was the glimmer of a smile or the glint of a tear; for no sooner would I have convinced myself of its being the former than positive evidence of the latter showed me my great error; and immediately I had concluded this, ripples of laughter, come from the heart of Con, beat me to sea again for a little while. He had a fine head of dark brown hair, about the arrangement of which there was a winning carelessness. He had bright, fresh cheeks; and although, as I learned later, he was thirty-eight years of age, twenty-one of which had been spent meandering America, he looked a big boy only, and there was no mistaking that he felt so.

Con’s grasp was warm and affectionate, and he held my hand lingeringly in greeting, while he glanced at me with shy fondness. Yet he said no word, or, at most, said something so slight and unimportant as to have escaped my recollection. But I saw and felt that he rejoiced with a deep, quiet joy; for at sight of one from his own immediate home, volumes of a

truly prized past unclasped themselves to his mind's eye. He soon sat down by me and began to speak. I observed that the gaze of all was not upon me, the stranger, but upon Con, regarding him with that pitying affection which one extends to a loved child. He spoke with head downcast and slow utterance, in the soft languid tones and sweet accent of his home days—and in the homely idiom, too,—which I was glad to see he had not shaken from him in one and twenty years of wandering abroad, and one and twenty years' association with a new world and a new speech. That Con was not used to speaking I easily read from the half-apologetic smile which all the time played about his large, expressive mouth and overspread his countenance.

Con did not, of course, remember me. He knew my people, and my home which he had one day rested in. He could tell me the minutest details about that little accidental visit, just as if he had been paying it the day before. We knew scores of people in common, grown men and women now, who ran with Con as boys and girls. He seemed surprised to learn that they were grown men and women, and had families rising around them. "Well, well!" he would say in wonder; for I noticed, with amused pathos, that this boy could not shake himself free of the impression that time had stood still in Ireland since he left it, and that if he went back again he should see people and things just much as they had been on that sad yesterday when he said to sorrowing kith a heart-wrung good-bye.

Speech flowed from Con this night in a limpid stream. He guided me to the exact location of his home in Inver,—just above the sea, just below the mountain; told me what farms marched his father's; gave me interesting particulars regarding his father's neighbors; told me who his friends

and comrades had been, the schoolmates he had played with, the schoolmaster who had taught him. From his own knowledge he was able to tell what had become of several of his friends and comrades and schoolmates, who had come to America like himself; and regarding the others, he eagerly sought information from me. He plunged into reminiscence, but would invariably stop in the midst of a story to ask half a dozen questions running. He gave me a sketch of his history during one and twenty years, roving in America. He told me particularly of his career in the mining regions, where he was attracted early, and where he lingered longest; he had gone away from them several times—gone East,—but always was drawn back.

He was not working now, he said somewhat forlornly; four months ago the boys had gone out on strike. What was the cause? He hardly knew; the first cause he had forgotten, if he ever knew. It was something trifling, ridiculous; but the gauge of battle had been thrown down by his organization, and—"his not to reason why." Con was too loyal-hearted to disobey. Of course, after all, there was a principle involved. "And sure he's no man who isn't prepared to sacrifice something for principle." In this strike they lost,—lost in every way. Blacklegs came in and filled the place of most; deserters went back and filled the remainder of the places. The heroic ones who held out now were completely beaten, and they were drifting East and West. They carried away with them one consolation: they had faithfully done what they believed to be their duty. Though they lost, they had put up so brave, determined, and well-sustained a fight, that though they should not profit thereby themselves, good men who came after would. So the defeated, impoverished boy proudly pointed out.

On that very evening he himself had

made up his mind to shake the dust of this camp from his feet, and push out for another one hundred miles to the West. Plenty of our countrymen were there he said; many from our parish, even. He had been there before—twice; he had spent two years in it at his first visit, five months at his last. He was doing very well in it on the occasion of his two years' sojourn, and gathering money fast. Why did he leave it? Oh, he hardly knew! he just took the notion. That was the way with him. Two years was an extraordinary stretch for him to remain at rest. He hated to wait in a place till he tired of it or it tired of him, but liked striking out for a new place. Just the notion of change would take him suddenly some day, and he'd drop his pick, and put his pipe in his pocket and prepare to quit the old place at once.

And far had been the meanderings of this boy. The wandering Milesian instinct was surely in his blood. Was this instinct a weakness in our people? Or was it one of their blessings? If they hadn't been wanderers, sure they would never have found Ireland.

"Well, Con, if you were sitting by Shaun Maguire's fireside in Inver this night, it's a long tale you could tell to the open-mouthed neighbors."

That it was a tear-drop which suddenly stood in his eye now, I could not mistake. He shook his head, and bent it, gazing upon the ground, but made no reply in words.

"Will you ever make your way to Ireland again, Con?"

"I do not know," and he slowly shook his head again. "I would like to go," he added, after a minute, drawing his breath hard as he did so. "If one had even only a very little money," he said, after another few moments' pause. "Sure there isn't in the wide world a place like it to live in." And then: "I would hate to go back though, without

either principle or prospects,—I'd hate to go."

Poor fellow! Yet Ireland occupied his thoughts very much. From his conversation I picked up that echoes of the goings-on there were always in his ears. In his own way, too, among these scattered mountain camps he was an earnest worker in the cause of the Old Land. He was looked up to as a little leader in the brotherly organization that bound together for work in the loved cause the scattered clans of the Gael. He had journeyed afar to the plains east of the Rockies a year or two before, sent there by his trusting fellows, to raise his voice and give his advice in the great council where still another of the interminable plans for the resurrection of the old race was being discussed. Con had not coveted this position of trust; but the boys, having great faith in him, in his wisdom and his loyalty, had forced on him the onerous honor. As a duty, he had consented to accept it.

He told me where, up and down the hills, in this camp and in that camp, or in yonder great city, a thousand boys from our parish were located. At his store of information regarding his fellow-exiles I marvelled. It seemed as complete as if a private intelligence department, subsidized by thousands of pounds per year, busied itself for him over all the west of the continent, and gave him immediate information of the latest moves and removes. He told me how that, although he had not known me at home, he came, through my written stories, to learn just who I was. *The Rocky Mountain News* had, at one time, Sunday after Sunday, published story after story of mine; in many of which he recognized places, and people, and incidents half-forgotten. He used to watch with great eagerness for his copy of *The Rocky Mountain News*,—eagerness for another story that should carry him to the hills of home again.

He was in Leadville at that time. Two Kerry men and a Clare man and himself, with a few others, used to foregather on Sunday evenings, to read these stories in the *News*. Then he told me a tale that pleased me.

"The first I ever heard of you or of your stories," Con said, "was one day when I was away out in the hills prospecting with an old Tipperary man. He made me drop my pick and sit down, while he took out of his pocket and read for me three stories of yours that he had gathered together from different papers and been cadging around with him for four months. They looked to me purty dirty-looking objects, I tell you, before he begun readin' them. It did not strike me at all but that they were as clean as the day they left the printer when he folded them up and put them in his pocket again; for they had carried me home completely. I tell you, you had a faithful admirer in that old Tipperary man. I was, I suppose, the five and fiftieth man he had read them stories at, and he was only just warming to his work on me. He made me your victim that day in the hills. He was as good as a recruiting sergeant for you in the camps."

Con's simple story made me infinitely prouder than if praise had been lavished on me by the literary chiefs of the land.

"Con," I said, "I'm going home in the spring. Have you any messages?"

"Tell my mother," he said, "that you saw me, and that I'm doing bravely."

My eye had, unconsciously on my part, fallen on a broken shoe that he wore. He must have seen this; for he shuffled his feet immediately, and he drew them into the shade of his chair.

Doing bravely! Well, yes; I suppose a brave man may be said to be doing bravely always.

"I'll tell her, Con," I said. "When shall I say you are coming home, Con?"

His eye took on a far-off look.

"Oh, say that I'm in hopes of going home some day soon to see her!" He fell into reflection for some moments. "You see," he then said, confidentially, "I own three claims at Leadville, but things have been doing so badly here for a long time that I couldn't make anything of them. I'm very sure that they'll turn out to be of value some day soon, and then I'll take a wander home. I live in behopes, anyway."

Ah, the blessed optimism of our poor, brave exiles,—the optimism and the hopes that uphold them through weary years of heart-ache, the courageousness of them, the heroism! Far though they roam, wide-wandered though they be, and far separated from home by gulf of time as well as space, they ever cherish that fond, foolish—too often foolish—dream of bending their steps homeward one day, and bringing with them to those who await them there a goodly portion of the gold with which those beyond believe that the highroads in this great land glisten. Their dreams are sometimes—oftimes—the only wealth of our Irish exiles. And yet are not these the greater wealth? To God be thanks that He endowed our race with riches more real and more constant a thousandfold than the common thing which is usually counted riches by the moles of the world!

As I warmly shook Con's hand in good-bye, he held mine long, as if loath to part with a link that, all unexpected here in the heart of the Rockies, had drawn his soul closer to the soul of Ireland. His eyes glistened as slowly he let his hand at length drop from mine, and turned him away, to bend his face next morning to the West,—to wend his way still farther from that little isle in the ocean for which his heart pined.

God guard and guide you, Con Magee, whithersoever you wander over that great, lonely land,—guide you and fetch you safe, even soon, to where you will find your heart again!

In Advent.

PREPARE ye the way of the Lord,
 Make straight for His feet the path;
 He cometh with tokens of peace,
 And not, as of old, in wrath.

The valleys of sloth must be filled,
 The mountains of pride laid low,
 Thy ways must be turned from deceit
 If thou' wouldst the Christ-Child know.

And, lo! He shall come in His strength—
 The strength of a babe new-born,
 And earth shall be loosed from its bonds
 When dawneth the Christmas morn.

Her Native Air.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

III.

AS the travellers neared St. Jean, the agitation which the Countess had manifested during the journey seemed to increase. When they arrived at St. Pol de Léon, her native place, she could hardly restrain her impatience. To be sure, the home of her fathers was now in the hands of a stranger,—having been purchased, with whatever lands had not been swallowed up through accumulated mortgages, by an eccentric American, who lived there with his sister during the greater part of the year. But, as a native Bretonne, the country round about was hers; no one could take *that* heritage from her, and she revelled in every sight and sound.

There still remained to her a small stone house, where two old servants of the family lived in a single room at the end of the garden. The Countess had paid them a small sum every year for taking care of this house, to which some of the furniture of the chateau had been removed; for she had always cherished the idea of returning some day to the land of her birth, for short seasons of rest and recuperation from the fatigues of social labors, strenuous

but insistent. Besides the stipend they received, old Gabriel and his wife used and sold the vegetables of the garden. Very conscientious both, they were accustomed to communicate semi-annually with the Countess, giving an account of their stewardship; and keeping the house in order for her coming, which they never ceased to expect at any time.

To-day she found them ready. Everything was exquisitely neat and clean; nothing needed but to make up beds, and light a fire in the big chimney of the living room, which had formerly been the kitchen, and which, with its polished oaken beams and walls, its deep fireplace and carved cupboards, would have been the delight of an artist or lover of the antique. It was equally so to the Countess, who in a short time had given it the necessary homelike and luxurious touches with hangings, bric-a-brac, and photographs. Books and magazines were strewn on the heavy oak table in the centre; a carved brass lamp, belonging to the house, and a couple of dainty work-baskets completed the comfortable and charming details.

The Countess spent the first two days in renewing her acquaintance with the country, driving about in an ancient donkey cart belonging to her caretaker. But the donkey itself was strong and lusty, and more manageable than donkeys usually are. Désirée, as light-hearted as her mistress, accompanied her on these expeditions, which drew the pleased and respectful villagers to their doorways, where many a curtsy was dropped to the Countess, whom the simple and affectionate people were rejoiced beyond measure to have among them once more; though the elders shook their heads and sighed when they glanced in the direction of the old chateau behind the trees, not visible from the village, to which its whilom mistress had no longer any claim.

On the third morning she announced to Désirée that they were going to pay a visit to the old church,—a relic and triumph of the Middle Ages, still in a fine state of preservation, and still the delight of tourists and antiquaries. When they alighted before the entrance, two or three beggars came forward with outstretched hands, into which the Countess dropped some small pieces of silver. It was a remarkable structure, built in the Norman style, severely plain but solid, and broad, as though meant to last for centuries. Through the stained-glass windows the sunlight filtered into a soft, subdued semi-radiance of many hues, which lay on the tessellated floor like a brilliant carpet.

As she knelt on the marble steps leading to the sanctuary, the Countess felt as though hundreds of mysterious beings—the ghosts of five hundred years, with their experiences and emotions—were thronging about her from the caverns of the past. When she arose, and, followed by Désirée, began to move slowly down the aisle, a sense of oppression seized her.

"Désirée," she said, "I can not stay long here; though the place fascinates me, and I feel that I shall often return. Those angels holding the huge *fleurs-de-lis*,—what an idea it was to make such holy-water fonts! I feel as though they must be tired, tired, from clasping the heavy stone flowers so long. And the altar—the high altar,—how cruelly it rests above the bones of the bishops and priests who lie beneath it! I remember my father once told me they were buried there. Come, let us go out!"

When they were once more in the cart, the Countess remarked:

"Désirée, in spite of my melancholy, I said the most fervent prayer before that altar that has arisen from my heart for many a day. And I prayed for him, Désirée, and forgave him."

"That is well, Madame," rejoined

the old woman. "The good God will not forget it."

The next week she went alone; and, learning from the sexton that visitors were permitted to ascend the tower, she expressed a desire to do so. After the old man had hobbled almost to the top of the winding stairs, he turned and said:

"There is already a visitor above on the parapet, Madame; but it is one who comes often and remains a long time. Not seldom, indeed, M. Jacques de Huon passes the entire morning there. It is a fine, airy spot, and the view is superb."

The Countess felt no prompting to retrace her steps at this information; on the contrary, it gave zest to her impulse. She was to see again the friend and companion of her youth. He would not know her, of course. No doubt if he had been living here all these years he had degenerated into an almost semi-barbarous condition. In a place beautiful, it is true, but so primitive, how could he have done otherwise? Still, she would be glad to see him, and after a while she would reveal her identity. How surprised he would be, and, she hoped, pleased!

The hundred and sixteen stone steps behind her, the Countess stepped upon the platform. As she did so, a noise, as though some one were striking the pavement below with a heavy bludgeon, caused her to look inquiringly at the guardian.

"I must go down, Madame," he said, turning to descend. "It is his Reverence pounding on the floor. He wishes me to descend. He is going to Paris, and has some orders to leave with me. Madame will not mind looking about by herself? And it will not be alone; for there is M. Jacques, as I said, at the other side of the parapet."

"I shall not mind at all," rejoined the Countess. "Don't trouble about me; when I am ready I can go down alone."

She placed a franc in his hand, for which he thanked her, and in a moment she saw the top of his bald head disappearing in an angle of the stairway. "Poor old fellow!" she thought. "It must be hard work for him to climb these long and winding stairs. I should think it would make him fatigued and dizzy."

Leaning against one of the granite columns of the parapet, she looked around her. A vast expanse of country stretched at her feet. It was her native country, and her heart began to beat faster as she gazed. For a moment the man on the other side was forgotten. But suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps aroused her: he was coming toward her,—a very handsome man, attired in "civilized" garments. He had removed his hat, and the thick curling hair that grew above his high forehead was of a dark brown,—the shade she most admired. He had frank blue eyes, and full but well-shaped lips unconcealed by mustache or beard. The Countess de Bruange had always admired a clean-shaven man.

"I beg pardon, Madame!" he said, as he reached her. "I saw that Honnaton was obliged to leave you; and, as I come here often, I can describe the country round about, to which you are, perhaps, a stranger. If you will permit me, Madame?"

The Countess thought she could detect something tentative in that "perhaps"; nevertheless, she might be mistaken. M. Jacques de Huon could not possibly have any idea who she was; he would hardly have heard, and she was greatly changed. And so was he; although as he stood there before her, his frank, honest eyes meeting hers unabashed yet respectful, she imagined she would have remembered him even if she had not been told who he was. Then, with a hint of that coquetry which rendered her so charming to her acquaintance, she said archly:

"Thank you, Monsieur! But I am not so unfamiliar with this country as you think. Down there lies Plougaznou, and just behind it St. Jean du Doigt, and there is Locquirec. Is that not Locquirec, Monsieur?"

"You are right, Madame," replied M. Jacques, with an almost imperceptible smile.

"And yonder is the chateau of Taureau, the bay of Morlaix, Paimpol. And over there between the trees," she continued excitedly, forgetting in the pleasure of new discoveries her rôle of *inconnue*,—"that is the convent of the Ursulines, where I went to school; and beyond it, my grandmother's house, with the pointed gables; and there, square and bleak, the college,—the college where my poor brother made his studies,—my poor Charles, who died at Tonkin!"

"At Tonkin!" queried her companion, in a low voice, full of sympathy.

She was recalled to herself at once.

"You speak as a stranger, Monsieur!" she cried. "Is it possible you do not know who I am, when I recognized you the moment I saw you? *You* must know who my brother Charles was; for you were youthful friends and comrades."

"Pardon, Madame! but I knew you very well. I have seen you several times since your return. And I find you not greatly changed."

"Why, then, did you not reveal yourself to me at once, Monsieur?"

"The question might be of equal application, Madame, if made to you."

"I wished to joke a little, and to learn whether you had remembered me."

"And I was uncertain that you would wish to renew our old acquaintance. I feared that the rich and beautiful Countess de Bruange, the idol of Parisian drawing-rooms, as I have heard, would not care to take up again the threads which might link her to a life so different from that she now leads."

"I thank you, Monsieur," said the Countess, in a faltering voice, while a red spot burned on either cheek,—*"I thank you for your good opinion of me. I the idol of Parisian drawing-rooms! I like the expression, Monsieur; I have been absent from them a fortnight, and I can safely assure you I am already forgotten. You who have never lived in Paris can not know its fickleness."*

"I have lived there," said M. Jacques de Huon, coolly. "I am obliged by my occupation to go there frequently."

"May I ask what your occupation is, Monsieur?"

"I sank part of my little patrimony some years ago in a salt company. It has been very profitable. The directors meet four times a year in Paris."

"And I have never heard of you. You have never cared to seek out the sister of your childhood's friend?" she inquired, in an injured tone, in which there was something of bitterness.

"Our ways lay far apart, Madame de Bruange. I would not have thought of it."

"We are Bretons both, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "The blood in our veins is equally pure and noble. Could you have thought me so base as to—well, I can say no more," she added, "but I am deeply disappointed."

"I am sorry," he said, with eyes bent on the ground. "I beg that you will forgive me."

Her face softened. A smile began to dawn in her beautiful eyes. But a new thought occurred to her—a suspicion. Once more her countenance assumed an expression of haughtiness and defiance.

"Perhaps, Monsieur, there was another reason?" she exclaimed. "Perhaps M. Jacques de Huon did not wish to call upon a divorced woman, even though she had been the little companion of his boyhood. Between the air of Brittany and that of Paris there

is a difference,—a great difference. Here flourish virtue and simplicity; there laxity and vice. At least that is, no doubt, your standpoint."

"Madame, you have spoken thoughtlessly, if not cruelly," replied the young man. "If I knew, as did all the world, that the Countess de Bruange had separated from her husband, I was also aware, with the rest of the world, that she had suffered much; and that if ever separation was justifiable, it was so in her case. You have hurt me deeply, Madame de Bruange."

"Oh, pardon me! Forgive me!" she cried impulsively, all her softness and kindness returning at his words. "But you can not imagine what a worldly world has done with me. In spite of my apparent gayety, it has changed and embittered me. There are times when I hate myself and all around me. Sick at heart, I came down here for rest and reflection,—yes, reflection; for I sometimes think and, though you may be incredulous, even make good resolutions."

"I have heard," said M. de Huon, with some hesitation, "that Madame was about to marry the Baron d'Auteuil. And I was sorry to hear it. I speak as your brother would, Madame. He will not make her happy."

"And he is also divorced," answered the Countess, glancing at him quickly with one of her tantalizing smiles.

"I had supposed you had grown not to care about those little minor objections," replied M. de Huon, in a serious tone.

"You had supposed the truth, or nearly the truth," she responded frankly; this time with so warm and whole-hearted a smile that it displayed the charming dimple in her cheek which M. de Huon had thought so lovely when she was a child. "But, Monsieur, she continued, "I am *not* going to marry the Baron. I tell you, as a sister. My good Désirée, whom I have had

with me all these years, and who has been my guardian angel (though often a sorely-tried one), with her prayers and remonstrances, has sown a good seed in my careless, worldly, indifferent heart. And what Désirée planted, my native air has made to grow and flourish. I shall not marry the Baron. Now, will you shake hands?"

Their hands met in a friendly clasp, and at the same moment the Angelus bell pealed forth from the tower of the Ursuline convent in the valley. Jacques de Huon bared his head once more, and simply and naturally, as one to whom prayer was part of the essence of living, he began to recite the Angelical Salutation. As simply she made the responses. When it was finished her eyes were full of tears.

"It is the first time in seven years," she said, in a voice so low that the words were scarcely audible.

He did not reply, but there was a kind smile in his eyes. Jacques de Huon had set the seal upon the good work which Désirée had begun, and her native air had made to expand and blossom. From that moment the Countess de Bruange became a good Christian.

They went down the winding stairs together, knelt before the altar, and, treading the many-hued carpet of light, passed into the vestibule.

"Will you come to the cemetery?" she asked.

He turned, and they wended their way to the old burial ground. Soon they reached a large granite monument, close to the vault where so many of her ancestors lay sleeping. There were traced the names of her grandfather and grandmother, *dame de Plouénan*; of her father and mother, Marquis and Marquise de Roscoëf; and, lastly, that of Jean Charles de Roscoëf, Ensign, who gave his life for his country in the Chinese seas, aged twenty-three years. When they rose from their knees they walked back in silence.

After they had again returned to the front of the church, M. de Huon said:

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling on Madame de Bruange shortly, if I may?"

"You will be welcome," she rejoined. "Your wife also."

"My wife?" he exclaimed. "I am not married."

"No?" she rejoined, indifferently. "It does not matter, you will still be welcome."

After she was seated in the carriage prepared to depart, he said:

"Once more I beg your pardon if this morning I have in any way offended. You can not know how interested I have always been in all that concerned you. Believe me, I sympathize with your sorrows and appreciate your position. I—"

"Wait a moment, Monsieur," she said demurely, her eyes cast down. "I am no longer a divorced woman. For more than a fortnight, I have been a widow."

"I was beginning to be uneasy about Madame," said Désirée, watching at the door of the garden. "I feared the donkey might have run away."

"Not he," answered the Countess gaily. "He has been standing patiently in front of the church since ten o'clock this morning. I went to the cemetery, Désirée."

"Ah! did you? It must have been very depressing alone."

"I was not alone, however," rejoined the Countess. "I met M. Jacques de Huon on the parapet of the tower to-day. We recognized each other almost at once. He is quite unchanged, very good-looking; and I think, Désirée, we shall find him a very pleasant neighbor."

When the Baron returned from Italy he wrote, begging Madame de Bruange to come back to Paris, as she had already exceeded the time of her absence, making at the same time a

conventional allusion to the death of her husband. She replied that she had decided to remain at least three months in Brittany. At the end of that period he wrote again, begging that he might visit her. But she answered that it would be useless, as she was to be married at Christmas to M. Jacques de Huon, whom she had known since childhood, and expected, save occasional trips to Paris, to reside in Brittany the rest of her days.

"Jacques de Huon!" exclaimed the crestfallen Baron, when he read the surprising news. "Then she will become a veritable *châtelaine*,—a Catholic of the Catholics. Paris has bidden her a final adieu."

All of which has come to pass.

(The End)

The Blessed Virgin and Christian Youth.*

BY F. HERVÉ BAZIN.

THE Christian young man can preserve his piety on one condition only: that he be faithful in his love for Our Lady, and in some way or other make himself her knight. There is nothing surprising in this statement, for Mary Immaculate, the sweet and loving Mother of our Saviour, plays in the supernatural order the same rôle as does an ordinary mother at the domestic hearth. When a child is frightened, it is not to his father that at the very first he runs: timidity restrains him. 'Tis toward his mother that he extends his little arms; and he is reassured, his tears cease to flow, and his heart resumes its tranquillity only when he hides his head in his mother's bosom. In this respect youth is much like childhood. The young man who trembles for his chastity, who feels his faith wavering, or who sees some peril approaching him,

swiftly runs to Mary and seeks in her arms tenderness and protection. His hopes are never deceived. Mary loves young people: she is their mother and guardian, and whoever throws himself in supplication at her knees always arises valiant and strong. To be solid, deep and of resisting power, a young man's piety should be confided to Mary.

What an admirable rôle in the divine plan is not that of the Virgin Mary! It is on one's knees that one should speak of these things. It is by means of Mary that men ascend to God; it is through her that they dare to raise their eyes to the All Powerful; it is on account of her that they may hope; hence the congruity of that touching cry which for nineteen centuries humanity has not ceased to send up to Heaven—*Ave Maria!*

During the terrible night of December 2, 1870, when the wounded lay covered with snow on the field of Loigny, General de Sonis, himself bathed in his blood, told the dying soldiers who applied to him for comfort: "Think of the Blessed Virgin! Mary is placed at the threshold of eternity to give confidence to those who are about to cross it!"

The Pontifical Zouaves all had a special devotion to Our Lady. One of them, Maurice du Bourg, always kept near his bed a little statue of Mary, at the feet of which there burned night and day a tiny lamp. The chaplain of the Zouaves, Mgr. Daniel, had organized a sodality in the regiment. Its members formed the nucleus of the whole body and gave to it spirit and life. They proved to be, as for that matter is always the case, both the bravest and the most pious.

There is no dearth of instances in which youthful clients of Mary, placed in difficult situations, have shown their courage in professing their devotion to their Heavenly Mother. Take the case

* Translated from THE AVE MARIA.

of the young student of Saint-Cyr, at a time when that military school held very few Christians. One day while the division was drawn up in the yard, a scoffer left the ranks and cried out: "Who own this pair of beads that I found this morning?" De Quatrebarbes quietly and simply stretched out his hand, saying joyously: "They are mine,—my First Communion beads; and I am much obliged to you for finding them." There was no laughter or sarcasm. There was only a more or less openly avowed admiration of such loyalty.

The young man needs an altogether intimate confidant, to whom he can tell everything, even the deepest secrets of his heart; and such a faithful and compassionate friend he will find in the Blessed Virgin Mary. How numerous they are, those whom Mary has saved from themselves and has reassured among the thousand dangers incurred when one is eighteen or twenty years of age! How numerous those who have seen the passionate temptations of youth give way, thanks to Mary, to peace and tranquillity, to the freshness of purity unsullied!

Go to the church of St. Sulpice in Paris, in the very midst of the Latin Quarter. Wait there a while near the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and you will soon see some young man, his books under his arm, enter rapidly, drop devoutly on his knees in some corner, place his head in his hands; and throw his heart into the Immaculate Heart of Mary. His prayer may not be long—he has duties that limit his time: courses, lectures, classes,—but it will be both fervent and tender.

Oh! how good it is to pray in that Lady's chapel, at St. Sulpice! The silence there is mysterious, the light which falls from above on the Virgin is soft and sweet, and the Mother of the Redeemer looks so tenderly on youth. How many young people have strength-

ened their wavering faith in that chapel, preserved their chastity exposed to danger, prayed for friends in various perils, discovered the secret of true success, and given vent to joyous gratitude! O Mary, you are the depository of all the charming secrets of Christian youth, and you give to them in abundance the graces of your love!

The youthful St. Berchmans' confidence in the Blessed Virgin was filial and absolute. He prayed to her with a devotion that touched all who saw him, and not without reason was he said to have come into the world purely and simply to extend her cult and make it loved. To her he owed his education and the success with which he prosecuted his studies.

St. Stanislaus Kostka had the same love of Our Lady. His biographer, the famous Father Cepari, tells us that the tenderness of his affection for the Mother of God equalled his zeal. He called her *his own mother*, and pronounced her name in a manner so affectionate that St. Francis Borgia was moved to astonishment thereby. Among the practices of piety by which the saintly novice marked his devotion to Our Lady, one of the most remarkable was that at the beginning of his actions he turned toward some church wherein he knew her to be particularly honored, to offer her whatever he was going to do. Thence, perhaps, came the custom religiously observed by the Jesuit novices in Rome, of turning toward the Church of St. Mary Major at rising and retiring, greeting the Blessed Virgin with an inclination, and asking her blessing for the day or her protection through the night. Of St. Stanislaus' personal attractiveness the same biographer writes: "'Twas said of his beauty, as St. Ambrose said of Our Lady's, that it inspired the desire to be chaste; and that to look upon him was enough to be delivered from impure temptations."

There is another service, not less precious than all other ones, which the Virgin Mother renders to Christian youth. Deep down in the heart of the young man are very often to be found dreams of a splendid future, dreams of military or civil glory,—chivalrous, heroic dreams, tintured it may be with too ideal a conception of life, but of a loftiness and nobility undoubtedly Christian in their origin. Such dreams, which should never be laughed or sneered at, the young man dares confide to nobody, hardly even to his mother, for he fears to be looked upon as silly; so he keeps to himself these vague but potent aspirations of his soul.

Finally, however, the strain becomes too intense: he suffers an undefinable disquietude; life seems to him all narrow; a certain fear of discouragement invades his soul. And what does he do? He runs to Mary and tells her all,—everything, even his most distant and illimitable ambitions. There is nothing to conceal from his patron and benefactress; and when prayer has overflowed his soul, when his youthful brow, lately covered with shadows, is raised toward Heaven, he is consoled and feels within him the stir of hopes renewed.

We knew a young man whose soul was filled to the brim with these bright dreams of youth. Placed in a sceptical environment, he felt as if stifling. One day when his mother had brought him with her to pray in a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, he wrote, clandestinely, upon the wall: "O Mary, grant that I may be your soldier!" Later on, new life came to him, and Our Lady granted his prayer in such measure as is granted to similar prayers in our day.

Go to Mary, then, young people; and Mary will turn your aspirations toward proper ends. All your material ambitions may not be realized, but there is one at least which the Mother of God will protect and bless—that of living and dying as a Christian.

A Guiding Light.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

ONE of the first, if not the first, of German missionaries in this country was Father Henry Lemcke. No one could have predicted of him that he would end his days as a Catholic priest and a Benedictine monk in the Far West; for he was a native of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and we know that in no other part of the German Empire does Protestant prejudice and intolerance exist to such an extent as in Mecklenberg. And if that is so now, when tolerance is the order of the day, what must it have been a hundred years and more ago, when Father Lemcke first saw the light of day!

On his return home after serving with some distinction in the German army during the war of independence against Napoleon I., he chose the profession of an Evangelical pastor, and applied himself to the study of Protestant divinity. In 1819, when he was twenty-four years of age, he preached for the first time in his native town. Lemcke was sincerely pious. During his years at the University as a student, as well as throughout the course of his short military career, in spite of the licentiousness and corruption around him, he led a blameless life, and stained his soul by no unworthy deed; no slight proof, certainly, of virtue, and one which caused God, who loves the clean of heart, to regard him with special favor and choose him for His own service.

One day he received a letter from an old comrade in arms, who was a Bavarian, inviting him to stay with him. Lemcke accepted the invitation. In Regensburg he made the acquaintance of the excellent priest, Melchior von Diepenbrock, afterward Cardinal and Prince-Bishop of Breslau, and also

gained an intimate knowledge of Catholic faith and practice. His early prejudices were soon dispelled. He was attracted by the truth, convinced by it, led to embrace it, and not only became a fervent Catholic, but a few years later entered the sacerdotal state.

He had not long been a priest when a letter was shown him from the Bishop of Philadelphia, bitterly deploring the sad want of priests in North America. This letter deeply impressed him; he resolved to offer himself for missionary work, and soon his lifelong labors among his fellow-countrymen on this side of the Atlantic were begun. Now, zealous and self-denying as Father Lemcke was, it can not be denied that the Protestant leaven was not wholly expunged from his mind. He was well educated, a good theologian; but the ideas learned in early childhood are difficult to eradicate, and we know that Mariolatry—as they are pleased to term devotion to the Blessed Mother of God—is of all things most hateful to German Protestants. Father Lemcke, though theoretically he had risen superior to such prejudices, was not thoroughly imbued with, and penetrated by, filial affection and veneration for the Mother of Christ. This one thing that he lacked was, however, to be given him. She was to show herself to him, both literally and figuratively, as a light in his darkness, and inspire him with a deep and practical devotion to herself. Father Lemcke related the occurrence to a friend.

One day a sick call obliged him to go a long distance on foot. At the time of which we are speaking a priest was often absent from his mission for whole days and nights, when it was necessary to take the Sacraments to the sick and dying. Father Lemcke was accustomed to these journeys; but on this occasion he miscalculated the time, and on his return night closed in before he was near home. He went on as

well as he could in the dark, but soon found he had completely lost his way. The road, such as it was, seemed endless; there was not a single habitation near, no moon or stars to guide him. The missionary had no idea which direction to take, for he was ignorant of his bearings. What was he to do? In his perplexity, he remembered that his fellow-Christians often had recourse to the Blessed Virgin in difficulty and distress. He had seldom, if ever, invoked her aid under such circumstances, but he would do so now. Kneeling down on the rough path in the darkness, he earnestly entreated the Mother of God—if indeed she was all powerful with her Divine Son—to show her might, her compassion, now, and help him effectually.

Could Mary turn a deaf ear to this petition, though it was not uttered in full confidence? In her maternal loving-kindness she hastened to grant it. As the missionary rose from his knees, he saw before him at no great distance a light which was not visible previously. With joy he went onward toward it, and soon found himself at the door of a settler's dwelling, a log cabin, where he was hospitably received and given shelter for the night. In the morning he would be able, with the help of the good people, to continue his journey in the right direction.

One thing struck the missionary as strange: that the inmates of the log cabin should have a light burning at so late an hour, for it was then past midnight. On his inquiring the reason, the woman of the house told him one of her children was sick, and in the night it became restless, and—whether in a dream or in the delirium of fever she did not know—kept on calling out: "Look, mother! See the beautiful lady! Light a candle,—light a candle!" To quiet the child, she had done so just before the stranger knocked.

The woman saw nothing extraordi-

nary in the occurrence, but the wayfarer saw in it a direct answer to his prayer. Was it the Blessed Virgin herself whom the sick child saw in his sleep? We can not tell; enough for us to repeat the story as Father Lemcke related it. If he, once a staunch Protestant, believed it to be a merciful interposition of Mary on his behalf, we may surely do so. Suffice it to add that from that time forward Father Henry Lemcke no longer hesitated to honor the Help of Christians with heart and soul, to proclaim her greatness and extol her mercy.

An Important Pastoral Letter.

THE Advent pastoral letter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne is on the supremely important, though frequently ignored, subject of vocations. An eminently wise and practical letter it is. After dwelling on the obligation which all Christians are under of ascertaining their vocation in life, and pointing out the danger to eternal salvation of disregarding this obligation, his Lordship proceeds to explain the four kinds of vocations enumerated by theologians: viz., matrimony, virginity, the religious state, and the priesthood. This explanation, brief though full and clear, naturally leads to the immediate purpose of the pastoral, which is to exhort parents, teachers and priests, especially confessors, to foster vocations to the religious state. The following passage is doubly worth reproducing—on account of the Bishop's own views and the opinions with which he emphasizes them:

I wish to bring to your notice that the Church is being hampered in her work of educating her youth because the number of teachers, Brothers and Sisters, is inadequate. We have evidence that Catholic education has at last become the concerted work of the Church in this country. Our schools are multiplying everywhere, and the attendance is increasing wonderfully year by year. This is as it should be. Yet, though the work has increased, the number of the workers has not

increased in proportion. The cry all over the land is: We must have more Brothers and Sisters. To carry on the work of high schools for boys, the number of Brothers is woefully deficient and out of all proportion to the number needed.

Looking at this condition seriously, is it a fact, as some seem to think, that there is a lack of vocations to our Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods,—in a word, to the religious state? I can not believe it. Is it possible that in this great country, teeming with Catholic life and activity, God should withdraw His Holy Spirit, and fail to infuse into the souls of men and women the vocation to the religious state, when there exists such a crying necessity,—when the very future of His Church depends upon these Brothers and Sisters educating and training the youth of the land? I repeat, I can not believe it. The vocations exist; they must exist. The Very Rev. Gilbert François, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, says in a circular: "It is a great and very precious mission, that of irrevocably following Christ, devoting one's life to His service in the work of guiding the young in the paths of human learning and in the practice of solid piety. Vocations to so necessary a state of life exist; be sure of it. They exist everywhere around us, and await only a favorable opportunity to make themselves manifest."

Says Bishop Spalding: "The religious teacher's vocation is a divine calling, a permanent opportunity to co-operate with Christ for the enlightenment, the purification, and the salvation of the world. Fortunate are they who by words or deeds confirm our faith in the need of Catholic schools; and yet more fortunate are they, who, while they inspire our teachers with new courage and zeal, awaken in the young, to whom God has given a heart and a mind, an efficacious desire to devote themselves to the little ones whom Christ loves. What better work, in the present time, can any of us do than foster vocations to our Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods whose special mission is teaching?" The Catholic Educational Association at its late convention adopted a resolution that "the fast developing system of Catholic education makes imperative the fostering of religious vocations among young men and women."

The need thus pointed out is both urgent and general, but the means of supplying it are of easy accomplishment. A pastoral letter on so important a subject deserves attentive consideration everywhere. We hope that Bishop Alerding's words will be echoed in many places outside of the diocese of Fort Wayne.

An Urgent and Manifest Need.

IT is the practice of all the English papers that we are familiar with to devote considerable space in every issue to the views of their readers. "Letters to the Editor" are a regular feature. At times these letters are of genuine interest and value, at other times—well, we wonder that the space was not otherwise utilized. One of the most important of recent communications to the London *Tablet* is from a correspondent, signing himself "Catholicus," who is of the opinion that there is special need nowadays of enunciating the principle of dogmatic intolerance. He writes:

In your article on the "Limits of the Higher Criticism" it is very rightly laid down that a Catholic scholar may lawfully hold and defend his own opinion in those things concerning which Holy Church has as yet made no certain and definite statement. It is added: "We have to separate the wheat from the tares. Soberness and caution are required, 'lest gathering up the cockle we root up the wheat together with it.' And it may be that often enough it will be wiser to tolerate error: 'Suffer both to grow until the harvest.'"

At the risk of being hypercritical, one could have wished that this sentence had been followed by a few words of explanation or caveat to preclude its being wrested, by some of the unwary or unstable, into a plea for the mischievous and un-Catholic principle of dogmatic toleration,—one evidently remote from the mind and standpoint of the writer.

The parable of the tares and wheat, according to the common interpretation of the Fathers, refers to the co-existence in the Church of the just and of sinners. It has been misapplied, as we know, by non-Catholics to justify the toleration of heretical teachers inside of the Church. The attitude and inexorable practice of the Catholic Church on the matter is, of course, well known. She tolerates in her fold sinful members, because they have their free will, and can abuse it; and, ordinarily, the commission of sin—save the deadly and more fundamental sin against Faith—does not exclude the sinner from the body of the Church. To such sinners the parable obviously applies.

But the teaching of error, or the corruption of the doctrines of faith, or the standards of morality, is quite a different domain. The

Church's one great business is to bear witness to the divine truth; and, as a matter of self-preservation, she will not tolerate that her members gainsay her teaching in faith or morals. She is much too good a mother not to be mistress in her household; and, as Christ teaches in her, she can not in loyalty to Him suffer any one of her children to say "No," where she knows that He has said "Yes." If the perverse child resists he has to reckon with the Keys. If, yielding to the loving correction of the Church, he has the wisdom to desist, it is a matter for congratulation to all, and especially to him. But if he has made up his mind to persist, his place is among the children of private judgment who stand in the babel outside. He will do immeasurably less harm there than he would inside; and the sooner he gets there, the better for all concerned. That is the dogmatic intolerance which is inherent in a divine teacher of truth; and it has ever been the vital principle of the Church's unity, catholicity, holiness, and doctrinal cleanliness. It is, in fact, her specific difference from the sects...

Let D be the Deposit of Faith and x a given opinion; as long as the incompatibility of x with D is doubtful or non-apparent, there must be liberty to hold and maintain it. *In dubiis libertas*. When the subject is sufficiently threshed out to make the incompatibility reasonably probable, the Church has the right to prohibit it,—the same right as a wise parent has to prohibit his family from eating food which is not certainly, but very probably, poisoned. When the incompatibility is, to the mind of the Church, sufficiently established, she has the right to condemn it absolutely and irrevocably. *In necessariis unitas*. But all the while *in omnibus caritas*. Not the cheap and narrow-minded charity which confines itself to the offending writer, but the broad and solid *caritas ordinata*, which is charity above all for Christ and His faith, and for the spiritual interests of souls. All that is but a cumbrous way of affirming what is elementary and axiomatic, and what no Catholic denies. But the principle of dogmatic intolerance, which is not over popular with the unthinking, has some need to be emphasized in these days of sickness of faith; and no doubt, Mr. Editor, you permit from time to time even unnecessary invasions of your space, were it only as a proof of your editorial indulgence.

"Catholicus" certainly deserved a hearing; he had something to say, and he knows how to express himself. His "letter to the editor" led all the rest, and we are inclined to think that there was a purpose in its prominence.

Notes and Remarks.

Nine out of every ten State papers impress the average citizen as being distinctly heavy reading; President Roosevelt's message to Congress is the tenth. It is not only illuminative on some, and instructive on many, matters; it is interesting and readable. His reference to lynching merits reflective thought. Here is a brief extract:

The members of the white race should understand that every lynching represents by just so much a loosening of the bands of civilization; that the spirit of lynching inevitably throws into prominence in the community all the foul and evil creatures who dwell therein. No man can take part in the torture of a human being without having his own moral nature permanently lowered. Every lynching means just so much moral deterioration in all the children who have any knowledge of it, and therefore just so much additional trouble for the next generation of Americans. Let justice be both sure and swift; but let it be justice under the law, and not the wild and crooked savagery of a mob.

We have often emphasized the point that one of the underlying causes—if not the principal cause—of lynching is the impression existing in the minds of the populace that justice in this country can not be counted upon as likely to be either sure or swift.

The President does not believe that nations like corporations, "have no souls." On the topic of international morality, he says:

It is a mistake, and it betrays a spirit of foolish cynicism, to maintain that all international governmental action is, and must ever be, based upon mere selfishness, and that to advance ethical reasons for such action is always a sign of hypocrisy. This is no more necessarily true of the action of governments than of the action of individuals. It is a sure sign of a base nature always to ascribe base motives for the actions of others.... It is neither wise nor right for a nation to disregard its own needs, and it is foolish—and may be wicked—to think that other nations will disregard theirs. But it is wicked for a nation only to regard its own interest, and foolish to believe that such is the sole motive that actuates any other nation. It

should be our steady aim to raise the ethical standard of national action, just as we strive to raise the ethical standard of individual action.

The message is a long one, for Mr. Roosevelt has never thoroughly mastered the secret of conciseness; but it is, nevertheless, a notable, and, as we have said, an interesting document.

It was too much to expect that those newspapers which during the past few months have published infamously false reports regarding ecclesiastical affairs in Spain would contradict them, even when called upon to do so by personages whose political views had been grossly misrepresented. The object of the misstatements and of the alleged interviews with Spanish statesmen was to create the impression that France is not the only Catholic country disposed to throw off the yoke of religion. As efforts to the same end are sure to be renewed when the parliament in Spain comes to take action on the question of religious organizations, it is well for Catholic readers to bear in mind that there is no acute anti-clerical movement in Spain, though in some of the large towns there is a Socialistic element, whose passions are constantly stirred up by the irreligious press of the country. This element is more arrogant than vigorous, and tries to make up in "bluster" for what it lacks in influence. The masses of the Spanish people are very sincere and practical Catholics, and, like their King, devotedly attached to the Holy See. Conditions in France and Spain are entirely different.

It would seem to have become the fashion of late among Protestant ministers to "say things" in explanation and laudation of points of Catholic doctrine. Auricular confession was once the *bête noir* of our separated brethren. Every anti-Catholic preacher used to inveigh against it betimes, and

every anti-Catholic book was sure to have one or more chapters devoted to this "Popish imposture." Times change and the Protestant clergy change with them. The Rev. Professor Kilpatrick, a Presbyterian divine of Toronto, is the third minister within two or three months to speak in praise of the confessional, and to deplore the absence of such a means of contract between pastor and flock in any Protestant denomination. Dr. Kilpatrick is reported to have said, among other surprising things:

The Roman Catholic Church knows full well the value of the personal work of confession. . . . It is not a mere little wooden box, but the act of two souls—two souls opposed in the presence of the spirit of God. It is a blessed thing to preach the Gospel; but to get alongside of a soul which was defiant and obdurate,—this is the thing which means the burden, the passion, the toil of the ministry.

If the object of these reverend gentlemen is to create a sensation, they succeed every time. But we prefer to think that their motive is a higher one—that, having become more enlightened regarding the Church, they are sincerely desirous of making amends for false witness against her in the past, and of correcting the wrong views of their coreligionists.

The oldest city in the United States—older by thirteen years than St. Augustine, Fla.,—according to Dr. Alexander Craig, writing in the *Los Angeles Times*, is Tucson, Arizona. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that Tucson enjoys this distinction. When that intrepid Spaniard, Melendez, discovered the coast of Florida, planted the standard of his country and founded the city of St. Augustine, in the year of Our Lord, 1565, Tucson was a struggling and growing pueblo, and had been for thirteen years. This is not according to our text-books on geography, but it is just as much a fact for all of that; and the proof

of it may be found in a stained and time-worn document of vellum, signed by their Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella, and countersigned by the Viceroy of Mexico and Gen. Coronado, who in the early part of 1552 raised the flag of Spain over the little Indian village of Tucson, and laid with his own hands the corner-stone of the first mission. This important document was lost to the public until about twelve years ago, when it was discovered by a mere accident among the archives of the ancient Church of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson."

Judge Pollard, of St. Louis, is being commended in the papers of Great Britain for his method of dealing with the drunkards arraigned in his court. He gives the offenders the option of signing the pledge. If they consent, he suspends punishment for a prescribed period; at the end of which, the pledge having been kept, the punishment is entirely remitted. He has by this plan restored to their families and society as reformed citizens a large proportion, which we have seen stated to be 98 per cent, of those who preferred Pledge to Prison. The same plan of reformation rather than punishment has been tried in England, and found to work well. While we doubt that the percentage of reformations is at all so great as that stated, results much more moderate would still entitle the plan to very general adoption.

Judging from the tone of many articles in contemporary magazines and newspapers, there is timeliness as well as common-sense in these utterances of the *True Voice*:

When we speak of Socialism these days, we must remember to distinguish carefully between the creed of Socialism and certain reforms that can be advocated by all good citizens. Simply because Socialists stand for certain things is no reason in itself why others should oppose them. Municipal ownership, for instance, has been

advocated in many cases as a remedy for the abuses of public service corporations. Similarly, government ownership has been proposed as a check upon larger corporations. The cry has been raised that such schemes are Socialistic. And good men are asked to oppose them as such, if they would not be placed in the position of supporting Socialism. This is, of course, a mistaken view of the case. People should not allow themselves to be scared away from reform by the cry of Socialism. Test each proposed reform on its merits. If it is found to be practicable, and affords relief from present abuses, it should be advocated, regardless of whether Socialists support it or not.

The point is excellently well taken. Socialism is a danger to be averted, but there is no necessity of making it a bugaboo to frighten society from the work of instituting desirable reforms.

The new Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan to the diocese of Richmond, Va., and in Cardinal Gibbons' judgment, "without exception the most ornate and beautiful Christian temple in all the Southern States," was consecrated recently with the usual impressive ceremonies. Two notable sermons were delivered on the occasion by Archbishops Keane and Glennon. Said the former:

In the spirit, therefore, of Pius X., of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John, we this day consecrate this Cathedral of Richmond to Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the Living God. And as a symbol of the spirit in which He accepts it, and in which His holy religion shall here be administered, He points to His Sacred Heart... to show that devoted love—love of Himself and of His Father, and of all that is loved by Him and by His Father—is the tribute which He asks of all who shall enter here....

In a reference to religious founders generally, Archbishop Glennon declared (we quote from the excellent and comprehensive report of the function given in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*):

I am willing to admit that they were men of power; for it requires men of power to project great movements to control countless minds and lives, to set in motion influences which centuries of time have not abated. All this I am willing to admit; but the fatal objection I raise, the

all-sufficient charge I bring against them, is that they were men. Fatal, I say, because while men may create philosophies and build empires and weigh the stars, they are utterly incompetent to found a religion capable of lifting men to God, or bringing God to men. For, as you know, it is the purpose of religion to lift man up; to bind him by chains of love to the throne of the Infinite. Now, that one may be lifted, the fulcrum of the lever must be outside the body lifted. We can not lift ourselves.... A man-made religion may serve for the here and now; it may assume the reflected light of a religion that is divine; it may please the fancy of some, and flatter the vanity of more; but our souls, our lives, are to us too sacred to bind them with the finite, to limit them with the tomb.

Two brief extracts from recent issues of the *Evening Star*, of Franklin, Ind., read a graphic object-lesson to the distressed remnant of the "ex-priest" and "escaped nun" exploiters of non-Catholic credulity. The first, which ran as an advertisement in the *Star* for a week, was to this effect:

Lecture—Friday evening, November 9, at 8 o'clock, in Maccabee Hall, by Mrs. C. Leader. Subject: "Conversion from Roman Catholic Church and How Saved from Nunnery." Silver collection.

The second extract is from the local columns of the same paper on Nov. 10:

An audience of two assembled last night to hear the lecture advertised at Maccabee Hall. The lecture was not given. The lecturer said this was the first time she had ever met with a failure of this kind; but Franklin is discriminating.

A more satisfactory report of such a "lecture" we have not read in a long time.

The feelings of the Rev. Henry Granger, of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal church, Evanston, Ill., in announcing to his congregation that he must part with them to embrace Catholicity were doubtless similar to those of Father Faber when taking leave of his beloved Elton, where he had been Anglican rector for some years. There is a likeness between these two converts, and it is easy to understand the grief of those from

whom they were obliged to part. Father Faber's biographer relates that, having told his people the day before of his intention to go where truth was to be found, he took his departure early next morning, hoping to escape all notice. But as he drove through the village every window was thrown open, and the sorrowing parishioners waved their handkerchiefs and sobbed out: "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go!" Though less demonstrative, the grief of Dr. Granger's flock was doubtless quite as sincere. His sentiments toward them remain unchanged, and are feelingly though simply expressed in the following statement, which is the only public explanation Dr. Granger is willing to give for the step he has taken:

To whom it may concern: In making the change from the Protestant Episcopalian to the Roman Catholic Church I have acted simply in obedience to my convictions, the result of many years of careful study. When I reached the position that I could no longer honorably remain in the Episcopalian church I withdrew. With only the kindest thoughts toward those with whom I have been associated so long and with faith in God for the future, I am, very sincerely, etc.

From its report for 1905-1906, we learn that the Guild of St. Elizabeth, now in its seventh year, is an association of twenty-five women who became incorporated in 1901 that they might more systematically carry on benevolent work among the children whose homes lie in the most crowded wards of the South End of Boston. Having started with a series of sewing classes in charge of volunteers, the Guild has adopted the policy of enlarging the scope of its endeavor by adding annually at least one well considered and practical piece of work. The original group of volunteer instructors has, of necessity, given place to a corps of professional teachers, the work of the Guild now including a day nursery, a daily kindergarten, monthly meetings for mothers,

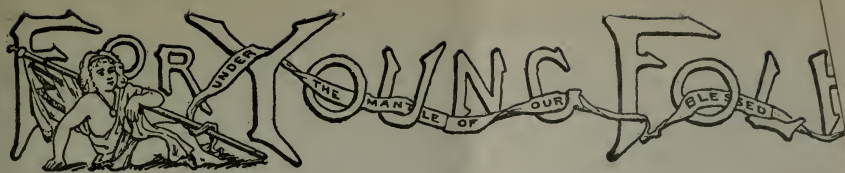
classes in cooking, sewing, millinery and stenography; several social clubs and a vacation school that has grown to be the largest in the city under private auspices. The report records a gratifyingly large amount of beneficent work accomplished, and prompts the wish that the Guild's financial standing may be improved by the affiliation of an increasing number of honorary members. Honorary membership is open to all persons contributing annually \$5 to the funds of the association.

In an interesting contribution to the *New England Magazine*, Edward H. Clement gives this personal reminiscence of the illustrious Dr. Brownson:

I often saw in his walks about the lanes bordered with barberry bushes and old stone walls, the great Orestes A. Brownson, the chief reviewer and religious controversialist of his day. He was distinguished for having gone from the extreme radical wing of Unitarianism to the fold of the Catholic Church; and, as may be imagined, he now had his "friends in both places." The boys used to call after him and mock him, and even "rock" him in the streets after he became a Catholic; and his son, who was a schoolmate of mine, shared in his unpopularity and what would be called to-day the social "boycott."

Well may the *Sacred Heart Review* comment, "a great change, surely, has come since those old days of anti-Catholic ignorance and bigotry."

The learned author of "Saunterings in Spain" can scarcely be said to show much sympathy with the religion of the people he has set himself to describe. At the same time, as a reviewer in the London *Tablet* takes notice, there is no repression of things which tell in favor of that religion. "Thus he reminds us how, through the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes, issued from the University of Alcalá, 'the New Testament in Greek was in Spanish hands two years before that of Erasmus, and eight years before that of Luther appeared.'"



Will-the-Wisher.

A TALE OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

I.

ONCE upon a time—and a not altogether bad time either as times go—Will-the-Wisher was a dark-haired, dark-eyed baby in long, flowing frocks. But as the days stretched themselves into weeks, and the weeks expanded into months, Will-the-Wisher lengthened and broadened too, till he grew out of the long frocks and into short ones, from which, on his third birthday, he stepped manfully into knickerbockers.

What a quaint little figure he was, to be sure, with his olive skin, dark, elf-like locks, wild black eyes, and queer, old-fashioned ways! What a pretty, graceful little creature, in his snow-white suit, belted with a sky-blue sash! What a dear, bright little thing, as he danced like a stray sunbeam through the daintily-furnished rooms of the rose-embowered cottage that overlooked the glistening sea! And what a radiant, what an ethereal thing he seemed as he chased the butterflies in the sweet-smelling garden! Indeed, he looked a white-winged being himself, did little Will, as he flitted gaily from flower to flower, with outstretched arms, and merry, ringing laugh,—now stooping to inhale, in deep draughts, the intoxicating scent of the fragrant mignonette, now standing tiptoe to kiss the blushing petals of a favorite rose; and then, off again, like some wanton honey bee.

Now, as you will have guessed,

Will-the-Wisher was not this little boy's real name. Moreover, he did not like it at all. But he brought it on himself, notwithstanding; as, for that matter, even grown-up people—incredible as it must sound—sometimes bring disagreeable things upon themselves, and have to bear the consequences after, just as Will had. He was christened William Mary Joseph; for his mother, Mrs. Leslie, was a Frenchwoman, and clung to the beautiful custom of Catholic France, that names both boys and girls after the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph.

At the moment of the Anglo-Boer war, Mrs. Leslie—then Jeanne de Champean—lived in Paris with her brother Louis and her aged and invalid father. The brother and sister were unlike in every way. Louis was tall and slender, dark as a gipsy, and of a dreamy and erratic nature. Jeanne, on the contrary, was small and fair, and gentle and yielding in disposition. As a rule, she gave in to her brother in everything. He was several years her senior; and, although he fairly idolized his sister, was, it must be admitted, somewhat inclined to domineer. He was both indignant and mortified, therefore, when, in spite of his opposition, she married a handsome English Captain named William Leslie, and settled in England with her husband.

The English were very unpopular in Paris just then. Public feeling was all on the side of the brave Burghers. The hero of the hour was the gallant Frenchman, Colonel Villebois-Mareuil, who had found a bloody grave in far-away South Africa, whither he had gone to fight for the Boers. Louis de Champean shared the feelings of his countrymen, and was as pro-Boer in

sentiment as any man in France. He was furious about his sister's marriage, and said that he would never forgive her for it. The death of their father—which took place some months later—far from reconciling the brother and sister, only served to widen the breach between them. Relations, already strained to breaking point, now ceased altogether. The fault, however, was entirely on the side of Louis, who repulsed all his sister's advances, and left all her affectionate letters unanswered. At length she lost sight of him completely.

One day a letter came back to her through the post with, "Gone away without leaving an address," stamped upon the black-bordered envelope. She sat down and cried bitterly. And no wonder; for in that very letter she had told her brother of the death in battle of her beloved husband, who had been ordered to the front. The poor young widow was almost broken-hearted. Her deep religious feeling alone upheld her, and gave her strength to bear up bravely for her son's sake; for the good God had sent her a dear little baby to cheer her in her loneliness and console her in her desolation.

When her boy was still in the first flush of pride in his brand-new knickerbockers, Mrs. Leslie heard news of her absent brother. And, though it came from no more sympathetic source than the columns of a newspaper, she wept for joy as she read. The wayward wanderer, the erratic brother whom she had never ceased to love, was now a famous artist,—famous even in Paris, the world of art. She also read of how, while a student at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, he had won the *Prix de Rome*. And upon comparing dates, she concluded that it must have been while he was studying in the Eternal City that her last sad letter had missed him. This belief encouraged her to write again now, as the address of his studio was

given in the article. With a hand that trembled somewhat, and with a fluttering heart, she congratulated Louis on his success in a letter that was brimming over with affection and forgiveness. And, hoping to touch a kindred chord, she spoke of his little nephew's striking resemblance to himself, and of his love for art, as well as of his marvellous ambition,—an ambition that was really quite astonishing in one so young.

But time passed, and still no answer came. Mrs. Leslie had registered the letter, and, as it was not returned to her, she felt certain that her brother had received it. His neglect cut the poor widow to the heart. It pained her to think that, in the midst of his own prosperity, Louis could be indifferent to his only sister and her little fatherless boy, in their altered circumstances. How her brother must have changed! Headstrong and imperious he had often been, but he was also generous to a fault in the old days. However, she said nothing of her disappointment to her son; but spoke cheerfully of the fame and fortune his clever uncle had achieved in Paris.

Will-the-Wisher was a good little boy on the whole. He said his prayers regularly, was never deliberately unkind, and never disobeyed his mother,—or, at least, never did so wilfully. He was only disobedient when he forgot. And, in order that you should understand what is to follow, it is necessary for you to know that he cherished a particular devotion to his Angel Guardian. It must be admitted, however, that his idea of his Good Angel's personality was sufficiently confused and vague. For instance, in those early knickerbocker days he often thought of that bright spirit as a little boy of his own size, but with shining wings,—a little boy who could run in the wet grass without catching cold, and who was never ill, and never had to stay in bed

in the daytime in consequence; a little boy who was never naughty, and who never forgot what he was told,—in short, an angel. And, oh, how Will longed to see him! How he begged and prayed of him to come and play among the flowers in the sweet-scented garden of the rose-embowered cottage!

But by the time Will-the-Wisher was sent to the neighboring day-school he had ceased to hope that his Guardian Angel would ever come to play with him. Indeed, he began to have grave doubts as to his being a child-angel at all. He might be a man-angel—as big as the angels that appeared in human form in the Bible,—and therefore not likely to care to come all the way from heaven to play with a poor little earth-boy like himself. Perhaps one day, when Will was a heaven-boy, and had wings, his Good Angel and he might take many a pleasant flight together in the golden sunlight, or among the twinkling stars!

Thus would Will-the-Wisher dream the happy hours away, losing himself in rapturous visions of a future in which everything was to be as he desired; and, alas!—since the truth must be written,—too often neglecting the prosaic duties of the present; not that he intended to be naughty, but because he forgot all about them till too late.

The day-school was his first entry into the world of boys. He had looked forward to it with joy, but when it was an accomplished fact he found that it was far from being unclouded sunshine. His only companions hitherto had been his loving mother and his devoted nurse Marie,—the plump and rosy-cheeked French *bonne* who had accompanied Mrs. Leslie from Paris at the period of her marriage. And as these two fond admirers of all he said and did had been accustomed to praise him for his ambition, he made no secret

of it at the school, but boasted loudly of all the great things he wished to be when a man.

This made the boys laugh. Then Will got angry and boasted all the more, telling his tormentors that he knew they only ridiculed him because they envied him all he wished to be. At which the rude boys laughed till the tears stood in their eyes, and even, in some cases, ran right down their faces and rolled into their turn-down collars. Worse still: they ended by giving him the nickname of “Will-the-Wisher.” And when those bad boys saw that poor Will resented this—as it was only natural he should,—I am sorry to say that they called it to him all the louder. Indeed, there were times when the whole playground rang with shouts of “Will-the-Wisher! Will-the-Wisher!”

Still, Will continued to wish,—more silently perhaps, but quite as earnestly as ever. Yet strange to say, and in spite of all his wishing, he remained the last boy in his class. And this, although quite little fellows, younger than Will, and with apparently no ambition whatever, were every day winning the highest marks, and constantly carrying off the best places in the school. All this sorely puzzled little Will, and he wished and wished and wished more ardently than ever to be a credit to himself, and please his dear, dear mother. But all in vain. Even his prayers to his Good Angel did not seem to help him in his trouble. Poor little Will-the-Wisher! He did so want to be a great and good man, and he could not succeed in being even a great and good boy.

The school was but a short distance from his mother's cottage, and Will Leslie went and came alone. But he frequently loitered on the way, and arrived late either for his lessons or for his dinner in consequence. He was always very sorry after, and would make solemn promises of amendment.

But alas for the good resolutions of Will-the-Wisher! On the very day of which I am about to write, and which proved a memorable day for him, he forgot all his promises again.

It was a lovely afternoon in the early summer. Wild roses—some of palest pink, and others white as alabaster—peeped through the hawthorn hedges that lined the dusty road. To Will-the-Wisher, as he trudged from school, the road seemed to stretch like a broadening line of chalk from the base of the beetling cliffs that overlooked the glinting sea. And then, as he glanced over his shoulder at the slate-roofed village with its slender church spire, he thought it would like some creeping monster through the wooded country, writhing in and out till it dwindled to a narrow streak that was lost in the mist and mystery of distance.

But Will was too used to the sight to care to watch it long, and he soon sat down under the hedge to read instead. He did not intend to stay there for more than five or ten minutes, of course. All he wanted was to finish the biography he had been deep in when the big gong sounded the close of the recreation some hours earlier. But he became absorbed in his book, and passed from one biography to the other, without noticing the flight of time. They were the lives of famous artists, once little boys like Will, who, in spite of every obstacle, became great men at last.

What wonderful little boys they were, to be sure, to sleep in a cold garret, and eat bread without butter, to say nothing of jam;—and even, only too often, have no bread at all, and yet grow to be celebrated far and near! How they must have wished, thought Will,—how they must have wished and wished and wished in order to succeed like that! And Will's little pulses tingled and Will's little heart went

thump, thump, and flitter-flutter with excitement and envious admiration. And so the time passed, while, as was his custom, he lived the life of each character in turn, weaving gorgeous plans for the future and idling the present away as was his custom too.

How long he had been thus employed he could not say—for he had lost all sense of time and place,—when suddenly a shadow fell across the open pages of the book he held in his lap. He looked up quickly, and was surprised as well as considerably startled, to see a tall, dark figure standing before him, and scrutinizing him narrowly the while with black, piercing eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

XI.

"Now, if you folks will honor me by staying all night at my house, I shall be delighted," said Happy's mother, after they had been warmed, fed, and received the sympathy and congratulations of the lookers-on. Whereupon invitations began to pour in from all sides. Charlotte thanked everybody, but decided to accept the first. They were gathering up their belongings preparatory to a start, when the proprietor of the stable edged his way through the crowd and informed Charlotte that a lady and gentleman had come for them in a cab, and were anxiously waiting.

"It is mamma!" exclaimed Stephen. "How frightened she must have been!"

"Come!" said Charlotte. "Let us go to her at once."

Thanking Happy's mother once more, she took Stephen by the hand, followed the stableman, and in a few moments found Mrs. Lawson and her own father preparing to go to the beach. Mrs.

Lawson's train had been late, therefore she felt no uneasiness at not seeing Charlotte and Stephen at the station. But when she reached home and found they had not arrived, she hastened to the Wingate residence.

"Depend upon it, Mrs. Lawson," said Mrs. Wingate, "they have taken it into their heads to stay all night in order to watch the sunrise, or something of that kind. Charlotte's brain is chuck-full of such foolish ideas, and she has Stephen so completely under her influence that she can twist him round her finger like a piece of ribbon."

"I believe you are mistaken, Mrs. Wingate," answered Mrs. Lawson, coldly. "I am sure Charlotte would not think of remaining all night: she is too prudent and thoughtful. And Stephen, on his part, is equally sensible and thoughtful of me. Something must have happened to them. Either the phaeton broke down or the horse has run away."

"That horse run away!" cried Mrs. Wingate. "Nothing could persuade it to do so. I know Charlotte's vagaries better than you do. She is a most obstinate young person, Mrs. Lawson. She could do anything with your dear little Stephen."

"Her influence over him is the very best, Mrs. Wingate," said her neighbor, decidedly. "I would call her firm, not obstinate. In my opinion, she has a fine, well-balanced character. I have observed her carefully, and would trust her implicitly in every way."

"Well, we shall never agree upon that," said Mrs. Wingate. "Now I could tell you—"

"Excuse me! but I can not wait. I shall try and get a cab and go in search of them."

"What's the matter?" asked Captain Wingate, leisurely strolling into the room, with a cigar in his mouth. "Sit down, Mrs. Lawson! Glad to see you. Sit down! You are quite a stranger."

"No, I thank you," rejoined Mrs. Lawson; and then related the occasion of her coming.

"Well, well! I think you are right," he said, with real concern. "Wait five minutes and I will be with you."

He hurried from the room, returning in a very short time ready to go. He had telephoned for a cab, and seemed quite disturbed. However, he did not wish Mrs. Lawson to feel uneasy.

"Charlotte is a very careful child," he said. "She must have had some good reason for staying over. I do not think there is any danger of a runaway. Still, I can appreciate your anxiety."

"Captain Wingate," replied Mrs. Lawson, "I do not believe I could ever make you—or any man—understand what she has been to Stephen. Formerly he used to call me his 'eyes'; and so I am still, I trust. But Charlotte is young, so much nearer his own age, that she is in every sense a perfect companion for him; and yet so mature is she in many ways that I feel her to be absolutely trustworthy. She is an incomparable girl."

Captain Wingate did not reply immediately. At last he said:

"Mrs. Lawson, I am going to confide in you. Believe me, I have observed more than you have suspected. I have seen with pleasure how Charlotte and Stephen have come to be friends, and what a want the boy fills in her life. She has always loved everything helpless; she is a born little nurse and mother. In that she is like her own mother."

Mrs. Lawson was surprised. She had never seen the slightest resemblance in the characters of Mrs. Wingate and her elder daughter, and wondered at the partiality which even in a devoted husband (such as she had not fancied Captain Wingate to be) would have been somewhat surprising. With difficulty she refrained from expressing this

opinion, even in the most guarded manner.

"Mrs. Lawson," resumed Captain Wingate, after a short pause, "I am not Charlotte's father; my wife is not her mother."

"You are not her parents!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawson, in astonishment, with an undeniable feeling of relief at the news. "How then—" she paused, feeling she ought not to presume upon his confidence.

"You would inquire how we have allowed people to remain under the impression that we were? My wife wished it; that is all I can tell you."

Mrs. Lawson's surprise increased. But her good taste forbore further questioning. She had not solicited Captain Wingate's confidence; it lay with him to reveal or conceal what he would.

"When a very young man," he continued, "I was sent, with a couple of other officers, on a diplomatic mission to Austria. While there, I met a young Norwegian girl of great beauty. We fell in love and were married. She had an only sister. My wife lived only six months, dying of diphtheria. Her sister was as homely as Olga had been beautiful, but had a lovely character. She also married, a gentleman of your faith, which she embraced. They were people of considerable means,—at least my wife's mother was. At her death I received a large sum of money, which I was foolish and unfortunate enough to invest in mythical mines, and lost it all. My mother-in-law never knew this, however. Sabri—that was the name of my wife's sister—died a short time after the birth of her daughter, whom we now call Charlotte. The grandmother took the child, whose father did not behave well, and who soon died. My present wife and myself were in England when I received a request to go to Norway. I found Madame Euthal rapidly failing; she was also becoming

childish. She had no near relatives. For the short time she had known me I seemed to have made a favorable impression on her; she besought me to take the child, bring her up as my own, and give her the love which, from her unfortunate appearance, would be denied her by total strangers. The means at my disposal for her board and education were ample; at the age of eighteen my guardianship would cease. It was the desire of the grandmother that the child should be educated in a convent school, but as this was not imperative, my wife thought—"

He paused. Mrs. Lawson wondered why, when the child was so objectionable to Mrs. Wingate, she wished to retain her in their house. The reason of this she was to know later.

"In some respects, it might have been better," said Mrs. Lawson. "To be with girls of her own age would give her more confidence in herself. However, one needs to know the child but a short time to forget her appearance. If she could only realize this, it would save her many an unhappy moment. And yet one could never say that she is unhappy."

"I am very fond of her," said Captain Wingate, "and I think she is fond of me. With my wife, it is different. Without meaning to be so, she is a little cold to Charlotte. Muriel is such a contrast to her, and Muriel is her own child. I could wish," he continued, "that she had Charlotte's beautiful character."

It had for some time been quite evident to Mrs. Lawson that Muriel rather enjoyed the contrast between herself and Charlotte, both as regarded appearance and dress. Charlotte could hardly be attired more shabbily than she was, while Muriel was always correctly and richly dressed. This, in the light of Captain Wingate's confidence, seemed strange. Mrs. Lawson felt that Mrs. Wingate was responsible for

it; but, on the whole, she experienced a feeling of satisfaction that Charlotte was not Mrs. Wingate's daughter. Her conduct toward the child did not seem quite so cruel. It was, no doubt, in explanation of her conduct to Charlotte that Captain Wingate had made the present revelation.

When they reached the village, Mrs. Lawson's fears were considerably allayed, as the children were already on the main land when they arrived. Her joy at seeing them was great, mingled as it was with not the slightest reproach.

"You are so good, Mrs. Lawson!" said Charlotte, when they were seated in the cab on the return journey. "You haven't scolded me one bit."

"It was something that might have happened to any one," replied Mrs. Lawson. "Such things are not unusual. I can understand how, absorbed in your sketching and the boys asleep, the tide surrounded you. There was really no danger."

"The only thing I am afraid of now is that Stephen may take cold," said Charlotte. "He shivered a good many times, and his hands were like ice."

"I am all right," said Stephen gaily, clinging close to his mother, who had wrapped a large cloak around him.

"A warm bath and a hot drink will keep him from feeling any ill effects," remarked Captain Wingate. "As for Charlotte, I'm afraid she is in for a regular scolding. So be ready for it, my girl."

Charlotte sighed.

"I shall not mind," she said. "I am anxious only about Stephen."

Bridget and Mrs. Wingate were waiting at the gate. Mrs. Lawson wondered that the latter should feel so much concern.

Captain Wingate was the first to descend from the cab. Mrs. Lawson and Stephen followed, then Charlotte.

Mrs. Wingate seized her by the arm.

"Well, you have given me a fright!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean by these tricks you have been affecting of late, frightening people almost to death? I heard from the milkman this evening that you had actually been exhibiting yourself on a rock in the water all the afternoon."

"Don't scold Charlotte, please, Mrs. Wingate!" exclaimed Stephen. "It was really not her fault, and we are all safe."

"Safe this time, perhaps, my dear little boy," said Mrs. Wingate sweetly, following him into the house. "But who knows where this will end? One day almost dashed to pieces on slippery rocks, another time nearly drowned; next thing it will be falling over the cliffs, I suppose."

"Tut, tut, Martha!" said her husband. "Don't get nervous."

"Captain Wingate, I am afraid you forget that Charlotte's is a very precious life," said his wife, her tone completely changed. "If I am sharp with her sometimes, it is for her own good, I am sure, as well as that of the whole family."

"Be quiet, Martha!" answered the Captain. "Remember you are not at home."

Mrs. Wingate would not sit down. Calling Charlotte to come at once, they left the house, followed by her husband.

"'Tis a queer mother, that one!" said Bridget, after they had gone. "What do you think she said while we were waiting?"

"What, Bridget?" asked Stephen.

"'It would go very hard with us, Bridget, if Charlotte should die,' she said. 'A good deal depends upon her young life.'"

"'Yes, ma'am,' says I. 'It would be a sad loss.'"

"'A good deal of money depends upon it,' says she."

"'Oh!' says I, kind of short like, I was so disgusted.

"'She's been a great care to me,' says she, 'ever since we've had her.' And thinks I to myself: 'I'm sure now of what I said before to Mrs. Lawson: Miss Charlotte is not the daughter of them people.'"

"Oh, what a fine thing that would be!" cried Stephen. "I can't bear to think of Charlotte belonging to them. I wish she could come here to live, mother."

"And then says I," continued Bridget, "'there's a great difference between the two young ladies.'"

"'There is,' says she. 'Muriel is so very pretty.'"

"'Handsome is that handsome does,' says I. 'And in my opinion one that knows them both very well will like Miss Charlotte best.' I'm afraid I'd have gone on till we quarrelled; but just then the cab came in sight, and I stopped my remarks."

"It was well that you did," said Mrs. Lawson. "I am afraid you were a little impertinent, Bridget. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Maybe I was, ma'am," responded Bridget; "but, then, she was very aggravatin'."

Mrs. Lawson hesitated. She knew that Captain Wingate did not wish it to be generally known that Charlotte was not his own daughter. He could have had only one motive in telling her—to excuse his wife for her conduct, which was flagrantly unkind. She felt, however, that she could trust Stephen and Bridget with the secret. It would please the boy, and rejoice the faithful servant.

She resolved to do so on the morrow; and, having given Stephen a hot drink and covered him with extra blankets, she sought her own couch, thankful that the day's misadventure had ended so happily.

(To be continued.)

Leonardo and the Nobles.

The great picture was done,—that is, it was finished as completely as it ever would be, for Leonardo could not be satisfied with his portrayal of the face of the central figure and had given up trying. Yet, although he was in despair, he had done his best, and the flower of the Milanese nobility, the rarest of the city's scholars, had come, at his invitation, to see his work, the masterpiece known to posterity as "The Last Supper."

"How beautiful!" was the exclamation he heard.

"Yes," said another; "such coloring was never seen."

Leonardo strained his ears to hear some comment concerning that face upon which he had spent the toil of years. "It must be a failure!" he thought sadly. But then there fell a silence. The leader of all the gentlefolk was about to express an opinion.

"Hush!" whispered the people to each other. "Let us hear what the Grand Duke thinks of Leonardo's fresco."

"'Tis wonderful," pronounced the Grand Duke. "The figures upon the table-cloth stand out as if real linen."

"They will never stand out more!" cried the incensed artist, seizing a brush and passing it over the painted table-spread. "I wanted your opinion of our Saviour's face, not of a painted rag."

The nobles went home. Leonardo, they agreed, was very impetuous, and too impatient ever to make a name for himself, poor fellow!

MANY suppose that the mole has no eyes; hence the expression, "blind as a mole." But careful investigation proves that he has eyes that are quite perfect, although very small. In the matter of reflection and refraction—in short, in the way of seeing—they are like the eyes of other animals.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—"Vittoria Colonna: Her Friends and Her Times," by Maud F. Jerrold, is among Messrs. J. M. Dent and Company's new publications. It is described as a study of some of the spiritual forces at the beginning of the Counter-Reformation, of which so little is generally known. Vittoria Colonna represents only what is highest and most spiritual in the history of her times, and an adequate biography of her should find many appreciative readers.

—Among recent publications of Mr. B. Herder, we note another new Catholic story, "After the Ninth Hour," by R. Monlaur. A picture of the dawn of the Christian era, it deals with the action and reaction of the opposing forces of Christianity and paganism, with faith in the one true God and worship of the myriad false ones, with love that leads to martyrdom and passion that paves the way to despair, with Greek learning and Egyptian rites, pagan persecution and Christian triumph. An inspiring narrative of the first fruits of Calvary and the Gospel of Him who died thereon.

—In the publishers' notice sent out with "Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles and Birds," by C. F. Holder, (American Book Co.) it is stated that "an effort has been made to omit all dry and unimportant details; and to include interesting facts and incidents known personally to the writer." The three subjects treated of present too wide a field to be taken together, and granting that much has been omitted, and that only "interesting facts and incidents" are included, the impressions left on reading the book are crowded and unrelated. The information is full and authoritative, but we would recommend the work for classes in Zoölogy rather than for supplementary reading in the fifth year.

—Two little works, "The Faith of Old England" and "The Old Religion," published a few years ago in England, have enjoyed such vogue and have withal contributed to so many conversions, that their author, the Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S. J., has been encouraged to publish yet another one of similar intent and much the same scope. In this slender volume of two hundred pages, brought out in attractive form by Burns & Oates, there are seven parts, the simple enumeration of which will give an inkling of the book's purport and range. They are: The Church of the First Four Centuries, The Early British Church One with the Church of Rome, The Church of England till the Schism in 1534, How the Church of England Became Protestant, The Uprooting of the Old Religion

in England, The Sacraments of the Church, and Catholic Doctrines and Practices. "The Religion of Our Forefathers" is another admirable refutation of the Anglican "Continuity" theory.

—A biography that will be read with not a little interest by the Catholics of every English-speaking land is "Saint Benedict Joseph Labre," by C. L. White. The outlines of the story of this votary of Holy Poverty and devout pilgrim are familiar to the great body of the faithful everywhere, but the details which fill in the outlines and complete the perfect picture are less generally known. The author of the present Life proclaims his indebtedness to a number of French biographers—notably M. Léon Aubineau—for the data of which he makes use. While this English Life lacks some of the literary charm which characterizes his story as told by the Saint's own countrymen, it is, nevertheless, eminently readable. It would be difficult indeed to present the subject matter of the book in any form so inferior as to destroy its attractiveness. Born in 1748, deceased in 1783, proclaimed Venerable by Pius IX. in 1859, and, finally, canonized by Leo XIII. in 1881. St. Benedict Joseph Labre is a saint to know and admire, if not always one to imitate in detail. His life as here presented makes an excellent addition to volumes proper for spiritual reading. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

—The excellent plan of putting into the permanent form of books the short papers contributed to the better class of our Catholic weeklies by clerical contributors appears to be proving successful enough to warrant widespread adoption. Father Stapleton's articles in the *Catholic Transcript* gave us "Moral Briefs"; Bishop Colton's contributions to the *Union and Times* are gathered together in "Seedlings," and now we have, in a dainty little volume of a hundred and twenty-eight closely printed pages, "The Ought-To-Be's," a collection of the timely and virile papers written for the *Catholic Standard and Times* by the Rev. J. T. Roche. The volume is a good example of what Cardinal Manning used to call the five-minute book, to be picked up and read in the various odds and ends of leisure that come to even the busiest of men or women in the course of the day. To put it in the way of being perused by one of the unfortunate class whose title it bears—those who ought to be Catholics—will be a distinct spiritual work of mercy. In the meantime we cordially endorse this statement from the author's preface: "There is a deep-seated belief everywhere in the Church that a renewal of

devotion to Mary is the unfailing means whereby the 'ought-to-be' can be, easily and sweetly, brought back to God." B. Herder, the publisher, might have secured more accurate proof-reading than is evidenced on some of the book's pages.

—Those of our readers who have retained their fondness for Sir Walter Scott, and who occasionally take up "The Heart of Midlothian," "Guy Mannering," or "Kenilworth," as a relief from the strident strenuousness of the contemporary "best sellers," will enjoy this paragraph from "Four Abbeys and Abbotsford," contributed to the *Month* by T. Percy Armstrong:

No nation sends to the British Isles more fervent admirers of Scott than the United States, and it was interesting, therefore, at this point to pay attention to the Americans who were going through with us, not listless in attitude or *blasés*, but silent, serious, interrupting the guide but rarely with their pointed observations. One of them was a burly fellow, with no apparent touch of refinement, who looked as if he might have done some work upon a ranch. Separating himself from the rest of the party, he stood at the library window and gazed out upon the Tweed. A smile played upon his lips, there was a visible look of satisfaction in his face, and once or twice he cast up his eyes to the ceiling,—an act of which we will not attempt to estimate the full significance. But did it mean that in seeing Abbotsford he was realizing the dream of a lifetime? It looked as much. And if any decadent son of the twentieth century, whose fancy had been fed on pistol-shots in drawing-rooms, elopements in motor-cars, suicides by moon-light, hair-breadth escapes from death, and all the thousand and one horrors that makes up so much of modern literature, had ventured to suggest that nowadays nobody reads Scott, we think that he might have received a reply that would have astonished him from our Transatlantic friend.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"The Faith of Our Forefathers." Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"After the Ninth Hour." R. Monlaur. 45 cts.

"Saint Benedict Joseph Labre." C. L. White. 70 cts., net.

"The Ought-to-Be's." Rev. J. T. Roche. 30 cts. and 50 cts.

"Life of Blessed John Vianney." \$1, net.

"The Ascent of Mount Carmel." St. John of the Cross. \$2, net.

"Crosses and Crowns." "Blessed Are the Merciful." Father Spillman, S. J. 45 cents each.

"Principles of Religious Life." Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. \$2.65, net.

"The Master Touch." W. Q. 40 cts.

"The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.

"Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.

"The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.

"Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.

"Round the World." 85 cts

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life." Mother M. Loyola. 90 cts.

"The Madonna of the Poets." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 85 cts., net.

"An Imperial Love Story." Henry Curteis. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. \$1, net.

"The Queen's Tragedy." Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Briefs for Our Times." Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. Thomas Whittaker. \$1, net.

Obituary.

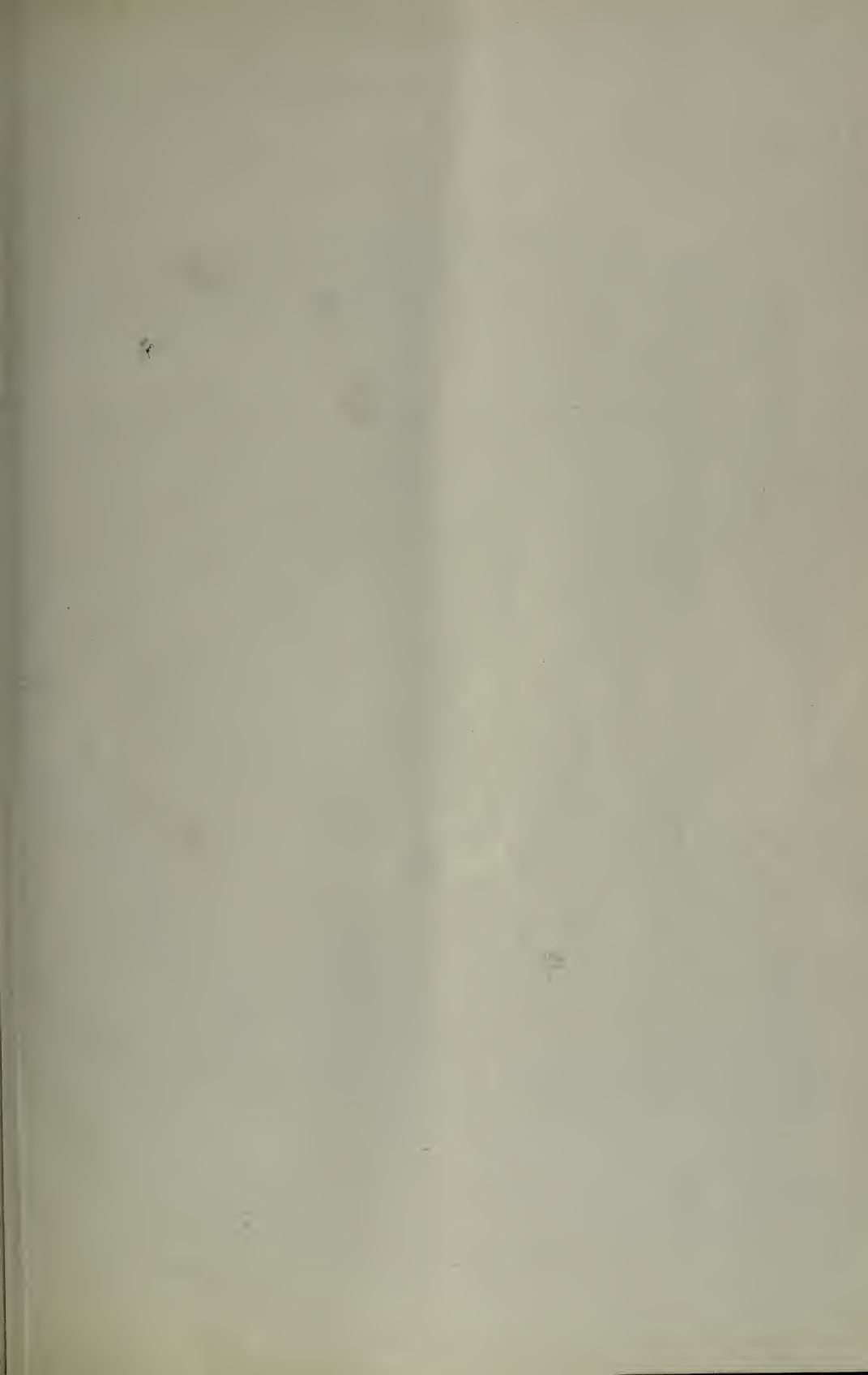
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Bromley, of the diocese of Plymouth; and Rev. John Morgan, S. J.

Sister M. Ambrose, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Agathina, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Scholastica, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Andrew Brereton and Mr. J. I. Bowen, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Eugene Whalen, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Jane Day, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Sweeney, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Wiggins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. W. F. Lynch, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Emma Kriener, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen McSorley, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. Leopold Guttung, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Daniel McGreevy, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. W. D. Stacy, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. Bridget Kelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. M. W. Maxwell, Fairfax, Minn.; Mr. Francis Duffy, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. A. A. Grabowski, Winona, Minn.; Mrs. Peter Finnigan, Lima, N. Y.; Mr. Francis Roberts, Davis, S. Dakota; Mr. Harry Dallaber, Spearfish, S. Dakota; and Miss Mary Londun, Providence, R. I.

Requiescant in pace!





LIGHT OF THE WORLD.
(Margotti.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

NO. 25.

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A Hymn to the Holy Infant.

BY T. A. M.

INFANT sweet, in worship kneeling
At Thy tender Mother's side,
We would share the blissful feeling
She enjoys at Christmastide.

Mary's heart is pure and holy,
Gabriel hailed her "full of grace";
We are sinful all and lowly:
Can we look upon Thy face?

Yet, Thou, Son of such a Mother,
To her prayer wilt not say nay;
Hear her, then, and be our Brother
On this happy Christmas Day.

Lift Thy baby hands in blessing
At Thy Virgin Mother's prayer,
And her joy while Thee caressing
Let Thy sinful brothers share.

The Spirit of Christmas.

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARRY, C.S.S.R.



CHRISTMAS," as Faber beautifully writes, "is a perpetual fountain of invisible miracles. It is better than a legion of angels in itself, always hard at work for God, and magnificently successful. Its sphere of influence is the whole wide world,—the regions where Christmas falls in the heart of summer, as well as in these lands of ours. It whispers over the sea, and hearts on shipboard are responding to it. It is everywhere in dense cities, where

loathsome wickedness is festering in the haunts of hopeless poverty, keeping itself clean there as the sunbeams of heaven. It vibrates up deep mountain glens, which the foot of priest rarely treads; and down in damp mines, where death is always proximate and sacraments remote. It soothes the aching heart of the poor Pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice; and it cradles to rest the sick child, who, though it can not read as yet, has a picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its mother's words have painted there."

Christmas Day, indeed, ever dawns with an overflowing blessing upon all the sorrow-stricken inhabitants of this vale of tears. It is a holy and happy holiday time for everyone; and whilst the Yule-log burns brightly in the glowing hearth, wassail, carols, pleasant games, and kindly hospitality blend together to make Christmas Day a festival of universal gladness. The feelings of human brotherhood and the ties of tender friendship then grow stronger, and the poor relation and the shivering beggar at the door are never forgotten.

The words spoken by the Angel to the simple-minded Shepherds as they lay out at night on the bleak mountain-side, listening to the moaning wind, and peacefully gazing on the countless stars, "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people," have been faithfully fulfilled throughout the ages of the world since that first Christmas night in far-off Judea.

Our forefathers, whilst fondly cherishing the sacred memory of the Incarnation of the Son of God by religious rites and pious ceremonies, nevertheless, always held good cheer to be an essential feature of the celebration of Christmas Day.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,
was their joyful Christmastide motto.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart throughout the year.

Many and quaint were the Christmas customs in these olden times. Sir Walter Scott thus graphically describes in verse some of those joyous scenes of simple Christian piety and of Christmas revelry and mirth:

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.

The houses and churches were everywhere decked with holly and ivy; the bells rang out a merrier peal from every steeple throughout the land; the mummers, maskers, and carol singers went about spreading cheerfulness all around; so that into each sad heart came unbidden the time-worn words:

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice!
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

And the pleasing belief gained strength that at Christmastide the gates of heaven were thrown more widely open, that even the flames of hell burned low.

Those blameless Christmas gayeties were swept away on the tide of fierce Puritan fanaticism during the Commonwealth in England; and Christmas is still banned in Scotland. In England,

however, the long-silent bells again rang out at the accession of King Charles II.; and the pleasures of the happy Christmas time, consecrated by religion, were once more revived.

Now Christmas Day approaches near:

Trim up the house with holly,
And set abroad the strongest beer
For neighbors to be jolly.
Let fanatics old customs blame,
Yet Christmas is a high day;
Though they will fast upon the same,
And feast upon Good Friday.

So sang the midnight revellers when the good old times of Merry England came back again.

Amongst the many quaint Christmas customs that are fast dying out in this prosaic old age of the world, Christmas carols ever held the first place, and they well illustrate the spirit of the season. The Christmas carol, according to an ancient saying, "will make care howl." But those good old days seem to have gone by forever, "when Christmas had its Christmas carols." The "Glory to God in the highest, and peace to men of good-will," which was sung over the fields of Bethlehem by the throng of Angels on the first Christmas night was the first Christmas carol which was ever heard on earth.

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds keeping watch at night.
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadroned Angels hear His carol sung.

"Down into the deep seas," writes Faber, "flowed the celestial harmony. Over the mountain-tops the billows of the glorious music rolled. The vast vaults of the purple night rang with it in clear liquid resonance. The clouds trembled in its undulations. Sleep waved its wings, and dreams of hope fell upon the sons of men. The inferior creatures were hushed and soothed. The very woods stood still in the night breeze, and the starlit rivers flowed more silently to hear. The flowers distilled double perfumes, as if they were

bleeding to death with their unstanched sweetness. Earth herself felt lightened of her load of guilt; and distant worlds, wheeling far off in space, were inundated with the angelic melody."

In the Ages of Faith, Christmas carols were sung by the simple peasants in accompaniment with the psalms and religious hymns which were chanted by the priests around the altar, in the green festooned village church; and all the faithful with gladsome hearts joined in singing those simple songs, which took their hue from the childlike faith and piety of those lowly worshipers of the Infant God.

The collection of English carols which have been handed down to us from those olden times is very meagre; but this simple melody, which goes back as far as, or beyond, the reign of King Henry VI., must have gladdened the heart and stirred up the devotion of many a simple lover of that Holy Child, whose coming upon earth has brought so much joy into this weary and wicked world.

A Babe is born of a may (maid)
In the salvation of us;
To them we sing both night and day,
Veni Creator Spiritus!

At Bethlehem, that blessed place,
The Child of bliss born He was;
Him to serve God give us grace,—
O Lux Beata Trinitas!

There came three kings out of the East
To worship the King that is so free,
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,—
A solis ortus cardine!

The herds heard an Angel cry,
A merry song then sung he:
Why are ye so sore aghast?—
Jam ortus solis cardine!

The Angel came down with a cry.
A fair song then sung he:
In the worship of that Child,
Gloria tibi Domine!

But of all the beautiful Christmas songs that were so well known in the olden time, none was more popular

amongst the people either in England or in Ireland than the lovely "Cherry-Tree Carol." Some verses only, on account of its great length, may be given here:

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he;
And he married Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an Angel sing:
This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

The carol ends with these prophetic words, which are supposed to be spoken by the new-born Babe:

Upon Easter Day, Mother,
My rising shall be;
O the sun and the moon
Shall uprise with Me!

The people shall rejoice,
And the birds they shall sing,
To see the uprising
Of the Heavenly King.

Let there be given, lastly, some verses of a sweet and simple carol-song worthy of the joyful feast of the Child Redeemer. It was sung by the waits as they went about from house to house at Christmastide, craving gifts in honor of that gladsome festival:

When Jesus was a little Child
He sleep'd on Mary's knee and smiled;
She rocked Him on her knee.
So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,—
She rocked Him on her knee.

"Noël, Noël!" the Angels sung,
The dumb beasts spake in unknown tongue,
For *Benedicite*.

So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,
For *Benedicite*!

The Shepherds' flutes gave merry sound;
With hollies green they strewed the ground,
For joy the Christ to see;
So pray you hearken, gentles all,
And give us cheer in house and hall,
For joy the Christ to see.

Our forefathers in the faith had the spirit of the first worshipers of the Infant God; theirs was a simple, loving, unshaken faith, and the expression of it was ever joyous. "Happiness," to quote Faber once more, "is the temper of holiness; and, if the voice of patient anguish is praise to God, much more is the clear voice of happiness,—a happiness that fastens not on created things, but is centred in Himself. They have hardly laid hold of God who are not supremely happy even in the midst of an inferior and sensible unhappiness. They, whose sunshine is from Him who is within them, worship God brightly out of a blessedness which the world can not touch, because it gushes upward from a sanctuary that lies too deep for rifling. Sadness is a sort of spiritual disability. A melancholy man can never be more than a convalescent in the house of God. He may think much of God, but he worships very little. God has rather to wait upon him as his infirmarian, than he to wait on God as his Father and his King. There is no moral imbecility so great as that of querulousness and sentimentality. Joy is the freshness of our spirits. Joy is the lifelong morning of our souls, an habitual sunrise out of which worship and heroic virtue come. Sprightly and grave, swift and self-forgetting, meditative and daring, with its faiths all sights and its hopes all certainties, full of that blessed self-deceit of love that it must give to God more than it receives, and yet forever finding out with delighted surprise that it is in truth always and only receiving,—such is the devotion of the happy man."

"Gretchen."

BY JANET GRANT.

I.

ACH HIMMEL, this is *die Heilige Nacht*,* and I am here a stranger in this great country, while far across the sea those I love are keeping Christmas Eve!"

Gretchen, the sturdy German *kammermädchen*,† furtively wiped her eyes with a corner of her white apron and half smothered a sob, as she stood at the window at one end of the hotel corridor and looked out upon the street below where an eddying tide of life surged in two parallel streams borne onward in opposite directions. She saw a broad thoroughfare, the centre of New York's shopping district of the masses, which, though but a block west of Fifth Avenue, the promenade of wealth and fashion, is, in fact, like another city.

It was the scene now before Gretchen, however,—the territory of less affluent and suburban shoppers—that for her constituted the metropolis; and to-day, just as the dusk was setting in upon the misty, drizzly afternoon, it appeared garish and commonplace even to this peasant girl, who vaguely missed the picturesqueness of the provincial town in south Germany where she had lived three years in service before coming to the United States.

Yes, this was the Holy Night. Gretchen's thoughts went back to the legends that among her people cluster about Christmas Eve, and the quaint and revered customs that have sprung up around these traditions,—little observances emanating from the Christmas spirit of kindness, charity, and good-will to all. How vividly she remembered the setting of the Christ-Child's place at the family table,—a place that any wayfarer among God's

* The Holy Night.

† Chambermaid.

poor may take as his right on Christmas Eve!

In Gretchen's home, as in many others of the Fatherland, this cover for the homeless and needy wanderer was laid every day of the year. Her eyes again filled with tears as she recalled the picture,—her parents, brothers, and sisters gathered around the simple board, then a moment of silence as the grey-haired father, with bowed head and extended hands, murmured the beautiful grace: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest!" But on Christmas Eve the words were always: "*Heiliges Christkindlein*,—Come, Holy Christ-Child, be our Guest!"

To Gretchen's mind came trooping folk-tales dear to her childhood: how once, for instance, when the members of a humble household were assembled on Christmas Eve, in response to the usual reverent invitation, a little white-robed figure surrounded by a nimbus of light glided in at the cottage door, and, to the blissful awe of the peasant family, took the place among the children to which He had been bidden. And the lesson taught by all these traditions was the example of glory to God and mutual helpfulness.

"To have a happy Christmas, your heart must be ready to welcome the Christkindlein, and you must also make some one else happy on this Day of days," her mother always said,—the dear mother, old and bent before her time because of years of toil in the fields; but still the *hausmutter*, the home-maker, who sat spinning by the hearth fire during the long winter.

"Ah!" sighed Gretchen, "how can I this year make my own heart glad? What can I, a stranger, do to give joy to any one at this Christmas time? In a great city like this, there must, indeed, be many in poverty, but I know them not. The people I see look prosperous and contented; those who live here in this house wish from me

only the service they have a right to demand; all I can do for them is to render it with a Christmas cheerfulness. For my fellow-workers I have bought little gifts—the small Christmas cakes all sweetness and spice that we present to one another in Germany. But my acquaintances all have their own families and firesides; in no way can I add to their happiness."

Gretchen need not have been so downcast; already, in fact, she had followed the simple rule she had laid down for providing a happy Christmas. Her heart was not only innocent, but warm and generous. A fortnight earlier she had sent across the sea a letter, inclosing a money order which represented a good share of her earnings translated into gulden and marks,—a gift that would surely lighten the dear mother's burden of care and bring her much Christmas joy. What matter if Gretchen must go without the new frock she really needed and the gorgeous hat for which she longed? Nor had she forgotten the Christmas alms which the Christ-Child ever rewards a hundredfold. Though she knew no one in need of food or shelter on this Holy Night, there were others who did; so only yesterday she had dropped a bright silver dollar into the poor-box at the door of the church.

From the window where she stood, in the gathering dusk, she could just see against the grey horizon the white spires of the cathedral; and her fancy likened them to two Christmas angels whose celestial voices would soon proclaim anew the message of Bethlehem in the sweetness of the Christmas chimes.

As Gretchen turned from her contemplation of the outer world and looked back down the hall, it presented a long vista of dreariness. The hotel was antiquated and shabby,—the patrons who still clung to it being chiefly members of the theatrical pro-

fession who had seen better days, and were now, like itself, hard put to hold their own amid changing times and conditions. Whenever companies broke down or the hope of engagements failed, the old house opened its doors, like the comforting arms of a mother, and gathered to itself the disappointed ambitions of many workers in the mysterious realm behind the footlights, folks whose needs are, after all, so like the necessities of our workaday world.

A pretty little woman, dressed for a journey and carrying a large satchel, came out of one of the rooms.

"Gretchen," she said, "I have notice of a holiday ghost, and must hurry off."

Gretchen stared, round-eyed and startled.

"Oh, I see!" laughed the lady. "Of course you do not understand. With us a ghost is simply an engagement; so, instead of fleeing in fear, we go chasing after it."

"Madam is going away on Christmas Eve?" stammered the girl, amazed. "And Madam's two little children,—what will they do?"

"Poor dears, they will have a lonely Christmas! But it can not be helped; and I shall be home late to-morrow evening," said gentle Mrs. Drane, as a shadow passed over her face. "We can not always spend Christmas as we like, is it not so?"

The next moment she was gone.

"Poor young widow lady, who has to work so hard! For sure there is much sadness in play-acting," soliloquized Gretchen, with more of wisdom than she knew. "I'll keep an eye on the babies, already yet."

But many new guests flocked to the old hostelry to-night, and the girl was so occupied in waiting upon them and attending to her other duties that she only had a chance to speak a cheery word in passing to the Drane children as they ran through the corridor. Nor was her work over,

even for the nonce, until the "wee sma' hours" when the maids were already wishing one another a "Merry Christmas" as they climbed to their quarters under the roof, not to sleep but to prepare to go out to the early Mass.

The mist with which the darkness had closed in was now cleared away; the stars were shining in the pale sky; yet Christmas morning had dawned, and the voices of Gretchen's cathedral angels stirred the hearts of the faithful with the joyful summons of the *Adeste*.

How beautiful the church was, with its green garlands and flowers, its myriad gleaming tapers and its chancel star! How sweet was the music! It comforted Gretchen's lonely heart; and when at last the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the celestial Song of Bethlehem, pealed through the lofty nave and re-echoed amid the dim aisles, her soul thrilled with emotion, and she knew that the gladness of Christmas belongs to no clime or country, but is universal, that its peace is world-wide.

But even the Shepherds who were chosen to witness the glory of the Holy Night had perforce to return to the simple duties of their calling. Is it not so with all humanity? Though the veil that hides joy ineffable be for a moment withdrawn, it presently falls again, and in the cold, grey atmosphere of commonplace we must take up the burden of life once more.

As Gretchen, with her companions, retraced her way through the streets under the still starlit heavens, she congratulated herself that she would have two or three hours of rest before the social holiday, Christmas as worldlings know it, would begin. For, as she dragged herself up the long stairs of the hotel, and through the dimly lighted halls, she was utterly weary; and her eyes were so heavy that, as she passed the room of the Drane children, she did not notice two

shadowy little stockings, one smaller than the other, hanging still limp and empty upon the knob of the door.

"Santa Claus forgot us!"

The plaintive little voice momentarily banished the smile from Gretchen's broad, good-natured face, as she thrust her head into the room to "hearten up" the children whose mother was away working for them even on this great holiday. It was the voice of the little one whom Gretchen called Röschen,—the rosy, dainty, fairylike child, who had known but two other Christmas Days.

"Perhaps he did not know where to find us," suggested Vida, the mother's quaintly staid seven-year-old companion.

Though provided with an unabridged city directory, the traditionary Christmas visitor, with his reindeer train, might indeed have found it hard to keep track of these little children of the Stage. Since "mother" had had to work, home was wherever their belongings happened to be; and Vida remembered a time when Röschen had slept tranquilly in the tray of the theatre trunk while their pretty young mother played Puck in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," or Tillie Slowboy in "The Cricket on the Hearth," with a kiss for her baby between the acts. But until now Christmas had always been Christmas just the same; so she, too, was sadly puzzled at their desertion by the genial spirit who, in many quarters, is supposed to preside over holiday gift-making, being sometimes regarded as a genie, and again esteemed as a saint.

Notwithstanding their disappointment, Röschen and Vida had tried to be brave. They had brought out their old toys and ranged them around the hearth, pretending they were new ones just dropped down the chimney from the reindeer sleigh. They had played, too, at guessing what wonderful presents might be concealed in sundry bulky

packages, the contents whereof they knew only too well, since they had wrapped them up.

"But, O Gretchen," sighed Vida, feeling her courage fast slipping away, "you can make believe over most anything, but Christmas is an awfully hard time to make believe you are happy when you are not, one bit."

How well Gretchen understood! Had she not felt this same loneliness before the Mass of the Angels this morning? Even now was not the little cloud of homesickness hovering near, ready to obscure the brightness of the day if she would let it? But she had turned away from it, and was looking forward to a pleasant afternoon and evening. One of the guests of the hotel had given her a ticket to the Christmas pantomime. That the Drane children were not going was somebody's oversight. Few people in the house knew their mother was absent. Nobody remembered them.

Gretchen had never in her life attended a theatrical performance. She was, therefore, as eager as a child to see the pantomime; and afterward she was to spend the evening with a kindly German family whose acquaintance she had made coming over in the ship. Now, however, she hesitated. If she should go away, upon her own pleasure bent, could she forget Röschen's sad little voice, Vida's pretty, wistful eyes? A thought came to her. Here was the very opportunity for which she had wished,—the chance to do a kind act for some one this Christmas Day. It was a trifling thing to do. But even small acts of self-denial often cost dear.

II.

Gretchen had a brief but sharp struggle with herself; then she came to a decision. She would give up the pantomime and the party; the other *kammermädchen*, the daughter of the German family, might go without her; she would devote the remainder of

the day to making these forlorn little children happy.

"It is from the Christkindlein that all good gifts come, and He never forgets," she said cheerily. "If He does not bring them to-day, it is because He desires to surprise us to-morrow; and if He does not always bring the gift we want, it is because He chooses for us better than we can for ourselves."

She had brought some of the odd little German Christmas cakes to the children; and now, seated between them on the shabby old sofa, she began to tell them the beautiful folk-tales that had been in her mind all day. She spoke of the unfading and straight young fir of the forest that the Apostle of Germany, the great Saint Boniface, chose as the emblem of the Christ-Child when the lightnings of heaven felled the giant oak held sacred to the false god Balder by the heathen Franks. She related the favorite legend of the Fatherland, how on Christmas Eve the Christkindlein passes through the forests, bearing on His shoulders an infant fir tree gleaming with star-like lights, and laden with gifts for the little children who await His coming with reverent eagerness. She sang them a sweet song that she called the Holy Mother's Lullaby. And then, descending to more prosaic themes, she described the scenes in her native village after the Midnight Mass, and the Christmas Fair, at which the villagers bought simple and sometimes ludicrous gifts for one another. So the time passed until dusk came again, and a knock at the door brought the story-teller and her fascinated listeners back to the present.

It was only Jim, the colored waiter, bringing in tea. The children's dinner had been served soon after noon; and on holidays, at the evening dining hour, no little people unattended were permitted in the great hall of the hotel.

"I must go now, *liebchen!*" cried

Gretchen, breaking away from Röschen's detaining clasp. "But I will come back to bid you good-night, already yet."

Jim left the gas burning low. In the half-light one can "make believe" one is at the Christmas Fair, in the Black Forest, or even following the Three Kings to Bethlehem. But after Vida and Röschen had done justice to the little feast of fruit and nuts and bonbons that supplemented their usually simple meal, they grew tired, and at last, each in a corner of the old sofa, both fell fast asleep.

Their room was in the rear of the house and overlooked the kitchen area. The prospect was not very cheerful, yet they found it interesting; for they could watch the white-jacketed waiters hurrying to and fro; and occasionally they saw the chef, with his cap awry, chasing a refractory black boy with a frying pan.

But to-night, before long, the servants were free of their tasks and the kitchens were deserted. No one knew of the terrible foe lurking there, in the basement. Had the children been awake, perhaps they might have seen the grey, creeping, uncanny thing, like the shadow of a beast of prey, that stole from the cellars and slowly crossed the area, now crouching, now rampant, again falling back. They did not know of the ominous red tongue that licked the flooring of the kitchens; the line of yellow light, like the tawny paw of a tiger, beating against the sashes; or the body of flame, like the great beast himself, that, suddenly bursting its bonds, leaped through one of the lower windows, breathing a hot, black smoke.

"Fire! Fire!"

The awful cry rang through the corridors in an alarm that might, it would seem, have aroused even the dying. Yet, all unconscious of danger, little Röschen and Vida slept on. Fortunately, there were not many people in the hotel at this hour. Some

of the regular habitués were spending the holiday with friends; others had professional engagements out of town; others again were at the theatres, either earning their daily bread behind the footlights, or in the orchestra, the balcony, or high up under the gilded ceiling, enjoying their holiday leisure in the illusion of the play. But here at home was being enacted a more terrible tragedy than any drama on the boards that night.

The proprietor, the three or four servants who had been kept on duty, the few patrons who had elected to spend the evening forlornly in their rooms, now ran out into the street. The engines hastened clanging to the scene, and all the neighborhood was in an uproar. Only the area and the wing looking down upon it were quiet with the ominous silence of abandonment. They had been hopelessly yielded up to that most terrifying of the unchained elements—fire. The firemen were devoting their efforts to save the front of the building.

Everybody had forgotten the children asleep in the corner room above the courtyard,—everybody but Gretchen. After an interval of frightened suspense, she found herself out of doors and safe. Then she remembered. She must go back.

"There are two children in a rear room on the fourth floor. Have a ladder there at the window where the red light still shows, and I will get them so far," she said to a fireman.

He sprang forward to prevent her from going back into the doomed house, but she was too swift for him. The elevator boy, who had manfully stuck to his post until he had, as he supposed, brought down all the guests, was just abandoning his car.

"The Drane children!" cried Gretchen.

"It is too late," he said. "The ropes of the car are hot,—they will no longer stand the strain."

"Risk it! Only take me up," she pleaded. "You need not wait: the firemen will take us out through the window."

Heroically willing to undertake this one more trip, he drew her in, and the car shot upward.

As Gretchen turned into the rear corridor, a volume of smoke enveloped her. Now, for the first time, she was conscious that some one had thrust into her hand a long piece of cloth which had been plunged into water. Mechanically winding this about her head to protect eyes and lungs, she crept along close to the floor, and reached the room.

Vida had evidently just awakened in bewilderment and despairing terror; but at Gretchen's hoarse call she answered with a cry of hope. Luckily, Gretchen knew little Röschen's favorite corner. Feeling along by the furniture until she came to the sofa, she found the child lying in a stupor. Röschen was dreaming of a Christmas Tree ablaze with lights, set outside her window by the dear Christkindlein.

"Röschen!"

She awoke to see a sheet of flame sweep past the pane. In another moment Gretchen had wrapped the long cloth around the faces of the children, and was dragging the little creatures, now half dead with fright, along the smoke-filled corridor.

Was the boy waiting? With a chill at her heart, the girl now realized that he had called to her again and again. It was not until she nearly reached the elevator once more that she heard the gate clang. He had waited almost long enough. She cried out, but he did not hear. The car ran down swiftly. He thought she had been overcome by the smoke and he could not help her. He would tell the firemen: they could do much more than he to get the woman and the children out.

The journey to the window at the front of the house seemed a more desperate undertaking now. Little Röschen was crying bitterly. Vida trembled like a reed; fear had deprived her of all sense and strength.

"Courage! The *Heilige Christkindlein*, the Blessed Mother, will save us!" faltered Gretchen.

She bade the children creep along the floor beside her. In this way, on hands and knees, they pressed forward, while the smoke rolled above them. It grew less dense as they advanced, however; and she knew they were approaching the front of the house. Now—oh, joy!—they could see the gleam of the red-shaded gas jet still burning near the window that Gretchen had pointed out to the fireman. Would he be able to reach the window in time?

The children's sobs grew fainter, and presently little Vida ceased to strive for the goal, now so near, yet so difficult to gain.

"I can go no farther!" she moaned, lying prone on the floor.

Baby Röschen clung to her piteously. Gretchen stood erect, caught up the younger child, and, with one arm supporting Vida, struggled on a few steps; then blinded and overcome by the smoke, she fell prostrate. A few moments more, and it would be over: at least they would be dead before the fire reached them. The children were already unconscious; Gretchen's senses were being fast dulled, and it was all quite peaceful. They had ceased to remember the horror of their situation.

But this was not the Christmas peace that was to come to Gretchen and those whom she so desperately sought to save. As she fell, a face appeared at the window. The next moment the fireman, who had come in search of her, leaped into the corridor, and a stream of water from the hose he carried shut off the end of the hall like a curtain, driving back the smoke. Groping about,

he found them together,—the brave *kammermädchen* and the children.

A shout carried the glad news to his comrades below. He gathered up little Röschen, and swung the apparently lifeless babe to another of the fire heroes who was waiting on the ladder outside. Thus she was passed down the line. A cheer from the throngs in the street soon told that she was safe. Vida was sent next; and then the now senseless Gretchen was carried down in the same manner, as deftly as if she too were but a child in weight.

Scarcely had she reached the ground when a great crash caused the crowd to stampede in all directions. A side wall of the house had fallen in, carrying with it the corridor where they had been. An interval of wild confusion followed. Above the din the firemen called to one another in suspense and dread, lest some of their number might be missing, crushed beneath the ruins.

Providentially, however, all were spared. A neighboring hotel offered hospitality to the shelterless guests of its old rival; and here, in the early hours of the following morning, weary, terror-stricken, blissfully grateful little Mrs. Drane recovered her children. But it was in the near-by Emergency Hospital that she found their heroic preserver.

"The girl has only temporarily collapsed after her great physical exertion and mental anxiety," declared the staff doctor. "She will be out again in a few days."

"O Gretchen, Gretchen!" stammered the young mother through her tears. "A great sorrow was indeed very near me; but you have given me, instead, a blessed Christmas."

And, though Gretchen lay weak and helpless on her narrow white cot, she was more than content. She had meant to do a small kindness by brightening the lonely hours of two little children, and she had ended by

performing an act of extraordinary heroism. With the charity the Christ-kindlein came on earth to bring, she had risked her life, and it had mercifully been restored to her. She had watched over Röschen and Vida and given them back safe to their mother. Was not this, indeed, for her a happy Christmastide?

Jean-le-Gueux* and Jean-Misère.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"WHO knocks at the door
Of poor old Jean-le-Gueux?"—

"Open! It is Jean-Misère,

Poorer still than you."—

"Come in, come in! There's room to spare.

Beside the fire I sit;

And I have yet some fagots left:

Come, warm thyself a bit.

"Whither bound at such an hour,
Wanderer, canst thou be?"—

"I journey to a goodly inn,
Where thou shalt follow me.

Barefoot, I have turned aside,

Half-frozen, from the street."—

"Well, there are still some fagots left:

Come, and warm thy feet.

"But thy hands, poor boy! they bleed.
Who hath used thee so?"—

"'Twas a fierce and vengeful crowd,
With jeer and thrust and blow,

Vowed me to the gibbet's death:

Men of many lands."—

"Oh, shame! But here are fagots still;
Come, and warm thy hands.

"And tell me, child, hast thou no friends,
Saving only me?"—

"Alas! derided by the world,
I have come to thee.

From my woes my kinsmen all

Coldly stand apart."—

"Well, I have yet some fagots left:
Come, and warm thy heart."

Suddenly the flame burns bright,

Cries out Jean-le-Gueux:

"Oh, it is not Jean-Misère:

Jesus, it is You!"—

"Come, old Jean, put on thy cap;

To thee My peace is given;

Come and rest beside My fire,—

Come, warm thyself in heaven!"

Happy householders are they,

Heavenly deeds they do,

Who, in the name of Jean-Misère,

Succor Jean-le-Gueux.

And, oh, the folly of a world

That warms itself no more

With Jesus, by the beggar's hearth,

Upon the beggar's floor!

God's Gift.

A TALE OF THE CLOISTER.

IT was twilight in the chapel,—almost dark, save for the jewelled point of ruby light that gleamed through the crystal lamp of the sanctuary. That beautiful lamp, as also the delicately sculptured marble altar, with companion pedestal on either side, and the statue that adorned it, were the gifts of the young girl who was busily adding the last deft touches to the decorations for the morrow. It was Christmas Eve; and, though the majority of the boarders went home at that festive season, there were always a few at St. Mary's for the holidays.

Josephine Bouvet was one of these. She had never passed a Christmas vacation away from the convent during her twelve years of residence there; nor had she desired to do so. Placed in the school at the death of her mother, who had begged her husband to give the child to the care of her cousin, Sister Louise, Josephine had grown from infancy in those quiet halls, and had responded gratefully to every effort in her behalf on the part of her teachers and guardians. During the whole time of her residence at the convent she had not received one serious reproof. Talented, amiable, and

* Jean the beggar. Adapted from "La Dernière Bûche."

beautiful, beloved alike by her teachers and companions, she had seen the years pass like a blissful dream.

Her father, a wealthy man, who had returned after the death of his young wife to club-land and bachelorhood, had not paid much attention to the child,—that is, as regarded visits; though, if he had been permitted by the Sisters, he would have overloaded her with extravagant gifts. He came to see her once or twice a year, and was ill at ease during the whole of his visit. Her delicate, spirituelle beauty, so like that of her dead mother, the naïveté of her childish speech, the innocence of her large, dark blue eyes, always struck him as an unconscious reproof; for his life was that of a careless, if not irreligious, man, like that of thousands of others with too much money and no occupation.

He loved the child after a fashion, but it was a selfish fashion; and for the last two years he had many an uncomfortable half hour; for he realized that Josephine would soon be a young lady, and that some place must be prepared for her in the world to which she belonged. Once or twice, when he had intimated something of the kind, his daughter replied that she had no desire to leave the convent; but he had not at all understood her meaning. Timidity had restrained her from expressing more clearly a wish which she had cherished from the day of her First Communion. She knew, moreover, that it would be better to bide her time, hoping that Providence would, on some auspicious occasion, open a way for the attainment of her heart's desire. Only to Sister Louise, her relative, and the old priest who had been her lifelong confessor, had she revealed this desire. She was far more reserved than is common among young girls of her age.

There were not wanting those among the Sisters, however, who were of the

opinion that Josephine had a religious vocation. Old Sister Pauline, who had been sewing teacher for twenty years, and who was a shrewdly observant person, caused a great laugh in the community one evening, when the Sisters, assembled for recreation, were talking among themselves as to the chances of retaining some of their pupils for the novitiate. No one had mentioned Josephine; for it had been a tradition in the convent since her arrival that when she was graduated her father would remove her, place her at the head of his household, and convert her, in so far as he could, into a leader of society and dispenser of his own lavish hospitalities. At the same time there had always been a doubt among them as to how far he could succeed in so doing.

On the occasion to which we refer, Sister Pauline, who had not taken any part in the conversation, suddenly looked up from her embroidery, took off her glasses, and, glancing around her with a confident smile, exclaimed:

"One name you always forget, dear Sisters!"

"Whose?" asked Sister Louise.

"That of Josephine Bouvet."

"Josephine Bouvet!" burst from many lips; while one of the Sisters said:

"Life has other things in store for Josephine, dear Sister."

"Perhaps," answered the old sewing teacher, replacing her glasses, which she had been rubbing with her great white cotton handkerchief,—“perhaps,” she repeated; “that is, as she responds to God’s grace or rejects it. There are three reasons why I have always thought Josephine might become a Sister.”

"What are they, Sister Pauline?" inquired several voices at once; while Sister Louise paused in her knitting and regarded the old nun with a gentle, curious smile.

"Well, I will tell you," was the rejoinder. "She has never in all her

life had a particular friend, which means detachment. Though she is always neat and dressed in good taste, and would be called in the parlance of the world, a *very* pretty girl, I have never yet seen her glance in the glass door that separates the two corridors, and she is the *only* one who does not often, if not always, try to catch a glimpse of herself in that mirror in passing. That means modesty and humility. And I have never gone into the chapel between daylight and dark that Josephine has not been kneeling there for a short visit, or coming in or going out as I entered. *That* means piety. I tell you, Sisters, she has every requisite for a good religious," continued Sister Pauline, once more resuming her embroidery. "I think she has a vocation; and if she does not follow it, the cause will lie in her extreme amiability and deference to the wishes of her father. She is sweet and good; but I doubt if she has the courage to carry out her own desire against the opposition of her father, which would be great. That will be her stumbling-block. She may not have the strength of character to assert herself. But if she does not, if she remains in the world, she will not be happy. She was meant for a religious. What do you say, Sister Louise?"

"I think you are right, Sister," was the reply. "I agree with all you have said."

From that day there were extra prayers offered from many a pious cloistered heart that the child might persevere in her call to a higher life, if that call should be vouchsafed her.

Months had passed since that day; and now, on Christmas Eve, kneeling before the altar, which with Sister Louise she had spent the short afternoon in adorning, she covered her face with her hands, while tears trickled through her fingers. For that morning she had received a sudden command to return to her father,—to leave her

convent home for that world of which she knew so little, for which she cared nothing, because her thoughts were fixed on a life consecrated to higher and holier things.

But the mandate was imperative, and she felt herself obliged to go. She was fortified by her relative, guide and friend, Sister Louise, who reminded her that her father also had rights which she could not ignore; that, if she had a religious vocation and preserved it in the world to which she was going, the trial would be the truest test of its sincerity. She was assured, besides, that God would always provide a way for those who were faithful to His divine call. While assenting to all her relative said, the heart of the young girl was torn with sorrow. After they left the chapel, the two walked up and down the corridor for some time.

"Josephine, you can not be sure of yourself until you have been tried," said the nun. "What you think is a religious vocation may be founded on love for the convent which has been your only home, and affection for the Sisters who have endeavored to take your mother's place. It is possible that you are called to take a prominent position in society; to give there good example, which is badly needed; to become a Christian wife and mother. It is not unlikely that there lies dormant in your soul a love for the material and luxurious things of life of which you are not yet aware. This may develop; you may find yourself wondering, a year from now, how you could have desired to become a religious. And this may all be proper and legitimate. Of that your conscience will be your best judge. It is possible that through all change you may still be pious; still unworldly, despite your surroundings; still true to everything that religion requires of a lady in the fashionable world. You are about to put yourself to the proof. If you place your life in the hands of God, He will

show you the way. If, after you have given them a trial, you find no love for these things that so many hold dear,—if your heart loathes them and you long to return, do not trifle with God's call. Let no one persuade or induce or command you to reject it. You are leaving behind you the good wishes of a hundred prayerful hearts, and there will not be a day in which they will not invoke heavenly aid and guidance for your young and untried soul."

Josephine never forgot that last talk in the corridor. The day after Christmas she bade a sorrowful farewell to her convent home.

"Next Christmas I will send you white chrysanthemums," was her last words. "My Christmas roses, I always call them. Remember, Sister, I will send them, unless I come myself; then I will bring them and stay."

Again it was Christmas Eve, and in a luxuriously furnished room of her father's house, Josephine Bouvet lay dying. But she was Josephine Bouvet no longer. For two years she had been the wife of a rich young Frenchman, to whom her father had literally sold her; for high living, riotous extravagance, as well as unprofitable investments, had greatly depleted his own fortune. Vincent Maillard had seen her picture on her father's mantelpiece in the hotel where both resided; he declared it to be that of the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, and avowed his intention of marrying the original as soon as possible.

Bouvet, an incomparably selfish man, saw in this violent attraction a way to compass all his difficulties. If Josephine married Vincent Maillard, he would be spared the bother and expense of having her under his own charge for two or three years. She would have a rich husband, the entrée to the best society, and he could go on leading his own life

in his own way. So Josephine was sent for, a chaperone secured in the person of a distant widowed cousin, and both were established at The Valois, where Bouvet and Maillard also resided.

Maillard was handsome and engaging in manner; Josephine found him very attractive. He soon learned her tastes and preferences. She was passionately fond of music, and so was Maillard, who had a magnificent baritone voice, which proved a very effective help in his ardent courtship. Everything in the new, strange world to which Josephine had been introduced was charming and delightful. Intoxicated by its glamor, filled with the joy of youth, Josephine yielded herself to its fascinations, and the aspirations which had filled her soul began to melt away as though they had been only dreams.

It would seem almost impossible that such could be the case, but the change is not unusual. Josephine was the child of her pagan, pleasure-loving father as well as of her pious mother. The part of his nature she had inherited, and which in her sheltered, simple and monotonous surroundings had found no field for development, was no longer held in abeyance. She did not neglect her religion: all its obligatory duties were punctually fulfilled; but often she congratulated herself on having possessed so true and wise a friend as Sister Louise, who had known her, she argued, better than she had known herself.

At the end of six months she became the wife of Vincent Maillard, and with marriage came the cruel awakening. Very soon she knew him for what he was—a drunkard, a libertine, an egoist, who looked upon her as a toy, and who tired of her, once his, as a child does of its long-coveted plaything. And as the truth came upon her, gradually but surely she began to loathe the life she was leading. Its amusements palled upon her, its frivolities disgusted her,

its deceits repelled her, its hollowness was revealed to her reawakened soul.

Three months after her marriage her father died. Before she had been married a year, she found herself a neglected and dishonored wife, whose only consolation lay in the practice of her religion. The culmination came when her husband eloped with an actress of notorious reputation. This happened when her child was only three months old, and Josephine could not recover from the accumulation of ignominies, of which it was the crown.

When she felt her end to be near, she sent for Sister Louise to come to her. The latter immediately obeyed the summons, accompanied by another Sister. Great was the joy of the dying girl at once more beholding the guide and friend of her childhood. Placing the babe in her arms, she said:

"Take her and keep her. When she was born, I offered her to God as a hostage who might be permitted to enter the place which I rejected. Guard her from the world; teach her that it is full of snares and pitfalls; lead her every desire and thought to the things of eternity. She is a dear baby, a flower from Paradise. I have named her Theodora, Gift of God. Already her eyes turn to the crucifix and statue of Our Lady on the mantel. Already she gives her tiny hand to me when I lift it to her forehead for the Sign of the Cross. She is fond of sleeping with her dear little fingers clasped on her breast; and sometimes I wind my pearl rosary around them as she lies. Take my baby, Sister; love her, cherish her, as you loved and cherished me. And if the day should ever come—God grant that it may!—when she will have placed upon her head the white veil of the novice that ought to have been mine, you will know that poor Josephine has been forgiven."

This, and much beside, the dying girl breathed into the ear of Sister

Louise, who remained with her to the very last. When all was over, the two Sisters took the child to the convent. A faithful old woman, who had taken care of her from her birth, accompanied them and remained in charge of her until she was three years of age.

Another Christmas Eve at St. Mary's; and another fair young girl, her work of decoration completed, kneels at the foot of the altar for a moment of adoration. She is very like the Josephine of long ago; but when she lifts her head and raises her large dark eyes to the Infant in the Crib before her, in the poise of the head and neck, and the firm lines of the beautiful lips, one can see a dignity and self-reliance that her dead mother never possessed. Fair and lovely is the altar, with its wreaths of white chrysanthemums; for there is a greenhouse now at St. Mary's—a legacy of their old pupil,—and "Josephine's Christmas Roses," as the Sisters call them, are always especially profuse and beautiful.

At length Theodora rises from her knees, and, leaving the chapel, passes into the corridor. Outside the door some little girls are waiting. They crowd about her, these "left overs" for the holidays, and one of them seizes her hand.

"Theodora," asks the child, looking up into the young girl's face, "is it—is it true that to-morrow you are going to enter the novitiate?"

"Who told you that?" responds Theodora, laughingly.

"Oh, a little bird! But is it true, Theodora?"

"Yes, it is true, Clara."

"Oh, we are so sorry!"

"And I am so happy!"

"Yes, we know," said another. "It is lovely for you, Theodora."

Clinging to her arms, they walk with her down the long hall to the recrea-

tion room. Sister Louise, looking scarcely older than she did that Christmas Eve nineteen years ago, opens the library door which had been ajar during the short conversation. Sister Pauline comes slowly out of the chapel as she passes.

"Sister," says the old sewing teacher, grey and bent, but active still, "Theodora was kneeling in front of the altar just now, and I could almost think it was her mother."

"Yes, and to-morrow night, please God," was the reply, "she will be kneeling there with the postulant's veil upon her lovely hair. And our dear Josephine, forgiven long ago, will be so happy, looking down from heaven, blessing her and smiling."

Waitin' for Andy.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

O gossoons of Ireland, learn to love
The land where your dead are sleepin'!
Before you strike out o'er the seas to rove,
Think—think of a mother's weepin'!

"**M**AYBE he'll come to-night,—
maybe he's comin' now!"

Kitty Connolly, as she spoke, drew the knitted shawl closer around her small stooped shoulders, and smoothed down the broad blue ribbon of her snow-white cap, as she stood up from the blazing turf fire on the hearth which, as she'd say herself, was "swept as clane as a new pin." She went across to the open door and over to the little wooden gate leading out to the white straight road.

"Maybe he's comin' now."

She shaded her eyes with her right hand, leaning with the left on the stout stick which she carried, and gazed down the narrow hill road, turning her head sideways now and again, as if listening for the sound of a footstep. It was a soft winter night, quite still and calm. There was a moon; but

now it was hidden behind the veiling of the clouds, and a sort of twilight was over the earth. Far away, Kitty could see the lights in the farm-house windows on the slopes of the Cavan hills, seeming, as they twinkled in the distance, like stars that had come down from the sky when the moon wasn't looking, to rest for a while amid the heather and the whispering grasses.

Her home was a good way up the hillside—near the top, in fact,—and she could hear the laughter and songs of the neighbors' children floating up to her from the open doors of the houses below, like strains of music. It brought a pain into the old woman's heart and a tear to her dim eyes; for it seemed to mock at her weary vigil,—her long, lonesome waiting for Andy, her son, who was "off in Austhereelia," and who had given her his solemn word twenty years before that he'd come "about the Christmas time."

"He'd bring a car, or maybe a coach—why wouldn't he have a coach?—to the foot of the hill, just to Phil Rooney's; an' then he'd come walkin' up to the gate, an' open it without makin' a sound, an' come in on his tippy-toes, an' put his arms 'round me, to give me a start."

She smiled at the thought of it; and then the old world-weary look came back into her face again, as she listened intently for the sound of a footfall on the road.

"No, there's no sign of him yet; but maybe he'll come to-night."

She turned sadly away then, and went back slowly to the bright kitchen, with its well-swept earthen floor and dresser of shining delph, and the laughing fire with the kettle swinging over it.

She wiped a chair with her apron, and left it close to the fire inside the "cross-wall," to be ready for Andy when he'd come; then she drew her own stool up to the hearth and sat

down with a sigh, clasping her thin fingers tightly around her knees, and gazing, with a far-away, dreamy look, into the glowing heart of the flame. Then, as she gazed, the spurts of flame and the sparkles shaped themselves into forms and faces that had long been hidden away from her in the misty chambers of the dead years. And the sunny face of Andy was everywhere. Andy's father—God rest him!—was in it too, though the grass has been growing over him in Killanseer churchyard for two and twenty years. And out of the glowing heart of the fire came the smile of poor Bride too, Andy's only sister, who died "with the decline." But when the others had faded away, one face and figure, one pair of laughing brown eyes remained, and they belonged to Andy.

"Ah, you were always an arch lad, Andy!" she murmured half aloud, addressing the bright heart of the fire. "Sure I see you there this minute, an' your face laughin' back at me the same as the day I shouted at you not to get up on Phil Rooney's white pig's back in the sandhole field. But you only smiled at me an' jumped in on him with your back to his head, an' you holdin' on for the bare life to his tail with your two hands. An' the heart lept into my mouth when I seen him tearin' away through the field like mad; an' I thought my brain would turn when he dashed across the path between the two sand pits, an' only a foot of ground each side of you to save you from death. An' I see you, too, the very same as when you were carried home to me with hardly a fligget of clothes on you, an' your face as white as snow, an' not a word with you, after fallin' out of Dromgooles' apple-tree, because you went out on a little brancheen to get a rosy apple for Bride, God rest her in heaven this night! An' there you are now, astore, with the tears startin' to your eyes, an' the big, broad breast of

you heavin' like the waves on the lake there below,—the same as you stood here in the light of the fire twenty long years ago, when the peelers an' the sodgers were on your track for being a Fenian,—for tryin' to strike a blow for Ireland, as your father done before you in '48. Ah, gossoon! I was never as proud of you or as fond of you as then, when you promised to come back about Christmas time. An' you thought of your promise in every letter, astore, even in the last one three years ago. You never wrote since; but I know well it's a surprise you want to give me by bouncin' in on the door without as much as sayin' 'God save all here!' an' takin' me in your big, strong arms. O Andy, if you'd only come, 'tis I'd be the happiest woman in Ireland's ground! The singin' of the children wouldn't grieve me at all."

Then the old grey head went down upon the clasped hands, and the tears trickled through the thin, worn fingers as she rocked herself to and fro. The moonlight, no longer shaded by clouds, threw the shadow of the gate across the path and streamed in through the open doorway, making its way to the centre of the floor, and striving vainly to reach the dresser. The voices of the children in the houses farther down the hillside came floating upward on the breezes of the night, sounding like subdued music, and bringing peace and solace to Kitty Connolly's lonely heart.

"Maybe he'll come to-night."

Poor Kitty! Like many another watcher, your vigil is in vain. There is a peaceful churchyard far away from Killanseer, beneath the Australian skies, where, side by side with many another "exile of Erin," Andy Connolly lies at rest in the sleep that brings no dreaming.

NOTHING happens in life either just as we fear or just as we hope.—A. Karr.

Blest Feast of the Nativity.

THE word Christmas means Christ's Mass, or the feast of Christ's Nativity; and the word has been spelled in many different ways. In old English writings it appears as *Chrystmasse*, *Cristmes*, *Cristemas*, *Crestenmes*, *Cristenmas*, *Crystenmasse*, *Crystymas*, *Crystmas*, *Crystemes*, *Chrystemasse*, *Christmes*. The feast has also been called *Noël*, or *Nowel*. *Noël* comes, some say, from the French word *nouvelles* (tidings), and is a contraction of *les bonne nouvelles*, or the "good news of the Gospel." Others regard *Noël* as a contraction of the Provençal *nadal*, the same as the Latin *dies natalis* (the birthday). Chaucer, in the "Franklin's Tale," speaks of *Noël* as a festal cry at Christmas, and says "Nowel crieth every lusty man"; but other contemporary writers claim that the expression is a corruption of *Yule*, *Jule*, or *Ule*, the ancient British name for the pagan festival of the sun.

In Welsh, Christmas is called *Nadolig*, meaning "the birth"; in French, *Noël*; in Italian, *Il Natale*,—merely a contraction of *dies natalis*.

Until comparatively recent times, Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve was a general custom in all Catholic countries. The early Mass which now takes the place of it corresponds with the "Jesu Mass," or the "Morrow Mass," of pre-Reformation days. In Catholic times, all who could were supposed to hear daily Mass; indeed the faithful were not satisfied that they had done their duty if they did not attend the Holy Sacrifice every day of the week. Only necessary work or urgent business was allowed to interfere with this sacred duty.

We learn from the Abbot Gasquet that the "Morrow Mass," or the "Jesu Mass," was celebrated at four, five, or six o'clock every morning.

"It was generally offered as the result of some special benefaction for the purpose; or by reason of the stipend found by the people of a parish 'gathered wekely of the devotion of the parishioners,' as some foundation deed declared, in order that 'travelers' or 'those at work' might know that they could hear their Mass without interfering with the necessary business of their lives. Even when the actual presence was impossible, the mediæval Catholic was taught to join in spirit in the Great Sacrifice when it was being offered up on the altar of his parish church. According to some antiquarians, the origin of the low side-windows, to be found in many churches, was to enable the clerk or server at Mass to ring a hand bell out of it at the *Sanctus*, in order to warn people at work in the neighboring fields and elsewhere that the more solemn part of the Mass had begun."

It would be a blessed thing if the custom were to become general of hearing Mass every day, at least during Christmastide. Of all seasons, this should inspire devotion. It is "the beginning of our joy," and the congruous observance of it is a pledge of eternal happiness. One would not easily discontinue a pious practice begun at such a time as Christmas; and what multiplied blessings would result if the good old custom of attending daily Mass were generally revived! Such attendance is a question not of obligation but of devotion, and of devotion that does not interfere with the performance of other duties of one's state in life. In sober earnestness, however, no Catholic really believes that the interests of any individual or the economy of any household ever suffered because of one half-hour of the day's forty-eight being devoted to the worship of Him on whose Providence our life and health and happiness depend.

Notes and Remarks.

French perfidy and American apathy, the unqualifiable infamy of governmental France and the stolid unconcern of America's public opinion,—these are the dominant ideas left in one's mind after perusing Cardinal Gibbons' statement on the latest phase of the struggle between the Gallic Republic and the Vatican. As a lucid exposition of a question in which the elementary principles of justice and equity have been designedly smothered under feather beds of hypocritical verbiage, and the main issue lost sight of in a multiplicity of legal quibbles and administrative technicalities, the Cardinal's paper is of genuine historic importance. The true character of the war between Church and State in France, the veritably diabolical hatred of Christianity that inspires it, the high-handed criminality with which a self-styled justice-loving nation has repudiated its sacred obligations, the inhuman brutality of the treatment dealt out to thousands on thousands of France's best citizens, the infernal astuteness with which the present French ministry seeks to throw the onus of actual conditions upon the Pope,—all this the Cardinal exposes clearly, succinctly and convincingly. We sincerely trust that his statement will be read and digested by all Americans, or at least by every American editor who ventures a comment on the present conditions of affairs in France. If we know anything of the average citizen of the United States, he will be touched by the note of pathos running through these declarations of the venerable prelate of Baltimore, whose genuine Americanism has never been called in question:

I am getting to be an old man, and I think I know my countrymen. They love fair play, they love liberty; they love to see humane dealings of man with man. And the late years

have shown how cordially they hate injustice, tyranny, and inhumanity. And yet France has treated her noblest citizens with injustice and inhumanity; and America, which has sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, has raised no protest nor uttered a word of sympathy. If I believed that my countrymen would knowingly see a great and beneficent organization unjustly deprived of its property and the means of continued usefulness; would knowingly see tens of thousands of honest men and noble women robbed of their just income and means of support; would knowingly see hundreds of thousands and even several millions of people brutally wounded in what they hold dearest and most sacred; would knowingly see a majority in the French Chamber utterly disregard and trample upon the rights of the minority and the rights of millions of their countrymen, in the name of liberty; would knowingly see tens of thousands of men and women, who happen to be priests and nuns, turned out of their homes for no crime but that of loving God and serving their neighbors,—I say, if my countrymen can see and recognize all this injustice and tyranny and cruelty, and refuse genuine sympathy to those who suffer by them because of their religious belief, then I will leave life without that faith in American love of justice and liberty and humanity which has been my comfort and support and hope during a long career.

We are proud of America's Cardinal, whose plea for Catholic France would reflect honor even on the illustrious occupant of the Chair of Peter.

“Can a Catholic be a Socialist?”—that is, can one be a Catholic in good standing and at the same time be a Socialist? The question is often asked, because many persons fail to differentiate between Socialists properly so called, and Socialists whose principles are in harmony with the Gospel. Monsignor Vaughan, writing in the *London Catholic Times*, thus presents the Catholic position:

No doubt there are individuals calling themselves Socialists who are good and sincere Christians. But the term, when employed by itself and without any qualifying adjective, covers a movement which no true Catholic can tolerate or approve. We have “Christian Socialists,” “State Socialists,” “Utopian Socialists,” and others; but when the word “Socialist” is used without any qualifying term, it can mean only

what its leaders and recognized advocates declare. Here are a few quotations from its foremost representatives. Karl Marx writes: "The abolition of religion is a necessary condition for the true happiness of the people." Engel writes: "Necessity will force workingmen to abandon the remnants of a belief which, as they will more and more clearly perceive, serves only to make them weak and resigned to their fate." George D. Herron, the American secretary of the International Socialist Party, writes: "Christianity to-day stands for what is lowest and basest in life. To take on Christianity would be for Socialism to take Judas to its bosom." Emile Vandervelde, the Socialist member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, writing in the *Social Democrat* (January, 1903), said: "Can a sincere believer follow the Church's teachings and be a Socialist? We are bound to admit that, both in philosophy and in politics, there must be war between Socialism and the Catholic Church." Such is an epitome of their teaching. I might add scores of similar declarations from noted Socialists. If one or another Socialist may be quoted in an opposite sense, it does not affect the general situation; it makes it only the more important to differentiate between Socialists pure and simple, and the handful of Christian Socialists whose creed and methods and plan of campaign are diametrically opposite to the vast majority, who call themselves just simply "Socialists."

Americans generally may well rejoice in the distinction that has come to their elected ruler in the awarding to President Roosevelt of the Nobel peace prize. While the specific act which probably determined this action on the part of the awarding committee was doubtless Mr. Roosevelt's successful intervention in the Russo-Japanese war, we like to believe that the world at large recognizes in our superficially bellicose chief magistrate a genuine desire for international harmony and concord. There can be no difference of opinion, in the meantime, as to the excellent purpose to which the President has put the money prize itself.

"We have met a priest," says the editor of the *Missionary*, "who would not have a mission for non-Catholics because he would not have the non-Catholics coming to ask him questions

after the mission was over and the missionaries gone." It needs Father Doyle's personal statement to convince us that this statement is not apocryphal. We feel certain that such pastors as the one to whom the *Missionary* refers are extremely rare. As the editor says: "By all odds the vast majority of priests would assist a convert if he came seeking for the truth; but the number who are positively aggressive, who plan to reach non-Catholics, who render their churches attractive in order to make the non-Catholic feel at home,—this class is not as large as it should be. And yet, only when churches of this character are multiplied in every city,—only then, will this convert movement be in full swing."

Apropos of politics and the facility with which the rank and file of Catholics may be politically exploited by "the roaring demagogue and blatant infidel, if he comes of Irish parentage and Catholic ancestry," the *Sacred Heart Review* says:

Catholics have a twofold mission in this country: (1) to be able and willing to present to their fellow-citizens, when opportunity offers, correct information regarding Catholic principles; (2) to exemplify in business and social life, but especially in political life, the manly, Christian principles of honesty, loyalty to truth, and devotion to the public welfare. It ought to be impossible for pretenders or mountebanks to get a following, or support from our high-minded men of honor who have a keen sense of responsibility to God for their public, even more than for their private, acts.

It is altogether pertinent to remark, in this connection, that a very common and very serious mistake made by men, Catholic and non-Catholic, who pride themselves on being "high-minded" is their neglect of civic duties, their abstention from electoral action, on the ground that politics is, in practice, low and disreputable, and that one can not touch pitch without becoming defiled. Now, politics, or the theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil

society as perfectly as possible, will be low or high, disreputable or thoroughly respectable, just in proportion to the preponderance therein of dishonorable or honorable men; and the latter class are very certainly derelict in their duty as good citizens when they contemptuously leave to unprincipled self-seekers the manipulation and control of public affairs in city, state, or republic.

Before the members of the recent Catholic Conference in England left the town in which it was held, a large poster was issued, with the heading, "Brighton's Answer to the Catholic Truth Society." Writing of the matter and those engaged in supplying the "answer," Mr. James Britten says, in the *Month*:

The Brighton folk can not fail to contrast this with the Catholic Conference, with its array of bishops, its hundreds of clergy, its representative nobility and gentry, with the Lord Lieutenant of the county (the Duke of Norfolk) at their head; or with the papers and discussions, throughout which was no word of bitterness or of unkindness toward those without the Church's pale. And this not only from charity, but because it never occurs to Catholics to fear that they will be led to embrace Protestantism; whereas the ultra-Protestant knows in his heart that the Church is making way in spite of him, and his chief weapon against it is abuse and misrepresentation. Protestants are notoriously devoid of a sense of humor; but one would have thought that even they would have seen the absurdity of "answering" the archbishop and bishops, Abbot Gasquet, the Duke of Norfolk, and the representative clergy and laity who read papers and made speeches, by the utterances of a couple of parsons, with the addition of Mr. Henry Varley and "Pastor" Frank Cable.

The obvious comment would seem to be the Parisian "It is to laugh."

Commenting upon the entrance of the Salvation Army, in this country as well as England, into social schemes, with central bureaus and a complex financial system, the *Central Christian Advocate* (Kansas City) fears that the Army may develop a machine too

heavy for its devotees to keep running. "If it does," continues the *Advocate*, "and if at the same time its appeal to the souls of magdalens and lepers loses its urgent compulsion, there will be nothing ahead but that which has already reduced Dowieism to a distressing satire on the presumption of mistaken enthusiasm."

It would be unfortunate if the distinct work which the Salvation Army did with notable success should be pretermitted because of the ambition to launch out into more conspicuous philanthropic activities; and it must be confessed that some of the signs are pointing that way.

The following notable story is related by the Rev. Father Walsh, S. J., in a publication of the Irish Catholic Truth Society:

More than fifty years ago an Irishman was hanged for an attempt at murder, then a capital offence. I myself remember the circumstances of the case, but I have the facts from the priest who prepared the convicted but innocent man for death. This man was arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. A strong effort was made to get a commutation, but in vain: the government would not yield. When this effort to secure commutation was being made, the only one who wished it not to succeed was the condemned man himself. He was a man of simple faith, who had the habit for years of reading portions of the New Testament every Sunday; and therefore came, as a matter of course, to have great admiration and love of Our Lord, the divine Model. Hence he said to the priest who prepared him for death: "I could never be made so like to Christ as I should be if put to death as a criminal and yet innocent and resigned." And so he went to his God rejoicing.

Was ever the gibbet more effectively robbed of its ignominy?

Notwithstanding the supposititious antagonism of the Church to science and the intellectual slavery which, according to the vociferous anti-Catholic propagandist, prevents her children from original work in scientific

fields, we notice that Catholic priests occasionally come to the front in the domain of the physical sciences quite as conspicuously as if they were the veriest freethinkers in the whole battalion of savants. Here is one instance, which we find in the *Literary Digest*:

One of the latest additions to the lengthening list of radioactive substances, of which radium stands at the head, is newly-fallen snow. This property has been suspected by several experimenters, but full measurements are given in Italy by Fathers Costanzo and Negro, who reported their results recently to the Academy of the Nuovi Lincei. The *Revista di Fisica* (Pavia) says that newly-fallen snow when quickly collected is highly radioactive. This radioactivity almost completely disappears in the course of two hours at most. Snow that has fallen on the ground seems to retain its radioactive power longer than that which falls on roofs. The phenomenon seems to be influenced greatly by weather conditions, especially by barometric pressure.

It would be an impertinence to discuss the very regrettable dispute between President Roosevelt and Mr. Belamy Storer, former United States Ambassador at Vienna; but we may remark that, in view of the statements made by Mr. Storer, it was quite natural he should feel deeply aggrieved; and he was certainly justified in defending his honor as he has done. The President, on the other hand, had grounds for irritation, and was under the necessity of making his defence as strong as possible. It would seem as though he had left nothing further to be said in his behalf, while Mr. Storer is evidently in a position to fortify his declarations, should this step be demanded. There is no telling what even the most discreet men may do under extreme provocation; however it is to be hoped that neither party in this unfortunate contention will be betrayed into explaining certain allusions made in the letters that have passed between them.

A recent mission to non-Catholics in Boston given by the Paulist Fathers

has had the effect of rousing the zeal, not only of the Protestant clergy, but of the more earnest lay-folk. Mr. John D. Pickles, Educational Secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association, advocates a counter mission to Catholics. "It occurs to me," he writes, "to raise the question whether or not it would not be a good thing that a similar mission should be carried on by representatives of the Protestant church to audiences of Roman Catholics."

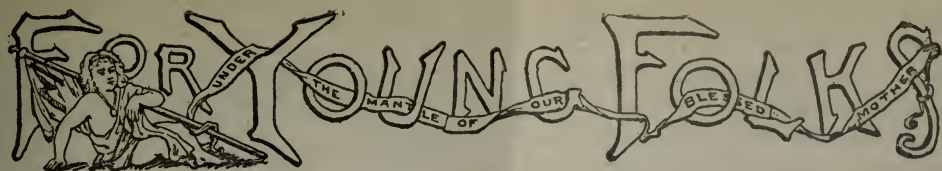
In a short paragraph the Rev. Father Lambert, editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, explains very satisfactorily why Mr. Pickles' suggestion is not a practical one:

A similar mission to Catholics by representatives of the Protestant church is practically impossible, because there is no man or body of men living able to state, or having authority to state, what are the doctrines of "the Protestant church."

A certain non-Catholic clergyman, the Rev. G. R. McFaul, having stated, in the course of an article on St. Anne de Beaupré, "that there is efficacy in the bones of any dead saint to relieve or heal is an utter absurdity," our logical contemporary, the *Casket*, blandly inquires:

Can it be that Mr. McFaul never heard of the dead man who rose to life as soon as his body touched the bones of Elisha? We have not a Protestant Bible just at hand, but the account therein given can not be materially different from that which is found in the thirteenth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings, called by Protestants the Second Book of Kings: "And Eliseus died, and they buried him. And the rovers from Moab came into the land the same year. And some that were burying a man saw the rovers, and cast the body into the sepulchre of Eliseus. And when it had touched the bones of Eliseus, the man came to life and stood upon his feet."

The "utter absurdity," it is plain, was exemplified, not in the claims made for the relics of St. Anne, but in the unguarded statement of the Rev. Mr. McFaul.



O Little Babe of Bethlehem!

BY ISABEL M. MELICK.

⓪ LITTLE Babe of Bethlehem,
Upon this Christmas morn,
We worship Thee, true God made man,
Of Virgin Mother born!

The Shepherds, led by angels' song,
Sought Thee in Winter wild;
Rejoicing when they found ere long
The Mother with her Child.

And as from Eastern lands afar
The Magi came of yore,
Led by the shining of a Star,
Their Maker to adore,

So also we, as they of old,
Bring Thee our treasures rare;
Instead of incense, myrrh and gold—
Love, sacrifice and prayer.

Dear little Babe of Bethlehem,
We gaze into those eyes,—
Those azure depths; for hidden there
Eternal Wisdom lies.

Those tiny hands that now caress
Thy Virgin Mother's face,
In after years the Cross will press
And lovingly embrace.

Those tender feet, whose strength now fails
To climb Thy Mother's knee,
In time to come, by cruel nails
Will pierced and wounded be.

This head, adorned with golden curls
Such as we gaze on now,
Will then no circlet wear of pearls,—
Sharp thorns will crown Thy brow.

But Thou art now, as surely then,
Our dearest Lord and King,—
Heaven's greatest gift of all to men,
Our all to Thee we bring.

Make of our hearts Thy royal throne,
Where Thou wilt love to dwell,
That we shall seek but Thee alone,
And praise and serve Thee well.

Will-the-Wisher.

A TALE OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

II.

FOR some moments Will Leslie stared at the stranger in frightened silence; then, noticing for the first time how the shades of evening had deepened round him, and how fast the crimson sun was sinking into the sea, he sprang to his feet in dismay.

"O dear me! dear me!" he exclaimed, forgetting his momentary distrust of the stranger. "I shall be late for dinner again! And I did so wish to please mamma this week!"

"Wished! What good ever came of mere wishing, Master Will-the-Wisher?"

Poor little Will started violently, as well he might; and stared, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at the stranger, while his cheeks and brow flushed red as the setting sun. Nor was his blank amazement unmingled with awe. Long familiarity with works of fiction had tended to make him even more dreamy and fanciful than he was inclined to be by nature. And as he stared up at the tall stranger now, all the fairy tales and ghost stories he had ever read took on goblin form, and came rushing through his dazed brain like little madmen,—chasing and tripping one another up, just as the figures in a cinematograph do; while all the fancies he had ever weaved and all the visions he had ever dreamed went whirling after them in the multicolored confusion of a drift of autumn's fallen leaves when driven by the wind.

Who or what was this strange figure? Something queer and odd there was about him certainly, and about his manner of coming upon the scene, to say nothing of the superhuman knowledge he appeared to have of little boys he met for the first time. He seemed to know all about them, even their very nicknames. Yet Will felt certain that he had never seen that sallow face till then, with its pointed black beard and mustache, and lank black hair. What dark, lustrous eyes the man had! And how they flashed at him from beneath the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat that was drawn down over his brows!

Was he a sort of soldier? Or was he, perhaps, a brigand,—that is, of course, granting that he was human at all? Judging from the fashion in which he carried a military-looking cloak slung over his left shoulder, as well as from sundry details, Will thought that it was quite possible that he was a cross between a soldier, a brigand, and a wizard. And, since he seemed to know all about little boys without being told, Will was inclined to believe that the wizard predominated over the soldier and the brigand.

If he could only pluck up sufficient courage to make a bold dash for his mother's cottage, just visible from where he stood. But although he hated arithmetic, and was anything but sure of his multiplication tables, he made a rapid mental calculation; and the result of the hastily additioned sum was his concluding that, in the present instance, discretion was the better part of valor; that, as the mysterious stranger's legs were very long and his own were very short, he had better stand his ground like a man. Having come to this prudent decision, our hero found his tongue. With a great show of not being afraid, and with only a very faint tremor in his voice, he said:

"Will-the-Wisher is not my name,

sir. I am William Mary Joseph Leslie."

"Generally known, however, as Will-the-Wisher," the stranger went on with a smile,—it was a singularly beautiful smile, and somewhat reassured little Will.

"Yes, I am sometimes called Will-the-Wisher," he answered truthfully. "But my real name is Will, and Will is short for William. It was poor papa's name too. Mamma has his picture in her room. He has a scarlet coat and silver medals. It is in a big gold frame, and a sword—a *real* sword—is hanging over it. My papa was killed in the great Boer war," he added proudly. The casual allusion to the "real sword" was meant to convey that he, William Leslie the younger, was not to be trifled with. And Will thought that his visitor was not unimpressed; for he certainly looked very grave, and was silent for some moments, during which the rose-scented breeze whispered secrets to the rustling leaves.

"Why are you called Will-the-Wisher?" he asked at length.

But Will felt that the question was a mere matter of form, and that the answer to it was, somehow, known already to the mysterious stranger. And the thought made him feel creepy all over. He would willingly have given his new humming-top to be able to remain silent. But that magnetic gaze still held him. He gave himself up for lost, but managed to quaver out:

"I am called Will-the-Wisher because—well, because I like to wish things. But I always wish *good* things, never *bad* things. I wish," he continued, warming with his subject, now that, willy-nilly, he was fairly launched upon it,—“I wish with all my heart, for instance, to be a great man when I am grown up. I wish to be like the brave little boys in *this*,” and he patted his book affectionately. “They were once quite little, like me; and some of them were

very, very poor,—so poor that they sometimes had no bread, and, I fear, did not even know the taste of jam. And yet they grew up to be such grand and clever artists that everyone admired them and wanted them to paint their pictures."

"And was it merely wishing that made those little boys become such great men at last?"

"N-o, sir,—not ex-act-ly."

Will-the-Wisher did not relish the turn the conversation was taking. But he was a very truthful child, and he felt ashamed of his evasion the moment it was uttered. He added bravely then, even while he flushed to the very roots of his hair:

"The book speaks more—a great deal more—of what they *did* than of what they *wished*. And oh," he burst out, "I do so wish that I, too, could be an artist! I wish it more than anything else in the world. I wish—I wis-sh—"

"Oh, if that is all," the tall man interrupted, "I am very sorry for you! I am not exactly a wizard" (Will's eyes grew round and big as penny pieces), "and have not a fairy wand; but I could have helped you to become a painter for all that, if you had been willing to work. Even if you had not said so, your forehead and your hands would have told me that you loved art. Yes, you may open your eyes, but it is true. There is a language of silence as well as a language of words. But since you can only *wish*—"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders and seemed about to walk away. But Will, moved by a sudden impulse, seized his cool hands in his own hot, eager grasp, and, forgetting everything else in his fear lest this man, who said he could help him to be an artist, should fade or vanish as mysteriously as he had come, shrieked out:

"No—oh, no! Do not go away! I, too, can work. I, too, *will* work, if

you will only tell me how to paint as those little boys did, as my Uncle Louis does in Paris."

In the silence that followed on his passionate outburst, Will held the stranger's slim hands tighter, as he looked beseechingly into the black eyes that rested not unkindly on his own. He wondered at their curious expression, and at the sudden twitching of the lips, shaded by the dark mustache.

"It is a bargain then!" the tall man exclaimed at length, his beautiful smile scattering his habitual seriousness as sunshine does the gloom. "Well, William Mary Joseph—you see, I do not call you Will-the-Wisher any longer,—if you work well till Christmas (and, as I know all about you, I shall certainly know whether you do or not), I will do as much to help you to become an artist as ever any one did for that Paris uncle of yours. And now, dear child, run home. See, the radiant sunset has almost faded from the sky. How fair a sight it is, the sinking to rest of the expiring sun!"

"Oh, yes, indeed, it is a lovely sight!" Will answered readily, his little cheeks all aglow with enthusiasm. "Sometimes I am late home because I just stopped to watch the sun sinking into the sea. Are you an angel?" he asked abruptly.

"An angel! Why?"

"Because I am now quite, *quite* sure that you are not a brigand."

"Thank you!"

"Nor a wizard, for you have no enchanted wand; nor a fairy, for you are too big; and"—looking intently at the broad shoulders, as if to make sure that the cloak concealed no flying appendages,—“and because you have no wings."

"But angels have wings."

"They have wings in heaven," Will answered very gravely; "but they do not always put them on when they

visit the earth. It is possible to entertain angels unawares," he went on with dignity. "When the angels came to see Abraham, they looked so like ordinary people that" (very slowly and significantly) "they were mistaken for three young men."

The stranger laughed. And the laugh was so sweet and musical that Will was confirmed in his suspicions.

"You have no idea," he went on confidentially, "how I have prayed to my Guardian Angel to make me an artist, and to help me with my lessons in school."

"But even prayer is of but little use, my boy, if you do not try to *help* yourself. Pray as if everything depended upon God, as a holy man once said; and *act* as if everything depended upon yourself."

"Oh, I will never, never, *never* wish anything again!"

"That would be a great mistake. If you do not wish to succeed, you will not succeed; your work would then be without a soul. Wish, by all means, but work as *well*. And, meanwhile, let me be your guardian, even if I am not quite an angel yet."

"My Guardian Angel?" Will asked eagerly.

The tall man laughed again, even more musically than before, and, stooping down, kissed Will Leslie lightly on the forehead. Then, patting his dark head, he told him to run home while there was still a rim of light upon the horizon, still some luminous shadows on the sea. As he turned away, he pulled his broad-brimmed hat more closely over his brow.

He looked back once as he strode toward the village, where red and yellow lights were twinkling through the mist, and waved his hand to little Will, his long cloak flapping and fluttering in the evening breeze, as if wings were really concealed under it. The boy raised his cap, and with wistful,

yearning eyes followed the retreating figure till it was out of sight; then he started for home at a run.

"I wonder how my angel came to me?" thought Will-the-Wisher as he ran. "He must have oozed out of the glorious sunset, and followed its colored track upon the sea."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

XII.

About ten o'clock the next morning, as Stephen and his mother were sitting on the porch wondering why Charlotte had not made her appearance, a bicyclist paused in front of the gate, and approached the house. He was tall and thin, rather rugged in appearance, but very gentlemanly withal. He had light yellow curling hair, fair complexion, and wore a suit of gray tweed.

"Some one is coming," said Stephen, whose hearing was unusually quick.

"Yes: a gentleman in gray," replied his mother.

"Oh, it must be the one who came out to the rock!" said the boy, his face lighting up.

"Yes, it is the same man!" exclaimed the stranger, who was nearer than Stephen thought.

"We are very glad to see you, sir," said Mrs. Lawson. "Will you sit here on the porch?"

"Thank you! I shall be pleased," rejoined the visitor, taking a vacant chair near Stephen.

"And how is the boy this morning?" he inquired. "He is looking all right."

"And feeling so," answered Stephen. "You were so very good to us, Mr.—"

"Euthal," replied the stranger. "My name is Axel Euthal."

Mrs. Lawson started. She had never heard the name before yesterday, and

this man was either a Swede or a Norwegian. However, it was perhaps a common name in those countries, she thought. It could hardly have any connection with Charlotte.

"And the young lady?" continued the visitor. "How is she to-day?"

"We have not seen her yet," replied Stephen.

"Does she not live with you, then?"

"Oh, no! She lives with her parents, not far from here. Indeed, it is the very next house," said Mrs. Lawson.

"With her parents!" answered the young man. "I am disappointed. What, may I ask you, is that young lady's name?"

"Charlotte Wingate," replied Mrs. Lawson.

"Charlotte Wingate! Well, I *am* disappointed. It must sound very strange to you, Madam, but in the brief glimpse I had of the young lady last night in the firelight, I thought I recognized the face of an old friend whom I knew and cherished far, far from here. It is strange, too, that there should be another looking so much like my cousin, little Sabri Euthal."

"Sabri Euthal!" repeated Mrs. Lawson. "You are a Norwegian, then?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

"Your face and even your speech would lead a person to suppose so."

"An observant person," remarked the young man.

"With a clue!" replied Mrs. Lawson, with a smile.

"A clue to what, Madam!"

"To the name. I have very recently heard it for the first time, and it belonged to a Norwegian."

"It was not really the name of my little cousin," said the stranger. "That of her father was Govest, but he did not amount to much, and the grandmother of the little girl gave her her own name of Euthal. And the child was not really related to me either, except by marriage. She was a dear

little thing. Often, as a baby, I, a boy of fifteen, have carried her on my shoulder."

"Is it long since you have seen her?"

"Oh, yes! Eleven years, perhaps. She is in this country somewhere, I believe; but I do not know the place. You see, Madam, it is not many girls who look like Miss Wingate!"

"No," replied Mrs. Lawson, glancing at Stephen, and lifting a warning finger to the stranger.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the boy. "Such lovely skin as she has, and such pretty hair,—and her eyes are so beautiful. I think she is one of the most beautiful girls in the world. Mamma has described her to me."

"My son has a great dislike to everything that is not beautiful, even though he can not see," said Mrs. Lawson. "Perhaps I have indulged him in this too much. But he must have some compensation," she added, apologetically; feeling, moreover, that the stranger would understand, which he did at once.

"Yes, I agree with you," he replied. "Because of—her appearance, I was almost convinced that she was the same; and hastened over this morning, quite sure of finding my little Sabri grown almost to womanhood."

"Master Stephen!" called Bridget from the doorway. "If you will come now for your broth, it is ready."

Stephen rose and passed into the house. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Lawson asked:

"Have you any idea of what part of the United States your old friend lives, Mr. Euthal?"

"Not the slightest," he replied. "Her grandmother is just dead. Very old was she. I heard there at her home that the Captain, a brother-in-law of Sabri's mother, was living in a country place. He is guardian of the child; the old lady put implicit confidence in him, even going so far as to place

a large sum of money in his hands for investment, the interest of which was to support and educate the child. I myself have been travelling about in America for some time, and have concluded to remain here, going home now and then of course, as I feel like it. Although I look rugged enough, I have one weak lung, and can not endure the winter climate of my own land."

"Mr. Euthal," observed Mrs. Lawson, "you were not mistaken. Charlotte Wingate and Sabri Euthal are one and the same. But it was only yesterday I learned it from Captain Wingate, her guardian. She thinks she is a daughter of the Wingates."

"They must be greatly attached to her, then," rejoined the young man. "I am glad to hear it."

Mrs. Lawson hesitated. She did not feel that it was her part to make any disclosures, being confident that, if the stranger remained long enough, he must necessarily discover many things for himself.

"My boy thinks her beautiful," she continued. "It would be a great shock to him to learn the truth, though he has become so attached to her that it would really make no difference now. On her side, she is painfully sensitive about her appearance, and does not wish him to know that it is so peculiar. You can understand, of course?"

"Poor little girl!" exclaimed Euthal. "How sad for her! But I fancy she has a lovely character."

"She has indeed. I have never known a lovelier one. She is unselfish, amiable, gentle, sympathetic, and most patient. Having few intimate friends, she has become very fond of my poor blind boy. She has the faculty of making everything interesting to him. They spend a great deal of time together."

"She is not unhappy, then?"

"Oh, no! Her life is too full of duties and interests for that. What a

pity that her face should be so plain!"

"Yes, a great pity. I take it that you do not know the story of the Euthals, Madam?"

"No, I have never heard it."

"There is a legend that about a hundred and twenty years ago, the Euthals, who had immense fishing interests in Norway, bought up concessions to such an extent that the smaller fishermen were ruined. One, a bitter and resentful old man, travelled many miles to plead with the head of the company, a young proprietor, just married. Failing to obtain what he asked, he cursed the Euthals, praying that if ever the young man should have a child, it should have the face of a fish. And it turned out, so they say, that the daughter born to him bore a strong resemblance to a codfish. The mother went to a wise woman who lived in the neighborhood, begging her to remove the curse, which the woman said she could not do; but assured the mother that the affliction would fall on only one of her children, and that the daughter thus singled out would be gifted with so lovely a disposition as to make people forget her infirmity of feature. Sabri was of the fourth generation, and the malediction has always been counterbalanced by the beauty of character predicted by the wise woman, who also said it would end with the third in descent from the first daughter of Euthal."

"What a strange story!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawson. "Do you believe it, Mr. Euthal?"

"A little," he replied. "It has been handed down, and we have seen that part of it at least is true."

"Charlotte is an ideal girl," said Mrs. Lawson. "She has wondrous charms of character, entirely lacking in her beautiful sister, Muriel."

"Does she not know that she is not the daughter of her guardian?" asked Euthal.

"She does not," replied Mrs. Lawson. "I wish she did."

"Yes, it seems to me it would be best, even making her love them better than she now does."

Mrs. Lawson thought it wiser not to say any more.

Stephen now reappeared, with the information that he had heard wheels from the back garden, and Charlotte might be coming. It proved to be true. The phaeton was seen approaching, occupied by Muriel and Charlotte. As they alighted, the most thoughtless observer could hardly fail to be impressed by the difference between the two: Muriel, lovely in feature and beautifully dressed; Charlotte, painfully homely and shabbily attired.

"Poor creature!" thought Euthal. "Her ugliness affects her so deeply that she does not care to be suitably attired. And yet her face is bright and cheerful."

The girls came forward,—Muriel, fussy, loud-voiced, and self-assertive; Charlotte, quiet, graceful and shy. Her face flushed deeply at sight of Euthal, who rose to meet her.

"Our heroine of the rock," he said.

"Our hero of the water," she rejoined, in her soft, musical voice.

"This is Mr. Euthal, Charlotte," said Mrs. Lawson,—“though introductions in this case seem superfluous.”

"Euthal!" echoed Charlotte. "That is my grandmother's name. You are a Norwegian, sir?"

"I am," replied the stranger. "And is there nothing of reminiscence to you in the name of Sabri, Miss Charlotte?"

"Sabri! Sabri!" she repeated. "Why, I used to be called so once, when I was very small, before I came here to my parents. I, too, have lived in Norway."

"I know it," said the young man. "And then you were Sabri Euthal, I believe."

"I was,—I was!" she cried, her voice full of joy.

"And do you remember a great boy called Feodor, who used to carry you on his shoulder, and sometimes even on his back?" he answered, roguishly, thinking of the preceding evening.

"To be sure I do. Cousin Feodor,—my big, brave cousin!"

The young man's face lighted up and he bowed profoundly.

"I am he," he replied. "Would you have recognized me?"

"I believe I should," answered Charlotte. "Something about you seemed familiar yesterday. How glad I am! How strange it all is! How very, very pleased I am to see you again, Cousin Feodor! Muriel, Muriel," she went on, turning to look for her sister.

But she had suddenly disappeared. The Lawsons and their surroundings did not appeal to her, and she had not even the courtesy to announce her departure. But so accustomed was Charlotte to things of this kind, that she hardly noticed them or their effect upon others. Turning to Mrs. Lawson, she exclaimed:

"Is it not delightful to meet an old friend this way? And you see, Stephen, what I have gained by my adventure! I hope you are well this morning. Come, sit by me."

The boy was soon seated between the two friends, on the top step of the veranda.

"Little as I was when I left Norway first, you make me remember the old days," said Charlotte. "Oh, I was so happy there! And when I went back, some years ago, I would have loved to stay. But where were you then, Cousin Feodor? And tell me how nearly are we related."

"Well, I was travelling in England, or Australia, perhaps. And, to tell the truth, Sabri, we are not related at all. You are not really a Euthal, you know. Your father was a Govest and I am on the other side of the house."

"My father?" exclaimed Charlotte. "My father is Captain Wingate. He is here. You must see him before you go away—"

"Your adopted father, yes. But your *own* father."

"My *own* father? What do you mean, Cousin Feodor?"

"Your mother was a Euthal. How can I explain it?"

"Oh, no! You are getting things wrong," she said. "Mamma's name was Wright before she married papa."

"You are thinking all the time of the Wingates, Sabri," said Euthal. "And I am speaking of your *own* father and mother."

"My *own* father and mother! My *own* father and mother!" murmured Charlotte. "I do not understand you at all, Cousin Feodor."

"You know, surely, that you are not the child of those people. Well as they may have taken care of you and loved you, Sabri, they should not have so deceived you."

"It is you who are wrong, Cousin Feodor!" she cried. "The dear old lady who loved me and with whom I lived was papa's stepmother."

"No, no!" answered Euthal. "She was his mother-in-law,—the mother of his first wife, who was your aunt, your mother's sister. If I have let the cat out of the bag, I can not help it. You are really Sabri Euthal, not Charlotte Wingate."

"Can it be true, Mrs. Lawson?" asked the girl, turning to the widow, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining.

"I believe it is, my dear," was the reply. "I heard it last night for the first time."

"Oh, then," cried the girl, seizing the hand of the older woman and clasping it closely to her breast, "that explains so many things—everything! And it makes me so happy to know it, Cousin Feodor!"

(Conclusion next week.)

Holly.

THE holly, or ilex, is an evergreen with deep lustrous leaves, thorn-protected, and bright red berries. The bark possesses medicinal properties, and the wood of the tree is hard and white. The holly of Europe is finer than the variety we have. It is a well-known ornament of parks and shrubberies in Great Britain, where it sometimes attains, upon suitably light soils, a height of fifty feet. Our American holly is a small tree, from twenty to forty feet high, whose leaves are less glossy and whose berries are of less bright a red than those of the European species. Yet even if our holly leaves are not so large and rich-looking, we are always glad to see even a small bunch of them at Christmas time. It is from the use of the branches and berries in decorating churches at this blessed season that the tree derives its name, holly-tree, or holy-tree.

What pretty thoughts we may weave about the Yuletide sprays! In Denmark the holly is called "Christ-thorn"; and an old legend has it that when the Shepherds went to the midnight Cave on the first Christmas night, a wee lamb that followed one of the Shepherds was caught by the holly thorn, and the red berries are the blood drops which froze on the branches.

The First Christmas Tree in England.

THE first English child to have a Christmas Tree was Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. It is related that when she was four years of age she had for her personal enjoyment a rosemary bush hung with red jewels and silver spangles, lighted with rush-lights, set up in the hall of the great castle; and this pretty German custom soon won favor not only in the palaces but in cottages.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—An Interesting paper, "The Negro in America," read at the Missionary Conference held at Washington, D. C., in June last, has been published in neat pamphlet form. Its author is the Rev. Thomas J. Duffy, Josephite.

—"The Abstainer: An Anti-Alcoholic Manual," is a pamphlet of sixteen large-sized pages, written by A. T. Bourke, and printed by the Society of the Divine Word. In ten chapters, arranged after the question and answer fashion, the author makes a strong plea for total abstinence.

—From the Rosary Press, at Somerset, Ohio, there has come to us the "Dominican Yearbook for 1907." A substantial, magazine-like volume of one hundred and thirty-six pages, it contains the usual calendars, statistics, and other religious information, with a goodly array of literary attractions as well.

—C. T. Mason has translated "Lessons in Leather Work" from the French of Marguerite Charles. This little handbook, which is published by F. W. Devoe & Co., includes instructions in burned, engraved, inlaid and carved leather, and also in *repoussé* work. The book opens with a brief history of the art of leather ornamentation.

—Blackmore's classic, "Lorna Doone," has been arranged in dramatic form by the Rev. P. Kaenders, and published by B. Herder. As in the romantic story, John Ridd is the hero, and Lorna Doone the heroine; and, with anything like adequate presentation, the play should be a success. A full appreciation of the drama, however, supposes familiarity with the novel.

—A well considered, strongly urged, and withal a thoroughly readable plea is "Christian Education," by the Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell, of Bardstown, Kentucky. In the course of eight chapters comprising one hundred and ninety-two pages, the author discusses both the general and particular phases of his subject with a comprehensiveness and a surety of touch that leave nothing to be desired. The book should have a large circulation. Benziger Brothers.

—"The Church and Kindness to Animals" is an attractive little volume of some two hundred pages, decorated with half a dozen well-executed illustrations, and published by Burns & Oates. The contents are made up of "Condemnation of Bull-Fighting," "Animals in the Lives and Legends of Saints," and "A Cloud of Modern Witnesses." Much of the second and longest section will be familiar to readers of the stories of saints and animals that have appeared during

recent years in the young folks' department of THE AVE MARIA. In the third part will be found some interesting opinions as to the ever-recurring question of vivisection. An excellent volume to place on the shelves of the home library and the public one as well.

—A welcome addition to our collection of Catholic text-books is "A Manual of Bible History," by Charles Hart, B. A. (Benziger Brothers). The Scriptures are coming more and more to receive proper attention in the curriculum of our schools, and to meet the demands thus created there was need of just such a book as this new manual. As far as practicable, the Scriptural language is used, and the book is well indexed and supplied with the necessary maps.

—Robert Southwell, S. J., claims a higher distinction than that which attaches to the title of poet; for he was crowned with martyrdom in 1592, and in the glory of this final honor we look to him for inspiration in faith and courage rather than in lines artistic. But Robert Southwell was both priest and poet, and in this double office is he portrayed by I. A. Taylor in an attractive little book published by B. Herder. It is a most interesting bit of history and appreciation.

—"The Catholic Scriptural Calendar" for 1907 presents a text for every day in the year, taken largely from the Roman Missal, and following the Ecclesiastical Year and times and days of devotion. The reverse side of the card gives the calendar as a whole, and also a list of the movable feasts. With a little more attention to details, artistic and typographical, this card-calendar might have been rendered attractive as well as useful. Miss Frances Scott, of Ottawa, Canada, is the publisher.

—From Bishop Hedley's appreciative introduction to "Short Sermons," by the Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. (R. & T. Washbourne and Benziger Brothers), the casual reader is apt to get the impression that the sermons in question are "five minutes' instructions." As a matter of fact, these sermons run from ten to twelve hundred words in length, and should take about twice five minutes in delivery. They are admirably put together and full of practical instruction. A very handy and useful book to have within a preacher's reach, and one that deserves a better binding than it has received.

—Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey has published a little work of timely interest—namely, a sketch of the life of Pocahontas. We say timely

because of the renewed interest everywhere felt at present in the history of Virginia, on account of the Jamestown Exposition soon to be held. Miss Dorsey's book reads like a story, and not young folk alone, but their elders, will find pleasure and profit in a perusal of the life of the Indian maiden, who, in following the promptings of her brave young heart, never dreamed that she was making history and would one day have a monument erected to her name. This interesting brochure is for sale by Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

—William Reed, in a book entitled "The Phantom of the Poles," propounds twelve questions which he proceeds to answer, whether satisfactorily or not we leave to the readers thereof. He concedes that he undertakes a Herculean task in convincing the world that he is right, but he is hopeful. He says: "I am aware that I have a powerful giant to tackle; but the stone in my sling may land at the place at which it is aimed and the giant Prejudice be laid low and be succeeded by that young stalwart, General Investigation." Mr. Reed's theory is that "the earth is not only hollow or double, but suitable in its interior to sustain man with as little discomfort—after getting acclimated and accustomed to the different conditions—as on its exterior." In this age of wonders it is the impossible that happens, so we may yet hear of a Cook's tour to the interior of the earth. Walter S. Rockey Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

"Christian Education." Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. 60 cts., net.

"Short Sermons." Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.

"A Manual of Bible History." Charles Hart, B.A. \$1.25, net.

"The Phantom of the Poles," William Reed. \$1.50.

"After the Ninth Hour." R. Monlaur. 45 cts.

"The Faith of Our Forefathers." Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"Saint Benedict Joseph Labre." C. L. White. 70 cts., net.

"The Ought-to-Be's." Rev. J. T. Roche. 30 cts. and 50 cts.

"Life of Blessed John Vianney." \$1, net.

"The Ascent of Mount Carmel." St. John of the Cross. \$2, net.

"Crosses and Crowns." "Blessed Are the Merciful." Father Spillman, S. J. 45 cents each.

"Principles of Religious Life." Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. \$2.65, net.

"The Master Touch." W. Q. 40 cts.

"The Religion of the Plain Man." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1, net.

"Off to Jerusalem." Agnes Benziger. \$1.25.

"The Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor, M. D. \$3.

"Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament." Part II. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D. \$2, net.

"Round the World." 85 cts.

"The Beatitudes." Mgr. Henry Bolo. \$1.25, net.

"Talks about the Apostles' Creed." 60 cts

"The Trail of the Dragon." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Brother Sebastian, O. S. F.

Sister M. Theodore, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. La Salette, Order of the Presentation; and Sister Mary Casimir, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Christian Burger, of Lancaster, Pa.; Miss M. T. Hile, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Nolan, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Clementina Roehrig, Edinboro, Pa.; Mr. James McDonald, Geneva, N. Y.; Mr. Hugh Tuohy and Miss Sophie Shoemaker, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. P. J. Smith and Mrs. Mary McGushin, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. William Curran, Co. Limerick, Ireland; Mrs. M. L. Crane, W. Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. — Graul, Flushing, N. Y.; Mr. I. E. O'Callaghan, Dehra Dun, India; Miss Alice Bayard, Vincennes, Ind.; Miss Mary Gunn, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Louis Niemeyer, Peoria, Ill.; Mr. John Mulcahy, Sr., and Mr. J. Mulcahy, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Frank Reynick and Mr. William McCormick, Galena, Ill.; Mr. F. J. Weixel and Mr. J. A. Krut, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Charlotte Treacy, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mr. Arthur Dion, Waterbury, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 26.

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When Christ was Born.

AVE you ever felt the magic
Of the first faint stir of light,
When the morning star is trembling
On the purple marge of night?

Have you ever heard the music
Of the bud-time of the year,
When the heart of earth is singing
That the flowers and birds are here?

Have you ever felt joy's torrent
Sweep resistless through your frame,
When the night and winter ended
As a loved one spoke your name?

So all earth was thrilled with gladness
Of the spring and of the morn,
And of longing love's fulfilment,
When the Christ, the Lord, was born.

C.

The Poetry of Christmas.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

SON, I know thy desire, and I have often heard thy sighs. Thou wouldst be pleased to be now in thy eternal home and in thy heavenly country, abounding with joy. But that hour is not yet come; for this is yet another time—viz., a time of war, a time of labor and trial. Thou wishest to be replenished with the Sovereign Good, but thou canst not at present attain to it. I am that Sovereign Good, wait for me till the kingdom of God comes.”*

* “Imitation,” Bk. III, ch. xlix.

“To-day,” cries out the Church on the vigil of Christmas,—“to-day you shall know that the Lord will come, and in the morning you shall see His glory. To-morrow the iniquity of the earth shall be taken away, and the Saviour of the world will rule over us,—He who predestinated the Son of God in power according to the Spirit of Sanctification.”

“The mercy and kindness of God our Saviour hath appeared,” says St. Paul. “Not because of any works which we did has He saved us, but because of His own great clemency.” And if we desire to learn the underlying reason of the beneficent Coming whose joyous anniversary we are preparing to celebrate, the same great Apostle tells us most succinctly: “The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men: instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to Himself a people acceptable, a pursuer of good works.”

“Know ye that the Kingdom of God is near,” again the Church warns. “Amen, I say to you, it will not tarry. Raise up your heads; behold your redemption is at hand. The days are accomplished when Mary is to bring forth her first-born Son. Greatly is He, the King of Peace, exalted over

the kings of the whole earth." Then she chants with joy the first of her Christmas hymns.

AT VESPERS.

Begotten ere this world was known,
Existing when the light began,
Coequal on the Father's throne,
Redeemer Lord of fallen man.

The Father's light and glory Thou,
The hope of man by land and sea;
Oh, piteous Saviour, grant us now
The prayers Thy servants pour to Thee!

All things, O Lord, began from Thee!
Thou needest none to make Thee blest;
Yet, think, Thou deigned'st lowly
To ask a home in Mary's breast!

This day of days in all the year
Doth everything on earth rejoice;
And man and beast both far and near
Exult for joy to hear Thy voice.

All glory, Jesus, be to Thee,
Thou Babe Divine, whom Mary bore;
Like glory to the Father be,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Once more the Church repeats:
"To-morrow morning the iniquity of the earth shall be taken away, and the Saviour of the earth shall rule over us. As soon as the sun in the sky shall have arisen, then shall you see the King of kings proceeding from the Father, joyous as a spouse from a wedding throne."

The Christmas midnight has struck, and silence is over the whole earth. Immediately calling out in a triumphant voice to all mankind, the Church exclaims: "Christ is born to us: Come, let us adore Him!" She can not restrain her feelings of joy, and bursts out ever and anon, like "the multitude of the heavenly army," with glorious strains: "The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand. The voice of one saying to me, Cry out. And I said: What shall I cry out? All flesh is grass, and all its glory as the flower of the field; but the word of the Lord our God remaineth for ever and ever."

"The land of Zabulon and the land of

Nephthalim, the way of the sea beyond the Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles. The people that sat in darkness hath seen great light; and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death, light is sprung up."* "For a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us; and the government is upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace; He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom; to establish it, and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever."†

"To-day," cries out the Church, "has true peace descended on us from heaven. To-day have the clouds distilled honey. To-day the King of heaven has deigned to be born of a Virgin, that back again to heaven He might recall man who had been lost."

"Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem, and call to her, be comforted; for your evil is at an end....Get thee up upon a high mountain, thou that bringest good tidings to Sion. Lift up thy voice with strength, thou that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem; lift it up,—fear not. Say to the cities of Juda: Behold your God. Behold, the Lord God shall come with strength, and His arm shall rule. Behold His reward is with Him and His work is before Him. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom; and He Himself shall carry them that are with young."‡

"Whom have you seen, O Shepherds? Tell us, who hath appeared in the land? We have seen a Child born, and the choirs of Angels praising God. Beautiful is He to look at, and grace is poured out upon His lips."

"Give praise, O ye heavens; and

* St. Matt., iv, 15, 16.

† Isa., ix, 6, 7.

‡ Ib., xl, 1-11.

rejoice, O earth; ye mountains, give praise with jubilation; because the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy on His poor ones. And Sion said: The Lord hath forsaken me, and the Lord hath forgotten me. Behold, I have graven thee in my hands; thy walls are always before My eyes. . . . Thy deserts and thy desolate places shall now be too narrow by reason of thy inhabitants. . . . They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in every plain. They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them; for He that is merciful to them shall be their Shepherd, and at the fountains of waters He shall give them drink.*

"To-day, beloved brethren," says St. Leo, "is born the Saviour of the world; let us rejoice. It is not right there should be sadness on the day when that Life is born which swallows up death and brings to us the happiness and hope of an eternal life to come. No one is excluded from a participation in this happiness. There is one common ground of joy for all; for, as Our Lord, who is the Destroyer of sin and death, found all under sentence, so did He come for the liberation of all. Let the saint rejoice, because he draws near his crown; let the sinner rejoice, because he is invited to pardon; and the unbeliever, because he is called to life. For the Son of God, having awaited that fulness of time which the mystery of God's wisdom had appointed, took upon Himself our nature in order to reconcile it to its Author; and that thus the evil spirit, who was the author of death, might, by that which he had conquered, be overcome. And in this conflict, borne for us, truly the battle was fought after a strange and wondrous fashion. For not in the power of His omnipotence did He fight this cruel foe, but in the lowliness of our nature; opposing to him its

form and its weakness, sin alone being excepted.

"But entirely foreign from this Nativity is what we read of all others who are born; for none is found clean from stain, not even the babe whose span of life is but one day upon the earth. In no way, then, did concupiscence pass into that most singular Nativity; in no way did sin or the law of sin incline toward it. A royal Virgin of David's race is chosen. By the power of the Most High she is overshadowed; but the divine and human nature to which she is about to give birth, she conceives first in her mind before she gives it lodging in her flesh.

"Let us therefore, brethren, give thanks to God the Father, through Jesus Christ in the charity of the Holy Ghost; for the Father, because of the great love wherewith He loved us, hath had pity on us; and because when we were dead in sin He hath brought us to life again in Christ, that in Him we may be a new creature and a new man. Let us set aside the old man with all his works; and, having been made partners in the generation of the Lord Christ, let us put away the pomps of the flesh. Recognize, then, your dignity, O Christian! And, seeing that you are made sharer in the divine nature, return not by an evil life to your former unworthiness. Remember whose head and member you have become. Recollect that, redeemed from the power of darkness, you have been set in the light and kingdom of God."

"O amazing mystery," cries the Church; "O wonderful secret of God, that animals should see the new-born Babe laid in a manger! Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Blessed is thy sacred flesh that bore Christ the Lord, and this day brought forth the Saviour of the world! O sacred and immaculate Virginity! no human

* *Ib.*, xlix, 13-25.

tongue can praise thee enough, because thou bearest Him whom the heavens can not contain. Blessed art thou, O Virgin, among women; and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!"

The priest is allowed to say three Masses on Christmas Day. At the first he reads the Gospel from St. Luke, beginning, "And there went forth an order from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled."

"Why is it," asks St. Gregory, "that, just as the Lord is about to be born, the whole world is enrolled, but that thereby it is plainly shown that He was appearing in the flesh who was to enroll His elect in eternity? And by this, on the other hand, is verified what the prophet says of the reprobate: 'Let their names be erased from the book of the living, and with the just let them not be reckoned.' And fitting is it that He should be born in Bethlehem, inasmuch as Bethlehem is interpreted 'the House of Bread.' For it is He, and no other, who saith: 'I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven.' Previous to His coming, therefore, the place of His nativity was rightly called the House of Bread, since it was there He was to appear in the flesh who was to satisfy the minds of His elect with internal refreshment. And, finally, not in the house of His parents was He born, but while they were on a journey; to typify, by means of the flesh He had assumed, that He was born not in His own country but in a foreign land."

At the second Mass, the priest reads the Gospel from St. Luke, beginning: "And the Shepherds said one to another, Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that has come to pass, which the Lord hath shown to us."

"See, brethren, the beginning of the rising Church!" exclaims St. Ambrose. "Christ is born; and the Shepherds have begun to watch, that they might gather into the fold of the Saviour the nations—a short while ago a herd, but

now a living people,—lest any spiritual beast should make an attack on them under cover of the darkness of the night. And well do these Shepherds watch whom the Lord enlightens. The flocks are these the people; the night, the world; and the Shepherds, the priests. And perchance even he is pastor to whom it is said: 'Be watchful and confirm.' Because not alone bishops did the Lord ordain to guard His flock, but He destined even angels to do so."

At the third Mass, the priest reads the commencement of the Gospel of St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

* "You should not [in this place] think anything vile, as you may be accustomed to think when listening to mere mortal words," observes St. Augustine. "Hear what you think: The Word was God. Will any disbelieving Arian now come forth and dare to say, 'The Word was made'? How could it be possible that the Word of God was made, when God, by the Word, made all things? But if the Word of God itself was made, by what other word, then, was the Word made? If you say it is by the word of the Word that it [the world] has been made, then that I call the only Son of God. But if you do not call it the word of the Word, then grant that *That* has not been made by *which* all things have been made."

"And there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

Then the Church breaks out in sacred song as follows:

From pearly gates of eastern morn
To farthest limits of the west,
Proclaim this day that Christ is born,
Reclines a Babe on Mary's breast.

Our flesh did ne'er a God beseem;
And yet, that ransom might be paid,
He takes our flesh, flesh to redeem,
Lest aught should perish that He made.

A Virgin's womb becomes His throne,
Of Virgin Mother is He born;
A little straw, where starlight shone,
Upholds the Christ on Christmas morn.

With music down the midnight air
Come choirs of Angels to the Birth;
Let us their heavenly anthems share:
Glory to God and peace on earth!

Sublimest worship be to Thee,
O Babe Divine, whom Mary bore;
Like glory to the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore!

PRAYER.—Grant, we beseech Thee,
Omnipotent God, that we, who before
this were slaves under the old yoke of
sin, may now, through the new birth
of Thy only-begotten Son in our flesh,
mercifully be made free. Through the
same Christ our Lord. Amen.

Home for Christmas.

BY ALICE DEASE.

"HAVE you any news of Coleman,
Mrs. Dirrane?"

"Sorra a word, asthore; but there'll
be a letter comin' to me from him
against the Chris-e-mas."

I had asked the question on several
occasions, and, always receiving the
same answer, I gave up my query;
but Betty noticed my omission, and
informed me herself of her son's
intentions.

"There's no letter still from Coleman,
daughter dear; but there's one a-comin'
to me against the Chris-e-mas."

It was this hope—nay, more than
hope, this firm conviction—that God
wouldn't leave her lonesome at the
"Chris-e-mas," that kept Betty Dirrane
alive during those autumn months. Her
only son, Coleman, like many of his
neighbors along that wild western
coast, was in the Royal Navy; but
until lately news had come from him in
foreign parts,—at distant intervals, it
is true, yet with a certain regularity.
He had, as usual, sent her money in the

springtime, to pay for the setting of the
"lock o' praties that were her whole
dependence." But since then he had not
written; and her own little savings had
to be drawn upon to provide for the
cutting of the turf, whilst the neighbors
were still trusting her for the carrying
home of it on donkey-back.

This silence on the part of her boy
was telling on her; and, though she
never complained, she was growing
frailer and more bent, and the exertion
of the long walk to Sunday Mass,
which, wet or fine, she never missed, was
paid for by the achings of her weary
limbs. She was better able than some,
so she said, to face the long walk in all
weathers; for—thanks be to God!—she
was decently clad. When Coleman came
home he always set up her wardrobe,
and there was no one in the chapel with
more comfortable gown and shawl than
she, or a more snowy goffered cap. Her
face was peaceful, in spite of the anxious
pucker that Coleman's absence brought
now and again around her eyes; and
the leading note of her life was the
praise of God. A little incident will
show what I mean by this.

My knowledge of Gaelic is slight—
very slight,—still, I can follow the
words of the "Hail Mary" which,
Sunday after Sunday, I hear murmured
in tones of varied intensity by the
tightly serried ranks of patient, bench-
less men and women kneeling on the
cold cement of the chapel floor, with
faces upturned toward the altar, but
eyes that look beyond and above it.
Betty Dirrane, pressed against the
sanctuary rails, gave me, and everyone
else around, the benefit of her prayers;
and, as the well-worn beads of her
rosary passed slowly through her
fingers, it struck me that her words
did not fall in with the rhythm of
the others; and, listening, I recognized
the difference.

"Betty," I asked when next I met
her, "will you tell me why it is that

you say the 'Hail Mary' twice to every once that you say the 'Holy Mary'?"

"Daughter dear, I'll tell you and no lie," she said. "Isn't the 'Holy Mary' nothing but a trouble to the Mother of God, askin' her prayers and the like? And I'd be ashamed not to be praisin' her twict with the two 'Haily Marys' for the onct that I'd go troublin' her with the 'Holy Mary.' No, then," she continued, answering my unspoken question, "I've no word from Coleman; but, praise be to God, I'll be hearin' from him for the Chris-e-mas."

Once again she repeated this assurance to me, and now there was only another day for her to wait.

It would not be a white Christmas—we seldom have such a thing as lying snow in the West,—but there was frost in the air, and a wintry sun was glimmering upon the waters of Galway Bay, and lightening the grey haze that enshrouded the grey distance of this grey country, where wall after wall of granite boulders bound the view on every side excepting toward the sea.

The chapel walls, grey granite too, were a shelter from the strong, steady, yet soft western wind that blew in to us persistently from Arran. Inside the church, the priest was seated at the altar rails hearing confessions—for confessionals are unknown in our parish,—and, besides those kneeling at the farther end of the chapel, there was a waiting group without. These were chiefly men and boys, clad in loose white "bawneen" jackets, made out of the locally woven, homespun flannel; and grey, blue or white trowsers of the same material, cut on no scientific principle, and patched on no pre-arranged system. Betty and a few other women were busy at the gate, putting on, before entering the house of God, the boots and stockings which they had carried under their arms whilst they walked barefoot for miles down the boreens and over the boglands,

to "make their souls" for Christmas.

"It's to the Midnight Mass I'll be, please God!" said Betty; "and I'll wait then in Flynn's below till the post comes in with Coleman's letter. God's good, asthore! He'll never let the Chris-e-mas over me without word from the boy."

It was always the same with her. She *knew* that God would not fail her, and surely such faith would be rewarded. But, in spite of her brave words, of her simple trust in the goodness of God, I saw more plainly than ever how these months of silent waiting had aged and altered her. Could she ever walk the two long Irish miles that lay between her house and the chapel in time to assist at the so-called Midnight Mass on Christmas Day? It was a *midnight* Mass in name alone, for seven o'clock was the actual hour at which it was announced to begin. But it was night, and dark night, when we left our homes to assist at it; and so it kept the name of what it represented.

As I rose to leave the chapel on the day mentioned—the 24th,—I saw Betty kneeling in a distant corner. Her face was upraised, her lips were moving. I could not hear the torrent of soft Gaelic that was pouring from them, but I knew that interspersed through her praise were prayers—to which, for her sake, I added my mite—for news of the absent Coleman. One by one the men and women, after going to confession, finished their prayers and passed out of the chapel; only Betty stayed motionless there.

Before me, as I walked down the path leading to the road, was a man I knew well by sight,—Mike Carroll, a weak, good-natured creature, everybody's friend except his own. And seeing him pause at the gate to greet a passer-by bound for the town, I rejoiced that it was after he had received the grace of God in confession and not

before it, that this meeting had taken place. The newcomer had lately been described to me as "the best-looking villain between this and Galway"; and certainly the adjective could be applied to him only when qualifying such a noun. As I approached, he was evidently trying to persuade Carroll to join his Christmas spree in town; but the answer was decided enough:

"I will not!"

"Where are ye going, then?" asked the villain.

"Home," responded Carroll, shortly. "An' get along wid ye! Don't ye know that I'm in the state o' grace an' I don't want to get quit of it?"

Thank God, there were very few in the parish that night who were not in the state of grace! And next morning, in the deep darkness that precedes the dawn, they made their way over hill and stony valley, along rough boreens and highroads scarcely smoother, from their white-walled, yellow-thatched homes to the poor chapel, which was the finest dwelling that they could provide for their Best Friend. Yet in that bare, barn-like building a heartier welcome awaited the Christ-Child than many a stately church can offer Him.

They were quiet and orderly, but so tightly packed together that, looking down the chapel, it seemed like a sea of faces, showing sickly yellow in the feeble flickering of the dip candles, which, stuck in the tin sconces along the skirting board of the walls, formed all the illumination we could boast of. All through the Mass there was a continual murmur of prayer; but at the Elevation the voices rose, the words became articulate, and, as the priest held up the Sacred Host, from four hundred lips came forth the greeting, heart-stirring in its intensity, "*Cead mille faille!*"—A hundred thousand welcomes to the Christ-Child come again to earth!

We were still sitting round the

remains of our Christmas turkey when a message came to me from Betty. It was Gilbert Dirrane, a friend—or, as we should say, cousin—of her late husband, who had brought it.

"Betty wants to see you!"

Such a call on such a day was very unusual; and it occurred to me at once that there had been no letter, and the blow, the disappointment, had been too much for her.

"Was there no word from Coleman, then?" I asked.

"Oh, there was word, fair and clean, yer honor!" replied Gilbert. "Thank God, 'tisn't the heart but the ould back on her that's broke, the creature! 'Twas this way it happened, not to be delayin' yer honor. She'd got her letter below in Flynn's, and I seen her meself go hoppin' down the street wid it, when—bad scran to them gossoons who'd been slidin' down the towpath!—away go the two legs from under her, and she kem a heavy fall on the flags."

"Oh, poor old Betty!" I cried. "And is she badly hurt?"

"Badly, is it? Why, it's the life itself that's knocked out of her! But the whole thing that's troublin' her now is Coleman's letter. We were for to carry her into Flynn's again; but she gave us no peace until we left her home in her own place, where she thought to find the specs of her; but—glory be!—weren't they in her pocket all the time, and smashed to smithereens in the fall! And now there's not a one but yer honor that she'll ask to read the letter for her, and she holdin' it all the while, with the dew's o' death on the ould fingers of her."

I went; and, when I entered, the neighbors who were in the cottage moved away and left us alone. Gilbert Dirrane was right; even I could see that 'the life itself was knocked out of her,' and the hand that feebly held my own was, as he said, already growing cold and numb. She gave me

the letter, and at a glance I saw that no village lad had written the address, scored over with blue pencil marks in correction of what had been first set down. Her eyes, bright and searching—the only living things about the rigid old body—were on me; and, under pretext of seeking more light, I went to the window.

God had indeed not left her over the Christmas without news of her boy. But could I, dared I, *must* I tell her what the letter contained? It was short,—only a few lines from the chaplain of the station whence Coleman last had written. It told of fever, of a lingering illness, of weeks borne bravely; of a young sailor's death,—in a foreign land, 'tis true, but with a priest beside him, who had helped him into the Harbor over the Bar.

"What's the news, asthore?—what's the news that Coleman's sent me for the Chris-e-mas?"

The weak voice reached me only in a whisper, and for a moment I could not answer. Then I went back to the bedside.

"It is good news, Betty," I said. "The priest beyond has written to give you news for Christmas, because he says that Coleman—that Coleman has gone home."

"Coleman comin' home! Sweet praises be to the great God and to His Son, a Child to-day on earth for us!"

She went off into Gaelic, communing with God, and thanking Him. Her eyelids fell, leaving her face like that of one already dead. I did not regret what I had said. Truly it was good news; and soon, when she learned the deception of the way I had told it to her, I knew she would forgive me. But sooner than I thought did the real truth of it come to her. The Angel of Death had already entered the cottage, and perhaps it was some light from him that revealed it to her. Suddenly she opened her eyes widely and looked up at me.

"Don't be afraid, daughter dear,"

she said. "It's goin' to God I am; so tell me, is it home to Ireland or home to God that Coleman's gone?"

"Betty dear,—Betty dear, 'tis home to God."

"Oh, the goodness of Him!—oh, the goodness to the likes o' me! Sweet praises be to Him—"

Gilbert Dirrane's wife had crept back into the house and now she came over to me.

"She wouldn't miss yer honor now," she whispered, "if you'd be for to go."

I knew what she meant; but just then Betty opened her eyes and spoke in the voice I knew of old:

"Christ Himself is waitin' for me," she said,—*"Christ Himself—and Coleman."* Then she lay still, and again young Mrs. Dirrane motioned to me to go.

"It came against the Chris-e-mas!" Betty's voice was a whisper now, clear but so faint as to be hardly audible. "Sweet praises be—"

I went out, and away home; for her own friends could do more now for Betty than I could. I was awe-struck, perhaps, but hardly saddened; for I knew that Betty and her beloved Coleman would spend their Christmas night together "in the Harbor over the Bar." They told me afterward that she never spoke again; I had heard her very last words: "Sweet praises be—to God!"

Lines for a Blind Beggar.

(After Clemente Bondi.)

BY THOMAS WALSH.

TAKE pity, signiors, ye who pass me by,
Though I be but an outcast on the street,
Lest should be said ye are more blind than I
That ye refuse your brother bread to eat.

For on my brow God's hand hath laid a sign;
Ah, ye with sight, is not its meaning clear?
These eyes must virgin wait the light divine;
Whose crime, ye rich, if He stand helpless here?

The Twins' Holiday.

BY PETER K. GUILDAY.

"FATHER, I've been worrying about the old folks lately, and I'm going down home to-morrow, and may spend Christmas with them. It will be my first Christmas visit in twelve years."

The ready assent of his curate assured Father James that everything would be carefully attended to in his absence; and that afternoon he was on his way South to the little Maryland village where he was born and raised, and where his aged parents still lived, happy and contented,—no, not entirely happy, he thought, as the train sped along; for, like all the pleasures of life, there was a sorrowful side to their happiness. How different it was in the old days, when he and John went trudging along the village road to school! Everything was in common then,—their books and playthings, their traps in the woods, and their rambles over the mountains; even their clothes,—all were shared together. There were no secrets then between them; for he and his twin slept together up in the attic of the old farm-house, and laughed and talked themselves to sleep going over the thoughts and adventures of the day.

And how often had they been mistaken one for the other! Father James smiled as he recalled that famous night of the commencement at the public school-hall when he was to deliver "Marco Bozzaris" to an audience made up of all the families of the pupils; and how, when he came to the lines,

to die midst flame and smoke,

And shout and groan and sabre stroke,

he faltered, repeated them, and then, miserably breaking down, walked off the stage in tears. Just as soon as he had passed the wings, his twin, who had

been standing watching him, went proudly to the front of the stage, and, taking up the poem where James had left off, recited it so eloquently that he won an outburst of applause. Only two people in that audience ever knew the secret, and they—kind father and mother!—had spared his feelings by never mentioning it.

Another day stood out prominently in his memory, but Father James recalled it with far different emotions. It was during his last vacation from the seminary, and John had returned home for a short visit from the university where he was finishing his course in medicine. They were at dinner, and the discussion turned upon the likeness of the soul to God, when John, to the amazement of his brother, flatly denied the existence of God and the soul's immortality. No argument was of any avail against his sarcasm; no persuasion, religious or philosophic, seemed to affect him; and from that moment the twins had drifted apart. Only occasionally in the twelve years following his ordination had Father James met his brother, but he saw enough in the articles and books written by his brother to lead him to believe the worst,—John's faith was lost.

But why bring back these sad thoughts at so joyous a time? He must try to be as happy as he could during this visit; and a smile crossed his noble face as he anticipated the surprise he would give the old folks by walking in on them suddenly and announcing his stay over Christmas.

The train soon drew up to the little station, and an old farmer, who had known him as a boy, came forward quickly and offered to drive him home. It was not long before they reached the farm-house, and in a few moments Father James was in his mother's arms.

"John is here!" were the first words she said.

"And how does he look, mother?"

"I can see he is not happy," she replied. "He seems broken-hearted over something, and there is a coldness in his manner that father and I can not understand."

John came in at this moment—a big, strong-looking, dignified man—and greeted his brother kindly, but the affectionate John of old was not in evidence.

As the evening passed, Father James found himself growing impatient with the distant, cheerless tone in which his twin spoke of his successes in medicine, and almost whispered to himself that his visit was to be an unhappy one; but as the time for retiring came, John seemed to become more like himself, and startled the little group by saying:

"Let's hang up our stockings, Jim, as we used to do on Christmas Eve."

Two pair of "long" stockings—relics from boyhood days—were unearthed from the bottom of a bureau drawer full of things that looked familiar to the two men, and put up on the nails over the fireplace that had nobly served this purpose many a Christmas Eve before.

"Santy Claus," said Father James, imitating the serious tone of the children he knew so well, "send me a sled, a drum, a pair of rosary beads, 'gum-boots,' and a poem-book."

"Santy Claus," John quickly added, "a pair of skates, a sling-shot, a sweater, and—" a lump came up in his throat and his eyes filled with tears; he did not finish.

Their parents stood by, crying and laughing to see these two grown men going back so heartily to the memories of the past.

After a cheery "Good-night!" and a "Merry Christmas to you!" they found their way up the familiar stairs to the attic they had occupied as boys. Not a thing had been changed: Father James' tiny altar was just as he had left it, and the black cabinet in the corner still held the "precious" stones and

birds' eggs John had put there thirty years before.

Father James knelt longer than usual to-night, begging the Holy Ghost to give him light to know how to act with his unbelieving twin. They chatted a while after Father James retired; but the long journey of the afternoon had fatigued the good priest, and he soon fell asleep.

The hanging of the stockings had touched John's heart, and had brought back to his mind the peace and joy of those boyhood days. As he lay beside his brother, he wondered how it all would end. He knew full well how he had lost the faith; for he remembered the years in the university, when he was the favorite of a teacher who was an avowed atheist. Little by little the influence of the other won him away from church and from prayer, and by the time he was fairly established as a physician, his heart was without a spark of the light of faith. Everything seemed to go well in his life without the benefits of religion; success had attended his every effort; but through it all he recognized that something essential, something vivifying and enlightening, was missing. And, oh—he shuddered as he thought of it,—how hard it was to be refused by her whom he dearly loved and wished to make his wife, because he was not a Catholic at heart!

Suddenly something cold touched his arm and he shivered all over. He felt for it, and found it to be the little silver crucifix of James' rosary, which had fallen out of his twin's hands. John took it up noiselessly, and, out of love for his brother, kissed it reverently. The thought flashed upon him: Why shouldn't he say it? In spite of the cold, he slipped quietly out of bed, and, kneeling on the floor, said the Rosary through; he could not remember the Mysteries, so he made them all—the Crucifixion. One tiny flame

of love for the God-Man who suffered so much was born unperceived in his heart, and had burst, before he could realize it, into a fire of tenderness and intense affection which sent the tears surging down his cheeks.

Led as if by some one stronger than himself, he dressed quickly and stole softly down the stairs, past his mother's room, and out into the clear, crisp night. There was no stopping now. "It is God's will,—it is God's will!" he said over and over again to himself; and soon he was ringing the night-bell of Saint Mary's Rectory. A light still burned in Father Rossi's study: he was preparing a sermon for the morrow.

"What is it, my good man? A sick call?" he said, as he opened the door.

"Yes, Father."

"And who is sick?"

"I am, Father,"—the words came falteringly.

In a few minutes John was sitting near the warm log fire in the pastor's study, the kind-hearted old priest, who had baptized him, holding his hands between his and encouraging him to make a complete review of his life. The confession was not a difficult one to make; for John had lived an upright life both at the university and as a physician. When he had finished and had received absolution, Father Rossi told him not to say anything in the morning to his parents or to Father James, who was to celebrate the early Mass; but to wait till the old folks had set out for church, and then to go and kneel next to them in the pew.

"This will be the happiest Christmas of their lives, my son. And, John, I hope everything will turn out well yet between you and Margaret."

"Thank you, Father! Good-night, and a merry Christmas!"

After Father James and his parents had gone off to Mass Christmas morning, John arose and dressed, and started for the church. He did not

notice the looks of surprise and of admiration which greeted him as his big, manly frame went up the aisle; nor did he see the peace that suffused his mother's face as he knelt beside her and began to say the Rosary with the beads he had taken from Father James' side the night before. When the time for Holy Communion came, he followed them up the aisle and knelt between them. His mother's arm was pressed close to his, and he could feel the nervous joy and fear that had mastered her.

Father James saw him plainly as he turned around to say the *Domine, non sum dignus*; and the terrifying thought struck him that John did not realize what he was doing.

Nearer and nearer, as he distributed Holy Communion, he came to this little group of father, mother, and twin-brother, whose lives were so intimately bound up with his own; and at every step his fear became greater. His saintly mother's upturned face was waiting to receive the Precious Body and Blood; and next to her was John, his head bent low and his frame shaking like a leaf. He raised his head as Father James passed his mother, and the instant the priest saw his face with its almost heavenly look of happiness and his eyes filled with tears, all doubt left him, and in another moment John had received his Redeemer and his God. Never before had the words, "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep you *unto life eternal*," meant so much to him.

The four of them—the twins walking ahead arm in arm—went home together in silence. All felt too happy, too full to speak. At breakfast John told them the whole story of his conversion, and how Father Rossi wished him to give them a surprise. Father James understood why his old pastor had whispered to him that this was to be a memorable Christmas for him.

Before the twins departed the morning after Christmas, John's whole self had shown itself, and the gentle, loving, boyish nature had reasserted itself in his speech and his actions. He had come back to them an unbeliever, an outcast; and, by the grace of God, he was going away strong in the faith. His stolid father could say nothing when bidding him good-bye, but folded his son in his arms and wept like a child. His mother, too, pressed him to her bosom in a last farewell, but her eyes were looking straight into the eyes of James.

"I must leave you here, John," Father James said as they reached the city. "I must go at once to my parish."

"I shall keep these beads, Father. It has been a blessed visit for me! And, Jim, I'm going back to ask *her* again to-night."

"Good luck, John, and God bless you!"

The twins' holiday was over.

Led by a Star.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE way in which the oldest boy came by his name was prosaic enough. His mother had bought a box of ointment of a peddler, who, in default of anything more convenient, wrapped around it the leaf of an old book. On this some words caught her eye: "And the names of the three Wise Men were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar." Who the Wise Men were she knew not—and indeed died unknowing,—but the words haunted her. She had little wisdom herself, and so hungered for it for her boy, and called him Gaspar.

When another child came to bear him company in the lonely life which was the heritage of all who dwelt on that bleak mountain-side, she looked at the leaf again and named the new

baby Melchior; pronouncing it in her own ignorant way, and shortening it afterward to Mel, in rustic fashion. When Gaspar could count and little Mel could toddle on unsteady feet, there was a third boy; and the old leaf, more yellow and tattered than ever, was again consulted, and the mite of mountain humanity named Balthasar.

Soon afterward the father was killed by a great tree he was felling, and his wife added his burdens to her own and struggled on as best she could. How she managed to get on, she herself could hardly tell. She coaxed a few vegetables from the grudging soil, kept a little brood of chickens, and toiled, for scant wages, for her more fortunate neighbors. The boys made baskets of sweet-scented grasses, and gathered blueberries in their season, walking the distance between their home and the village gaily and bravely.

She could always trust them in every way; for from the beginning they were good lads and wise beyond their years. Indeed, it seemed as if the mantle of wisdom which, in her untutored prayers, she asked for them, had descended upon each of them from his babyhood. Her own life had been cramped and stunted as the blasted pine tree in front of her door. But she thought: "If my boys may have that which I have missed, I will not murmur."

When Gaspar announced that he could ask the school-teacher questions she could not answer, his mother rejoiced. When the same young school-mistress declared that the Thorne boys knew more than she, their mother gave thanks to the Power of which she had so little idea, and began to plan for their future. In twelve years she had not allowed herself a good gown. "I can wait another year," she said; and bought Gaspar a decent suit of clothes, for he was to drive the old doctor's chaise and study medicine at odd moments.

Mel became general utility boy for a retired and rheumatic sea captain, who dwelt high up on the mountain-side, so that he might never lose sight of the ocean. He taught the boy many things: mathematical astronomy, the art of navigation, and the ways of the people of all the earth. At fifteen, Mel could take an observation of the sun, calculate an eclipse, and sail a ship; and on clear nights he made such good use of the captain's telescope that he was as much at home among the stars as a butterfly amid the meadow blossoms.

As for Bally, the baby, he said: "Some one must stay with mother, and I will stay." But he became wise in every sort of forest lore. He knew the habits of every tree and flower and animal in all the region, and was keen of sight and smell as an Indian. As a guide for hunters, he would have been invaluable; but he could not endure to see his little brothers of the forest killed, and he would not leave his mother, now growing old. At last she died, proud of the sons she had reared, not aware how blind she had been to the beauties of the soul; and, though seeking for them the wisdom of earth, how deaf to the voice of heavenly knowledge.

Gaspar had succeeded the old doctor, and now had his own hired boy. Mel was master of a ship and had contributed several astronomical articles of acknowledged value to scientific journals; and Bally was an authority in regard to the flora and fauna of the White Mountains. But, as regarded their relation to God, the brothers were as genuinely heathen as any spear-armed, naked savage in the wilds of darkest Africa.

They had steadfastly clung to the old home. Gaspar might have been tempted to stray, so narrow was the field of his labor, but for Bally; and it was for Bally, too, that Captain Mel took good care to have his good

ship rest from her voyages in the home port. For, it must be admitted, in some ways the youngest brother, though forty years old, was but a child. Learned though he was in the sciences of the forest, his mind, as one might say, had never quite grown up. None knew this but his brothers. "Queerness" was sadly common in that region, and the few villagers or neighbors he met thought of him only as slightly unsocial.

Christmas had come and gone. The season meant little to the brothers. This year, to be sure, there had been unusual features attending it; for the new saw-mill on the other side of the mountain had brought from Canada many pious toilers, but no echo of their joy reached the little house behind the blasted pine tree.

On the Eve of the Epiphany its inmates sat before the fireplace, each in a meditative mood and engrossed by his own perplexities. The Doctor was wondering if old Mrs. Lavelle would survive the night. Mel was thinking that he must set the alarm clock, if he wished to see the occultation of Jupiter, due at a little past five o'clock. Bally was worried about his chickens; some wild animal was troubling them, and he did not wish to set a trap for it lest he might cause it pain.

"They will send for me if Mrs. Lavelle grows worse," said Gaspar; "and I am going to bed early, in order to be sure of a little sleep."

"And I, for the same reason," said the Captain, getting his portable telescope ready.

"And I," remarked Bally,—"I may have to reason with a stubborn fox very early in the morning."

Before four o'clock a messenger came for the Doctor. Mrs. Lavelle was failing fast. The commotion aroused Captain Mel, who, without waiting for his alarm clock, strode off over the snow

to his improvised observatory on the mountain.

"I might as well have my argument now with that old fox," said Bally, hurrying into his clothes. But Master Fox had come and gone, and Bally followed his tracks, which led to the East.

Dr. Gaspar Thorne was going home in the bright starlight, having seen a Christian die. It seemed as if there had been an entire revolution in his mind and heart. As to his soul—as yet he believed but little in souls. The prayers and the peace which followed the death seemed to bring to a standstill every theory of which he had been so sure. He felt like a man who had been picking up pebbles, and who would not stoop to grasp a pearl of great price. The old Frenchwoman, poor, obscure, and, as the world goes, forlorn, had something that he with his learning did not possess. At the door of his home he met Captain Mel.

"The poor woman is at rest," the Doctor said; and then asked if the stars in their courses did what the astronomers had promised for them.

"Oh, yes!" replied the Captain; "but I did not care. It all seemed of such little worth. I may not be well, brother; you must fix me up some of your strengthening bitters."

Just then they heard a shout.

"Brothers! brothers! come with me!" called out Bally, running like a deer, his face aglow. "Come and see the star!"

Captain Mel was horror-stricken. Had his continual chatter about the heavenly bodies bewildered that mind, so bright at times, at intervals a little clouded?

"Come! come!" repeated Bally; and the brothers went with him.

"Faster!" he cried, seizing each one by a hand. "It may fade. I followed the fox's tracks over to the lumber camp and lost them, for everybody

was going to the star. And I came back for you."

The Doctor for a moment shared Mel's apprehension; but there was no terror in the younger brother's face, and it was not unreason but joy that reigned in his shining eyes. As they reached the lumber camp, it was evident that his words had foundation; for the people were astir, emptying the boarding houses and the few rude homes, and going in the same direction. But there was no laughter and only few words were spoken.

"The star!" cried Bally. And as he spoke the door of a building opened, and there blazed upon their vision a perfect star made of light, while beneath it the Mother and Babe lay in a manger, and wondering animals were standing near.

Little did the young French priest know how far that star would shine when he so ingeniously made use of the electrical appliances at the mill to please his simple people. Little did he know, until afterward, who the strangers were who knelt before the starlit Crib!

The little mountain mother's prayers were answered in God's own way; and, by His grace, the brothers have to this day kept the wisdom that was the gift of Heaven early in the morning on the Feast of the Epiphany.

WHEN a simple soul is to act, it considers only what it is suitable to do or say, and then immediately begins the action, without losing time in thinking what others will do or say about it. And, after doing what seemed right, it dismisses the subject; or if, perhaps, any thought of what others may say or do should arise, it instantly cuts short such reflections; for it has no other aim than to please God, and not creatures, except as the love of God requires it.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Christmastide Legends.

MANY beautiful stories are told in the non-canonical Gospels about the birth and early life of the Infant Jesus; and, although they were forbidden by Papal authority to be read publicly in the churches, they nevertheless have not been condemned by the Church as unfit for the private perusal of the faithful.

Some of these pious legends formed the subject of the mystery plays which, during the Middle Ages, were acted at Christmas time, and were so popular with the people. Our forefathers loved to relate them to the assembled household around the Christmas fire in their holly-and-ivy decked homes. Unlike those gruesome and weird ghost stories which have taken their place in our less religious days, and which only add to the gloom and dreariness of the dark winter nights, these pious legends helped to increase the joy of that holy and happy time.

The simple-minded hearers then listened with delight to the story of Madelon, the little shepherd maid, who, coming with the Shepherds to worship the new-born Babe, stood shyly behind the Shepherds and the Kings, and began to weep because she had no gift to give the Holy Child as He lay on the straw between Mary and Joseph. Then the Angel Gabriel stood beside her and said: "Little shepherdess, why do you weep?"—"Alas!" she replied, "I have no gift to offer the Infant Jesus. If I could give Him only some roses, for He has not a single flower; but it is freezing, and spring is far off." The Angel Gabriel thereupon took her by the hand, and, leading her into a field near Bethlehem, he struck the ground with the tip of his wings,—and, behold, the field was suddenly covered with myriad fresh flowers of every hue. Madelon gathered a bunch of the beau-

tiful flowers, and, kneeling at the feet of the Infant Jesus, joyfully offered her bouquet to Him.

The legend of the juniper tree was a great favorite at the Christmas fireside in those far-off days. It was said that when the Holy Family were flying with fear from the sword of Herod, the special bush which grew by the wayside, knowing their danger, opened out its thick branches and hid Jesus, Mary, and Joseph within its sheltering foliage, forming a leafy bower around them until Herod's pursuing soldiers had gone by; and thus, in the words of Holy Scripture, they escaped "from the snare of the hunter." The juniper has ever since been known as the Madonna's special tree; and it is thought to have been then endowed with wonderful virtues against all human ills. In most countries of Europe, where this beautiful legend is known, the juniper has a place of honor at Christmas, and its boughs are reverently hung beside every Crib, and in the living-rooms of all the houses.

Another Christmas legend tells how, when the Holy Family were flying into Egypt after the massacre of the Innocents, they came on a husbandman who was sowing wheat, and the Blessed Virgin said to him: "If any one should ask you whether we have passed this way, say that such persons passed when I was sowing this grain." The following day when the soldiers of King Herod asked the husbandman whether he had seen an old man with a woman and child go by, the husbandman, who was reaping the wheat which had suddenly grown up and ripened during the night, answered as he had been bidden: "Yes, I saw them when I was sowing this wheat." The soldiers thereupon turned back, saying to themselves that these could not be the persons whom they sought, as it must have been many, many weeks since that grain had been sown.

An ancient Christmas carol, familiar in many countries, gives the story of the Holy Family and the husbandman in these quaint words:

Then Jesus, aye and Joseph,
And Mary that was so pure,
They travelled into Egypt land,
As you shall find most sure.

Then Jesus, aye and Joseph,
And Mary that was unknown,
They passed by a husbandman
As he his seed had sown.

"Godspeed thee, man!" said Mary.
"Go fetch thy ox and wain,
To carry home thy wheat again
Which thou this day hast sown."

The husbandman fell on his knees
Even before His face,
And made a lowly reverence
To Jesus Christ His grace.

"Long time hast Thou been looked for,
But now art come at last;
And I myself do now believe
Thy name is Jesus called."

"The truth, man, thou hast spoken,—
Of it thou mayst be sure;
For I must shed My precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

"If any one should come this way
And inquire for Me alone,
Tell him that Jesus passed by
As thou thy seed had sown."

After that there came King Herod
With his train most furiously,
Inquiring of the husbandman
Whether Jesus passed by.

"Why the truth it must be spoken,
And the truth it must be known;
For Jesus passed by this way
As I my seed had sown.

"And now I have it reapen
And some lai! on my wain,
The other you see is fit to carry
Into my barns again."

"Turn back!" said the captain of the guard.
"Your labor and mine's in vain.
It's full three-quarters of a year
Since he his seed has sown."

So Herod was deceived
By the work of God's own hand:
And farther they proceeded
Into the Holy Land.

A Saint's Parable.

THE frequency with which our Divine Lord made use of parables to convey religious truth to the minds of the multitude naturally made this method of instruction a favorite one with many of His most perfect followers, the saints. Here is an unhackneyed one which we find in a sermon of St. Vincent Ferrer.

There was once a king who had in prison two men, each of whom owed him a large sum of money. Seeing that, possessing nothing, they were unable to pay, he threw at each of them a purse full of money; and threw the purses with such force as to cause the debtors not a little pain. One of the men, angry at the blow, showed his impatience plainly, but apparently made no account of the purse; the other, in his gratitude for the favor done him, forgot the pain, and, taking the purse, thanked the king, and paid his debt.

Now, precisely the same thing happens with us. We all owe heavy debts to God for the many benefits we have received from Him, and for the many sins we have committed against Him, and we have nothing of our own with which to pay them. Therefore, moved by pity for us, He sends us the gold of patience in the purse of tribulations, that we may use it to pay our debts. Whoever will not do this, only increases his debts and renders himself more displeasing to God.

THE ardent devotion that the seraphic St. Francis had to the Holy Infancy led to his constant repetition of the words, "O little Babe of Bethlehem!" These words were as honey in his mouth and of surpassing sweetness to all who heard them. The Saint of the Crucifix was also the Saint of the Crib.

Notes and Remarks.

The leading newspapers of this country have devoted considerable space to interviews with Cardinal Gibbons, Monsignor Vaughan, and other eminent ecclesiastics, on the struggle between Church and State in France. These interviews constituted what is called in newspaper parlance "fat copy," and the editors "went for it," as the saying is, "hot foot." But those worthies, we notice, have refrained from touching upon the subject in their editorial columns. One would think that such monstrous injustice as the French Government has been guilty of, and such cruel persecution as the Catholics of France are now enduring should evoke condemnation and sympathy from the entire press of a liberty-loving land like ours. We have noticed neither the one nor the other. Let a single sectarian missionary be driven out of any Catholic settlement in the wide world for reviling the religion of its inhabitants, and we are sure to be treated to frequent preachments on liberty of worship, the enormity of intolerance, etc., from the very men who are now dumb in face of the most flagrant violation of a people's rights and the most iniquitous oppression of the Church that have been witnessed in modern times.

But the Catholics of France can forego the sympathy of the American press. Its venality and hypocrisy have been revealed on many previous occasions. It is enough for them to know that hatred of their religion is what inspires the policy of the French government and that the persecution which they suffer is for justice' sake.

Romolo Murri, who writes in the Florentine *Rassegna Nazionale* of Church and State separation, is ludicrously in

error in the statement that "the Roman Catholics are now in a minority in France"; but there is much of interest in the following summary of his views:

Any one, however, who concludes from what we have said above that we maintain the separation of Church and State *sic et simpliciter*, in an absolute and essential manner, is quite mistaken. We think separation a good and useful thing, so far as it implies the abolition of certain definite and historic relations which are no longer suitable or advantageous to either party. But separation in the full sense of the term, as implying an utter absence of connection between the two societies, we regard as a contradiction in terms. In order to obtain such a separation it would be necessary to cut the conscience of every human individual in two,—one-half to be the director of religious activity; the other half, of all the remaining sphere of life.

The Church and the State, by this unity of the human conscience, are made one in their pursuit of the very highest ends. Historically, they have been allies or rivals in the work of education, moral and intellectual. In the field of education—to use that word in its widest significance as including the exercise of a lofty influence on the social efficiency of all the legislative and judicial institutions of the land—the Church and State will always be brought in contact with each other; and unless they come to a conflict they must come to an understanding. Such an understanding will be the sole guarantee of such an activity as will alone enable them to see and define the mutual relations of their national existence.

Writers on Freemasonry—especially English and American writers—are accustomed to differentiate the Continental type of the sect from the less harmful variety that exists in English-speaking countries. That the baneful influence of the brotherhood, however, is world-wide in its extent appears clear from a recent incident occurring in Montreal. Mr. Kleczkowski, consul-general for France in Canada, a practical Catholic and a gentleman universally esteemed, has been removed from his post, and, says the *Central Catholic*, "it now appears that his removal, while inflicting no humiliation on himself, since it is a promotion in the diplomatic service, has been brought

about by the secret machinations of the Masonic lodges in order to put in his place in Montreal a representative of the anti-Catholic spirit now ruling in the French Cabinet, and thus contribute as far as possible to undermine the faith of the French element in that city. The proof of this conspiracy is contained in an extract from a report of a Congress of the Masonic lodges of the Paris district held in that city this very year. This extract was copied by Mr. Pasel Nourrisson, a well-known Paris lawyer and a militant Catholic. It is a petition, signed by a representative of the Emancipation Lodge of Montreal, and it begs that the present consul-general be removed to another post because, among other grievances, he protects the religious exiles from France who have taken refuge in Canada. The petition is addressed directly to the Grand Orient of France, and prays that steps be taken immediately to carry the demand into effect. The promptness with which the French Government has complied with this request, which is practically a demand, shows how powerful the French and French-Canadian Freemasons of Montreal are."

For years past, the better class of our Canadian French exchanges have been calling attention to the increasing influence of the worst type of French Freemasonry in Canada, and Mr. Kleczkowski's "promotion" is a proof that they knew whereof they spoke.

The tradition that Joseph, the rich man of Arimathea, landed in England and preached the Gospel, has often been treated as a fabrication; but it is a curious fact that at the Council of Basle, the English bishops claimed precedence before those of Spain, on the ground that ancient Britain had been converted to Christianity by St. Joseph. What is even more extraordinary,

Queen Elizabeth and Bishop Parker both claimed that St. Joseph was the first preacher of the Gospel in England. A chapel dedicated to him still stands among the ruins of Glastonbury, which was undoubtedly the first abbey erected in England. From very early times it has been called "the first ground of God." Leland, the famous English antiquary, says the abbey contains the graves of King Arthur and his Queen Guinevere, King Edmund, King Edgar, Edmund Ironside, Coel, King of Great Britain; the father of Helen, mother of Constantine; and many saints and holy men, including St. Joseph of Arimathea:

Apropos of the French imbroglio, there is prevalent in this country a decidedly erroneous opinion as to the practical unanimity with which the people of France at the last general elections pronounced in favor of the Law of Separation and the anti-religious policy of the Bloc. It is well to remember that the election of a Deputy means merely that he has secured a *majority* of votes, not necessarily an overwhelming, very often indeed a bare, majority. Of one thousand votes cast, five hundred and one will elect a Deputy, though four hundred and ninety-nine voters oppose him.

Now, as a matter of verifiable fact, the returns from the late French elections prove that there was no overwhelming majority in favor of the Bloc. An inspection of the detailed results shows that in each of seventy-five constituencies, just those in which the Separatists won, the total of fifteen, twenty, and thirty thousand voters is divided in almost equal parts, for and against the Bloc. The excess in favor of the Government is but one-fiftieth, one-hundredth, and even one-thousandth of the electors. Again, if the various figures indicating the necessary shifting to secure the victory to the Opposition be added up, we find a total of twenty-

three thousand four hundred and seventy-six. Therefore, out of eleven millions of electors, if twenty-three thousand had voted differently, the Bloc, instead of gaining some fifty seats, would have lost thirty. This conclusively disposes of the contention that the whole country supported the present rulers of France.

One editor who is not given to taking pessimistic views of human nature is he who conducts the *Toronto Globe*. Commenting on the text that integrity of character, like the law of gravitation, is taken for granted, the *Globe* says:

It is to the credit of human nature, and a mark of civilization, that virtue is accepted as the normal and vice as the abnormal in life. The sensations created by lapses and outbreaks only emphasize the fact that the standard of the community's life requires truth and honor and a square deal between man and man. The news interest in the announcement of a fifty-thousand dollar gift for the endowment of a college chair called for a ten-line paragraph and a two-line heading; but had the donor absconded with one thousand dollars of the college's funds, the public would have demanded column upon column of details. Why? Because a man of wealth is expected to make gifts and bequests for the purposes of education, but a defaulter or an absconder is an exception.

Yet it might argue a higher standard of taste if the public demanded a reversal of the proportionate spaces awarded in the paper to the honest man and the absconder. At best, it would seem, vice is more interesting—has more “news value”—than virtue.

At a time when she can ill spare even the least able of her militant laymen, Catholic France has lost a brilliant son, who was both a loyal patriot and an earnest Catholic. To the world at large the death of Ferdinand Brunetière means merely the passing of one of the foremost literary critics of the day; to French Catholics it spells the cutting off, early in the first campaign, of a leader who was counted on for

notable work throughout the whole wretched period of anti-religious war. Brunetière was an apologist whose prestige in other fields challenged the attention of the most disdainful agnostic philosophers to his defence and vindication of Catholic truth. And he did not minimize that truth, paring it down lest its uncompromising bluntness should wound the susceptibilities of philosopher or higher critic. At the close of a lecture in Lille, six years ago, he said: “You will ask me perhaps—and I have often been asked—what I believe. I have, I think, just told you what I believe. But to those who desire something, not clearer, but more explicit, I reply very simply: ‘What I believe—and I emphasize the word,—what I *believe*, not what I *suppose* or *imagine*, not what I *know* or *understand*, but what I *believe*,—go and ask Rome to tell you.’”

There was an election the other day in Boston, at which a vacancy on the Public School Committee was to be filled. In its issue just previous to the election, the *Pilot* said editorially:

Asked about the present composition of the Board and the desirability of a change at the impending election, the *Pilot* unhesitatingly answers that it desires no change at the expense of Jewish representation. The Jews are a large and rapidly increasing element in Boston. Their children are numerous in the public schools. They have a representative on the School Board not as a favor, but as a right.

God forbid that Catholics who in the memory of men still living suffered proscription for their faith in Boston should, now that they are in the overwhelming majority of its citizenship, vent the malice of an evil lesson on their Jewish fellow-citizens!

This, we submit, is a practical exemplification of the Golden Rule.

The danger to our great republic from anarchy and socialism was dwelt upon in a recent sermon by the Rev. William O'B. Pardow, S. J., a short extract from which we find in one

of our exchanges. It is not another danger, according to Father Pardow, but the same danger grown big,—the danger arising from wrong principles in the home and wrong principles in the school-room. The extract continues:

Educate, as the United States is doing, our 16,000,000 boys and girls of school age without imparting to them any instruction concerning their duties to God, except what a few may happen to pick up in a so-called Sunday-school; give them even a thin veneering of ethical principles, but without any solid foundation of religion, and you will have sown the wind, only before long to reap the whirlwind. The very extent of our material prosperity makes it all the more incumbent on us to insist on the training of our children on the true idea of a personal God, and of our responsibility to Him. When you are travelling over the sands of the desert you can every night, without difficulty, behold the stars shining above you in the heavens; but if you are treading your way in the depths of the forest, with luxuriant vegetation rising high above your head, you may very soon be tempted to think there is nothing to look up to beyond the widespreading branches of the trees. Let not our prosperity shut out the thought of God.

Apropos of the frequent declaration that, generally speaking, a Catholic young man's religion is now no handicap to him in this country, the following extract from the *Catholic Transcript* will be read with interest:

The late Marshall Field of Chicago had 10,000 employees, and a large majority of these were second-generation Irish Catholics. Mr. Field preferred them because they were honest; and he said so more than once, although a Protestant himself. They practically conduct all his great departments of that store to-day.

Frequently one sees in the newspapers advertisements like this: Wanted—A clerk in a grocery store. Educated young man from Ireland, or Irish-American preferred.

In nine cases out of ten, if the source of the advertisement is traced, it will be found that the author is a Jewish business man who wants to avoid all graft and dishonesty. As a matter of fact, Irish Catholics are in the highest places of responsibility and trust in nearly all the great Jewish department stores of Pittsburg, Chicago, and largely, also, New York. The second generation of other races does not appear to cling so closely to honesty as the Irish Catholic in these days of commercialism.

Mother Church and her confessional are the cause of this rugged and sincere devotion to strictest integrity; and when, occasionally, there is a departure from the straight and narrow path, how often do we read of instances, in strong relief, wherein property and money wrongfully taken are restored through the confessional to the rightful owner!

As to the correctness of the facts stated by the *Transcript* we have no first-hand knowledge; but we personally know several Protestant ministers whose servant girls are always Catholics; and who see to it, too, that the girls go regularly to confession. As in the case of the Jewish merchants, it is probably a matter of "business"; but none the less it is a tribute to the influence of the Church over her children.

Discussing, in the *Catholic World*, the latest word of theology on the inspiration of the Bible, the Rev. William Sullivan, C. S. P., thus summarizes the admissions made in a recent work on the subject by Father Pesch, a Jesuit "dogmatic theologian of high rank":

1. Inspiration does not exclude composite or pseudonymous authorship or the later revising of an editor;
2. Inspiration may admit any literary form;
3. The kind of truth proper to Biblical passages will vary with the various literary forms;
4. Fictitious narratives (*Fictæ Narrationes*, p. 503) can be inspired; and whether, *v. g.*, Judith and Tobias belong to this category is a point that can not be decided in the negative by merely considering inspiration *in se*;
5. It is only *formal* error that is necessarily excluded from the Bible;
6. Biblical history is true history, but we must make allowance for a mode of writing which was peculiar to those ancient times;
7. Within narrow limits we may admit implicit quotations;
8. Several of the Fathers—for example, Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and Augustine—have exaggerated the divine element in inspiration.

This, comments the Paulist writer, is going fairly far in the direction of criticism, and is the most notable concession yet made by theology. One feels like adding, and the most notable likely to be made by even the most liberal theologians.

Notable New Books.

Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Pars Prima by Bernardus Bonjoannes. Translated into English. Thomas Baker; Benziger Brothers.

As the title indicates, this is not a translation made directly from St. Thomas, but from one of the compendia of the great work of the Angel of the Schools. The compendium used in this case is that of Bonjoannes, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. The translation has been revised by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P. There is also an introduction, and an appendix explanatory of Scholastic terms by the Very Rev. Carlo Falcini, Vicar-General of the diocese of Fiesole, Italy.

It is a question whether it would not have been better to give the position of St. Thomas in his own words. The objections and their answers, of course, could be omitted, as many of them have little value at present; some might find a place in the notes. As regards the text itself, many, no doubt, would like to follow the Angelical verbatim, especially as he is not at all prolix. When we remember, however, that Scholastic compendia are as faithful a reflection of the master as such works can be, since the writers of them acted the part of reproducers only, we can rest assured we have the true meaning of the original.

This translation, which is accurate and clear, renders a distinct service to Catholics who do not read the original; it takes from all, Catholic and non-Catholic, the excuse for not being familiar with the theology of the Church as seen through her best exponent.

Voices from Erin. By Denis A. McCarthy. *Angel Guardian Press.*

"All who in their love for the new land have not forgotten the old" will feel a response in their hearts to the music and the charm of these songs. There are notes of dignity and sincerity sounded in some of the poems, as in "The Day of the Gael," and "To Mary, Mother of Sorrows"; and there is a compelling lilt in others, as in "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary!" "The Green o' the Spring," and "Ballinderry." In all there is the warm glow of the Celtic heart. The book is fittingly produced. Mr. McCarthy and his readers are to be congratulated.

Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. From the French of the Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. By the Rev. Harold Castle, C. SS. R. B. Herder.

Alphonsus de Liguori was noble of lineage and noble of virtue. From 1696, the year of his birth, to 1787, when he rendered up his soul

to God, his life was marked by special blessings, many of them taking the form of special trials. An exhaustive life of the holy Doctor necessarily includes much of history, both of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which he was founder, and of the Church in general. The archives of his community, church records, public documents, and private letters,—all have been drawn from in order to insure a complete biography.

The years of St. Alphonsus' eager enthusiasm, when God in His wisdom saw fit to grant a full measure of success to his efforts, are graphically pictured; and with equal vividness, but with tender, loving touch, are pictured those years when the gentle saint felt God's hand pressing sorely upon him,—years when, humanly speaking, he stood alone among his brethren, and was almost afraid to trust himself in appealing to Heaven.

This Life presents a carefully prepared index, which facilitates ready reference to any event chronicled in the work.

Canzoni. By T. A. Daly. *The Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Co.*

The singer of these "Canzoni" seems to have caught the dialect as well as the spirit of the Italian folk whose experiences in love and other emotions he has embodied in his verses. "Padre Angelo," "Mia Carlotta," and "Carlotta's Indecision" best represent both the writer and his subjects. "Da Younga 'Merican" and "Da 'Merican Girl" carry between the lines a lesson for our days. The Irish songs have a good lilt, and there is genuine music and real cleverness in Mr. Daly's *vers de société*. Best of all in the "Canzoni," to our mind, is this:

I love thee, dear, for what thou art,
Nor would I wish thee otherwise;
For when thy lashes lift apart,
I read, deep mirrored in thine eyes,
The glory of a modest heart.

Wert thou as fair as thou art good,
It were not given to any man,
With daring eyes of flesh and blood,
To look thee in the face and scan
The splendor of thy womanhood.

The Early Scottish Church. By Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. B. Herder.

Concluding his preface to this interesting and invaluable volume, Bishop Chisholm, of Aberdeen, says: "I remember when calling upon a friend, a Wesleyan clergyman, and looking over his bookshelves, I expressed my pleasure in seeing the works of St. John Chrysostom among his books. 'Why not?' he said. 'I find great assistance from him when preparing my sermons: he was a true Evangelical.' I pointed out certain passages in the writings of the saint. 'God bless me,' he exclaimed, 'I had no idea he

was a Romanist!" Some such enlightenment as came to this Wesleyan minister is in store for those prospective readers of Father Columba's book who cherish the illusion that the Church in Scotland in the sixth century—variously termed "Scottish Church," "Celtic Church," and "Columban Church"—was independent of Rome. Before they have perused half the pithy volume they will have discovered that the Church in question was, like St. John Chrysostom, unequivocally "Romanist."

During the past two centuries English Protestant authors—clerics and lay historians—have assiduously and at times vehemently proclaimed the non-Papal character of the ancient churches of Ireland and Scotland. According to their views, neither St. Patrick nor St. Columba owed any allegiance to the Pope, and consequently the Christianity taught by these saints was not "Roman" Catholicism. Latterly the claim has been abandoned, so far as the Apostle of Ireland is concerned, by the most competent non-Catholic historical critic; and this present volume triumphantly disproves it as regards the founder of the Scottish Church—St. Columba.

The book is divided into four parts: Papal Claims, Celtic Christianity, Doctrine and Discipline, and Liturgy and Ritual Observances. While there may not be much that is absolutely new in Dom Edmonds' work, it is of distinct value, in that it gathers up the various contentions urged against the "Romanism" of the Celtic Church and disposes of them both concisely and adequately. It is a handy and authoritative summary of many arguments and dissertations scattered through divers volumes, tracts, and periodicals. Printed in large type on good paper, equipped with index and bibliography, and appropriately bound, the book is attractive without and within, in form and substance.

In Treaty with Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co.

The Catholic reviewer, to whose table come representatives of all classes of fiction—many of them ranging from anti-Christian philosophy through pessimistic cynicism and sensationalism run wild to utter insipidity dashed with more or less lewdness—picks up a new novel by Miss Crowley with a distinct sense of relief. There is a well-grounded antecedent probability that the book will at least be absolutely free from agnostic vaporings, will be correct in moral tendency, and thoroughly reverent in tone. If the reviewer, in addition, has had the pleasurable experience of perusing any or all of the author's previous historical romances, he feels reasonably sure of having before him some hours of delightful reading. And very delightful, indeed, is the reading provided in

this present volume, "In Treaty with Honor."

The dramatic episode in French-Canadian history which, first among the novelists, Miss Crowley exploits for the fiction-loving public, is the Patriot War, or Struggle of French Canada for Independence, 1837-38. It is worth while noting that, although the rebellion proved abortive, it very thoroughly awoke British statesmen to the need of heeding Canadian demands for justice, and was one of the contributing causes to the securing of Canadian home rule.

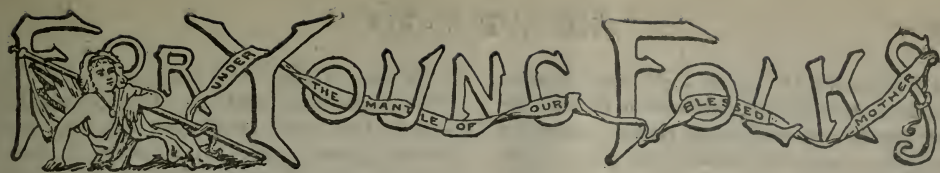
While the story tells incidentally the main facts of the Rebellion, it specifically deals with the fortunes in war and love of two chivalrous young heroes—Nial Adair, a Celtic youth, who, educated in Paris, has become an adopted citizen of the United States; and Ramon Rycerski, a Polish soldier of fortune, who, like Adair, has joined the insurgent Canadians. Mademoiselle Jacquette and Phoebe Foster are irreproachable heroines of romance; a splendid tribute is paid to Jean Olivier Chenier, who won the glory that might have been Papineau's; the atmosphere of the period is faithfully reproduced; there is nothing in the romance to wound the susceptibilities of French or English or Americans; in fine, the book is a distinct success.

The Other Miss Lisle. By M. C. Martin. Benziger Brothers.

Christine Lisle loves and is loved by Theodore Norris; but Sylvia, the other Miss Lisle, is drawn to the hero, and of course her devoted sister sacrifices her own love on the altar of sisterly affection. Theodore is nearly killed in South Africa—the scene of the story is laid in Cape Town,—there are complications, but Sylvia dies, and Christine's virtue is rewarded; for the hero appears at the proper moment, and all ends happily. The characters are well drawn and there are some excellent touches that show the kinship of humanity, not only in the petty things of life, but, what is better and more inspiring, in the great and good qualities that give life its large nobility.

The Voyage of the Pax. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

As full of interest as the story that recounts the adventures of Ulysses is "The Voyage of the Pax," an allegory of human life, or rather of the higher life. Founded on a dream, it still has elements that make for reality of impression; and one follows the fortunes of the voyagers on the dream-sea, in a dream-boat, with a double enjoyment because of what one reads between the lines. There are other ships besides the *Pax* on the sea of life; and it will be to the advantage of young readers, and old ones as well, to read what Dom Camm has to say about the voyage in which we all are interested.



The Search of the Kings.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

O H, bright was the light of the guiding Star
In the deep blue Eastern skies
When Balthasar and Melchior rode afar,
With Gaspar the old and wise;
When afar they fared from their native land
With a noble following,
O'er mountains grand and the desert sand,
In quest of the new-born King.

They brought with them frankincense smelling
sweet,
And the bitter myrrh they brought,
And ruddy gold to lay at the feet
Of the mighty King they sought;
And when far behind were the hills of home
No news of the King had they,
Though they paused 'neath many a palace dome
And in cities fair and gray.

But the Star shone bright in the skies at night,
And the onward way it led
Till it stood in a burst of dazzling light
O'er Bethlehem's lowly shed.
And there in the arms of the Mother-Maid,
An ox and an ass beside,
Was the King, in a lowly garb arrayed,
They had sought for far and wide.

They laid at His feet the frankincense
And the gold of Araby,
And they gazed on His face with joy intense,
And each bent a reverent knee;
And Mary's heart in its pain grew still
When her eyes beheld the myrrh;
For it told of Calvary's blood-stained hill,
And the rock-bound sepulchre.

Christmas Fish.


Christmas fish is a New England name for a plaice, or flatfish, that appears in the harbors during the winter holiday season.

Will-the-Wisher.

A TALE OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

III.

T was something of a disappointment for Will-the-Wisher that his mother did not seem nearly so surprised by his wonderful news as he had naturally supposed she would have been; but she was honestly glad to hear that her little boy was going to work very hard in future.

"I promised my Guardian Angel," said Will; "and I shall keep my promise, of course."

And he did. He was a changed child from that hour, and soon ceased to be known as Will-the-Wisher. His school-fellows were honest boys at heart, although they did like to tease. And they one and all agreed that it would be downright absurd to call young Leslie "the Wisher" now, unless they called him "the Worker" as well. However, as such a nickname as "Will-the-Wisher-and-Worker" was unanimously voted to be too long for everyday use, they ended by calling him "Leslie" only,—which had quite a manly sound, and was certainly a great improvement in Will's own estimation.

There was only one drawback to his happiness, and this was that he could not communicate the good news to his mysterious wingless friend, although he kept a sharp lookout for him whenever he passed the spot where they had held that memorable conversation together in the waning light. But the hedge roses faded and the green leaves withered and fell, and

hoar-frost gemmed the naked branches, through which the bleak wind whistled drearily, and snow was deep upon the winding road, and still no wingless angel came.

"He said if I worked hard till Christmas!" thought little Will. "Well, it is nearly Christmas now, and he will keep his promise,—I am sure he will!"

And then came great news,—news that almost banished the thought of the stranger for the moment. Uncle Louis had written to Mrs. Leslie, inviting her to make her home with him in Paris; and to come at once, so as to arrive in time for Christmas. Will was at first delighted at the idea of going to live with a real live artist; and Marie, the nurse, was beside herself with joy at the thought of seeing her native Paris again. But, in the midst of all his excitement, Will suddenly remembered that his wingless visitor said he would keep his promise at Christmas. What if he should come to England to look for him, while he was away in Paris! The very possibility of such a disaster made Will turn hot and cold all over; then all of a moment he recollected himself with a joyful shout.

"What a little fool I am, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "As if an angel, with or without wings, could not go wherever he wished, like a flash of lightning! He will find me out wherever I am, and with no trouble."

The days that followed were busy days indeed. They packed every day and all day long; Will helping to the best of his ability, and feeling secretly certain that but for his small hands they would never be ready to start in time to reach Paris for Christmas. He felt sad, however, when the moment came for leaving the little cottage by the sea; and he thought how lonely the roses would look when they blossomed in the summer and peeped in at the

window of his empty room! The waves seemed to sigh and sob and break into a myriad tears upon the shore, as he stood there for the last time.

"Farewell,—farewell!" he thought he heard them say. And his voice trembled and his eyes were full as he answered back: "Farewell, dear waves,—farewell!"

But once fairly started on the journey, Will forgot everything else in the novelty and excitement of the moment. The arrival at the Gare Saint-Lazare, and the first glimpse of Paris were quite enough to drive all other thoughts out of his little head. All was bustle and activity,—hauling and pulling of trunks and bags, and shouting and hurrying to and fro of porters. It made Will laugh to hear French spoken on every side; for, although it had been a familiar language to him all his life, he had never heard it spoken before except by his mother and his nurse. But it might as well have been an unknown language to him now, for all he understood of it; for everyone was speaking together, and no one seemed to be paying any particular attention to what any one else was saying. All was babble and confusion,—a shifting scene of coming and going beneath a blaze of electric light.

And yet above all the uproar Will heard the words presently addressed to his mother, and started violently. Surely he had heard that voice before! And that tall figure bending to kiss his mamma, was it not strangely familiar? But no: he *must* be mistaken; for now Nurse Marie is whispering in his ear:

"It is your Uncle Louis, Master Will, and—"

"But no!" exclaimed Will, as the tall figure straightened itself and looked around as if in search of some one. "It is my Guardian Angel!"

"Oh, here he is!" exclaimed the tall man. "I was looking for you, Will."

Don't be afraid to kiss your uncle, although he is very far from being even a wingless angel, I fear."

So saying Uncle Louis lifted the wondering Will into his arms and kissed him many times, as he carried him from the station, passed the ivy-decked stalls, and out into the crisp night air, where a carriage was waiting for them. The drive through the lighted streets, with the gaily-decked shop windows radiant with Christmas and New Year's gifts, was a revelation to little country-bred Will. But he had lost all power of expression by this time, and could only gaze wide-eyed at all he saw. The silent fountains in the Place de la Concorde, all white with snow and glittering with frost, looked, he thought, like two huge christening cakes, ready to grace the advent of twin baby giants.

It was not till they had entered upon the comparative silence of the quays that conversation was resumed, and Will's own little tongue loosened at last. The black water with its icebound shore, and the rainbow-like reflections of the twinkling lights, made him gasp with delight, as he looked, half shyly, half inquiringly, at his mother and then at Uncle Louis.

They both felt that it was time that the little fellow should have some explanation of the mystery. And so Uncle Louis told how he had come in person to answer his sister's letter, as soon as he was free to do so, and had purposely taken her by surprise; that, arriving while Will was at his school, he had gone to meet him on his way back, having first ascertained all about him from Mrs. Leslie and pledged her to secrecy. Marie was also asked not to speak of the visit. He added that he thought that an appeal to his little nephew's sense of romance might do much to cure him of his woful habit of wishing without working.

"And, judging by the results, my

boy, I believe I was not far wrong," concluded Uncle Louis.

By this time the carriage had turned into the Rue de Passy, and drawn up before one of the first houses on the left. Two great brown doors flew open to receive them, and the concierge and his wife came bustling out to help with the luggage. A shaggy-coated sheep dog, that answered to the name of Brutus, bounded round them as they crossed the court, and, passing through an iron-barred gate, crossed the garden and entered the hall, where Will blinked like a little owl in the sudden blaze of light. As a matter of fact, he was very sleepy by this time and tired after the journey. So he was carried off to bed by Nurse Marie.

The next day was Christmas Eve. Will rose early, and, quite refreshed, eager to help in the dressing of the Christmas Tree, installed in Uncle Louis' studio on the groundfloor. Indeed, he was not satisfied till he had almost turned the house into an arbor, trailing ivy over doors and pictures, and placing holly and mistletoe everywhere.

But the greatest pleasure of all was yet to come. He was to be allowed to go to Midnight Mass. And there was no happier boy in Paris, or perhaps in the wide world, than little Will Leslie when he entered the brilliantly lighted Church of Notre Dame de Passy on Christmas night, with his mother and his Uncle Louis. He had been put to bed some hours earlier, in order that he might be able to assist without fatigue at the Mass, and was now very wide awake in consequence.

"I think all children who are old enough should go to Midnight Mass where it is possible," Mrs. Leslie had said. "The divine invitation, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' seems particularly appropriate on Christmas night."

The prostrate crowd, the fragrant incense, the strains of music, the starlit

Crib, and the silvery tinkle of the Mass bell, thrilled Will's soul with ecstasy, and filled his heart with gratitude to Heaven. Never, never, in all the after years did Will Leslie forget that first Midnight Mass, or that first Christmas with his Uncle Louis, whose worthy successor in art he was destined one day to become.

Before he went to bed that night he was careful to hang out his stocking. Then, as his uncle told him that in France the children put out shoes instead of stockings, Will settled the matter to his own satisfaction by putting his shoes beside the stocking. And it was fortunate that he did so; for a solitary stocking could never have held all the presents he received.

First—and in Will's eyes most important of all,—there was an oil-paint box. And what a paint box! Both the *petit Noël* and Santa Claus must have visited him during the night, and carried it between them. They could not, of course, get it into the stocking, nor had they been able to insert more than a corner of it into one of the shoes. They compromised matters, however, by leaning it against the chimney. Never, even in his wildest dreams, had Will-the-Wisher pictured such a treasure as his own. There was a whole pile of brushes—fat brushes, plump and sleek as a marble; thin brushes, slender and pointed like a needle; and broad, flat brushes, that Will's eager fingers itched to dab and daub with there and then.

And, oh, what a glorious array of tubes, swollen almost to bursting with the paint inside of them, and shining like burnished silver in the frosty morning sunlight! They lay like a regiment of bloated tin soldiers, each one in his allotted groove, with his name neatly printed on a label fastened round his bulky waist like a belt. And what a lot of drawing-paper there was, to be sure! And what a

quantity of painting and sketching blocks; and what a motley crowd of pencils, decked with coats of every color in the rainbow! No, never, before or since, did such a little boy receive such a marvellous paint box! Nor could any one convince me to the contrary, so there is no use trying.

Then there was a big fat storybook, the scarlet and gold cover of which was in itself a treat, to say nothing of the illustrations, which were a picture gallery in themselves; a lovely blue and silver rosary beads; a soft-leathered prayer-book with red-gold edges, and a gold cross upon its dark-green cover; a whole navy of ships and sailors, and a glittering army of cavalry and infantry; bags of cakes and packages of sweets that seemed bursting to be untied; and, last not least, a complete set of garden tools. At the sight of them, and the thought of the plot of ground outside that Uncle Louis had given him for his very own, Will's overcharged feelings found vent in a succession of squeals and squeaks of delight, that brought his mother and Uncle Louis on the scene, with good Marie smiling in the background.

"And a child shall lead them," murmured Louis de Champean, as he looked at the little boy kneeling in his nightgown among his toys. "Ah, Jeanne dear," he whispered, kissing his sister, while she nestled close to him, "if I had known your boy sooner, we could never have been so long estranged!"

And, though Will Leslie knew it not, two angels hovered near his uncle on that Christmas morning. Their names were Peace and Good-Will.

(The End.)

My Wish Stated.

PROSPERITY + fair content
 And — doubts and fears,
 Thy woes ÷ 'mong true friends,
 Joy × by years.

The Ugliest Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

XIII.

"Sabri is a little strange," thought Feodor Euthal, surprised at the joy which she had manifested at his information. "One would not think she could feel happiness at such news, though it was only just that she should know it."

But this reflection was suddenly diverted by the appearance of Mrs. Wingate, who came hurriedly across the lawn, apparently in great trouble.

"Such news, such news, such *terrible* news!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands as she advanced, entirely regardless of the presence of a stranger.

"What has happened, mamma?" cried Charlotte, springing to her feet. "Is papa ill?"

"No, though he ought to be; for it is all his fault. The company in which all your money is invested has failed, and we are paupers."

"My money?" said the girl. "Have I any money apart from yours?"

"Of course you have," answered Mrs. Wingate. "Your grandmother gave it to the Captain to invest for you, instead of buying real estate, as I advised, which would have trebled itself by this time. There is no use in concealing it from you, now, Charlotte: you do not belong to us at all; and, as things look at present, we can not possibly keep you any longer. It will be hard enough for us to support our own family."

"I have already learned what you tell me," answered Charlotte, with a new dignity which sat well upon her. "But if my money is gone, I do not care; I can work. As for you and the rest, you have still the same income you always had; have you not?"

"The same income?" exclaimed Mrs.

Wingate. "Your money brought in at least two hundred dollars a month. Of course we were paid for your support and clothes. Beside it, we have only the Captain's three-quarter pay,—one hundred and fifty dollars."

Charlotte glanced down at her shabby frock, too short, too narrow, and faded from long acquaintance with the wash-tub. She did this involuntarily, but Mrs. Wingate saw a reproach in her glance.

"Oh, yes! you may look at your Holland gown," she said; "thinking, no doubt, that you should have been better dressed with so much money. But how would you have looked with fine clothes, Charlotte? They would only have intensified your plainness. It was kindness—true kindness—to keep you in the background."

"I had never wished anything else," replied Charlotte. "But at least I might have had a reasonable share of what was my own."

"Impudent girl!" cried Mrs. Wingate. "As I said just now, to have kept you in the house at all was worth the whole of your income and more. Always to be hearing remarks on your appearance, always to have people pitying you, and obliged to keep up the fiction of your being our own child—"

"There was no need of that, Madam," said Feodor Euthal, springing forward. "It was not necessary that people should think my little cousin your own daughter."

"Your 'little cousin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Wingate, in astonishment. "Pray who are you, sir, and when did you arrive?"

"I am a relative of Charlotte—or Sabri, as I have always called her. Only by accident did I learn of her whereabouts; providentially, I think it was."

"This is the young gentleman who helped them yesterday," observed Mrs. Lawson. "He came over this morning to see how they were feeling, and made a discovery."

"It seems a day of discoveries," said Mrs. Wingate. "A sad one for us, I am sure."

"But you are as well off as you were before, Madam," interposed Euthal,—*"I mean before Charlotte came to you."*

"Well, yes," rejoined Mrs. Wingate. "But we shall have to move; we can not keep up our place—"

"Purchased with Sabri's money, perhaps?" asked Euthal, mildly.

"Well, yes. And it was but right. When one takes in such a girl as Charlotte, one should be well paid for it."

"This, Madam, is an insult too often repeated!" exclaimed Euthal. "How can you be so unkind?"

"What is this,—what is this?" said the voice of Captain Wingate. "My dear, I told you to remain at home. Charlotte must not be troubled. Of course you have told the bad news,—and very bad it is indeed. But we can all bear it together."

"Together!" cried his wife. "I have been just telling Charlotte that she would have to work for her living."

"So you have told her everything?"

"Yes, I have."

"My dear Charlotte," remarked the Captain, turning to the young girl, "my wife is excited now. She does not mean what she says. Your home is with us, as it has always been. You are our child now, if you have never been before."

"I thank you, Captain Wingate," answered Charlotte. "You have always been good to me. But there are many things that I can do. I might give music lessons to little children, or teach them. I can paint pretty well, or embroider; I might go as a nursery governess. Anyway, I can earn my own living, and shall do it."

"A nursery governess!" exclaimed Stephen, from his corner. "And leave us, Charlotte? Oh, do not leave us! Can't she stay here, mamma?"

"You dear fellow!" said Euthal,

taking his hand. "It will all be settled nicely, believe me. Charlotte will not go away from you." Then, turning to Captain Wingate, he continued: "You do not know me, sir. I made the acquaintance of Miss Charlotte yesterday, when she and the boy had that little adventure; and I have learned that she is a connection of mine. I am of her family: my name is Feodor Euthal."

"Ah!" said the Captain, extending his hand and warmly shaking that of Euthal. "It has been very unfortunate, the whole business. I will be frank with you. Of course you know our relationship to Charlotte. When my wife heard of the child, she, being a little romantic, thought it would be as well to say she was our daughter, living temporarily with her grandmother. I consented, and have always been sorry for it. It complicated things. My wife was disappointed when she saw her; but it was then too late. I will admit that she has never liked Charlotte. Women are queer—that way."

"It was my understanding that the girl was to be educated in a convent," said Euthal.

"Yes, that was her grandmother's wish, though she left it to my discretion. My wife thought it would be better to keep her with us."

"In a financial way, for yourselves—yes," said the blunt Norwegian.

Captain Wingate flushed.

"That is partly true," he said; "but we meant well. And I thought I had wisely invested Charlotte's money."

"I believe it," said Euthal. "I do not accuse you of dishonesty. But last night at the beach, before I knew who Charlotte was, I heard persons saying that she was dressed shabbily, made to do servants' work, and altogether discriminated against, in contrast to your other daughter. How do you explain this, Captain Wingate?"

"I do not know that I am account-

able to you, Mr. Euthal," observed the Captain, rising. "How am I indeed to know you are the person you represent yourself to be? You will have to give further proof."

Euthal bowed.

"If necessary, it shall be forthcoming to the proper persons, at the proper time, Captain Wingate," he responded, rising and moving away.

"Come, Captain!" called Mrs. Wingate. "Charlotte, are you coming?"

The girl looked at Mrs. Lawson, an appeal in her eyes.

"No: let her stay with us to-day," said the widow.

"So far as I am concerned, she may," replied Mrs. Wingate, as she took her departure.

The Captain seemed ill at ease. He wanted to go, yet felt there was more to be said.

"Don't fret, Charlotte," he said at last. "Things may adjust themselves,—things generally do. And the loss may not be as great as we at first feared. Some portion of our investment may be saved."

"Oh, I do not care," answered Charlotte. "In one way and but for one thing, I am happier than I have ever been since I left my grandmother. I do not feel that I am slighted because of my ugliness. I shall not always be reproaching myself for a bitter feeling toward my own father and mother,—perhaps I ought to say my mother only. The loss of money is nothing to me. And I can work,—oh, yes, I can work! If Mrs. Lawson will kindly let me stay with her until I find something to do, I will at once set about securing a position. I do not think it will be hard to find either, unless indeed—" and here she came to a sudden pause. "Yes," she went on after a moment, "my face will be against me."

"Do not exaggerate that objection, Charlotte," said Mrs. Lawson. "Do not be too sensitive, my dear child."

"You all know me and are used to me," responded the girl, with painful sobs. "But with strangers it would be different."

"But, Charlotte, what do you mean?" cried Stephen. "Why do you speak of yourself in that way?"

"O Stephen,—my dear little Stephen!" she answered, throwing herself on her knees in front of him, while she seized both his hands. "I have deceived you. Forgive me, Stephen,—forgive me! I should have told you at first. I am the very ugliest creature you can imagine. I have the nose of a monster and the mouth of a fish."

"O Charlotte,—dear Charlotte!" said the boy. "Do not cry. Anyway, I have not the heart of a monster, which would be a worse thing. And think of me, a poor helpless, blind boy depending on others for every comfort, every pleasure, every step I take. And, Charlotte, you have beautiful eyes; for Bridget is always talking about them. And your hair is lovely in color; and so thick and fine, mamma says. And your voice, Charlotte,—that is enough beauty without anything else. And who is so kind, so good, so patient and so interesting? No one,—no one but mamma!"

Kissing his hands between her sobs, Charlotte rested her head on the boy's knees. At a sign from Euthal, Mrs. Lawson lifted her and led her gently from the room. Captain Wingate had quietly retired.

"It was because she wanted her friends to think she had a daughter in foreign parts that Mrs. Wingate first told the lie about poor Charlotte," remarked Bridget later to Mrs. Lawson. "And she never dreamed she would be so homely. Then, when she found how it was, she couldn't take back the report she had spread. And it was because she wanted to put the money in her pocket and on her own daughter's back that she refused to

send the poor child to school, as her grandmother bade, and dressed her in mean clothes. It's right glad I am she's been overtaken in the midst of her injustice, ma'am; though nothing would be a lesson to the likes of her. Oh, I know her well! She's the meanest woman between this and Ireland."

Mrs. Lawson could not conscientiously dispute this opinion, in which she coincided.

A few days later it was learned that all of Charlotte's money would not be lost. The stockholders were to receive a considerable percentage, which came slowly, but which was sufficient to pay her board and clothe her. She at once took up her abode at Mrs. Lawson's. She and Stephen resumed their drives and excursions; she read and played to him; and Mrs. Lawson enjoyed her companionship as much as did the boy. The obnoxious subject which had caused her so much unhappiness was never again mentioned. Neither did Stephen's affection suffer any diminution.

The Wingates soon left the neighborhood. Mr. Euthal bought their place, which they were glad to dispose of, thankful to get off so easily from an accounting, which Captain Wingate, a weak though not an intentionally dishonest man, had anticipated with alarm. But there was no one really to whom he was liable, except Charlotte herself, who might, if she had so wished, asked for another guardian and brought the matter before the courts. But her nature was too fine and noble for that.

Captain Wingate having voluntarily resigned his position in favor of Mrs. Lawson, for the balance of Charlotte's minority—little less than two years,—Mr. Euthal returned to Norway, and the following spring brought out with him his sister and two old servants, and took possession of his new home. Although the two families seemed very

soon like one, so congenial were they, the union was still further cemented, when Charlotte was twenty, by her marriage to Feodor.

Ten years have passed since the Lawsons first went to live at Moxon-on-the-Sea. Stephen is a tall, slender young man, as happy and cheerful as ever, dividing his time between his own home and that of the Euthals. He has several guides; he worships his mother, loves Charlotte as fondly as ever, and is deeply attached to her husband. But he frankly confesses that he has given his whole heart to Charlotte the second,—a pretty creature of five, who leads him about all day, and to whom he is a willing slave. His love of beauty has not diminished with years, and though he repeatedly has said to Charlotte Number One that it would not matter to him if her little daughter did not possess a single lovely feature—that it would be enough for him to know that she was hers,—his old friend finds great gratification in being able to say that the child is as beautiful in face and form as she is in disposition. Charlotte Euthal is a happy woman; to those who love her, she lacks nothing in the way of perfection.

(The End.)

Waits.

The perambulating musicians that are now known as Waits, and who still appear at Christmas time in some parts of England, are the successors of the ancient minstrels that travelled or were retained by princes and nobles. The name Wayte or Wait was first applied to a minstrel in the reign of Edward III. In more modern times, city corporations employed bands of Waits to act as musicians and watchmen. One of such bands, it is said, once made a tour round the world with Sir Francis Drake.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—From the London *Tablet* we learn that the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" now preparing will have its astronomical articles written in some cases, and in others corrected, by an eminent Catholic astronomer, Miss Agnes Clerke. This lady, it will be remembered, was one of the first two women members of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was appointed on the official commission to observe the late eclipse in South Africa.

—As a sign of the times, several contemporaries notice a rather remarkable defect in a recent issue of an eighty-page monthly magazine for women. There were articles on clothes and cooking, on art and furniture, on driving and golfing, on hair-dressing and pets, and on a score of other matters belonging to the feminine realm, and evidently inserted because the women wanted them. But from cover to cover there was not a word about children!

—"James Wilson, Patriot, and the Wilson Doctrine," is a reprint, in pamphlet form, of a study contributed to the *North American Review* by Lucien Hugh Alexander. The pamphlet takes its timeliness from the recent reburial at Old Christ Church, Philadelphia, of Wilson's body. Mr. Alexander emphasizes the increasing appreciation that is being given by Constitutional historians to this signer of the Declaration of Independence, "the great James Wilson."

—In his preface to a translation of "The Glories of the Sacred Heart," from the original of the Rev. M. Hausherr, S. J., the Rev. Father Wynne tells us that we have herein a convincing answer to the charge sometimes made that devotion to the Sacred Heart savors too much of sentimentality, too little of earnest piety. An examination of the book confirms this statement; for, despite the scope and variety of its contents there is a unity of purpose that brings everything contained in it to bear on devotion to the Sacred Heart according to the spirit of the Church. Instruction, exhortation, and practices of piety make of "The glories of the Sacred Heart" a veritable meditation book. It is published by Benziger Brothers.

—The late Jeremiah Curtin, best known as the friend and translator of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, was himself an able author, besides being distinguished as a linguist, philologist, ethnologist, and traveller. He visited almost every part of the world, often spending long intervals among semi-

barbarous tribes in whose manners, customs, or religion he had taken an interest. His more important original works are: "Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians," "Western Slavs and Magyars," "Creation Myths of Primitive America and their Relation to the Religious and Mental History of Mankind." We have been told that after graduating from Harvard in 1863, Mr. Curtin entered a seminary in Canada, with the hope of becoming a priest. A disagreement with the directors caused him to relinquish his ambition. R. I. P.

—From a readable paper in the *Bookman*, "The Confessions of a Literary Press Agent," we clip the following illuminative paragraph:

I remember the case of a certain author who fairly drips with publicity, who came to me some time before one of his very successful books appeared and said:

"This book is bound to create a great fuss (I believe he wrote it to do that very thing). You will know what to do when that happens." Well—I did it. He had asked all his friends to write letters to the newspapers about it, and they responded. Now the public does not know that these letters are "inspired"; they think that they represent part of the burning interest that the world is taking in the author and his book. I have helped to create many such interests, and have been called upon to show an intimate acquaintance with things ranging all the way from ancient history to woman's rights. You can start these "discussions" with the merest trifle—the use of toothpicks in good society, or the ethics of the use of the word *damn* at the right moment. These "red-hot" discussions have caused many books to sell which otherwise would slumber safely in obscurity."

Many are the wiles employed to transform an ordinary commonplace bit of ephemeral fiction into a "best seller," and simple are the souls that credit the flamboyant advertising of the average publisher.

—We are not disposed to give unqualified praise to "An Introductory Course in Argumentation," by Francis M. Perry, Instructor in English in Wellesley College. (The American Book Co). A glance at the table of contents, as we picked up the book, disclosed this heading, "Presentation of the Material—The Forensic"; and then came subdivisions a, b, and c: "The Development of the Forensic, The Articulation of the Parts, and the Tone of the Forensic." Now, "forensic," to the general reader, is an adjective; used as a substantive, it is a distinctly technical term, and should beyond question be defined. Well, we have sedulously examined more pages of the book than its importance warrants without discovering the definition. That the Century Dictionary explains that, in Harvard, the word means a written argument, and, in some other colleges,

a spoken argument, is nothing to the purpose; for the average citizen or college student has not the Century Dictionary among his books. Notwithstanding this defect, however, it must be said that, as a text-book for Wellesley College students, the volume is not without its claims to consideration.

—Several of the papers which help to make up the one hundred and fourteen pages of "The Humanizing of the Brute," by the Rev. H. Muckermann, S. J., originally appeared in the *Messenger* and the *Scientific American*, but their value is increased by their co-ordination here with articles on cognate topics; and, thus co-ordinated, the eight chapters of the work constitute a singularly interesting as well as valuable contribution to the ever-growing literature of animal life. In Part I. Father Muckermann considers instinct in connection with final tendency, with consciousness of finality, with sensuous cognition, with sense-experience, and with intelligence. Part II. deals with the "intelligence" of the lower and of the higher animals; and then comes the inevitable conclusion that "animals do not possess intelligence in its genuine meaning," and that "there is an essential, a qualitative, difference between the human and the animal soul." An interesting book, and an admirable corrective of not a little sentimentalism in current ephemeral literature. B. Herder, publisher.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' price generally include postage.

- "The Early Scottish Church." Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. \$1.60.
 "Canzoni." T. A. Daly. \$1.
 "The Voyage of the Pax." Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
 "In Treaty with Honor." Mary Catherine Crowley. \$1.50.
 "Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Rev. Austin Berthe, C. SS. R. \$5.
 "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
 "The Other Miss Lisle." M. C. Martin. \$1.25.

- "The Glories of the Sacred Heart." Rev. M. Hausherr, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Humanizing of the Brute." Rev. H. Muckermann, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Pars Prima, Bernardus Bonjoannes. Translated into English. \$1.75, net.
 "Christian Education." Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. 60 cts., net.
 "Short Sermons." Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
 "The Church and Kindness to Animals." \$1, net.
 "A Manual of Bible History." Charles Hart, B.A. \$1.25, net.
 "The Phantom of the Poles," William Reed. \$1.50.
 "After the Ninth Hour." R. Monlaur. 45 cts.
 "The Faith of Our Forefathers." Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S. J. 50 cts., net.
 "Saint Benedict Joseph Labre." C. L. White. 70 cts., net.
 "The Ought-to-Be's." Rev. J. T. Roche. 30 cts. and 50 cts.
 "Life of Blessed John Vianney." \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Tunstall, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John Chester, S. J.; and Very Rev. J. B. Descreux, S. M.

Brother Simeon, C. S. C.

Sister Mary Rose, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Philip Penfield, of Batavia, N. Y.; Mrs. Philomena Morrison, El Paso, Texas; Mr. Thomas Dwyer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Charles Sparks, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. P. Connor, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret Albright, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. James Devlin and Margaret Costello, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Robert Rohan, Guthrie, Okla.; Mr. Eugene Farrell, Co. Kerry, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Byrnes, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Clemens Vonnegut, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Thalheimer, Brookville, Ohio; Mr. Hugh Tighe, New York; Mr. John Day, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Jones, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. A. Florian, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Shea, New Haven, Ind.; Miss Bridget Sweeney, Hornell, N. Y.; Mrs. E. K. Clair and Mrs. Gertrude Russell, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Wall and Mrs. William Drury, Washington, D. C.; Anna Kerr, Fostoria, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Smith and Mrs. Joanna Larkin, Peoria, Ill.

Requiescant in pace!



